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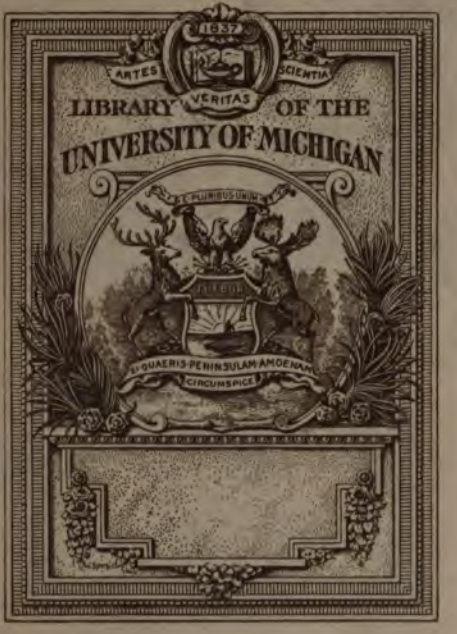
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THE POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE DR JOHN LEYDEN.*

Without a strong spirit of nationality no people could build up any thing like a national literature. Every reflecting mind, therefore, must be disposed not to pardon only, but to approve all manifestations of it that betoken a sense of dignity, and challenge an appeal to reason and to truth. The pride of intellect, so offensive in an individual, it is delightful to see exhibited by a whole people—and that People does well to think loftily of itself which has good works to shew,—nor need Nations fear to proclaim their faith in their own exaltation. If there be certain virtues and faculties which have been, in a more especial manner, brought into action through the course of their history, they are entitled to appropriate them as national characteristics,—nor would that people be worthy of their own ancestral glories, who did not boldly avow their pride in the moral or intellectual powers by which those glories were won, and without the continued possession of which they could serve only to darken the melancholy gloom of present degradation.

We are disposed to think that, upon the whole, the national pride of Scotsmen is manly and enlightened. Within the last hundred years Scotland has produced more men of genius than during all her previous history—and she who was so long the barbarian sister of civilized England has shewn herself but little inferior to her friendly rival either in stateliness or beauty.—But we are greatly mistaken, if along with a proper pride in the achievements of our own genius, Scotsmen do not too generally entertain an unreasonable impatience of the ascendancy of the genius of England, and, since we must say so, a very unjust and illiberal determination to undervalue certain excellencies to which they themselves have never yet been able to attain.

There is little or no erudition in Scotland,—and yet instead of acknowledging and deploring our ignorance, and setting ourselves strenuously to the reformation of our exceedingly defective system of public education, we turn about on our English neighbours with an air of most ludicrous and provoking self-assurance, and laugh at them for possessing that knowledge of which we are so disgracefully destitute. With us the epithet of Scholar is an epithet of contempt—and men of the very shallowest pretensions—with but small acuteness and no reading—are daily heard talking with levity and scorn of the best scholars of England. In this way, we have reached to an undisturbed contentment with our ignorance—and having discovered that book-learning is suitable to pedants only, we have become, by the mere force of theorizing, a nation of philosophers.

The effects of all this are most lamentable. While every little town—every village in England contains its accomplished scholars, Scotland is contented with her men of common sense, who take the liberty of thinking for themselves. A coarseness—a hardness—and a nakedness of mind universally prevails. Men of rich and various lore are nowhere to be found

* The Poetical Remains of the late Dr John Leyden, with Memoirs of his Life, by the Rev. James Morton. Constable, Edinburgh, 1819.

among us. A few gifted spirits have raised the character of our country's genius—but though knowledge be spread among the lower ranks of society, perhaps almost to that precise extent advantageous to a state, none will be found to deny that the higher orders are almost universally unacquainted with all ancient literature and philosophy, and that, with few exceptions, the Scots literati are the most superficial men on earth.

The inferiority of Scotsmen, in general, to Englishmen, in all those accomplishments which are essential to a well-educated gentleman, is, we suspect, pretty forcibly felt even by themselves, when they happen to cross the Tweed. But when we are all together in a body, as for example, here in Edinburgh, we can talk with a magnanimous derision of the slender clerks of the south; and a solitary Englishman, surrounded by a dozen or a score of us Scotch philosophers, seems to us to shrink into very small dimensions. The southerns are themselves not unfrequently imposed upon by our airs of superiority in our own capital,—and we have ourselves seen strangers of genuine talent and erudition listening, without being aware of the absurdity, to the emptiest of all pretenders, the Editor of the Supplement, and his eternal,

> "'Twas I,
> Says the fly,
> With my little eye."

It is true, that we are yet poor,—and perhaps our poverty may account for our want of erudition. But we ought to make a better use of our philosophy, than to undervalue the materials on which alone any philosophy can speculate to much purpose. Our ignorance ought not to be our pride,—and instead of deriding that knowledge, which as a nation we have hitherto been prevented from acquiring, either by the poverty of our country, or by the defective character of our schools and universities, we ought rather to shew a generous admiration and a generous envy of the happier scholar of the south, trusting, that we may imbibe something of their spirit, and ere long to enjoy some of their manifold advantages.

When, however, amidst this *universal dearth of knowledge*, a man of *great acquirements* happens to arise, we set no bounds to our national pride in the phenomenon,—and comparing him, not with the learned men of learned countries, but with the inerudite literati around us, we hail his advent with songs of triumph, and much to our satisfaction, place him without ceremony at the head of all the scholars of Europe. We then most inconsistently rave about those acquirements in him, which we have all along undervalued in others—and in doing so, can it be denied, that we are exhibiting a senseless and repulsive nationality?

We cannot help thinking that something of this sort has happened in the case of Dr John Leyden,—that his countrymen have bestowed on him a reputation beyond his deserts,—and endeavoured to raise him to an eminence among scholars, from which, in process of time, he must inevitably be made to descend. Nothing less will satisfy us, than to compare him with Sir William Jones,—nor have there been wanting persons publicly to affirm, that Leyden was the greater man of the two, and that the world sustained the greater loss in his premature death. This we conceive is carrying Scotch nationality not to the verge, but into the very heart of folly.

It would be to no purpose to shew, that Sir William Jones enjoyed far greater advantages than Leyden; for the superiority of the former was wholly independent of these—he was, by nature, a far greater man. He was an universal, a perfect scholar. He was not actuated by the vain desire of knowing more than other men; but he loved and sought knowledge purely for its own sake. He had, therefore, no satisfaction in any acquirement that was not solid and complete.—Truth, and truth alone, could satisfy him; and in all his researches, he advanced not a single step without a sure footing, and never journeyed on till he had dispersed the mist and the darkness. There was no quackery about him. With all his manifold accomplishments, there was a simple dignity in his manners and in his mind, that spoke not only the scholar but the philosopher; and no faith could have been placed in truth, had Sir William Jones but once in his life pretended to any knowledge which he did not possess. But in every department of learning he was equal to the most learned; and it has been well

observed, "that in the course of a short life he had acquired a degree of knowledge which the ordinary faculties of man, if they were blest with antediluvian longevity, could scarcely hope to surpass. His learning threw light on the laws of Greece and India —on the general literature of Asia, and on the history of the family of nations."

The character of Dr Leyden was, in too many respects, the very reverse of this. He had a strong passion for knowledge; but that passion was, unluckily, too much mixed with a fondness for display, and he could not fully enjoy his knowledge, unless he could get all the world to admire it. This restless love of distinction drove him from one study to another, as if he were afraid of being reckoned ignorant of any thing; and he had scarcely entered on one pursuit, till he darted away with feverish impatience into another. He seems to have prosecuted his studies on no regular system—to have devoured and gorged every thing that came in his way, without fear of indigestion. The consequence was, that the growth of his mind was not in proportion to the vast quantity of victuals which it consumed.

It cannot be denied, and it ought to be acknowledged, that Leyden often affected to know much more than he did; and that he sometimes committed such gross and ludicrous blunders, as overwhelmed with confusion every body but himself. He possessed but a very imperfect knowledge, indeed, of any of the languages of modern Europe; and though he talked of "passing muster with Dr Parr," all who knew Leyden were aware that he was no Grecian. Now, people are apt to feel some suspicion of a vain and blundering man; and they who know how imperfect and superficial a scholar Leyden was in those languages, with which all men of education have some acquaintance, may be pardoned for withholding their full faith from that almost miraculous gift of tongues which descended upon him in the East. His genius for the acquisition of languages was no doubt very extraordinary; and, as he finally relinquished every thing for the study of oriental literature, history, and laws, had he lived, it is likely that he might have thrown considerable light on the darkness in which they still lie enveloped. But Leyden never could have become a sure guide; for it was the radical defect of his intellect, that it was satisfied with glimpses of truth—with partial openings in the darkness, instead of the cloudless lustre of the disencumbered sky—as if he had believed that the fields of knowledge were to be taken and kept possession of by sudden and transitory inroads.

We are well aware, that by these general observations, we may be offending the admirers of this most enthusiastic and meritorious person; and no doubt it would require more room than we can now spare, to prove that our observations are just. Yet though we may be accused of under-rating the literary character of Leyden, in denying that he was a wonderful scholar at all, we are not afraid that any competent judge will blame us for exposing the absurd injustice which they shew to the memory of the acute, dashing, headlong, and fearless Borderer,—who are so grossly ignorant both of his merits and demerits—his knowledge and his ignorance—as to set him up in rivalry with perhaps the greatest scholar that the world ever produced. Had Leyden lived for ever, he had not a mind sufficiently accurate and comprehensive to master the knowledge acquired by Sir William Jones.

Of the poetical genius of Leyden, it is not possible for us to speak in terms of very high praise. He wrote verses because it was necessary that a man of talents should be able to do every thing. It has been attempted to place him among the poets of Scotland; but, though not acknowledged, it seems to be very generally felt that he was not a poet. No one ever heard a line of his quoted, except perhaps by some affectionate friend of his youth; and no fancy or feeling in his versifications has a dwelling-place in the heart of his country! he had no imagination—and no profound feeling. He gives long and laboured descriptions of the days of chivalry; and we feel indeed that the days of chivalry are gone, not to be restored by such a minstrel. The inspiration of a poet is one thing, and the animation of a moss-trooper is another. No doubt Leyden was a genuine Borderer, and consciously proud of the heroic character of old Border chiefs. But he would have handled a pike

much better than a harp, and fought a battle better than he has ever described one. He could write a tolerable ballad; for even in the olden time, goodish ballads were, we suspect, occasionally written by very unpoetical personages; but with all the pains he took, and these were not small, John Leyden never made any near approach to the character of a true poet.

The "Scenes of Infancy," is one of the heaviest descriptive poems in our language, and that is saying much. —It is impossible to know whether the poet is on the right or left bank of the Teviot—whether he is walking up or down the banks of that celebrated stream. And then, though minutely local as any Minister in the Statistical History of Scotland, his muse is ever and anon expanding her wings, and flying to the uttermost parts of the earth. His great object seems to have been, to make the poem big enough—which it would have been had it consisted of one short part instead of four long ones.

We have repeatedly looked through and through this poem for one fine passage—but have met with none which seem to be of that character. In some passages, it is not easy to say what is wanting—for the versification is sonorous—and the imagery profuse. But certain it is, that the soul of poetry is not there—and without that, the pencil of Leyden may touch and retouch the canvass for ever, without a picture being created. Yet some descriptions there are which have been greatly admired, and these we shall select—happy if our readers, on perusing them, shall dissent from our critical opinions.

"On such an eve as this, so mild and clear,
I follow'd to the grave a sister's bier.
As sad by Teviot I retir'd alone,
The setting sun with silent splendour shone;
Sublime emotions reach'd my purer mind;
The fear of death, the world was left behind.
I saw the thin-spread clouds of summer lie,
Like shadows, on the soft cerulean sky:
As each its silver bosom seem'd to bend,
Rapt fancy heard an angel-voice descend,
Melodious as the strain which floats on high,
To soothe the sleep of blameless infancy;
While, soft and slow, aerial music flow'd,
To hail the parted spirit on its road.
"To realms of purer light," it seem'd to say,
"Thyself as pure, fair sufferer, come away!
"The moon, whose silver beams are bath'd in dew,
"Sleeps on her mid-way cloud of softest blue;
"Her watery light, that trembles on the tree,
"Shall safely lead thy viewless steps to me."
As o'er my heart the sweet illusions stole,
A wilder influence charm'd and aw'd my soul;
Each graceful form that vernal nature wore
Rous'd keen sensations never felt before;
The woodland's sombre shade that peasants fear,
The haunted mountain-streams that murmur'd near,
The antique tomb-stone, and the church-yard green,
Seem'd to unite me with the world unseen.
Oft, when the eastern moon rose darkly red,
I heard the viewless paces of the dead,
Heard on the breeze the wandering spirits sigh,
Or airy skirts unseen that rustled by.
The lyre of woe, that oft hath sooth'd my pain,
Soon learn'd to breathe a more heroic strain,
And bade the weeping birch her branches wave
In mournful murmurs o'er the warrior's grave.

There seems to us to be just enough of fancifulness in all this passage to destroy utterly all natural pathos and truth, without kindling in their room any emotions of a higher character. To others it may seem beautiful.

It is not possible to believe, that any true poet would thus have written of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray—yet the following cold and artificial description we have heard talked of with unbounded admiration.

Two beauteous maids the dire infection shun,
Where Dena's valley fronts the southern sun;
While friendship sweet, and love's delightful power,
With fern and rushes thatch'd their summer-bower.
When spring invites the sister-friends to stray,
One graceful youth, companion of their way,
Bars their retreat from each obtrusive eye,
And bids the lonely hours unheeded fly,
Leads their light steps beneath the hazel spray,
Where moss-lin'd boughs exclude the blaze of day,
And ancient rowans mix their berries red
With nuts, that cluster brown above their head.
He, mid the writhing roots of elms, that lean
O'er oozy rocks of ezlar, shagg'd and green,
Collects pale cowslips for the faithful pair,
And braids the chaplet round their flowing hair,

And for the lovely maids alternate burns,
As love and friendship take their sway by turns.
Ah! hapless day, that from this blest retreat
Lur'd to the town his slow, unwilling feet!
Yet, soon return'd, he seeks the green recess,
Wraps the dear rivals in a fond caress;
As heaving bosoms own responsive bliss,
He breathes infection in one melting kiss;
Their languid limbs he bears to Dena's strand,
Chafes each soft temple with his burning hand.
Their cheeks to his the grateful virgins raise,
And fondly bless him as their life decays;
While o'er their forms he bends with tearful eye,
And only lives to hear their latest sigh.
A veil of leaves the redbreast o'er them threw,
Ere thrice their locks were wet with evening dew.
There the blue ring-dove coos with ruffling wing,
And sweeter there the throstle loves to sing;
The woodlark breathes in softer strain the vow;
And love's soft burthen flies from bough to bough.

Leyden wrote an historical essay on fairy superstition—but we cannot see much beauty in the following description of fairy-land. It wants the wild touches of the Ettrick Shepherd.

By every thorn along the woodland damp,
The tiny glow-worm lights her emerald lamp,
Like the shot-star, whose yet unquenched light
Studs with faint gleam the raven vest of night.
The fairy ring-dance now round Eildon-tree,
Moves to wild strains of elfin minstrelsy:
On glancing step appears the fairy queen;
The printed grass beneath springs soft and green;
While hand in hand she leads the frolic round,
The dinning tabor shakes the charmed ground;
Or, graceful mounted on her palfrey gray;
In robes that glister like the sun in May,
With hawk and hound she leads the moonlight ranks
Of knights and dames to Huntley's ferny banks,
Where Rymour, long of yore the nymph embrac'd,
The first of men unearthly lips to taste.
Rash was the vow, and fatal was the hour,
Which gave a mortal to a fairy's power!
A lingering leave he took of sun and moon;
(Dire to the minstrel was the fairy's boon!)
A sad farewell of grass and green leav'd tree,
The haunts of childhood doom'd no more to see.
Through winding paths that never saw the sun.
Where Eildon hides his roots in caverns dun,
They pass,—the hollow pavement, as they go
Rocks to remurmuring waves that boil below.
Silent they wade, where sounding torrents lave
The banks, and red the tinge of every wave;
For all the blood that dyes the warrior's hand
Runs through the thirsty springs of fairyland.
Level and green the downward region lies,
And low the ceiling of the fairy skies;
Self-kindled gems a richer light display
Than gilds the earth, but not a purer day.
Resplendent crystal forms the palace-wall;
The diamond's trembling lustre lights the hall.
But where soft emeralds shed amber'd light,
Beside each coal-black courser sleeps a knight;
A raven plume waves o'er each helmet crest,
And black the mail which binds each manly breast,
Girt with broad faulchion, and with bugle green—
Ah! could a mortal trust the fairy queen!
From mortal lips an earthly accent fell,
And Rymour's tongue confess'd the numbing spell:
In iron sleep the minstrel lies forlorn,
Who breath'd a sound before he blew the horn.

His description of the spectre-ship, which has been praised by Walter Scott in his notes to Rokeby, but unluckily far surpassed by a picture of the same superstition in the poem itself, is perhaps the best thing Leyden ever wrote. It has two or three picturesque lines; yet, after all, the said ship, with its crew of ghosts, seems but little different from one of his Majesty's vessels with her usual compliment of men and boys. There is nothing of that spirit of superstitious fear thrown over it that attends the ship in which Coleridge's Ancient Mariner drives along through the snow-storm.

Stout was the ship, from Benin's palmy shore
That first the freight of barter'd captives bore:
Bedimm'd with blood, the sun with shrinking beams
Beheld her bounding o'er the ocean-streams;
But, ere the moon her silver horns had rear'd,
Amid the crew the speckled plague appear'd.
Faint and despairing on their watery bier,
To every friendly shore the sailors steer;
Repell'd from port to port they sue in vain,
And track with slow unsteady sail the main.
Where ne'er the bright and buoyant wave is seen
To streak with wandering foam the sea-weeds green,
Towers the tall mast, a lone and leafless tree;
Till, self-impell'd, amid the waveless sea,
Where summer breezes ne'er were heard to sing,
Nor hovering snow-birds spread the downy wing.
Fix'd as a rock, amid the boundless plain,
The yellow steam pollutes the stagnant main;
Till far through night the funeral flames aspire,
As the red lightning smites the ghastly pyre.

Still doom'd by fate, on weltering billows roll'd,
Along the deep their restless course to hold,

Scenting the storm, the shadowy sailors guide
The prow, with sails opposed to wind and tide.
The spectre-ship, in livid glimpsing light,
Glares baleful on the shuddering watch at night,
Unblest of God and man!—Till time shall end,
Its view strange horror to the storm shall lend.

We hardly think that our readers would be greatly obliged to us for more extracts of this kind, so we refer them to the volume itself. Some of the miscellaneous verses seem better than any thing in the "Scenes of Infancy;" and there is considerable sweetness and delicacy in the Ode to Scottish Music.

TO IANTHE.

Again, sweet syren! breathe again
That deep, pathetic, powerful strain!
Whose melting tones of tender woe
Fall soft as evening's summer dew,
That bathes the pinks and harebells blue
Which in the vales of Tiviot blow.

Such was the song that sooth'd to rest,
Far in the green isle of the west,
The Celtic warrior's parted shade:
Such are the lonely sounds that sweep
O'er the blue bosom of the deep,
Where shipwreck'd mariners are laid.

Ah! sure, as Hindú legends tell,
When music's tones the bosom swell,
The scenes of former life return;
Ere, sunk beneath the morning star,
We left our parent climes afar,
Immur'd in mortal forms to mourn.

Or if, as ancient sages ween,
Departed spirits half unseen
Can mingle with the mortal throng;
'Tis when from heart to heart we roll
The deep-ton'd music of the soul,
That warbles in our Scottish song.

I hear, I hear, with awful dread,
The plaintive music of the dead!
They leave the amber fields of day:
Soft as the cadence of the wave,
That murmurs round the mermaid's grave,
They mingle in the magic lay.

Sweet syren, breathe the powerful strain!
Lochroyan's Damsel sails the main;
The crystal tower enchanted see!
'Now break,' she cries, 'ye fairy cha
As round she sails with fond alarms,
'Now break, and set my true love f

Lord Barnard is to greenwood gone,
Where fair *Gil Morrice* sits alone,
And careless combs his yellow hair.
Ah! mourn the youth, untimely slain
The meanest of Lord Barnard's train
The hunter's mangled head must be

Or, change these notes of deep despair
For love's more soothing tender air;
Sing how, beneath the greenwood tr
Brown Adam's love maintain'd her tru
Nor would resign the exil'd youth
For any knight the fair could see.

And sing *the Hawk of pinion gray*,
To southern climes who wing'd his wa
For he could speak as well as fly;
Her brethren how the fair beguil'd,
And on her Scottish lover smil'd,
As slow she rais'd her languid eye.

Fair was her cheek's carnation glow,
Like red blood on a wreath of snow;
Like evening's dewy star her eye;
White as the sea-mew's downy breast,
Borne on the surge's foamy crest,
Her graceful bosom heav'd the sigh.

In youth's first morn, alert and gay,
Ere rolling years had pass'd away,
Remember'd like a morning dream,
I heard these dulcet measures float
In many a liquid winding note
Along the banks of Teviot's stream.

Sweet sounds! that oft have sooth'd to
The sorrows of my guileless breast,
And charm'd away mine infant tears
Fond memory shall your strains repeat,
Like distant echoes, doubly sweet,
That in the wild the traveller hears.

And thus, the exil'd Scotian maid,
By fond alluring love betray'd
To visit Syria's date-crown'd shore,
In plaintive strains that sooth'd despair
Did 'Bothwell's banks that bloom so fa
And scenes of early youth, deplore.

Soft syren! whose enchanting strain
Floats wildly round my raptur'd brain,
I bid your pleasing haunts adieu!
Yet fabling fancy oft shall lead
My footsteps to the silver Tweed,
Through scenes that I no more must vi

SKETCHES OF SCENERY IN SAVOY, SWITZERLAND, AND THE ALPS.

Lake of Geneva.

(Continued from Vol. IV. page 582.)

"If the borders of this lake are not so beautiful as those of the Italian lakes, they are, upon the whole, much more deeply interesting; both from the unrivalled grandeur that is co bined and contrasted with their bea ty, and from the rich and inexhaus ble world of associations that is co

nected with and dependent upon them.

"You will not expect, my dear C—, that I shall be able to write you any very sober, plodding, prose *descriptions* from such a place as this, surrounded and glorified as it is by all that is bright and beautiful, as well in imagination as reality; and the powers that it derives from these two distinct sources so bound and blended together, as to make it almost impossible that one who is open to the influence of both, should be able to give its due share to either. While I stand in the presence of these two powers, I find I can do little else but admire and exclaim; and now that I am sitting at my writing-table thinking of them and of you, I'm afraid I shall be able to do little more.

"Here dwelt that mysterious being who was made up of all kinds of contradictions—that living paradox, Rousseau. A man who was formed for friendship, and yet never had or could have a friend;—whose soul was the very birth-place and cradle of love, and yet who never loved any thing but a shadow or a dream;—whose spirit could never taste of true happiness but when it was pouring itself forth into the bosom of another, and yet never once found a kindred or confident, till it was forced at last to make one of all the world collectively: the very worst it could have chosen; and this, too, at a time when the very best it could have found would have come too late;—the purest, the sincerest, and most eloquent worshipper of nature, and of God, and yet at times—(I shrink from confessing it, and yet I *must* confess it)—at times the meanest and most paltry of mankind. Here he used to wander and meditate and dream. Here, at least, he was pure and peaceful, if not happy. And here it is that I delight to think of and watch and accompany him. The moment he sets his foot within the walls of a city I am obliged to quit him; for then his spirits sink, his heart shrinks inward to an obscure corner of his breast, his earthly blood begins to ferment,—and poor, pitiful, bodily *self* steps forth, and with its soiled and misty mantle, covers and conceals all things; or so totally changes their forms and colours and sounds, that his eyes and ears can no longer do their office for him; and thus blind and helpless and miserable, he either lies at the mercy of those who have no mercy, or, in despair, plunges into the throng, and becomes as mean and as wicked as the rest. It must have been a most painful and affecting spectacle to have seen Rousseau when his course of life brought him in contact with the great world; for of all men that ever lived he was the least fitted to associate with it, and yet had the least power to leave it. He was "infirm of purpose," and had none of that proud strength of will which has enabled a celebrated countryman of of ours to contemn and trample on, and then quit, with a lofty disdain, a society of beings in whose passions and pursuits he found himself unable to feel a sympathy, or to take a share. However we may doubt the justice of this disdain, or call in question his right to entertain it, we cannot but acknowledge that there is something grand in the unhesitating expression of it. If we do not admire, we cannot despise, still less pity it. But Rousseau—the poor, frail, feeble, Rousseau,—struggling in the toils and yet totally unable to burst them—must have been, with all his faults, an object of the truest and deepest commiseration. There he lay—fettered and imprisoned—groaning beneath his bondage, without patience to bear or strength to break it—and every struggle fastening the chains still more closely about him—till at length the iron entered into his heart and brain, and corroding there, drove him to destraction:—for such was undoubtedly his condition at last.

"*Here*, however, in the presence of this beautiful water—floating upon its bosom, or climbing the mountains that line its shores—here he was wise and good, and (I must think it) happy.

"I took little notice of Geneva, the birth-place of Rousseau; for we were not staying there, but at Secheron, about a mile from it. I did not even inquire for the house in which he was born; for there are no very pleasant associations connected with his earliest youth. But the left bank of the lake from Geneva seems, as it were, to *belong* to him, and to the imaginary beings with which he has every where peopled it. And fortunately they *are* imaginary ones, so that we do not see them, or even fancy that

we see them, which might disturb our peculiar associations. But we feel that their influences are about us wherever we go. Their free and happy voices,—such as they were while they are yet gay and innocent,—seem blending with the song of the birds, or flitting by us on the perfumed breezes that inhabit these delightful shores. But even these sounds are less sweet and touching then when sorrow has tempered them into sadness. Then we hear them uttering their patient but never-ceasing murmurs in every little wave that ripples to the shore; or they come floating to us along the waters, as we watch their unheaving bosom sleeping beneath the moonlight. When joy is glittering in their eyes, they seem to gaze upon us from the stars above; for symbols of the same eyes weeping, we turn to the reflection of the same stars in the lake below.

"It is chiefly in visiting such scenes as these that we are made to feel, in its fullest and deepest import, the miraculous power of genius. Here are three imaginary beings, inhabitants of a little town at the foot of the Alps—a youth and two maidens, without name or fortune—with no pretensions to distinguish them from the rest of the world but their simplicity and the strength of their affections—who meet with no events to mark one day of their life from another, but a walk in a chesnut grove, a water party, or a kiss—yet to those who, *while they were young*, have read the history of these beings in the language in which it was written, and supposing them to thoroughly understand that language, they occupy a larger and dearer space in their mind and memory, than all the *true* history of all the real kings and conquerors that ever lived. The atmosphere of passion that genius has cast around them, has glorified them into more than living and breathing forms, has sanctified the imaginary marks of their footsteps, and, what was more difficult than all, has, by and through them, added a thousand beauties to scenes that were before almost unrivalled.

"Would you believe, my dear C—, that there are persons—and among those, too, who are reckoned the wise ones of the earth,—who would feel the greatest contempt for all this, and for the feelings which dictate it? Shall we throw back to them the contempt they cast upon us? No: we will return them good for evil—pity for scorn—pity unmixed with any bitterness. We can well afford to do so—for we have all the delight on our side: unless indeed they should choose to deny that we have the faculty of knowing when we *are* pleased. If they do this, we shall be forced to suspect that *they* do not know what if is to be pleased at all."

* * * * *

"Yesterday was a perfectly calm clear day, and I went on the lake for the first time. I merely passed across to the opposite bank; but notwithstanding the scenery that I was on all sides surrounded by, the feeling that occupied me the whole time arose from the sound of the oars dipping into the lake, and the dripping of the water-drops from their edges in the intervals between each stroke. Not to waste words in multiplying comparisons, you know I have heard nearly all Mozart's best music; much of it over and over again—which indeed is the only way to appreciate it properly. But of all the sounds that ever fell upon my ear, the one I have just alluded to was beyond comparison the most delicious—breathing the most pure spirit of tranquil happiness. Not joy, but happiness: for no two things can be more different from each other. The characterising spirit of the one is change—that of the other is repetition. The song of the nightingale is joy—the murmur of the stock-dove is happiness.—In a few days I may perhaps endeavour to give you some general idea of the scenery connected with this beautiful lake."

* * * * * *

"The lake of Geneva is of an irregular oblong form, and is completely embosomed in the Alps, which rise almost immediately from its banks at all parts except the eastern extremity. Here the mountains seem to have divided of themselves, and formed a chasm for the purpose of admitting the Rhone to pass through; which it does at this particular point, and then, spreading itself out in all directions, forms the lake: for perhaps you are not aware that the lake of Geneva is nothing more than an accumulation of the waters of this river within an immense basin or reservoir formed by the surrounding mountains. The

Rhone is said to *run through* the lake; but this is not a correct mode of expression. There is no current at all, or a scarcely perceptible one, even in the centre of the lake. The Rhone, indeed, is perpetually rushing in at one extremity; and this of course causes a perpetual overflow and rushing out of water at the other extremity, which stream very properly takes the name of the Rhone; but it is no more or no less the Rhone than the lake itself is. From any elevated point in the neighbourhood, the vista formed by this chasm in the mountains is extremely beautiful. The eye wanders over the lovely valley of the Rhone, dwelling alternately upon the hills that bound it on either side; and at length loses itself among the distant mountains of the Valais. We will take the southern side of this chasm as the point of commencement and reference. Nearly the whole southern border of the lake, beginning at this point, is bounded by the mountains of Savoy, which rise almost immediately from the water's edge, and immediately behind them arise the snow Alps of Savoy, "Alps on Alps," erecting themselves higher and higher behind each other, and stretching out interminably into the distance, and from almost every point of view presenting the most splendid, powerful, and impressive sight that can be offered to the eye, and, through it, to the mind of man. The effect is heightened, and rendered absolutely satisfying and complete, by the perpetual presence of the great lord and master of them all, Mont Blanc, who seems to stand aloof in his unapproachable grandeur, and to watch over his subject-mountains with a look of fixed serenity, arising from a feeling of conscious and undisputed power. As we approach towards the western extremity of the lake, the mountains recede farther from the shore, and leave a space of rising ground, which is covered by the most beautiful cultivation, with here and there a village or a mansion interspersed, which admirably harmonize with the surrounding scenery, and prepare the eye to receive and welcome the crowd of objects connected with active life which now present themselves. Geneva occupies that part of the shore which forms the whole of the western extremity of the lake, and rises, in the manner of an amphitheatre, immediately from the water's edge. Through the centre of the town runs the overflow of water caused by the perpetual influx of the Rhone at the other extremity. It takes the form of a strong river; and the water at this part is of a deep blue colour, and as clear as crystal, which is not the case at its entrance. Indeed I believe the Rhone is quite turbid during the whole course of its progress, till it reaches this delightful resting-place. Here, however, it seems to become renovated and purified, and sets out again on its new pilgrimage, with increased power and with added beauty.

"We now arrive at the northern side of the lake. About half a mile from Geneva is Secheron, a charming little village, with a capital and extensive hotel, at which it is *the fashion* to stop, rather than at Geneva. Here M. de Jean will do you the favour (for it *is* a favour) to find room for you, provided your equipage makes a certain figure and appearance—and, in fact, during the whole of the summer and autumn he is compelled to make this distinction; for from the situation and conveniences of his house, it would always be full in the travelling season, if it were three or four times as large. But if he does find room for you, his accommodotion is excellent, and his charges not at all extravagant.

"From Geneva, after passing Secheron, Nyon, Morges, &c. along a gradually ascending road the whole way, we arrive at Lausanne, which is situated on an eminence about half a mile from the shore. Here begins the classical ground, and continues to the eastern extremity of the lake: Lausanne, Veray, Clarens, Chillon, and Villeneure. If I were writing to any one but yourself, my dear C—, I should hardly dare trust myself to think of these places in connexion with the associations that spring up at every step of them. Associations, too, that have lately been so splendidly multiplied by the Third Canto, incomparably the finest of all Byron's works. But with you I need not endeavour to control my thoughts. In such scenes as these, they can only be of any value when they are left to themselves; and in writing them to you, it is delightful for me to feel, that the more pleasure the presence of

them has given to me, the more the repetition of them will give to you. Indeed I can never write without restraint, and so I never write at all, but to the very few of whom I am certain that this will be true. How apt one is, and how natural it is that one should be apt to indulge in little egotisms, that are not only forgiven but welcomed by a friend (properly so called), for the very same reason, and in the very same proportion, that they are (to say the least) insipid to every one else. In thinking of these places, you will have patience to let *me* share your thoughts with Rousseau and Byron, and even with Nature herself—but who else shall I find that would? Perhaps, indeed—or why should I say "perhaps?"—I'm sure, that you will now anticipate the pleasure of visiting these scenes even with more earnestness than you used to do; just as I, though I cannot *imagine* a greater delight than it has been to see them as I have done, should, I am certain, have *felt* it doubled if you had been with me.

"You know one of my objects in taking the opportunity I had of coming here now, was to determine on which part of this neighbourhood I should hereafter choose for the purpose of" * * * "I have at once fixed on Lausanne:—not the town itself, but its immediate vicinity. Nothing can be finer than the site of Lausanne. It is built on an eminence, and from different parts commands a view of all the scenery that is in any way connected with the lake of Geneva, which includes every possible variety of sublimity and beauty. Behind rises the lofty and regular chain of the Jura mountains—to the right and left lie the lovely hills of the Pays de Vaud, beautified in a thousand ways by towns, villages, country-houses, vineyards, meadows, chesnut-groves, and forests—in front the lake stretches itself from Geneva on the one hand, to Villeneure on the other, with the beautiful opening at the eastern extremity, giving an exquisite view into the valley of the Rhone and the mountains of the Valais—and on the opposite side of the lake, almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, rise the majestic Alps of Savoy; not forming a regular chain, as the Jura mountains do behind, but broken into every conceivable form, and opening here and there, so as to give a most sublime but indescribable view into the white and glittering distance as far as the eye can reach.

"I saw the house where Gibbon lived, and the terrace and little summer-house where he used to write, and like him better than I did before for having the taste to choose such a retirement, and the power to be happy in it; which he undoubtedly was, more than during any of the other more busy and brilliant periods of his life. The terrace has a fine view of the lake and the opposite mountains, but its situation is not to be compared with many others in the town and neighbourhood.

"On leaving Lausanne we descend to Vevai, which is followed by Clarens, Chillon, and Villeneure. And here I must have done with descriptions—for even while I was among these scenes I could not bring myself to look at them with a *view-hunter's* eye, beautiful as they are:—and now that I have left them, my recollections are so blended with the fancies and imaginations that I had previously clustered round them, and that were multiplied and rendered tenfold more vivid when I *did* see them, that I can give you very little real *information* about them. Indeed if I could I think you would be better without it. It is much better that you should make them just what you wish them to be, till you do see them; and *when* you do, I'll answer for them, that the fairy-work they will destroy, will be replaced by a still more lovely reality.—It was here, on the borders of this lake, between Vevai and Villeneure, that the genius of Rousseu luxuriated in all its beauty and in all its power. In his earliest youth he learned to appreciate these scenes; and for ever afterwards, wherever his perverse fortune might cast him, here and here only could his spirit find a resting place and a home. All his plans of future and possible good—for he lived in the future and the possible—were centered in this spot; and yet, sincere and simple as they were, they could never be realized. The very ideal of his hopes and wishes was confined to a cottage and an orchard on the borders of this lake, with a kind companion to talk to, and a little boat to row himself about in. That part of his life over which he

can be said to have had any real control, has proved, that this was what his natural taste and his habits of thought and feeling would have led him to. But how did he, *in fact*, pass his life—he whose love for nature and virtue was as ardent and sincere as his conceptions of them were just and exalted? In the midst of a mob of unprincipled and heartless men and women of the world, whose loftiest notions of goodness made it a theory, and that theory an affair of convention;—with whom truth was under the control of fashion, nature was a thing constructed by art, and love an invention of Racine: and who could talk glibly of all these things, exactly in proportion as they knew and felt nothing about them—and, indeed, for that very reason.—In the eyes of such people as these, Rousseau, when first he came among them, must have seemed a living libel on themselves—a standing satire on all their habits and institutions; and it must not be wondered at, if, when his weakness and vanity had once tied him to the stake, they should keep him there to "be baited by the rabble's curse," that thus bound and hampered he should be delivered over to the contempt and hatred of those very persons who had stood awe-struck before him in the light of his natural simplicity. Still, however, it is some praise to him, that he never learned to wear his shackles gracefully;—and that the glitter and noise of them could never destroy the sights and sounds that came to his imagination from the mountains of his native land—that wherever his weak and diseased body might be detained by his still more weak and diseased will—*there* was his spirit and his heart. There is not a page of his writings but what proves this. Even the existence of those writings prove it—for if *this* had not been true, *they* would never have been written. So that it would be very idle in *us* to lament such a state of things—except for his sake—for without it we should have been without them: and I, for one, should find it very difficult to point out any one foreign writer that I would not rather part with than him—and as for the literature of his own language, I believe I should not be long in deciding to sacrifice it all to Rousseau.

"From Lausanne you descend to Vevai, Rousseau's favourite town; and a sweet little town it is.—Clarens is a short distance farther. The Chateau and chesnut groves, which are the supposed scene of part of the *Héloise*, are situated on a slight eminence about a mile from the lake.—A few miles farther, and near to the extremity of the lake, is the castle of Chillon. It is built *in* the lake—the entrance next the road being so near, however, as to be reached by a small draw-bridge. Within a short distance of this castle there is a very small island, with two or three trees on it. It is the only one on the lake. Byron has here stepped in and disturbed the associations which previously belonged entirely to Rousseau and history. We descended into the dungeon which is the scene of his poem. It is not near so gloomy as his darkening imagination has made it. You can see to read the names that are cut on the stone columns and walls. His own is among the rest—cut very small, on the column to which Bonnivard is supposed to have been chained; and that of another poet, Percy Byshe Shelley, is cut on the neighbouring wall, and occupies the space of any fifty others. Is this characteristic?—Whereabout do you think I cut mine?—On the column near Byron's, or on the wall near Shelley's?—Or among those of the unknown multitude? Or on the floor or the ceiling, where there was none before?—No where at all!—I hope that this *was* characteristic, and that the other was not."

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(To be continued.)

GHOST STORY.

(*From* WILLIAM *of* MALMESBURY.)

THE following Ghost Story must be known in some shape or another to most of our readers. But not many, perhaps, are aware how long it has been upon record. The following are the words, a little abridged, of William of Malmesbury, written in the 12th century, of the reign of William the Conqueror.

"THERE were in that city (Nantes) two ecclesiastics, ordained, ere their years allowed, to be priests, the bishop yielding the same rather to favour

than to desert of a fair life; at last, the woful ending of the one instructed the survivor how their road went sheer to hell. But so far as the science of letters they were excellently taught, and from very tender infancy so joined in pleasant friendship, that they would have adventured peril of life for one another. Wherefore one day, in more than wonted overflowing of mind, they thus secretly spake:—That for many years they, now in study of letters, now in worldly cares, had exercised their minds, and had found no satisfaction, intent rather amiss than aright. Meanwhile the day draweth on which shall sever their loves; wherefore they should prevent this, and provide that the same faith which had joined them living, go with the first dying unto the kingdom of the dead. They compact therefore, that whichsoever shall first depart, shall certainly, within thirty days, appear to the survivor, waking or sleeping, and declare to him if it be as the Platonists hold, that death extinguisheth not the mind, but restores it as released out of prison, unto its origin, God; if not, then must faith be given to the sect of the Epicureans, who believe that the soul, loosed from the body, vanisheth into air. To this was their faith plighted, and in their daily discourses the same oath oftententimes renewed; nor was it long before death suddenly taketh one of them away. The other remained, and thought with much seriousness of the promise, expecting momently that his friend shall come during the thirty days; which being spent, giving up his hope, he turneth himself to other business, when suddenly the other stood beside him, being awake, and going about some work, pale, and with countenance such as is of the dying while the spirit passeth away. Then the dead first accosts the living, who spake not—'Knowest thou me?' he said. 'I know thee,' he made answer; 'and I am not troubled at thy unwonted presence so much, as I am in wonder of thy long absence.' But he having excused his delay—'At last,' said he, 'I come; and my coming, if thou wilt, dear friend, shall be profitable to thee; but to me utterly fruitless, whose sentence is pronounced into eternal punishment.' And when the living man, for redemption of the dead, would promise to bestow all his substance on monasteries and on the poor, and himself to spend nights and days in fastings and prayers, 'It is fixed,' quoth he, 'that I have said; for the judgments of God are without repenting, by which I am plunged into the sulphureous gulph of hell. My doom is everlasting—my pains eternal and innumerable, though all the whole world should seek remedy. And that thou mayest understand something of my infinite sufferings,' stretching out his hand, distilling with an ulcerous sore; 'lo!' he said, 'one of the least. Doth it seem to thee light?' And the other replying that it seemed to him light, he, bending his fingers, cast three drops upon him of that trickling gore; whereof two touching the temples, and one the forehead, entered skin and flesh as with fiery cautery, making wounds that might hold a nut. He by a cry testifying the greatness of the anguish—'This,' said the dead, 'shall be to thee, as long as thou shalt live, an admonishment of my great punishment; and, if thou slight it not, of thy own deliverance.' He then enjoined him (as the historian goes on to relate) to proceed forthwith to Rennes, and there to take the habit of a monk under the holy Melanius. And the other appearing still to hesitate, the dead, *cum oculi vigore perstringens*, bade him, if he doubted, 'to read these letters;' and opening his hand, showed him written on it thanks, addressed by Satan and his whole crew, to every ecclesiastical society (*cœtui*); because they neglected nothing of their own pleasures, and suffered such numbers of souls to go down to hell, through the decay of preaching, as former ages had never beheld. The sinner was overcome—distributed all his property to churches and the poor—took the habit under St Melanius—and became an eminent example to all, not only of a wonderful conversion, but of a holy conversation to the end of life."

TRANSLATION OF AN ARABIC POEM.

In the Appendix to the second volume of the "History of the Crusades," of Professor Wilken of Heidelberg, is given a literal translation of an Arabic poem, written in reproach of the indifference with which the Moslems prosecuted those wars.

Of the poet, Modaffar of Abiward (a town of Khorassan), nothing farther is known, than his song of upbraiding on the slackness of the Mussulmen in the contest for Islam against the Crusades, specimens of which are given in different historical works of the Arabians. Abulfeda, in his Annals, has adduced, as a specimen, some distichs, to which Reiske, from a MS. of Ebn-Shohnah, has added three more (9, 11, 12). In the History of Jerusalem and Hebron, of which Professor Wilken had access to two MSS. in the Imperial Library at Paris, varying but little from one another in regard to this poem, and that chiefly in errors of the copyist, nor differing much from the text as given by Abulfeda, a few additional distichs are cited. Abulfeda has given only the better and more intelligible distichs (1, 2, 4—7, 16, 17), which does credit to his judgment.

It would appear, from the reference made to the poem in the body of the work, that it was written soon after the taking of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, which assigns its date about the year A. D. 1100.

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1. We have mingled our blood with streaming tears,
Therefore is there nothing of us now left for the stroke of the foe.

2. Oh! ill weapons of the man are tears, which he sheds
In the time when the fire of war is kindled by the glittering swords.

3. Hear, sons of Islam! Yet are there appointed to you
Battles, in which heads must come under hoofs.

4. But how can it be that your eye sleeps, the lashes full (sc. of sleep)
Amidst sorrows, which would awaken every sleeper?

5. And your brothers in Syria—their place of rest is
On the back of young horses, or in the maw of old vultures.

6. Them the Roman loads, burdens with dishonour, and ye
Draw after you the train of luxury, as if ye lived in peace.

7. And how much of blood is already poured out, and of the beautiful
How many a one guards the blushes of her beauty with her fingers spread over them.

8. During the time that stroke and thrust are but once exchanged,
Are both her sons grown gray.

9. And he that draws back in fear, from the whirlpool of this strife
To deliver his life, shall one day gnash his teeth for repentance.

10. This strife puts into the hands of the idolaters sharp-edged swords,
Which will one day wound neck and head of the faithful.

11. Soon will the prophet, the buried in Taijeba,* cry out,
With loud voice, "O race of Hashem!

12. I see my people not pointing on the foe
Their lances, and the pillars of the Faith totter."

13. They shun the fire, fearing to set their foot in it,
And consider not that shame follows without tarrying.

16. Can they endure such shame, the leaders in fight of the Arabs?
Can they keep silence in such dishonour, the heroes of the Persians?

17. Ah! if they will not out of zeal defend their Faith,
Yet out of jealousy should they guard what is to them precious and holy.†

18. And if they dread, on naked fields without shelter, the raging of the fight,
Should they not yet engage in the fight for very lust of spoil?"

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* An appellation of Medina. † Namely, the persons of their families.

HORÆ CANTABRIGIENSES. No III.

1.

When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main;
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia! &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that rends the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia! &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame—
And work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia! &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign:
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia! &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair,
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

Jubente cum primum Deo Britannia
Pelagi cavis recessibus caput extulit,
Ei in manus hæc charta magna tradita est,
Cælestiumque omnis melos cæcinit chorus:
Fluctus regas, domina regas Britannia;
Nunquam Britannus imperanti servict.

Sua quamque gentium minus felicium
Manet vicissim sors, jugum hostile: interim
Tu, Nostra, pulcra, tu vigebis libera,
Gens invidenda, gens timendaque omnibus.
Fluctus, &c.

Per damna tu cædesque surges celsior,
Ferrumque opes dabit peregrinum tibi:
Procella ceu, quæ miscet æthera et salum,
Novas tuis vires ministrat quercubus.
Fluctus &c.

Non te tyrannus perdomabit insolens,
Ut sæviat thronoque te dejectum eat:
Virtus tua, acriore calcare incita,
Illi ruinam, gloriam tibi pariet.
Fluctus, &c.

Ruris colonos imperia beant tua;
Cives beant in urbibus commercia:
Tibi æquor omne obtemperabit subditum,
Et omne, cujus alluit litus, solum.
Fluctus, &c.

Camæna, Libertatis usque hæc est comes,
Viset tuam, visamque amabit insulam:
Felix nimis! nam filias armat Venus,
Et filias qui protegant, Mars filios.
Fluctus regas, domina regas Brittania;
Nunquam Brittanus imperanti servict.

2.

Says Plato, why should man be vain,
Since bounteous Heaven has made him great?
Why look, with insolent disdain,
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
Can costly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair,
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The sceptred king, the burthened slave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie
Go, search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore;
Of wealth and pomp they're dispossest,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor through the skies,
And spreads along a gilded train:
When shot—'tis gone—its beauty dies,
Dissolved to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my social souls:
Let friendship reign while here we stay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls—
When Jove commands, we must obey.

Cur vana mens homini, rogat Plato, ciet,
Beârit ilium larga quòd Jovis manus?
Superbior cur ille felices minùs,
Opes quibus non adfluant, despexerit?
Num vestis aurea, num levi plumâ tumens
Torus, puellæ gemma num pulcræ decus,
Diadema num regale sollicitam potest
Frontem explicare? num salutem reddere?

Rex sceptrigerque obit, obit et servus miser,
Obit humilis vir sorte et arrogans pari;
Fortes, fugaces, divites, pauperculos
Pulvis—nec est discrimen—idem contegit.
Regum sepulchra quære, queis vivis caput
Corona cinxit splendidissimum micans:
Priscæ nec ultrà opes, nec ultrà gloria
Comitatur; aufugit throno excussis honos.

Sic quæ citato pervolant axe æthera
Meteora, dispergunt inauratum jubar:
En! jam micant—volant—cadunt! extinguitur
Omnis venustas: nil nisi aer est levis.
Nostrûm hâc, sodales, usque lege res fluunt;
Ergo et sodalitium colamus arctius:
Cratera, dum licet, coronemus—Jove
Jubente, cunctis (ut negent) abeundum erit.

3.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day;
But glory remains, when their light fades away.
Begin, ye tormentors; your threats are in vain;
For the son of Alnomoc shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from my pain?
No! the son of Alnomoc will never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast! you exult in my pain;
But the son of Alnomoc shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son:
Death comes like a friend; he relieves me from pain,
And the son of Alnomoc has scorn'd to complain.

Sol nocte conditur, astra Lucifer fugat:
Condantur astra solque, gloria superest.
Ura, secesve, tortor; incassùm furis.
Satus Alnomoco, utut fremas, nescit queri.

Cornu memento quot sagittas torserit,
Quot straverit vestrûm bipennifer duces—
Moratur ecquid?—An dolorem ut deprecer?
Perge—Alnomoci filius nescit queri.

Memento vastis quàm latuerim in saltibus,
Ovans quot et victor tropæa evexerim!
Ardescit ignis—jam triumphus vester est:
At Alnomoci filius nescit queri.

Eo ipse terram, quò prior venit pater;
Gaudebit umbra filii famâ sui:
Cunctos amica mors dolores eximit,
Satus Alnomoco nec semel volum queri.

THE TRAGI-COMICAL HISTORY OF THE LOVERS OF QUIMPER-CORENTIN.

MADAME DE MARCEL was about forty years of age, rich, and lived at Paris in a handsome style. She was accustomed, the greater part of the year, to have at her house a select society of men of letters, and of women, who were interested in the success of all new publications, particularly such as regarded the theatres. She was, however, obliged, by the will of an uncle, to pass six weeks or two months every autumn at a country seat in Poitiers; but to console herself for the ennui of a country life, and of country company, which she could not avoid seeing, she had taken care to have her chateau well filled with a set of acquaintances sufficient for her amusement while thus banished.

The company consisted, independent of her husband, the president (who found enough of occupation in the management of his land, in settling with his tenants, and in the embellishment of his place), of Madame d'Aigremont, nearly of her own age, and whose taste, as to literature, was perfectly conformable to her own. This lady was accompanied by her daughter, an exceedingly handsome girl, sixteen or seventeen years old, who had already made herself mistress of every agreeable talent, and gone through a proper course of reading to form the heart, taste, and mind of a young person.

The president's brother, called the Chevalier de St Marcel, had been in the army many years, and had been thought amiable in all the towns where his regiment had been garrisoned. He was indeed thought so in many parts of Paris, but, to be sure, they were not the most fashionable. He frequently attended the theatres from want of something to do—read all new pamphlets and journals for the same reason—and saw and heard the discussions of the learned at his sister-in-law's. An abbé, the complaisant of Madame de Marcel, known as the author of some works of science, but who, to extend the atmosphere of his reputation, had condescended to discuss works of lighter importance, had agreed to pass the autumn with the persons before named, and so much the more willingly, as the house was handsome and convenient, and the table excellent. He had brought with him his nephew, a young man really amiable, whom the abbé was introducing into life, and who joined to a fair outside a brilliant and well cultivated mind. If he had an earnest desire to please (and the presence of the young lady seemed to animate his exertions), it was without any fixed plan; but it is always right to endeavour to be amiable, for that leads to every thing.

The first week after their arrival was taken up by receiving formal company, and cards were of course introduced, which tired our Parisians exceedingly; scarcely could the president and abbé find time for a game of chess after dinner, or Madame de Marcel in the evenings for a game of tric-trac with her brother-in-law the chevalier.

After some time the influence of company diminished, and they were left to amuse themselves, or rather to their own tranquillity. Madame de Marcel lost no time in proposing an amusement that would occupy the mind and employ the memory—a plan she had formed the preceding winter, and it was instantly put into execution. At first, when it commenced after supper, it consisted of innocent games, in which forfeits are paid, and punishments ordered to redeem the forfeits. These punishments were always to relate some story, to recite verses, or to sing; and the company were delighted whenever the nephew of the abbé incurred a penalty, for he never failed to produce something agreeable, inspired, no doubt, by his wish to please, and to display his talents before the object who seemed to notice him.

Madame de Marcel and her friend had very cultivated minds, and if they did not trouble or fatigue their imaginations, showed off at least their memories. The abbé was not behind hand; but he was diffuse, often obscure, and always in prose. The chevalier related feats of war, and modestly owned they were not his own. But the two persons who were the most embarrassed, and whom they were very soon forced to excuse from paying their forfeits, were the president and the young lady. The first excused himself by saying, that no-

thing was so difficult to him as the making a tale off hand—that he would a thousand times rather sum up the evidence in the longest trial that ever came into court. But he soon got rid of it, by falling asleep immediately after supper, which prevented his taking any part in the amusements.

The young lady did not want either understanding or talents, but it was thought unbecoming her age or situation to appear too well informed. The nephew therefore willingly undertook the payment of her debts; and his security being accepted, the game continued for several nights.

At length, Madame de Marcel wishing to refine upon this kind of amusement, said to M. de Verbois, "Sir, you seem to have so much wit and talent, that I should think you capable of succeeding at a trifling game, which I have heard was formerly played at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, when the Dutchess of Montausier was known under the name of the fair Julia d'Angennes. It is said that she, and each of the ladies and men of letters who were used to assemble there, began a story, and continued it until the history became exceedingly complicated, and the hero placed in the most embarrassing situation,—and that then one of the company undertook to dispel all the chaos, and clear up the embarrassments that had enveloped the different personages. I have heard that the famous bishop of Avranches had a particular talent in the unravelling these histories, however difficult. You know that this prelate, when young, was a frequent visitor at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and as he was very short, he was called the Julia's dwarf. Now, M. de Verbois," continued she, "do you think yourself capable of acting the part of M. Huet?"

"Assuredly, madam," replied the young man, "I am neither so short nor so learned as the bishop of Avranches; but what that prelate did in his youth for his divine Julia, I think myself capable of undertaking, in the honour of paying my court to you, and to those ladies."

"That being the case," answered Madame de Marcel, "I will begin a history—you shall continue it, my dear, looking at Madame d'Aigremont; we will dispense with your daughter from interfering, for, as it will be a romance, she cannot as yet be supposed capable of forming one. The president shall sleep, because he makes up, after supper here, for the little naps he used to take in the mornings when on the bench. The abbé shall employ his genius to increase the intrigues of our history, in such wise that the winding up shall become very difficult; it shall be for him to form the veritable Gordian knot. My brother-in-law must be careful to avoid cutting it; on the contrary, he must multiply events as much as he can. M. de Verbois will then have to unravel the whole; and I am persuaded, that whatever pains we may take to embarrass him, he will produce a denouement at once simple, rational, and fortunate."

"You expect a great deal from me," said M. de Verbois, "and will make me modest as to any talent I may have for the unravelling such histories; but I do not despair to succeed to your satisfaction in this point, either by the stroke of a wand, by a little fairy assistance, or by magic; besides, I know full well, that in a romance, when any personage becomes too embarrassing, how easily he may be got rid of by poison or by the sword."—"Oh! that is not the case here, if you please, sir," exclaimed Madame de Marcel;" it is not so that we understand you are to perform your task. Not one person that may be introduced in our history shall disappear, and they must all be forthcoming at the end, and all happy. The aid of magic and of fairies is forbidden: neither the president nor myself believe in sorcerers—all the events, if not exactly true, must be probable, and the conclusion simple and natural."—"These laws are somewhat severe," said the abbé, "but I dare say that my nephew will glory in submitting to and observing them." The nephew confirmed his uncle's assertion by a bow, and Madame de Marcel thus began her history.

The town of Quimper-Corentin if renowned throughout all lower Brittany, for the beauty of the women, the refinement of the men, and the singularity of the adventures which happen there. I shall begin by making a slight sketch of some of them; but what I shall say will be trifling in comparison of those singular and in-

teresting adventures that will be told; they will astonish, affect, and confound you, and prepare you for the most unexpected and happy conclusion. If ever it may be said that the end crowns the work, it will be so in this instance, and redound to the glory of M. de Verbois." The young man perceived how much she was bantering with him, but allowed her to proceed, uninterruptedly, as follows, without despairing of final success.

M. de Lokrenan, high steward of Quimper-Corentin, was one of the richest and most respectable persons of the province: his house was frequented by all the young men of abilities or talents; and it was the more agreeable to them, from its being inhabited by four young ladies equally amiable. Two of them were the seneschal's daughters, and made only part of his family, which was numerous; the eldest was called Balzamie—the younger Gabrielle. The two others were his nieces, whose parents, residing in foreign parts, had sent them to the seneschal's lady, a woman of abilities, who had taken charge of their education. One was named Adelaide, and the other Aline.

M. de Kerenflute, son to a rich and celebrated merchant, accustomed early to the dangers of the sea—brave, well made, and amiable—seemed strongly smitten with the charms of Mademoiselle Balzamie, who, to a lively imagination, added wit, and the grace of a fine figure.

M. du Courci, the son also of a very respectable mercantile family, showed an inclination to marry Mademoiselle Gabrielle, whose too brilliant eyes announced a romantic head, and a disposition for great adventures.

Monsieur de Sainval, an officer in the East India Company's service, was much in love with Aline, to whose pretty face was joined simple manners and good temper.

M. de Saint Leon, a reduced infantry officer, had yielded his heart to the beauty of Adelaide the more readily, as her disposition seemed inclined to favour his passion and meet his advances.

For a period all these lovers passed their time very agreeably in the house of the high steward. Their amours were confined within the bounds of the strictest decency and decorum; and all that the gossips of the town could say, was sometimes, in laughing, that one of these days they should see eight persons married at once. The high steward replied, that this could not be, for that his daughters were not such desirable matches, and that his nieces would return to their parents, and not marry in Brittany. In truth, these comfortable arrangements were cruelly broken up. The young ladies were forced to quit Quimper-Corentin, and I shall explain the cause.

The high steward had two sisters: one had married an officer of infantry, who had successively risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and had been appointed governor of Colicoure, a seaport in Roussillon; the other was settled with her husband, a rich merchant, at Cadiz in Spain. These two sisters not having any children, and knowing that their brother, besides many boys, had two girls, had written to him, to desire that he would send each of them one, hinting their intentions of making them heiresses, and of establishing them advantageously in the countries wherein they resided. The high steward thinking the proposals most advantageous, and the aunts having provided for the expenses of the journey, he sent off his two daughters in proper carriages, under the care of trusty servants of both sexes. They traversed France to Roussillon, and the eldest remained at Colicoure. The youngest having rested herself a few days, continued her journey to Cadiz.

The adieus had been most tender and affecting. The lover of Balzamie was plunged in the deepest affliction. He seemed to foresee some melancholy event; and his mistress had nearly the same presentiment, but she had wrought up her mind to support whatever might befall her, like a true heroine of romance. The lover of Gabrielle was less afflicted: not that he was less attached to his mistress, but he had formed a plan, the execution of which he thought certain, namely, to go himself to Cadiz, where he had relatives, and flattered himself that he could there continue his court to Gabrielle with the same ease as at Quimper.

Immediately upon the departure of the daughters, preparations were made for that of the nieces. Aline was to be sent to her father, brother to the high steward's wife, at Pondicherry,

where she might flatter herself to gain a brilliant establishment. She would never have undertaken such a long voyage without shuddering, had not Sainval, who, we have said, was in the India Company's service, promised to meet her in India. She set out, therefore, for L'Orient, somewhat consoled by this hope, where Sainval was already arrived. They embarked on board different vessels, but bound to the same port, and set sail together.

There now only remained at Quimper the tender and romantic Adelaide; but she was soon recalled to Italy by her father, another brother to the high steward's lady, and speedily departed for Leghorn. Saint Leon was in despair, and daily mingled his tears and regrets with those of the wretched Kerenflute. Having thus made you acquainted with the heroes and heroines of my history,—having painted their characters, and pretty tolerably dispersed them over the globe,—I believe, added Madame de Marcel, I may be permitted to take some rest. It will be your turn, my dear friend, (looking at Madame d'Aigremont,) to tell us to-morrow what afterwards befell these young ladies and gentlemen.

On the morrow, at the same hour, that is to say, after supper, the president sleeping, and the rest of the company listening, the friend of Madame de Marcel thus spoke:—

The lovers, separated from their hearts' delight, continued to afflict themselves; but the other inhabitants of Quimper looked for nothing but agreeable news from these young ladies. Balzamie seemed contented and satisfied with her aunt in Roussillon. Gabrielle had arrived at Cadiz before Du Courci, and her aunt had pressed her to marry an old Spaniard, lately returned from Peru, immensely rich, which she refused as much and as long as she could, because he was very old, very ugly, and, as it was said, very jealous; but they remarked to her, that as he was so old, he might possibly die soon; and as he would leave her his whole fortune, she might in that case, if she then pleased, enjoy it with Du Courci. This excellent reasoning had its effect upon her, and it was thought that she had made up her mind to marry the rich Peruvian.

Adelaide was at Leghorn. It required a year at least to receive any news from those who had sailed to India. Every one's mind, therefore, was tranquil about them, when two couriers arrived with letters that plunged the whole town of Quimper into the utmost distress. The melancholy news they brought had been preceded by an accident that had happened to one of the couriers, as he was passing through the forest between Nantes and Vannes. He was attacked by robbers, who carried away his portmanteau, and opened it, in search of jewels or gold; but not finding any, they tore all the papers and letters to pieces, and threw them into a rivulet, whence they were taken out in a miserable condition, and, when carefully dried, they were all, or in parts, delivered according to their different directions. The letters from Spain and from Roussillon had been sadly damaged; however, the high steward's lady decyphered him that of Balzamie, as follows:—

"Imagine, my dear mamma, what was my despair, when carried off in spite of my resistance. I found myself transported on board the vessel of Barbarossa, who instantly setting every sail, made for Algiers. I arrived there more dead than alive; and with what horror was I not penetrated, when I saw myself shut up in the seraglio of this barbarian! It was in vain that I called for assistance on all my relations, and even on M. de Kerenflute, who had so often amused us with his exploits at sea, and who had told me twenty times, that if I ever should fall into the hands of the Turks, he would find means to deliver me." The remainder of the letter was illegible; but this was sufficient to throw the family of the Lokrenans into the utmost grief. Kerenflute was present at the reading of this fatal letter. In any other circumstances, with what pleasure would he have heard that Mademoiselle Balzamie had kept him in her thoughts! At present he eagerly seized the idea that she had hinted to him, to hasten to deliver her from the hands of these barbarians. "Yes," cried he with joy, "I hear, dearest Balzamie, that thou callest on me for succour. She has need of my courage; I fly to her aid; and I swear never to re-enter Quimper again, until I shall have obtained her liberty." Having said this, Kerenflute quitted the house, and began instantly to collect all his own money, and made use also of the

credit of his friends, to raise a sufficient sum. Should he embark from Quimper, he would be obliged to employ longer time, and pass the Straits of Gibraltar: he determined, therefore, to travel post on the wings of love, through France, to Toulon. On his arrival at Toulon with good letters of exchange, he instantly bought, armed, and equipped a vessel, in which he embarked with the utmost haste, and made sail for Algiers. Feeling hearts, be not alarmed for Kerenflute; the motive that animates him will preserve him from all accidents. In fact, he arrived safely at Algiers; and I recommend him to the person who is next to continue this history.

We will now return to Quimper. The unfortunate accident that had happened to Balzamie was nothing to the affliction which the letter from Mademoiselle Gabrielle added to this miserable family. This is all that could be made out from her torn letter:—

"What horror! Who can even support the mere idea of such horror? The wretched Gabrielle has then, without knowing it, devoured the heart of her lover. Her husband, insulting her grief, said, 'Dost thou know what meat thou hast just been eating? What a dish I had prepared for thee? The feasts of Atreus and Thyestes, of Pelops and of Tantalus, were nothing in comparison of what thou hast just done. It was—it was the heart of Du Courci.' At these words, my dear mamma, I fainted. I long lost all my senses. They were forced to carry me out, and I know not even now where I am——"

Had the rest of the letter not been torn, there was no one in Quimper that would have had the courage to hear it read. Everywhere sobs and lamentations resounded: all pitied the miserable Gabrielle, all tried to console her relations, without being able to receive any consolation themselves. There were no longer any suppers or amusements in the house of the high steward: visitors came thither but to weep. Saint Leon, the only one of the four lovers who had remained in Lower Brittany, hastened with eagerness to partake of their grief; when a letter received from Leghorn made him as much in want of consolation himself.

Adelaide had written to her aunt, that her father had intentions to marry her in Calabria, to a merchant of Reggio, who was his friend and correspondent; but that, from the description she had had of him, she had conceived such a disgust, that she had rather die a thousand times than be his wife. That her father had forced her to set out with him, to deliver her into the hands of this villanous Calabrese; but that she should ever regret her dear uncle, her dear aunt, her cousins, and the unfortunate Saint Leon. Saint Leon, having the example of Kerenflute before his eyes, thought himself equally bound to succour and avenge his mistress by land, as the other had done by sea. He formed, therefore, a similar resolution; and having adopted like measures, set out to traverse Calabria after the fair Adelaide, as his friend had crossed the seas after the handsome Balzamie.

I shall now leave them, with your permission, ladies and gentlemen, said the friend of Madame de Marcel. Monsieur L'Abbé will tell us to-morrow whether their expeditions have been fortunate, or the contrary.

Ladies, said the Abbé on the morrow, romances and such light literature are not my forte; it is well known that I have pursued other studies, but I will risk every thing to please you—I shall prolong your history and labour against mine own blood, by embarrassing, as much as in my power, my nephew, who has undertaken the denouement.

Kerenflute had a prosperous voyage to Algiers—having secured the protection of the Consul of France, he landed at his house, and made instant inquiries if the Corsair Barbarossa had not lately returned from a cruise with some French female slaves. The consul assured him, that he had not heard of any such thing, but each having made farther and more exact researches, they learned, that an European slave, but from what nation was not exactly known, had lately been admitted into the seraglio of the Corsair. Having paid largely an eunuch to know the name of this slave, he said, she was called Bolsani or Basani, ah, cried out Kerenflute, it must be my dear Balzamie—new cares and fresh expenses to obtain a sight of, and to speak to her. Alas, all his cares were ended, by hearing that the Bashaw of Algiers having a present to offer to

the Grand Signor, he thought he could not make a more acceptable one than this beautiful slave, and that two days ago she had been embarked on board a large vessel bound to Constantinople. At this intelligence, our Breton lover did not hesitate a moment, he re-embarked, and made sail for the capital of the Ottoman empire —scarcely is he arrived, than he torments himself and acquaintance to find out whether his mistress be in the seraglio, and what may have happened to her. But it is well known that nothing is more difficult than to penetrate into the seraglio of the Grand Signor.—The despairing lover exhausts his purse and credit in vain, all attempts to enter that asylum for neglected beauty are equally disagreeable and dangerous. He paraded sorrowfully day and night round the walls of this gulph, wherein are buried the beauties of Europe and of Asia. One day he overheard, in a coffee-house, some Greeks and Jews conversing, in lingua Franca, on a terrible adventure that had just happened in the seraglio; a beautiful European slave, that had been lately brought thither, had made great resistance to the desires of the Grand Signor. The Sultan, as much animated by her charms as by her resistance, was about to employ violence to reduce her to submission, when this courageous person drew a poignard from her bosom, and declared to his highness, that she would rather lose her life than fail in the vows she had sworn to a lover in her own country, and whom she was expecting would deliver her. The Sultan despising her menaces, she put them into execution, and having given the Sultan a stroke with her poignard so ill directed that the wound was not dangerous, she stabbed herself to the heart and instantly expired.

If this recital had alarmed Kerenflute, what he heard and saw on the morrow convinced him of its truth. He was told, that a head was exposed on a pike on the walls of the seraglio, with an inscription below it in the Turkish language, and in such large characters that every one might read it. He hastened to the spot with an interpreter, who, having read the inscription, translated it to him as follows:—

"People, behold the head of a culpable slave, that dared to raise her hand against the Emperor of believers, instead of submitting herself to his supreme will. She prevented the horrible punishments that would have followed such a crime by putting herself to death.—Tremble rebellious and cruel slaves, submit yourselves with patience and humility—Her name was"—the interpreter hesitated a moment, and read "Alzamire."

"Oh, heavens! exclaimed the wretched Kerenflute, it is Balzamie," he raised his eyes with fear to the head of the criminal, which, although disfigured by the agonies of death, still appeared handsome—Her eyes were closed, the cast of her countenance, her little mouth, and long chesnut hair, every thing recalled to the unfortunate Breton the idea of the person he adored—"It is Balzamie," cried he a thousand times, while rolling himself in the dust, and attempting to dash his brains out against the walls of the seraglio—with great difficulty was he carried away to the suburbs of Pera, where he lodged, exclaiming incessantly, "Oh, heavens! it is Balzamie."

Madame de Marcel and all the company agreed that the situation was most touching, and complimented the Abbé on his having shown such ability, and the more readily, he had bawled so loudly "Oh, heavens! it is Balzamie," that all the servants who had heard it in the first anti-chamber ran to inquire what had happened.—It had awakened even the president; but they were all made easy by learning it was but a tale.

The Abbé continuing his recital—let us return, said he, to the other adventures of our Quimper-Corentin:—

You have been told, that Saint Leon had set out for Calabria, in the hope of delivering Adelaide from the hands of her tyrant. As the distance is great from Quimper-Corentin to that country, it required all the ability, courage, and patience of Saint Leon, to discover the residence of his mistress, as he was perfectly ignorant of the name of the person she had married. We are unable to render an exact account of all the circumstances of his journey, or of the events, without doubt terrible, that marked the catastrophe. What was known at Quimper was sufficient to throw the whole town into consternation; It was

said, that Adelaide, having suffered greatly from the jealousy of the Calabrese, was dead, and buried in the convent of capuchins at Reggio; and that, not long after, a thread merchant of Quimper, who made yearly very extended journies, and sometimes carried his ware to Italy, had asserted, on his return home, that he had seen Saint Leon, who had become a capuchin under the name of Father Guignold de Concarneau; that he had heard him preach in the parish church of a village in Lombardy—that not only he knew him from the features of his countenance, but had talked with him; and that Saint Leon had begged of him not to say any thing about him in Brittany. The fate of the family of M. de Lokrenan appeared as afflicting as extraordinary, when news was received from Aline, which, without being of so melancholy a cast, was not the less strange. It was not contained in written letters, but a history so much the more deserving of belief, as it was printed. This history was current through France, which, if considered as a romance at Paris, it was solely owing to the personages mentioned in it being unknown in the capital, whereas at Quimper it had quite a contrary effect.

The ship on board of which Aline had embarked having been wrecked on the coast of Golconda, its rich contents were plundered by the subjects of the monarch of that rich country, and they had presented to their king a beautiful French woman called Aline, as the most precious part of the booty. The Indian prince was so much of that opinion, that he generously ordered the rest of the prisoners to be set at liberty; and falling desperately in love with our young Bretonne, he had wholly yielded up his heart, and had divided his empire with her. The Golconders, enchanted with the beauty and sweet temper of Aline as much as their monarch, had submitted themselves so totally to her power, that on the demise of the sovereign of the richest diamond mines in the world, they had unanimously chosen her mistress of the empire.

The new queen could not forget her country, nor quit the idea of Sainval, who had testified so strongly his affections.—She offered to conclude a treaty of alliance with the governor of the French settlements in India; and as the attachment between her and Sainval was no secret at Pondicherry, he was chosen to execute the honourable commission of assuring the queen, of the respect and devotedness of his nation. Aline, it may be imagined, gave him a handsome reception; she had even imagined to please and to surprise him, a scene which all Paris admired, as the fruit of a fertile imagination, but the full value of it could not be felt without having lived at Quimper.

M. de Lokrenan had about a league from the town a very beautiful summer retreat, in fact, it was merely a cottage, but decorated with every thing such a place was susceptible of; on one side was a grove, intersected by a rivulet that was crossed by an elegant wooden bridge; on the other was a meadow full of cows, whose milk made the best butter in Brittany. The lady Lokrenans and their cousins went often thither for a walk, and with their fair hands made such butter as would have done honour to the most splendid tables—Aline took greater pleasure in this amusement than the rest, and succeeded far superior to them—she used to dress herself as a shepherdess, and her butter was distinguishable from that of all the others.

Sainval had often assisted her in this innocent occupation—The remembrance of the hours they had so often pleasantly passed at a spot dear to both, was so present to the mind of the queen of Golconda, that she had built, at a small distance from her capital, an exact copy of the cottage and its surrounding objects. It was there the queen of Golconda gave the ambassador a private audience, and assured him of the duration of her affections. On his part, Sainval swore, that the recollection of the butter made by Aline's fair hands was far more delicious than the diamonds of Golconda appeared brilliant.

The description of the queen's cottage was so minutely detailed in the history, that there was none in Quimper did not know it for that of the high steward's; the whole town, on learning the circumstance, went thither with the book in their hands, saying, "aye, there's the grove—there's the bridge—the meadow—the cows; let us console ourselves for the misfortunes of our

three other young ladies, for here
least is one who has been fortune's
vourite. In truth, it was just
should be so, for she was the
able."

At this part the Abbé stopped,
ing that it was rather late, and
had fulfiled his task. "It is
turn," said Madame de Marcy
Chevalier, "and to-morrow
shall expect you to finish the
"I will do what I can," repli
Chevalier, "and as shortly
for, in quality of a soldier,
be expeditious, and fortunately
not my lot to relieve all
from their embarrassments."

On the morrow, the Chev
I should find it very difficult,
to add any thing to the
to the cruel situation of the
the defunct Adelaide in Italy,
miserable Gabrielle in Spain
leave M. de Verbois to bring
of the scrape if he can; I
tent myself with continuing
of the two other histories.

The joy that the good
Aline and Sainval had
per, was of no long
tinuation of the history
of which they were the
ine; and it was related
ject the Queen of Gol
ed of raising her love
throne, had not succ
conders had volunt
themselves to the
because such is the
that the hearts of the
ans cannot resist
doubted not of her
kindness, and altho
were different from
would permit them
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is now the turn of M. de Verbois, said the Chevalier, to tell us the remainder, as he stopped short in his narration.

That cannot take place to-morrow, said Madame de Marcel, for I must inform you, gentlemen and ladies, that we shall have to-morrow a very large company, which will oblige us for some days to discontinue our evening's amusements. The bishop of Poitiers writes me word, that he is on his visitation, and will dine here to-morrow, and desires me to permit him to remain until after Sunday; and that same evening, the intendant of the provinces will arrive to pass two days with us. "By Heavens! exclaimed the Abbé, these episcopal visits are very inconvenient: you see, ladies, how I am equipped, my hair in a club, and a green coat: Since you are to have a bishop visit you, I shall be obliged, out of consideration to him, to return to my curled head and my black coat."

For my part, said the president, yawning, I don't care a fig for an intendant, I sit above him in our courts of justice. "Ah! for Heaven's sake, president," said Madame de Marcel, "quit these pretensions, an intendant is a man of whom we may always wish to make use of when we have lands and tenants; besides, who knows what these people may come to."

"Well," added M. de Verbois, "I am very thankful for these visits; they will be of use to me, for I was embarrassed how to conclude these histories of the lovers of Quimper-Corentin, and a few days of reflection will help me out of all my difficulties."

The bishop and intendant having quitted the castle of Madame de Marcel, and left the company free to pursue their former amusements, M. de Verbois, who had undertaken to conclude the history of the lovers of Qimper-Corentin, acquitted himself as you shall now see.

We left the unfortunate Kerenflute on his road from Marseilles to Quimper, conducted by one of his countrymen, who, to console him, told him of all the misfortunes that had happened to the family of M. de Lokrenan. The lover of Balzamie, inconsolable for his own loss, cried out incessantly, "Oh, Heavens! it is her; it is her head that I see fixed on the walls of the seraglio at Constantinople." However, they at length arrived in their own country; but when about two leagues distant from Quimper, Kerenflute's guide, having placed him safely in the house of a clergymen of his acquaintance, hastened to the town to inform his friend's relations of the melancholy state he had left him in. But how greatly was he astonished himself to learn, that since he had left Quimper a-year ago, Mademoiselle Balzamie was in perfect health at her father's house, having returned very rich from Roussillon, as the heiress of her late uncle, the governor of Collicoure. It was on a groundless report that Kerenflute had made his expeditions to Africa and Turkey, and it was not the head of Balzamie which he had seen on the walls of the seraglio. His own head, however, was turned, and it was necessary to use the utmost precaution to prepare him to receive the news of the happiness that awaited him; for Balzamie, having heard what strong proofs of affection Kerenflute had shewn, was resolved to arouse his love with her heart and hand, so soon as he should return from his fruitless voyages, and her parents did not disapprove of her intentions. But whence arose this cruel error, in which not only Kerenflute, but the whole family of the Lokrenans, were plunged? It was owing to a dream, which I will now relate. Mademoiselle Balzamie, while at Collicoure, on the Mediterranean shores, was invited to a party of pleasure on this sea, which was happily put into execution. A galley, elegantly ornamented, conveyed the company from Collicoure to Port de Vendres, where they found a tent pitched near the shore, surmounted by several arbours of branches of trees, a ball-room, and tables laid out for a collation.

When they were about to sit down to table, they saw a chebec, bearing the flag of Algiers, steal from behind Cape Béarn. It had cannon, which fired broadsides slowly, while distant; but when it approached the shore where the ladies were, they redoubled. Balzamie at first did not know what to think of this unexpected visit, and was much alarmed; but her companions comforted her by saying, that the Turks she saw were very polite and gallant. In fact, the chebec having entered the port, those who disembarked, though disguised as Turks, were soon known for the officers of

the garrison of Collicoure, having at their head a young and amiable marine officer, who, being desirous of partaking of the feast, had thus dressed out the vessel he commanded. She was laden with an excellent supplement to the collation already prepared; having done the honours of it to the ladies, they danced until evening, when they all returned to Collicoure as fortunately as they had set out.

Nevertheless, during the repast, and in the course of the day, they assured Balzamie that her fears were not totally groundless; and they related a great many stories which tradition had preserved, tending to prove that corsairs had often made captures on the very shore which they had danced upon. They hide themselves, added the captain of the chebec, as we did, behind Cape Béarn, and suddenly rush on the shepherds and their flocks, at a moment the least expected, for the shore near Port de Vendres is defenceless. It is not more than ten years ago, said another, that the corsair Barbarossa carried off a whole wedding-party, who were amusing themselves on those sands. The bride, being very pretty, was carried to the seraglio of Barbarossa, of which she made the chief ornament, while her unfortunate husband was condemned to labour the ground, and his shoulders regaled with stripes. The reflections that were made on these stories were so gay, that the governor's lady was forced to impose silence on the young officers. But the conversation had continued so long and so incessantly, on Barbarossa, rapes, and corsairs, that Mademoiselle Balzamie dreamt of them all night. One of her dreams was quite connected; and as the morrow was post-day, she wrote a long letter to Quimper Corentin, when, having detailed a full account of the pleasant fête that had been given her, she could not help speaking of her dream at the end of her letter. It was this unlucky letter, brought by the unfortunate courier whose portmanteau was plundered, and papers dispersed and wetted between Vantes and Vannes, that had caused an alarm, which threw the whole town of Quimper into consternation. All that remained of Balzamie's letter was the end of it, and the whole of her dream, which had been taken for a real adventure; for the rest was quite blotted and illegible. This sad mistake had sent the wretched Kerenflute to seek her; and fully convinced of the imaginary disaster of his mistress, he thought he had heard her spoken of at Algiers, where fortunately no French women have been transported for a long time. The name of an Italian, Bolzani, had deceived him; and on his arrival at Constantinople, the resemblance to the name of a young Greek, Alzamire, had also deceived him. She had made resistance to the grand Seignor's desires, for which her head was cut off. It is easy to mistake the features of a beauty when thus situated, and especially when a false idea occupies the mind. About a fortnight after the receipt of this fatal letter from Mademoiselle Balzamie, others were received, which made the family perfectly easy; but Kerenflute had in his impatience set out for Toulon, and, from that moment, no one could tell where he might receive more fortunate intelligence.

When Balzamie had passed some months at Collicoure, making the governor's house pleasant and agreeable to the whole garrison, her uncle died, leaving her his heiress; and her aunt having settled her affairs, retired to Quimper-Corentin, ready to confirm to her niece all she was possessed of. We have said that Mademoiselle Balzamie had heard all that her lover had undertaken for her sake. She waited impatiently to tranquillize him, and to make him happy—she did not, however, wait long; but the state of Kerenflute's mind demanded every attention in announcing to him this unexpected happiness. They began by hinting doubts of what he had seen; then giving hopes of more fortunate events, and to tell him, at last, that he might make his mind easy, for that he would speedily be completely happy. He was admitted to see Balzamie, and joy was now causing the same effect that despair had done. Marriage alone could cure him of his delirium; this was tried, and succeeded.

"Yes," exclaimed Kerenflute, recollecting what his companion had told him on the journey from Marseilles to Quimper, "I am now happy; but the rest of M. de Lokrenan's family, his other daughter, his nieces, and my friends, who are so much in love with them, are still plunged in

despair." "Oh no," replied she, "all the world are happy at Quimper-Corentin; Mademoiselle Gabrielle is here on her return from Spain with her dear Du Courcy, at present her husband. Of the two nieces, one of them is come back from Calabria with St Leon, who has not turned capuchin, and Mademoiselle Aline is just returned from India with the amiable Sainval." "By Heavens," cried Kerenflute, "I believe you are all determined to make me more mad than ever; how can what you say be true, after what I have heard?" "You shall have no farther doubts on their account, if you will but listen to me," said one of the company.

If the uneasiness that was suffered for Mademoiselle Balzamie was owing to a dream, what was felt for Mademoiselle Gabrielle was merely founded on the representation of a tragedy. On her arrival at Cadiz, the relations she had there formed a plan to marry her to an old merchant, who had lately brought immense wealth from Peru. She was afraid of opposing their will, feeling, on the one hand, that this alliance would make her very rich, and, on the other, that, from the age and infirmities of her future spouse, she might soon hope for the enjoyment of all his wealth in uncontrolled liberty. She married, therefore, the Peruvian, and her marriage was scarcely concluded when Du Courci arrived. In spite of the jealousy of the merchant, he found means to see Gabrielle, and make her some tender reproaches. The amiable Bretonne was not displeased at hearing them, but advised him not to risk again entering her house. "Be on your guard," said she, "especially as to husbands of this nation, for the presumptuous French have often felt the effects of their revenge. I am interested in your days; be careful of them, for my sake, in times more fortunate." She would have continued, but a noise she heard made her retire.

Gabrielle was confirmed in her fears from the representation of a Spanish play, said to be a translation from the French, but which the mistress of Sainval believed to have been originally Spanish; for the savage character there drawn of a jealous husband was more analogous to that nation, than to the manners, thinking, and acting of French lovers or husbands. The heroine of this drama was called Gabrielle, like herself; and, as the catastrophe of this revolting tragedy, she was forced to eat the heart of her lover, named Conci, but which was translated into Spanish, Da Courci.

Du Courci was present also at this play, seated on the opposite side of the house to Gabrielle, who was with her husband and another lady in a side box; and she no sooner heard from the stage those names that were so dear to her heart, than she became affected and uneasy, which increased as the interest of the piece advanced. It was superiorly well acted, for it costs little to a Spanish actress to play empassioned parts, and an actor of that nation can easily perform a jealous husband. Gabrielle burst into tears, and as, towards the conclusion, the name of Da Courci was often repeated, she was quite overpowered, and after sobbing aloud, fainted, and was carried home senseless.

It was on the morrow that she had written to Quimper, and her letter had met with the same accident as that of Balzamie, and caused a similar mistake, which had given such uneasiness to the family of the Lokrenans. But this scene was not productive of such melancholy effects in Spain; some of the gossips made malicious reflections respecting Frenchmen and French manners, especially such as had heard of the prior attachment of Du Courci to Gabrielle. The husband, however, was not any way jealous, and had no thoughts of punishing it, or perhaps he had not time, as he very shortly after fell dangerously ill, and died. The young widow, now amazingly rich, settled her affairs, in which she was assisted by Du Courci; and, having sent her most valuable effects to France, followed them thither herself. Du Courci was not long behind her, and on the expiration of her year of mourning, they were married at the time when Kerenflute had returned to his native town.

The adventures of Mademoiselle Adelaide were not near so simple as those of her two cousins, for what had happened to her was indeed extraordinary.—She had been forced by her father to accompany him into Calabria, where he had married her by menaces and violence, omitting some essential forms, to a very rich but very disgusting Calabrese of Reggio. Her

father returned to Leghorn as soon as he had accomplished this fatal establishment, and left her a prey to her stupid husband. She fell ill with chagrin, and not daring to explain the cause of her affliction, complained bitterly that she was not allowed a confessor to whom she might open her heart. She would readily have obtained this satisfaction, had there been any French monks in the country, but for a long time none had been in these parts. Unexpectedly, they learnt that a Capuchin from Lower Britanny was arrived at Reggio, to remain some time before he continued his journey to the missionaries in the Levant. The husband, penetrated with all the esteem and confidence the monks of that austere order obtain in catholic countries, instantly introduced to his wife Father Guignolet de Concarnean, by whom he was politely received.

It was the enamoured Saint Leon, who, under the disguise of a beard and hood, had come to offer her proofs of his zeal and tenderness. She did not discern him until they were left alone, and Heaven knows with what joy and sensibility she reproached him for his imprudence, and for thus risking his life. Saint Leon assured her, that he had employed certain means to prevent any suspicion or jealousy, and soon their whole conversation turned on how she could be withdrawn from the tyranny of such a husband. The two lovers agreed that nothing could be more difficult; and the plan they at last adopted was certainly most singular. It was settled that Adelaide should counterfeit being dead, and measures were taken accordingly. The wife of the Calabrese, although more contented, and in excellent health, since she had met again Saint Leon, made believe that her disorder was increased; a physician, gained over by the presents of the false Capuchin, certified her danger, and soon the pretended Father Guignolet no longer quitted her chamber, and every thing was so well managed, that she seemed to expire before their face. The funeral was arranged by Saint Leon, as he said, according to the last wishes of the defunct, who had desired to be buried in the convent of the Capuchins at Reggio, and on the night following the burial, she was taken out of the vault and transported to the cell of Father Guignolet. After she had reposed some days in this sacred and inviolable asylum, the Breton missionary announced his intention of departing for Sicily, on his road to the Levant. A vessel conveyed them speedily to Russina, attended by a youth to serve him as a lay-brother; and it may be easily guessed who this companion was. Instead of crossing from Sicily to Turkey, they sailed from Messina to Naples, and from Naples to Rome, under the same disguises.

In this capital of the christian world Saint Leon found protectors, and employed them to obtain two considerable favours, but both founded in justice, when the situations of himself and Adelaide were considered. Adelaide retired to a convent of nuns, and demanded that her marriage with the Calabrese should be set aside, because she had been married by force—some of the most essential ceremonies had been omitted. Saint Leon solicited to have the excommunication taken off, which he had incurred for having put on the dress of Saint François, without having a right to wear it; and for having forged a false order from the General of the Capuchins to go to Reggio, and for having, under this disguise, assisted in the evasion of his fair countrywoman.

The cause of the lady appeared to the courts more just than that of the gentleman; her reasons seemed perfectly sound, and as it was only necessary to have a verification of facts, letters were sent to Reggio for information. The affair of Saint Leon was considered as more serious, they were for having him remain a Capuchin, since he had counterfeited one so well—but that was not his intention, and it was necessary for him to press every friend to exert himself, that such a rigorous sentence should not be put into execution. It was while this matter was pending, that, passing through a village in Lombardy, he met with the thread-merchant from Quimper, whom those who have commenced this history have spoken of. As he continued to wear the Franciscan dress, he was obliged, through a singular circumstance, to preach a sermon in honour of the patron of the parish. He had arrived at this village exactly as the rector was sitting down to dinner, for, as it was the feast of the patron, he was regaling his brethren of the cloth; the pretended Father Guignolet

was handsomely entertained, and after dinner the rector was to preach the panegyric of his patron; unluckily he had made himself unfit for this brilliant function; and the travelling Capuchin was intreated to perform it for him. He felt that it would be unhandsome to refuse, having been so kindly treated; but not being well acquainted with the character of their saint whom he was to praise, he bawled loudly and so inarticulately, that his words could not well be understood, accompanied by gesticulations of such vehemence, that he fulfilled his task to the great satisfaction of the clergy, and even to the edification of the parishioners.

At length Saint Leon succeeded in obtaining his pardon, and liberty to lay aside the dress of Saint Francis—during this time, news was brought of the death of the Calabres, husband to Adelaide—her father was also dead, and his daughter having succeeded to his wealth, and at liberty, gave her hand to Saint Leon, who, renouncing alms and the hood, brought back triumphantly to Quimper-Corentin her who had given him such extraordinary proofs of her love.

There now only remained to satisfy the unhappy Kerenflute, as to the fate of the fair Aline and her lorn Sainval. They assured him they were returned from Pondicherry to Quimper as happy as kings, but without having otherwise reigned than in the hearts of each other. Hence it may be readily concluded, that the history which had been made of their adventures, was a pure fiction, and only a romance. But how could it have happened that, in this spirited history, the names of Aline and of Sainval, the description of the country-house of M. de Lokrenan, and other circumstances, should have squared so exactly with the truth, that the writer must have been a sorcerer from Quimper-Corentin, to have done it so marvellously well. I will explain the riddle—a young officer of dragoons, full of wit and vivacity, had passed two years in quarters with his troop at Quimper; during so long a residence he became acquainted with the best company in that town and neighbourhood, and of course had frequented the house of M. de Lokrenan; he had even paid his court to Aline, and had often accompanied her to the country-house where she had made butter, and assisted her in this rural employment, and the idea of it had remained strongly fixed in his memory. He quitted Britanny about the same time that Aline embarked for India, and when at Paris, admitted to the society of some pretty women, who desired him to compose to them an agreeable and interesting tale, he therefore imagined that of the Queen of Golconda.

The names of Aline and Sainval, and the details of the country-house, being ever in his mind, he introduced them into the tale, and what was considered at Paris as a novel, was at Quimper believed as authentic news; which, if it wanted confirmation as to some of the circumstances, had a strong foundation of probability. There was not, however, one word of truth in it; Aline had safely arrived at her uncle's in Pondicherry, and Sainval had likewise made the same fortunate voyage to that town. The niece had captivated the heart of an old merchant who had settled all he was worth on marrying her. Sainval had offered himself when she was freed by death from her old husband, and had met with her uncle's approbation, as he was young and agreeable. A year afterward, they had embarked to enjoy their fortune at Quimper.—And you will agree with me, that no story can be more simple and less romantic than theirs. Fortunate inhabitants of Quimper-Corentin, what a happy lot is yours! You only suffer from false alarms, whilst others endure real evils. I sincerely congratulate you on your happiness, and wish the same to all who hear me.

Thus did M. de Verbois conclude the history of the lovers of Quimper-Corentin—Madame de Marcel and the company applauded this denouement; and should any critics dare to say that there is very little probability in the manner these heroes and heroines of this history were extricated from their embarrassments, the more just will allow that the restrictions imposed were very hard and difficult to execute, and that, from the exclusion of magic and poison, they could scarcely have been otherwise brought home again safely and happily.

ON THE WORLD'S OLIO.

By the Lady MARGARET NEWCASTLE.

MR EDITOR,

YOUR Number for December last, contained some remarks on the poems of the Duchess of Newcastle, a lady whose writings have nearly fallen into oblivion. The writer of that article does not seem to have examined many of her Grace's works, and I, therefore, take the liberty of transmitting to you a short account of one or two of the least common of these strange productions.

Sir Egerton Brydges is perhaps correct in his opinion, that the major part of her works was composed while she accompanied her husband in his exile; but not more than five volumes were published before the restoration of Charles II., namely, "Philosophical Fancies," 12mo, London, 1653.—"Poems and Fancies," folio, London, 1653.—"The World's Olio," folio, London, 1653.—"Philosophical and Physical Opinions," folio, London, 1655.—"Nature's Pictures, drawn by Fancy's Pencil, to the Life," London, 1656.

From this enumeration it will appear, that what your correspondent calls her "earliest work, the World's Olio," was not the first of her publications, and I am mistaken if it was the first of her writings. She says, indeed, in one of her epistles to the reader (it is not uncommon for her to have eight or ten prefaces to the same volume), that most of the book was written five years before it was printed, "and was lockt up in trunk, as if it had been buried in a grave;" and, after all, instead of being corrected, was sent into the world with all its defects. If this be true, she must have been known as an author for some time; for she often refers to her former books, which she says people would not allow to be her own writing, alleging that she had gathered her opinions from several philosophers.

"The World's Olio" is a folio of 216 pages, dedicated first to "Fortune," secondly "to her Lord," and, thirdly, to her brother-in-law, "Sir Charles Cavendish." Her second "Preface to the Reader," begins thus:

"It cannot be expected I should write so wisely or wittily as men, being of the effeminate sex, whose brains nature hath mix'd with the coldest and softest elements; and to give my reason why we cannot be so wise as men, I take leave, and ask pardon of my own sex, and present my reasons to the judgment of truth."

Her reasons are whimsical enough in some respects, but in others very far from foolish, and they have the merit of being distinguished by their humility. After ascribing the inferiority of women to the delicacy of their frame, which prevents them from engaging in those enterprises, which, if they do not always lead to discovery, serve at least to enlarge and invigorate the faculties, she proceeds thus:

"What woman ever made such laws as Moses, Lycurgus, or Solon, did? What woman was ever so wise as Solomon or Aristotle? so politick as Achitophel? (here the lady was probably mistaken) so eloquent as Tully? so demonstrative as Euclid? so inventive as Seth or Archimedes? It was not a woman that found out the card and needle, and the use of the loadstone; it was not a woman that invented perspective glasses to pierce into the moon; it was not a woman that found out the invention of writing letters (Pope's Eloisa thought otherwise), and the art of printing; it was not a woman that found out the invention of gunpowder, and the art of guns."

Then follows a long string of names, to prove that women were never such poets, physicians, painters, architects, musicians, as Homer, Hippocrates, Apelles, Vitruvius, and Orpheus. In winding up her speculations on this subject, she says,

"Thus we see, by the weakness of our actions, the constitution of our bodies, and by our knowledge, the temper of our brains; by our unsettled resolutions, unconstant of our promises, the perverseness of our wills; by our facile natures, violent in our passions, superstitious in our devotions, you may know our humours; we have more wit than judgment, more courage than conduct, more will than strength, more curiosity than secrecy, more vanity than good housewifery, more complaints than pains, more jealousie than love, more tears than sorrow, more stupidity than patience, more pride than affability, more beauty than constancy, more ill-nature than good."

In another preface she insinuates, that those who dislike her writings,

are chiefly such persons as, from defects in their voices, are unable to read clearly; from which it may be inferred, that Mr Pope, and Lord Orford, and S. K. C., may have laboured under some vocal infirmity.

"The very sound of the voice (says she), will seem to alter the sense of the theme; though the sense will be there in despight of the ill voice or reader; but it will be concealed or discovered to its disadvantage.—Some, in reading, wind up their voices to such a passionate scrue, that they whine or squeal rather than speak or read; others fold up their voices with that distinction, that they make that narrow that should be broad, and high that should be low. And some, again, so fast, that the sense is lost in the race; so that writings, though they are not so, yet they sound good or bad, according to the readers, and not according to their authors."

To say the truth, it is not every reader that can do justice to this fair writer's periods. Sometimes an essay is comprehended in half a line, and very often a single sentence occupies two or three folio pages.

It is exceedingly probable, that the writings of the Duchess of Newcastle attracted considerable attention in her own lifetime, otherwise it is impossible to account for the number of editions through which some of them passed, and for the spiteful surmise that she had stolen many of her thoughts from great authors. In "the World's Olio," she often gives her opinion of the various kinds of writings, and she never fails to testify her contempt for book-learning—thus,

"Scholars are never good poets, for they incorporate too much into other men, which makes them become less themselves, in which great scholars are metamorphosed or transmigrated into as many several shapes as they read authors, which makes them monstrous, and their head is nothing but a lumber, stuft with old commodities, so it is worse to be a learned poet than a poet unlearned, but that which makes a good poet is that which makes a good privie counsellor, which is observation and experience, got by time and company."

Her own productions, whether poetical or not, seem generally to have been either the results of observation, or the recollections of what she had heard in conversation. She is rarely unintelligible, except when she dips into physiology or physics. In the knowledge of human nature she was no tyro, and it is not a little strange that her harshest remarks are levelled at her own sex. Here are one or two of her thoughts on loquacity:

"Those that speak little, are either wise men or crafty men, either to observe what was spoken by others, or not to discover themselves too suddenly; and those that speak much, are either fools, or els very witty men; fools, because they have little to entertain them in their thoughts, and therefore imploy the tongue to speak like a parrote, by roat; and fools think the number of words helps to fill up the vacant places of sense; but those that have wit, their brains are so full of fancy, that if their tongue, like a midwife, should not deliver some of the issue of the brain, it would be overpowered, and lost in painful throws.

"And the reason why women are so apt to talk too much, is an overwening opinion of themselves, in thinking they speak well, and striving to take off that blemish from their sex, of knowing little by speaking much, as thinking many words have the same weight of much knowledge; but my best friend says, he is not of my opinion, for, he saies, women talk because they cannot hold their tongues."

She has some curious, and, by no means nonsensical, ideas, on "the breeding of children," and on sending young gentlewomen to boarding-schools, which must have been furnished by her own experience; as was also what she says "of a second wife," a subject on which she was qualified to speak feelingly, having been in that predicament herself.

"It is to be observed, that when a second wife comes into a family, all the former children, or old servants, are apt to be factious, and do foment suspicions against her, making ill constructions of all her actions, were they never so well and innocently meant, yet they shall be ill taken; and all that they hinder her of, although it do them no good, they think themselves enriched, not so much by what they get, but by what she loseth."

Many of the opinions which she expresses, particularly with regard to the accomplishments of a gentleman, were evidently intended to be complimentary to her husband, who, when this book was published, had reached his grand climacteric, but was still noted as a first rate horseman, and an adept in all manly exercises. One of her aphorisms is:

"It becomes a gentleman rather to love horses and weapons, than to fiddle and dance; and he is not worthy the name of a gentleman, that had rather come sweating from a tennis-court, than bleeding from a battle."

In another passage she says,

"But in this age, although it be the iron age, those men that have effeminate bodies,

as tender youth, loose limbs, smooth skins, fair complexions, fantastical garbs, affected phrases, strained compliments, factious natures, detracting tongues, mischievous actions, and the like, are admired, and commended more, or thought wiser, than those that have generous souls, heroick spirits, ingenuous wits, prudent fore-cast, experienced years, manly forms, graceful garbs, edifying discourses, temperate lives, sober actions, noble natures and honest hearts; but in former years it was otherwise."

She had other reasons for being dissatisfied with her contemporaries.

"I find (says she in one of her epistles) I live in a carping age; for some find fault with my former writings, because they are not grammar, nor good orthography; and that all the last words are not rime; and that the feet are not in just numbers: As for the orthography, the printer should have rectified that, for I think it is against nature for a woman to spell right; for my part, I confess I cannot; and as for the rimes and numbers, although it is like I have erred in many, yet not so much as by the negligence of those that were to oversee it; for, by the false printing, they have not only done my book wrong in that, but in many places the very sense is altered; as for *surfets, sercutts; wanting, wanton; like flaming fire to burn*, they have printed *a fire gunn*, and many other words they have left out besides; and there is above a hundred of those faults, so that my book is lamed by an ill midwife and nurse, the printer and overseer; but as for the grammar part, I confess I am no scholar," &c.

Those who wish to ascertain the accuracy of her Grace's statement, may look into a copy of the "Poems and Fancies," in the British Museum, enriched with MS. notes in the Duchess's own handwriting.

At the end of the World's Olio, the following rhymes deserve to be noticed:

"Of all my works, this book which I have writ,
My best beloved, and greatest favourite,
I look upon it with a pleasing eye,
I pleasure take in its sweet company,
I entertain it with a grave respect,
And with my pen am ready to protect
The life and safety of it, 'gainst all those
That will oppose it, or profess its foes:
But I am sure there's none condemn it can,
Unless some foolish and unlearned man,
That hath not understanding, judgment, wit,
For to perceive the reason that's in it."

Any one who may infer from these exquisite verses, that the Duchess (who was then only Marchioness) preferred "the World's Olio" to all her other writings, will be greatly mistaken. She tells us, in an "Epistle to the Reader," prefixed to the "Philosophical and Physical Opinions," published also in 1655, "that in the World's Olio there are such gross mistakes in misplacing of chapters, and so many literall faults, as her book was much disadvantaged thereby;" and then she adds, "Likewise a short copie of verses at the latter end of the book, is what I intended for this book, as being my beloved of all my works, preferring it as my master-piece, although I do believe it will not please my readers."

She is very indignant at the supposition, that she "had taken feathers out of the universities to enlarge the wings of her fancy." To which she answers, "no more than David took the wooll from his sheeps' backs to cloath his poetical phancies of devotion." In disclaiming all obligation to the writings or conversation of two great writers of that age, she expresses herself very awkwardly.

"Some say that my book of philosophy, it seems as if I had converst with Des Cartes or Master Hobbes, or both, or have frequented their studies, by reading their works. I cannot say but I have seen them both, but, upon my conscience, I never spake to Monsieur De Cartes in my life, nor ever understood what he said, for he spake no English, and I understand no other language; and those times I saw him, which was twice at dinner with my Lord at Paris, he did appear to me a man of the fewest words I ever heard. And for Master Hobbes, it is true, I have had the like good fortune to see him, and that very often, with my Lord at dinner, for, I, conversing seldom with any strangers, had no other time to see those two famous philosophers; yet, I never heard Master Hobbes, to my best remembrance, treat or discourse of philosophy, nor I ever spake to Master Hobbes twenty words in my life. I cannot say I did not ask him a question, for when I was in London I met him, and told him as truly, I was very glad to see him, and asked him if he would please to do me that honour to stay at dinner, but he, with great civility, refused me, as having some businesse, which I suppose required his absence. And for their works, my own foolish fancies do so employ my time, as they will not give me leave to read their books; for, upon my conscience, I never read more of Mounsieur Des Cartes than half his book of passion; and, for Master Hobbes, I never read more than a little book called *De Cive*, and that but once."

It is to be recollected, that by her own account, she knew no language but English; and though one of Des Cartes works had been before this time done into English by a person of honour, we are pretty certain that there

was then no translation either of the treatise Sur les Passions de l'Ame, or of the *Elementa de Cive*, by the philosopher of Malmesbury. As her Grace had filled many of her pages with dissertations on physic, she thought it necessary to add, "I never read any book of diseases or medicines, but Gerard's Herball, which, no question, is a very rare book."

She is sadly afraid of being accounted an atheist, and it cannot be denied, that her theological creed is exceedingly imperfect. Her opinions were evidently the creations of accident, and, as her conjugal oracle assured her, that she was infinitely superior to all the old philosophers, it is not wonderful that she should suppose it possible for the most perfect productions to originate from chance. With all her extravagant follies, it must be owned, that she now and then brings forth brilliant ideas. Her prose is incomparably more poetical than her verse—but if all that she ever wrote were irrecoverably lost, the world would sustain no serious injury from their annihilation.

SICILY AND NAPLES; OR, THE FATAL UNION.

A Tragedy; by S. H. A.B. è. C. Ex.

Oxford, printed by W. Turner, 1640.

[We shall interrupt our regular series of analytical essays on the old English Drama, by the following analysis of an old play (to be found in the British Museum), which appears to deserve a better fate than that of total oblivion.]

By an address to the reader, prefixed and signed P. P. it seems that this play had been offered for representation, but refused; and that the MS. had for a long time been on the shelf, from whence it was now removed by the editor, against the will, and even to the hazard of the loss of friendship of the author. "I have so far sinned against the modesty of my friend," &c. And, again, "I have hazarded the loss of his love, only that I may shew myself thy friend and servant. P. P."

Commendatory verses are subjoined by the following Oxford wits of the day, who all appear to have been intimate associates of the author, extolling him to the skies, and equalizing him to Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Randolph. Their names are, Richard Downey, A.B. è. C. Ex.; Robt Stapylton, A. B. Aul. Alb.; Richard Doderidge of Exeter Coll.; A. Short of Exeter Coll.; S. Hall and Edw. Hall of ditto; and Jos. Hall of St Alban's Hall.

The character of Virginio Ursini seems to have been the favourite object of praise to these friends of the author, and is compared, of course, maintaining its great superiority to the Sejanus, the Alchemist, and the Volpone of Jonson. A short analysis of the plot will be sufficient to prove the nature of its claim to this distinction; at the same time, that it will tolerably well account for the rejection which this highly honoured child of Isis experienced from the players. But the poetical beauties with which the language abounds, are, at the same time, of an order almost to justify the blind admiration of the graduates of Exeter College, and to create some wonder that the name of the author is left to be guessed at from the initials, and from those of his panegyrists, which are not so illustrious as to throw much light on the subject.

This play is not noticed in the Biographia Dramatica.

The play contains three distinct, and almost entirely independent, fables or actions—the first, and principal, being strictly tragic; the second, according to the old phrase, tragi-comic, that is, tending to tragedy, but having a happy ending; and the third purely comic, or rather farcical. The remaining unities are observed with an attention to be expected from the learned member of a classical university.

The piece opens with the return of the Neapolitan army, under the command of its victorious king, Ferrando, from the conquest of Sicily. From so heroic a beginning, it is proper to advertise the reader that there is no historical foundation for any part of the story, and that the union it celebrates, is that of Eutopia and Atalantis, rather than of Sicily and Naples. But, to

proceed methodically, the fable must be traced from its origin to the commencement of the action.

Ferrando, king of Naples, has been betrothed to Calantha, the only child of the old king, and heiress of the crown of Sicily, when, in consequence of some state affairs, which it would be impertinent in us to pry into, the father of the princess suddenly turns round, and refuses his consent to the intended union. Ferrando, like a true suitor of romance, easily yields to the suggestion which bids him "win and wear her;" but, instead of going at first in person at the head of his peers, he sends the Count Alberto, his favourite minister and general, to attempt the conquest of Sicily. The ill success of this officer, furnishes Virginio Ursini (the Machiavel of the piece) with the first step to his own advancement in the overthrow of his rival. Debauchee, as well as politician, this artful villain had previously contrived to overcome the virtue of Felicia, the daughter of Alberto, under the name and in the disguise of the king; and the fear of the father's vengeance adds a fresh stimulus to his ambition. Alberto, on his return, is accused of treachery, and perishes on a scaffold; and Ferrando, after promoting Ursini to fill the vacant place of minister, resolves on a second expedition to Sicily in person. He proves victorious, slays his intended father-in-law on the field of battle, and makes prisoner his amazon bride, Calantha, whom he brings back to Naples in triumph, as the opima spolia of the war. His unfortunate captive, in the struggle between love for her conqueror, shame and grief for her degraded condition, and horror in the reflection that her father had died by the hands of her intended husband, falls into a deep melancholy, grows distracted, and "babbles" of the Elysian fields. A physician undertakes to cure her, by indulging her fancy; and his purpose is effected by an illusive pageant of the "arva beata," which persuades Calantha that she is herself a purified soul. After her recovery, she consents, but with a heavy heart, to the "fatal union."

The scenes now described, constitute the principal part of the second and third acts of the play. So far, with the exception of the whole of the comic part, which is in the very worst style of low buffoonery, and the confusion produced by the intermixture of the tragi-comic underplot, the story creates a considerable degree of interest, and is even conducted with great skill and judgment. The Pageant of Elysium might be so managed, as to produce an extremely striking effect in the representation; and the dialogue abounds with tender and poetical touches. Thus, in the first scene of the second act, where Calantha appears distracted, she thus addresses her lover:

"We shall all sleep quietly
When we are dead—There is no noise of chains;
We shall not dream of prisons, rocks, or ships:
But every night shall see the gods descend
On our soft slumbers, and steal away our miseries.
Ladies, you'll see me shrowded decently
When I am dead; down in the meads yon, where
Grim Pluto stole his Proserpine, are still
The flowers she scattered; go, bring them hither,
And strew me o'er with them: she was a virgin chaste,
And I have heard, that flowers of their gathering
Will never die."

Her dream, on the eve of her wedding, is beautifully in unison with her character.

"These rites,
If we may credit what our dreams foretell,
Will turn to funeral obsequies: for such
This morning (when your careful art had bound
My senses up) Fancy presented them.
Methought I saw
Aurora from the east come weeping up,
Wrapt in night's sables, and the following day
Paced slowly on in grief's sad livery.
The pensive winds sigh'd forth a solemn dirge,
And strove to blow our marriage tapers out.
When you, Ursini, join'd in the solemnity,
I saw you look like Sicily's pale ghost,
Broke from the hollow caverns of the earth.
This hand, Ferrando, at your gentle touch,
Mouldered to ashes: on your lip there sat
A frost, which, when I tasted, straight convey'd
An icy chilliness through every joynt;
The stammering Priest, methought, mistook the rites,
And 'stead of those are used at nuptials,
Sung a short requiem to our souls, committed
All that was left of 's to the earth, our last
Cold bed.
Fer. 'Twas the intemperance of your disease
Suggested these chimeras;
And with it they have fled,
Cal. No, no, Ferrando,

I've sinn'd against my father's ghost. Ere yet
His royal corse had slept two silent moons
I' th' peaceful earth, or ere I had paid down
Just tribute of my tears, I've changed my sables
For a gay nuptial garment, whose light outside
Denotes the looseness of a lighter mind,
To which grief should have been perpetual guest."

There is exquisite fancy also in the succeeding speech of Calantha, when she is at last somewhat reconciled by her lover's arguments.

" Oh take me to thy soul: we'll mingle sighs
And tears, which still shall flow together from us,
As if the motion were but one; and those
So frequent, that the stones which clothe his dust
Shall soften into turfe, from whence shall spring
A bed of flowers, creeping about the grave,
As if they'd strew themselves upon him, then
Wither, that men might think we wept for them."

So, in the passionate address of Ferrando:

" Display this beauteous treasure, lovely sweet,
And let those flowers which dwell upon thy cheek,
Like those proud Maja weares i' th' smiling ides,
Blaze wild and open. See! they're fresh and lovely.
Their odour flies to Heaven in sacrifice,
Sweet as the purple smoke ascending from
The Phœnix funeral piles, or southern breath
Perfumed with all Arabia's spiceries."

The scene opening and discovering the tomb of the king of Sicily, and the funeral dirge, instead of Epithalamium, are in the true spirit of melancholy wildness, which the preceding dialogue is calculated to engender. The song itself is not altogether devoid of that simple pathos so often to be met with in the little lyrical accompaniments of our old dramas.

SONG.—*Chorus.*

" Noblest bodies are but gilded clay;
Put away
But the precious shining rind,
The inmost rottenness remains behind.

I.

Kings on earth, tho' gods they be,
Yet in death are vile as we;
He, a thousand's king before,
Now is vassal unto more.

II.

Vermin now insulting lie,
And dig for diamonds in each eye;
Whilst the sceptre-bearing hand
Cannot their inroads withstand.

III.

Here doth one in odours wade,
By the royal unction made;
While another dares to gnaw,
On that tongue, the people's law.

Chorus.

Fools, ah! fools are we, who so contrive,
And do strive
In each gaudy ornament
Who shall his corpse in the best dish present."

It is somewhat too evident, however, that the beautiful dirge in the Tempest was before the author's eyes, or in his mind, when he composed this fanciful, though certainly inferior, elegy.

The character of Calantha is as happily introduced to our notice, as it is ably sustained in the scenes which have been just described. The following forms a part of a dialogue between Valenzo and his friend Piero, at the commencement of the play; in which the only circumstance to be regretted is, that it does not perhaps explain to the reader so much of preceding occurrences as is necessary to enable him to enter at once into the nature of those which are to ensue.

" *Val.* I've seen her, maugre all those sudden fears
Her tender age and womanhood could urge,
Stand in the head of troops, that we ev'n fear'd
They had engaged a goddess in their quarrel;
Bear up against the enemy, when her men
Lay scatter'd in the plains, like the ripe ears
The wealthy harvest yields unto the grange.
Piero. I know not how: but sure she's made the king wild.
He has such diversity, as he had learn'd
To be mysterious in 's passion: I've seen him weep,
Like a fond mother o'er her tender babe,
Whom too rude fate hath ravish'd unripe from her,
Then rave and curse, talk as he wanted reason
To guide his speeches organ, or soft sleep
T' recall his straggling senses;
Mutter distracted thoughts in broken words,
Until he lights upon her name, and then
He bows at the recital, blesses himself
In the often repetition of Calantha.
* * * * *
Alas, poor maid! why, now she's a true captive
To passion and to Naples; had she been still
Queen over her great self, none could have said
She'd been unhappy: now, and not till now,
She's truly miserable.
Val. 'Tis holiness to pity her.
Piero. Our tears are better spent upon her sorrows,

Than our own sins; she talks so prettily,
Clothes grief in such a sad and pious garb,
So void of any rudeness, that we see
Composedness in distraction, reason in madness.
She never walks but when she's led along,
And that so faintly as she had not spirits
Enough to actuate her tender limbs.
The want of meat and sleep have made her seem
A living coarse; to see her weep, you'd fear
That every drop was her own funeral tear."

The very opening of the play, the address of Valenzo to his officers, who are discontented at the order which prohibits their entrance into Naples, immediately on their return from the wars, is in a bold energetic strain, and calculated to create a favourable impression at the outset.

"Be more composed, and hear me! Though you hate
Treason as ill as cowardice, yet I must
Tell you, you are the men have brought
The enemy home to Naples—I mean the army—
For what else can I term such a vast body,
Consisting of such disproportion'd members,
Fleshed with the spoils of fertile Sicily,
Enrich'd with what a happy soil can yield
To an insulting Conqueror, fed too
With glorious hopes of ease and plenty?
You know how hard a task you underwent
To govern them abroad, when tamed by want,
Thirst, hunger, heat and cold: judge then what sway
Authority can bear, when by this charge
They are grown mad and mutinous. Who shall
Compose their private jars and quarrels,
When their full cups add fury to their pride?"

When he meets his friend Piero, he thus inquires of him the present state of affairs at Naples.

"What face wears the court? How looks it
On our new dignities? Envy, like the Sun,
Darts her beams hottest on the rising banks."

Federigo, the son of Count Alberto, besides the hatred which he owes his sovereign, on account of his father's death, is abused with a story of his sister Felicia's having been dishonoured, and afterwards murdered by Ferrando, which exasperates his hatred to phrenzy. In the disguise of a Moor, he enters into the service of Virginio Ursini, the court favourite, the same personage whose character (as we have already seen), is held up by the author's panegyrists, as the most prodigious effort of genius, but which is merely that of a most diabolical villain, without any sufficient or apparent motive for his villanies. Thus, when Federigo, under the assumed name of Zisco, talks openly to him of his designs against the king, he opposes them by general common places upon the divinity of princes, and in such a manner as to leave the spectator himself as totally in the dark as to his real inclinations as the person with whom he is speaking. This might have been prevented, by the common and obvious artifice of a soliloquy; but, as it is, we are ignorant even to the end of the play, how far it was Ursini's wish or design that Zisco's treason should take effect.

"One, upon whom attends a guard of men
And angels; on whose brow divinity
Sits character'd; a majesty that darts
Fork'd arrows into th' guilty soul, and sticks
A palsied fear through every limb and joint
Of the murderer."

This is a fine specimen of the high prerogative strain of Ursini's argument, and reminds one of Shakspeare's Richard the Second. Those with which Zisco opposes him are equally spirited, and the manner in which they lead to Ursini's discovering his real person, natural and dramatic.

"It is
The pride of princes to be thought gods here
On Earth, daring to mock Omnipotence,
To create them favourites, set them aloft
In their own sphere, till remote kingdoms gaze
At their prodigious height, then, in an instant,
Shoot them from thence like falling meteors.
Had he not loved you first, you could not be
The object of his hate; you were too poor
And safe, when 'twas, to have him glory in
Your ruins. Innocence below enjoys
Security and quiet sleeps; Murder's not heard of;
Treachery's a stranger there; they enjoy
Their friends and lovers without ravishment;
They all are equal; every one's a prince,
And rules himself; they speak not with their eyes
Or brows, but with the tongue; and that too dwells
In the heart—were it but so at court,
Alberto, the famed Marquis, had not fallen.
Urs. (aside.) Alberto! Ha! &c.
Zisc. When princes put off their humanity,
Murder's a holy sin. You may be good
And fall like him, whose aged head lies low,
Low in the dust.
Urs. (Again! this confirms it)——
Zisc. The groans of whose sunk house are heard
To affright strangers; whilst Naples yet,

Stain'd with the purple tide his soul swam forth in,
Doth blush at its own guilt."

When Ursini, in an absurd strain of court flattery, compliments Ferrando on his smiles, while the unhappy prince is in fact suffering the most poignant distress, he answers him disdainfully—

"Thou should'st have said Heaven smiled when set with clouds
Black as night's swarthy mantle; when the air
Breaks out in hideous cracks that cleave the Temple,
And strike dead the devout Priest at the Altar."

The catastrophe of the piece miserably baulks the expectations which have been raised and kept alive during the three first acts. The discovery of Felicia, Alberto's daughter, in the person of the supposed Sylvio, is in itself by no means unpoetical; but so wretched an use is afterwards made of her, that the reader must heartily wish she had really met with the fate that Federigo believes her to have experienced. The scene is in a garden where the two Sicilian ladies are proposing a garland for their mistress, and a pretty dialogue takes place on the emblematic qualities of the flowers they gather. The supposed Sylvio enters without perceiving them, and utters his unguarded lamentations in their hearing.

——"Methinks each thing
I meet with all upbraids my fond credulity.
The soaring lark hovers aloft in th' air,
At distance from th' enchanting glass that courts
Her to her ruin—the fearful quail
Suspects and shares the music of the pipe
That sings her into fetters. Only poor I
Am sillier than these.
Witness the untimely swelling of this womb,
Pregnant to my disgrace. As I lay hid
In yonder thicket, the brambles gently swell'd
And hid my shame, which yet each trivial wind,
But dallying with, persuaded from my cover,
And left me naked to Heaven's eye: the boughs
Of the next willow clung about my head,
As if they'd knit themselves into a garland
Which I should wear for my forsaken lover;
Oh you, the weak supporters of my woes!
Why do you fail me now in greatest need?
Bear me at least into some hollow cave
Where I may die, free from an after scorn,
And not, when I am dead, befriend the shame
Of our frail sex: Oh! I faint and fall
Like to the early branches of some tree
Whose hasty sap shoots into early fruit,
Till the o'erladen boughs crack with their weight
Ere yet they be full ripe."

Calantha, being informed by her ladies of this unexpected discovery, sends for the unhappy Felicia to abuse her with even harsher language than, it is to be presumed, Diana made use of in upbraiding Callisto. This forces from Felicia an avowal of her imagined intercourse with Ferrando, and the promise of marriage which she believes herself to have received from him; and she eagerly embraces the proposal of the indignant Princess to take her place in the bridal bed, as belonging to her by prior right, while Calantha herself resolves on immediate flight from Naples, and a life of perpetual seclusion.

Meanwhile the plot of Zisco is ripe for execution. He obtains access to the nuptial chamber, and there finds time and opportunity to violate, and afterwards murder, his own sister, mistaking her for the princess-bride of Ferrando. Ferrando himself, entering just after the accomplishment of this delectable piece of vengeance, is stabbed by the incestuous assassin, and falls, exclaiming, in language richly worthy of Tom Thumb,

"The spheres are out of tune, Nature's distraught,
The orbs celestial have turn'd round so long
That they are giddy; the stars are in a mutiny;
The intelligences are altogether by the ears."

He lives, however, to hear the commencement of the explanation which Ursini, in a fit of repentance even more extraordinary than his previous villanies, undertakes, gratuitously to furnish; but finding that it is likely to prove a little long-winded, very good humouredly, stops him in the midst,

"Farewell, Ursini, I'll hear the rest anon."

and then quietly takes his departure to the other world.

Calantha, who is arrested in her attempt to escape, addresses the guilty minister in language more suitable to the former part of the tragedy.

"Dost tremble?
Thou look'st like one of those thin frozen ghosts
That chattering lie on hills of thick-ribb'd ice."

She throws herself on the body of Ferrando, when convinced of her error, exclaiming in a tone of moralizing tenderness,

" Cold as the earth he lies on, and as dull too!
Where is the soul, that buried flame, that lent
Him life and motion—affected such vain pomp
And glorious noise? Ah! Whither is it fled?
Poor, lifeless trunk!
It was unkindly done to leave thee thus,
A prey to worms and rottenness."

Here, Zisco, whom one would have expected to run distracted, or die outright, with horror at the discovery of the consequences of his blind revenge, probably having imbibed a taste for murder, and reflecting that one or two added to the number of his former peccadillos of this sort, cannot sink his soul much deeper than it is gone already, stabs Calantha also, and she dies in a strain of metaphorical playfulness, which, though grossly unnatural and revolting, partakes of that wildness of fancy which distinguishes many of our older dramatists.

" Draw, draw the curtains there! My love and I must sleep.—Uncivil, I protest! Put out the lights. We shall sleep best in the dark; pray, don't disturb us. You may fright him from mine arms—but I'll—hold—him—fast."

The second plot has little in it of merit or originality, but nothing offensive. It is built on the love of the General Valenzo for the Princess Carintha, which is perplext and crossed by the intrigues of " that accomplished Machiavelist," Ursini, he himself aspiring to the possession of the same lady, and with her, of the crown of Naples after the intended removal of Ferrando by the hand of Zisco. In consequence of those intrigues, Valenzo and his friend Piero are apprehended on a charge of treason, and condemned to die; but the king proclaims that he will pardon one of them upon the terms of his voluntary submission. Ursini contrives that this proclamation shall be first communicated to Piero, who, out of love for his friend, refuses to accept the proffered mercy, and, supported by Carintha herself, uses all his entreaties to induce Valenzo to avail himself of it. " Enjoy him long,"—he thus addresses the Princess—

——" May you, a happy pair,
Grow like two neighbouring roses on one stalk,
Partaking mutually each other's sweets,
Whence no rude hand approach to ravish you;
And when you are full blown and ripe for Heaven,
May you fall gently both into one grave,
There lie entombed in your own odours."

The conclusion of the play leaves us completely at our ease as to the fate of this pair of lovers and their worthy friend. Valenzo is associated with his mistress in the dignity and cares of royalty, and we may suppose that Piero succeeds, without opposition, to Ursini's post of prime minister.

OF SOME OF THE FAULTS OF ENGLISH MANNERS.*

While we have been amusing ourselves, and, we trust, our readers, by laughing at the image of our own peculiarities, as reflected by that mirror of modern travellers, Dr Morris, we confess we have been looking about with no small anxiety for a gallery of English portraits as companions to his Scotch ones. For, as that mighty nation have at all times inclination enough to laugh at us, and to look upon us in the light of provincials and barbarians in one view, or democrats and Atheists in another, no doubt they will plume themselves upon the ludicrous sketches of the clever Welshman, whom, as long as they consider him as an author of celebrity, they will relieve from the hideous imputation of provincialism, which otherwise he, like our countrymen, would incur, and will adopt the Briton as a son of England. Whether the Doctor will glory in the change, we know not. For our own parts, we are content to continue to be looked upon as Scotsmen, and should by no means consider it as a feather in our caps to be treated in this way, any more than we look upon the act which, by uniting our land with that of our haughty neighbours, kicked us out of the circle of independent king-

* Brief remarks on English Manners, and an attempt to account for some of our most striking peculiarities, in a Series of Letters to a Friend in France. By an Englishman. London.

doms, as a charter of privileges, or a grant of new honours.

Despairing at one time of finding what we wanted, we had some thought of fitting out an expedition, with instructions to penetrate as far as possible into the Arctic circles (as we shall presently find them to be) of their society. But to this there were many objections. For, in the first place, we doubted much whether we could provide the means of overcoming the first mighty barriers of snow which every stranger encounters in such an attempt; and, secondly, we suspect that the *quarto* which must, either in the case of failure or success, have issued from the press, together with our lucubrations in the shape of a review, would have been treated as mere effusions of Scotch spite, ignorance, or prejudice. We considered ourselves, therefore, as peculiarly fortunate in discovering that they have a Sackeouse, who, after viewing and enjoying the advantages of milder climes, has been anxious to unfold to his country even the means of improving theirs; whose long experience has wiped away the haughty feeling of universal superiority, which we must believe to be the constant companion of *every* Englishman setting out upon his travels, and who, in the very pleasing little volume before us, points out the principle circumstances in the manners of the English, as they struck him on his return from so long a residence in foreign lands, as had served effectually to open his eyes to the foibles of his own.

This anonymous author appears, from hints dropped in the different parts of the book, to be an officer in the army, who had served in the long succession of busy campaigns abroad, until shortly before the publication of these remarks. He possesses a quick observation of manners, and appears early to have noticed the decided superiority of foreigners, when contrasted with his own countrymen. He marks out, with a skilful hand, the overbearing haughtiness of the English wherever they happened to hold the mastery, and the distant and sulky shyness of unsociability, where they did not, in the various circumstances of the continental struggle; and follows up his remarks upon their conduct, when placed in a strange land, with observations on their conduct towards strangers, whom circumstances have placed in theirs.

He classes his remarks (which are contained in a series of Letters from England to a Friend whom he had left at Paris,) under several heads, as "Every man's house is his castle,"—"Shyness," "Reserve," "The Great World," "Cutting," &c., and gives examples of the different defects he notices, in a pleasing style. We fear, however, that it is not one of the good qualities of his countrymen, to listen with complacency to a history of their own failings, however greedily they may devour descriptions of those of others, and therefore our amiable author may not find the sale of his work equal to its deserts. There is none of the dry caustic caricaturing spirit of Dr Morris in his sketches. His object plainly has not been to have his countrymen laughed at by others, but to hold out to them kindly and brotherly advice for their own improvement in politeness, which they will hear and heed with the same sort of pleasure with which we used, when at the High School, to listen to the lectures of our grandmothers, about scraping our shoes, washing our hands and faces, or shutting the door after us on leaving a room. As to the truth of his portraits, we shall abstain from offering an opinion on that point. He is an Englishman, and we will take his word for it.

In an introductory letter he gives us, he thus points out what he considers the cause of all or most of the *fautes contre la politesse*, upon which he afterwards comments.

"It would perhaps be impossible to point out all the causes that combine to produce our national peculiarities; but the attempt to account generally for the most obvious of them cannot be uninteresting. Goldsmith, in his admirable poem of the Traveller, describes our national character with his usual discernment and knowledge of human nature. Our unsocial turn he ascribes to 'that independence Britons prize too high;' and this strained feeling of independence may not improperly be considered the foundation of the greater part of our peculiarities, which are all, I think, of an unsocial character; and therefore not to be defended, in spite of the fascination which the notion of independence carries with it. People, however, are apt to remark; 'as this feeling of independence has raised us to our present glorious political pre-eminence, we may be well satisfied to bear with the evils resulting from the same cause that produces all our nation-

al greatness and happiness. All communities are remarkable for some peculiar foibles; and we had better not be too anxious to destroy ours, lest at the same time we root out our national virtues.'"

This, it must be acknowledged, is the softest and most gentle way of expressing the origin of the failings in question, and we agree with our author on this point; only we would venture to suggest, that if the term were employed which describes the *genus* of which "Feeling of Independence" is but a *species*, perhaps more of the peculiarities alluded to might be accounted for.

Foreigners are in the habit of ascribing much of the coldness of the English manner to the influence of climate. They are surprised by the rebuffs they meet with when they attempt to enter into communication with them, but they are by no means offended. They pity the unsociable quality which is the result of what they take for an endemic disease, and pass over, with good humour, the treatment they experience. Every one who has met a foreigner in a stage-coach, travelling in the southern parts of the island, can at once recall to his mind instances of the sort alluded to; and we really are of opinion, that the disorder is not so much to be ascribed to the gloomy fogs of November, as to the cause assigned by our author, the pride of the English, or, as he calls it, their feeling of independence. It may be said, that we ought not to do away the spirit which prompts us to dislike our *natural* enemies, as they are often called. If this were all, though the offence remained, it might better be excused, perhaps, when committed by the ignorant. But we fear even this apology will not hold, for those who are well instructed are as apt as any to commit the offence, and this equally to the people of every country, and to none more than to us poor Scotsmen. We venture to affirm, that on this side the Tweed, the matter is somewhat better arranged, and foreigners of distinction coming here, are better received, and create a greater sensation, perhaps because they more seldom venture so far north, repulsed as they are by the manners of the southern. In fact, foreigners of distinction or *notoriety* residing here, may do any thing with us. Their patronage will do more for a protégé than that of any of our own nobility; all ranks are anxious to be introduced and to be hospitable to them, and their presence at a route or a ball makes the dowager, who is *at home*, hold her head an inch higher when a poor advocate or a writer's daughter drops her unnoticed bow or curtsey in passing her.

The two chief heads under which our author arranges those faults of English manners, particularly offensive to foreigners, are *taciturnity* and bluntness.

"Dr Johnson is represented as thus discriminating between the characters of an Englishman and a Frenchman:—'Now, there, Sir, is the difference between an Englishman and a Frenchman. A Frenchman must be always talking, whether he knows any thing of the matter or not; an Englishman is content to say nothing, when he has nothing to say.' My complaint, however, is, that he is too apt to leave others to conjecture what is passing in his mind, when he has something to say, but does not chuse to say it. To be sure, there is a prevailing character in the manners of all nations, which it is in vain to think of changing; and far be it from my wish to transform, if it were possible, British sedateness into French garrulity.

"The vanity of a Frenchman, as displayed in conversation, is certainly very amusing. He never allows himself to appear ignorant on any subject which happens to be started. Do not you recollect our being at the theatre at Bourdeaux in 1814, when a Frenchman, sitting near us, asked the name of an English admiral who appeared in uniform in an opposite box? On my telling him it was Admiral *Malcolm*, he mistook what I said, but looking very wise, exclaimed, 'Ah! Nelson! l'Amiral Nelson!'—Fully satisfied that this was the great Lord Nelson; about whom, if he knew any thing, one would have supposed he had heard of his having been killed in action several years before, after gaining a splendid victory over his countrymen and the Spaniards. This incident reminded us immediately of Sterne's story about Yorick, the king's jester.

"In travelling through the country, I used to amuse myself sometimes by putting questions, merely for the sake of listening to the answers they excited. One day, when on the point of leaving a town in which I had passed the night, observing a tradesman standing idle at his shop-door, I enquired of him how far it was to a town whither I was going? 'Monsieur,' he replied, 'vous avez quinze lieues.' I mentioned having been told, that the distance was but eleven leagues. 'Oh! oui;' rejoined he, directly, 'cest presqu' égal—onze ou quinze lieues.' Wishing to see how far his politeness would

carry him, I suggested, that perhaps the actual distance was not above *eight* leagues; between which and eleven, I remarked, there was not much difference. 'Ah! Monsieur, a raison:—huit au onze lieues, c'est à peu près la même chose.' I tried to reduce him to five leagues, but he then discovered that I was inclined to *plaisanter*, and wishing me 'bon voyage,' our conversation dropped, and I pursued my journey.

"On another occasion, a fellow in a country town was cutting my hair; I told him, that in order to make it grow thick and well, I constantly washed it with vinegar, which I preferred greatly to oil. He agreed with me entirely, that oil was a nasty greasy thing, and vinegar far preferable;—said he had an excellent preparation of the latter, which Messieurs les Officiers Anglois did him the honour to approve greatly, and begged permission to bring a bottle of it for my inspection. He returned presently, loaded with bottles; but as the word *huile* was written legibly on each, I objected to take any of them. On this he remonstrated, and assured me, on his parole d'honneur, that the huile was *une espèce de vinaigre*, and I had some difficulty in persuading him civilly to quit the room.

"But the incident that amused me most, and which you may remember, as I think you were of the party, occurred at one of the palaces near Paris, Saint Cloud, I believe. We were looking about us in the rooms, when an officer of the national guard joined our party, and was very civil in explaining to us all the curiosities of the place. Observing an allegorical painting on the ceiling of one of the apartments, representing Minerva leading a youth by the hand, I enquired of our friend what it meant. The Frenchman, never at a loss,—toujours prêt—replied directly, 'Oh! oui, Monsieur; c'est une Minerve qui conduit.'—Here he was puzzled for a moment—but taking courage, he added (looking doubtingly at me, however, as if he did not feel quite sure of his ground); qui conduit—*une jeune Minerve!*

"This, to be sure, is all ridiculous enough. But because I conceive our manners might be improved by adopting the *civility* of Frenchmen, I by no means recommend taking pattern by their absurdities. And, indeed, as France is our nearest neighbour, and her manners form the most striking contrast to our own, we are too apt to consider, as *French grimace*, every deviation from our more reserved or churlish habits. The truth is, that although the characteristick marks of French manners are easily defined by those who have been in other countries, and have attended to the subject, yet many of those which we class together as French peculiarities, are common to most of the continental nations. We are apt to consider the Spaniards, for example, a haughty retired people. Yet one finds many little acts of civility and attention, which we neglect, in use among them. Such as bowing to a stranger when he enters a coffee-room, or other place of meeting; or, if the case seems to demand so much attention, even going so far as to *speak* to him:—addressing a few words of civility to a shopkeeper, when they go to purchase any thing of him:—speaking to a man, however low his condition, in passing him on the road in travelling. These, and many such, in my opinion, benevolent customs, prevail pretty generally on the continent; nor can I conceive, as their basis is humanity, that our dignity would be at all lowered by adopting them."

Of the English bluntness he speaks thus—

"The word I have adopted above, does not convey a precise notion of the peculiarity I wish to notice, nor am I aware of any English word that does. The French word brusquerie would have given my meaning better, but I preferred heading my letter with an English term, and giving this explanation. The feature I wish to describe under this head, is a kind of blunt, quick, impatience of manner and conduct, which is as strongly marked as any of our other peculiarities. It would seem to arise, too, from the same cause as some of those above described, though under a different form. For our feeling of *independence* gives us a strong notion of our own importance, which manifests itself by impatient turbulence of spirit and restlessness under restraint, while it changes our naturally reserved, silent deportment, into an energetick expression of our feelings, which is apt to astonish and alarm foreigners when they are liable to suffer from its effects, and to amuse them greatly when they are not.

"I have seen it remarked by an old Spanish author, that at the time he wrote (when the military reputation of Spain stood high), his countrymen were remarkable for evincing in foreign countries an overbearing insolence of behaviour, which they would not have dared to shew at home. Does not this observation apply with too much force to our own countrymen in the present day? I am sure *you* think it does, and for myself I am convinced it requires all the worth, all the integrity, and all the valour displayed in our *general* conduct abroad, to counteract the bad effects of the numerous deviations from propriety in individuals. In short, we do not act in foreign countries on the system (to use a familiar phrase) of 'give and take.' On the contrary, we are too apt to expect, not only an extreme degree of attention and civility, more than we are inclined to shew in return, but we even require the natives of a country to adapt their customs to ours. If they resist our attempts at innovation, they are held up to reproach, as an insolent, unaccommodating race; and if they yield quietly, as most foreigners, unaccustomed to such boisterous behaviour are disposed to do,

they are stigmatized as mean-spirited and dastardly. To those who have not witnessed the conduct of bodies of their countrymen in foreign lands, this description may appear overcharged; but to us who have so frequently had occasion to deplore the ill effects produced by their impetuousness, I think you will decide with me, that it really is not:—and it is evident, that the gross disregard they frequently shew of the customs of foreigners, proves very prejudicial to our national interest.

"On one occasion, I recollect a set of English freemasons walking in procession at Lisbon, where freemasonry was prohibited under the heaviest penalties. Such an act as this we should have loudly condemned, if put in practice by the French in any of the countries over which they held despotick sway; yet we think it a good joke to treat our friends in this way. The Portuguese government, however, were not inclined to consider it in that light, and they made a serious remonstrance to the British minister on the subject; for the ceremony had caused a considerable degree of agitation in the city. On first observing it, they took it for a religious procession, and turned out their guards, with the intention of paying it *divine honours*,* and when they discovered their mistake, they were highly indignant.

"At another time, I remember a set of English officers happened to meet with a table d'Hôte, the situation of which they found convenient for dining at. They accordingly resolved to frequent it; but as the table was apt to be more crowded than they found agreeable, they determined to drive away all those who had been previously accustomed to dine there, and this they soon effected, by laughing at, and insulting them, in every possible way. The natural consequence was, that the landlord became exasperated at losing so many of his customers, and being an Englishman himself, he got drunk one day, and fell to abusing the officers without mercy: and the affair ended with a battle royal, in which the drunken landlord came off worst a second time, and his wife went into hystericks. I fear I must add, that those who committed this outrage, were not uninstructed, raw boys (of which description many are found in all armies), but young men of the best families and education. Nor are these instances of browbeating insolence uncommon, though predominating more amongst our military, who are wisely kept in so much restraint at home, that they are apt to fly out a little in foreign countries, where the profession of arms is permitted, in some sort, to take the lead. The independent feelings of Englishmen carry them frequently so far in this respect, that I own am apt to feel nervous when I meet them, in situations where an opportunity offers for shewing their contempt of foreigners and foreign customs. I knew a set of English officers, for example, who were in the habit of going every night to a foreign theatre, where they had a box; and carrying large sticks in their hands, for the purpose of thumping vehemently on the floor, and against the sides of the box, with them, when they chose to express their approbation or discontent; and occasionally calling out to their friends in other parts of the house, to the great dismay of the audience."

To us, however, the most interesting parts of the present volume are those in which the author delivers his quiet sensible opinions concerning the mode in which Englishmen conduct themselves at home and among themselves. Of these the chapter on SHYNESS is the first.

"Under this head a vast variety of extraordinary manner and conduct is contained. The general term by which the French designate it (mauvaise honte), I think, describes it fairly; for, whether it proceed from a good or a bad motive, it must be acknowledged a defect, and its removal considered desirable, its visible effects being nearly the same, whatever the cause may be. It requires, indeed, a great deal of discernment, and frequently a long acquaintance with the persons labouring under this distressing malady, to enable us to decide on the real cause that produces it. Foreigners, I do not speak of Frenchmen alone, accuse us of being all more or less tainted with this disease. Doubtless they perceive it, or they would not be unanimous, as I believe they are, in expressing the opinion: and though we, from closer observation, are apt to discriminate, and to term this man cold and reserved, and another frank and sprightly; we may discover, I believe, if we chuse to look candidly and fairly into our own minds, that most of us are in some degree influenced by the feelings which give rise to the shy reserve of which foreigners complain. We do not scruple to regard Frenchmen, in a mass, as volatile, loquacious, and impertinent; Germans as blunt and phlegmatic; and Spaniards as pompous, haughty, and indolent; ought we, therefore, to be offended at their describing us generally by some of our less favourable characteristics, and representing us as a morose, uncivil, uncourteous race?

"Do you recollect, my friend, your coming up to me at the Opera in London, some years ago, and telling me you had just discovered why foreigners disliked us so much? 'Believe me,' added you, 'it is because we never offer them snuff!' You then described having placed yourself at the end of one of the seats in the pit, where you were greatly incommoded by want of room. Having suffered this inconvenience for some time, it

* It is the custom in that, and, I suppose, in all other Roman Catholick countries, for the guards to turn out and present arms to *the Host*, whenever it passes near their Post.

occurred to you to offer a pinch of snuff to a foreign gentleman sitting next you. Your stratagem succeeded perfectly. The foreigner, struck with this *uncommon* instance of politeness, began, the moment he had received it, to shove and bustle about in a polite way, but so effectually, that he soon procured you a superabundance of room.

"Your observation was founded in a correct knowledge of human nature. All civilized beings are gratified by these little attentions and civilities; and, however backward we may be to acknowledge it, we are *uncivilized*, inasmuch as we are deficient in those practices which afford universal satisfaction."

* * * *

"There is no end to the various ways in which this failing shews itself. I recollect some years ago being introduced to an eminent public character. The introduction was proposed to me by an intimate friend of his, at whose house we met; there was therefore no intrusion on my part. When I had made my bow, I naturally expected him, as the greatest man, to speak to me. But no: he stared, blushed like a young girl, seemed to make an effort within himself to call up a word or two; but not succeeding in his attempt, he stalked away without uttering a syllable. This we call shyness; but by what cause, or combination of causes, it is produced, it is difficult to determine It is not, however, a manner for imitation."

* * * *

"One man I know, who, if you call on him, will probably look frowningly at you, without speaking when you are shewn into the room, and then turn his back upon you. But he does not mean to express 'get out' by this. It is his *manner*; and he is, in other respects, a worthy, excellent man, of gentlemanly feelings and principles.

* * * *

"But without descending to particular instances of conduct, this feature in our national character is so obvious as to afford abundant ground for general remark It is well known, for instance, that if two English gentlemen meet accidentally as strangers in a room, they do not consider themselves bound, scarcely even at liberty, to speak to each other; and if one happens to have less English coldness than the other, he still fears to address his companion, lest he should subject himself to a suspicious glance, and a dry monosyllable as his reply. 'Sir,' said Dr Johnson (who will not be accused of partiality to foreign manners) 'this is to be ignorant of the common rights of humanity.'

"Any person going to one of the public offices in London, to obtain an audience of a great man, will be struck with a strong exemplification of this unamiable peculiarity. It has happened to me several times to attend in one of the waiting rooms on these occasions, and on entering the apartment, I have found, perhaps three or four gentlemen assembled for the same purpose, but so careful not to intrude on each others conversation or even notice, that they have retired into separate corners of the room, and given themselves up to silent meditation. I have seen the number encrease gradually to twenty or thirty, and though the room would not afford a corner for each, it is whimsical to observe the ingenuity with which they contrive to divide the space amongst them, with the same object evidently in view; viz. that of shunning all intercourse with their neighbour. One will seat himself on a table, and earnestly watch the motion of his swinging leg; another will turn his back on the rest of the party, and amuse himself by looking out at the window; while a third will place himself directly before the fire, and calling in the aid of his coat skirts to exclude his companions from a sight of it, will remain with his eyes fixed on vacancy till one side is well roasted; and then he will turn the other. Many amongst the number doubtless feel as I do on these occasions, and wish sincerely to break the solemn gloom by friendly intercourse, but are withheld by the same cause that often deters me, that is, the fear, perhaps frequently groundless, of a repulse; for a man must be indeed far gone in John Bullism who would absolutely take offence at an overture plainly dictated by civility, or a desire to be social."

Reserve, which our author treats of in a separate chapter, seems to us to be rather a different manifestation of the same defect. The following remarks, however, are highly worthy of attention:

"That which frequently adds to the *reserve* of our manners, particularly in London, is the foolish dread many feel of being considered either too poor to give entertainments, or not of sufficient importance to be admitted into the dissipation of high life.—They pretend therefore to engagements which they have not, and return to pass that time uncomfortably at home which might be spent more agreeably with their friends, if they could prevail on themselves to break the ceremonious ice of fashion, and to be social in spite of so many freezing examples to the contrary. For though epicurianism is a vice of the age, and it is too much the fashion to talk and think of luxurious eating and drinking, doubtless every one has some friends who will be glad to visit him for the sake of a social meeting, and not merely for the sake of guttling.—Or if a man makes up his mind that he cannot afford to give dinners of any kind, surely it is better for him to tell his friends so frankly, and to request to see them at his house after he has gone through the ceremony of dining with his family. This, you know, is the general style of going on in foreign countries, and the introduction of the custom in London would be delightful,

I know I have felt the want of it keenly, and so must every one in my situation.—For, as society is constituted at present, none but persons of high rank or great connections can find their way into it without much labour and difficulty; and, when one has attained it, is it worth the trouble? I never heard any one, except now and then a very young girl, at her first going out, say that the mobbing of a London rout was any thing but insipid. If a man's connections enable him, as a thing of course, to fall into this dull routine, he often follows it because there is nothing more rational to be had. But how many hundreds of unfortunate beings there are, who would fain think themselves gentlemen, but who are as much excluded from this senseless amusement, even as the Jew boys who carry oranges about the streets.

"I have often been amused, by being told in the country, 'well, I suppose you will be very *gay* in town.' Now my gaiety when in London consists in this: I walk about the town as much as I please during the morning, and see all the gay carriages and people. I meet such of my friends as happen to be out, and after nodding to them till I am tired, I return to my solitary home. I have then the choice of dining at a tavern or at my lodging; after which, I may either go to the play or the opera, or I may sit at home alone if I prefer it. Being acquainted with a good many families in London, I make a point, not being fond of a solitary life, to leave a card at each of their houses. Some three or four, perhaps, (who are always the same, uncongealed even by the atmosphere of London) write me a cordial note, and ask when I can give them the pleasure of my company. But, for the most part, no notice is taken of my call for five or six weeks, at the end of which, perhaps the visit is returned; and, if the person is a near relation or connection, he considers one invitation to meet a family party during my stay as very handsome treatment. If he has no such motive, he does not invite me to his house at all, but expresses a hope, if I chance to meet him in the street, that he may see *more* of me *next time* I come to town, and the meeting is adjourned sine die; for, perhaps, I am then preparing to leave the country again for an unlimited period."

The letter on cutting is abundantly *tranchant*.

"Another most unamiable practice which I observe to prevail in this country more than ever; I am ashamed to call it a national peculiarity, and yet I fear it is one; is that vulgarly known by the term '*cutting*.' And unaccountable as it may appear, the example of this gothick custom is set by that class, which in foreign countries is justly considered the pattern of politeness and urbanity, though not always, I fear, entitled to the same character in this. I am not now speaking of the sort of rule which our cold habits of reserve have established in high life; of not conceiving ourselves bound to know a person again whom we may have met a dozen times in society, and conversed with each time; unless we happen to have been formally introduced to him. This, to be sure, is in itself extremely unsocial, though, perhaps, in part to be excused, by our invincible disposition to taciturnity. But the term *cutting* cannot fairly be applied to this practice. In defining it, I should say, that to cut a person, is to pretend to lose one's memory suddenly, as far as it regards the recollection of that person; and this is manifested, either by turning the head away, and sneaking by him, when we meet him; or else, if we can muster assurance enough, by staring full in his face, without altering a muscle of our own, and assuming an expression of unconcern, which says, 'I never saw you before in all my life!' This last is considered the cut decisive, and it seldom happens, under these circumstances, that the acquaintance is ever renewed.

"It is often difficult to surmise from what cause this and similar acts of incivility proceed. Sometimes, and not unfrequently, I believe it is caused, when it adopts a less decisive tone by modest diffidence, which retires from observation and fears repulse. A state of mind unknown in other countries; because in them the same sort of repulse is not experienced, and therefore not looked for. But there is no doubt this practice, when it assumes the bold insolent form above described, is occasioned by a haughty vulgar claim to superiority. At least, I do not see how charity, extended to its utmost limits, can explain it more favourably. Perhaps, for example, you are acquainted with a man of equal rank with yourself, but who fancies himself a person of greater importance, from some accidental circumstance of wealth, connection with people of high station, or some such cause. Well, you meet this man in a quiet corner, where there is no room for display, and you converse together in an easy unreserved manner. The following day, perhaps, you fall in with the same gentleman again, in a more publick place, when he will either make you a distant bow, which marks his claim to superiority, or avoid you altogether.

"As this is a trick our countrymen are not so much in the habit of sporting abroad, perhaps from being unaccustomed to it, your memory will not serve you to recollect its prevalence in this country. But I assure you, upon my honour, such incidents as the above occur here every hour, and are therefore not thought remarkable.

'If not so frequent would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent; this is stranger still!'

"What instigates to this *brutality* (I cannot term it *humanity*) of conduct, is, I imagine, the absurd dread felt by the person guilty of it, lest his dignity should be low-

ered by his being seen to converse with one of '*no sort of consequence*;' as poor fellows like you and I are styled by such as these.

"Now, a slight acquaintance with human nature, as pourtrayed in history, is sufficient to convince us that some such conduct as I have above attempted to describe, has ever prevailed, more or less, in the world, and we need only turn to the instructive pages of Gil Blas to learn, that in other countries as well as our own, persons raised suddenly from obscurity to an elevated station, are apt to fall into this disgraceful error. But what I contend for is, that with us the fault (I might almost call it vice) is not confined to those of the above description. In this rich commercial country, instances, of course, abound more than elsewhere, of sudden accumulations of fortune, and extraordinary changes of situation; nor can we feel much surprize at observing a corresponding change of manners in the persons thus suddenly exalted. Indeed, a Bourgeois gentilhomme, brought at once from the counting-house to the House of Lords, or at least to associate with the Members of that House, may naturally be expected to fall into some absurdities; and though the metamorphosis is not so instantaneous, it is nearly as complete with respect to his wife and daughters, as that of Nell in the Farce; therefore, any vagaries they give into are easily excused by people of candour. But I must own, it has ever been matter of astonishment to me, that men born to high rank, and accustomed from their cradles to the sound of titles, and to the adventitious circumstances of wealth and station, should so far deviate from the dignified conduct they are obviously called on to exercise, and should lend the authority of their example to a practice alike hateful in itself, and prejudicial to the society of their own country."

The "Superciliousness of high life" is discussed in a manner equally rational and more fully. But we have room for no more than the following passage:—

"The air and tone of insolent superiority too commonly assumed by persons of rank and fashion in this country is very offensive, and, at the same time, very surprising. In foreign countries, it is always considered the mark of a 'nouveau riche;' but here, I think, it is not unfrequently observable in the manners of persons of the oldest and most respectable families. In short, I am inclined to consider it one of the most striking characteristicks by which to distinguish high rank and station in this country.

"When evinced in a haughty cold reserve, the superciliousness of high life is very reprehensible; but by far the worst character it assumes is that of affected condescension. I recollect a fine lady once, whom I had not seen for some time before, asking me, by way of great civility, how I had left my friends in Ireland.—I had never been in Ireland in my life.

"Any species of manner that says as plainly as words can utter it, 'I am greatly superior to you,' must be distressing to the person addressed, and therefore cannot be desirable. As Sir Thomas Browne emphatically observes, 'Think not that mankind liveth but for a few, and that the rest are born but to serve those ambitions, which make but flies of men, and wildernesses of whole nations.'

"To exemplify the sort of insolence I have condemned above, I will mention an anecdote or two.—A friend of mine, by birth and education a gentleman, and of prepossessing and extremely *civil* manners, happened to be crossing over with his horses from Calais to Dover, and finding the master of the packet inclined to impose on him, he went up to an English gentleman whom he saw standing on the quay, and who, he understood, was going on board the same vessel, and suggested to him, that they should make a joint arrangement in order to avoid being cheated. The gentleman, who proved afterwards to be a man of rank, replied with the utmost haughtiness, 'I do not chuse any body, Sir, to interfere with *my arrangements*.'

"Another friend of mine recently returned from a long residence in a foreign country, took up his abode in London at one of the most fashionable hotels. Going into the coffee-room one evening in cold weather, and observing a large table placed before the fire, and a solitary individual seated at one end of it, he forgot the coldness of English etiquette for the moment, and placing a candle at the other end of the table, as he had been accustomed to do abroad, sat down to read the newspaper. His companion, exasperated at so much disrespect, but not deigning to address him, called out immediately, in the insolent tone of a man of fashion, 'Waiter! take away that candle.' My friend quietly told him his mind, gave him his name, and left the room. The aggressor, after a little reflection, very properly apologized for his conduct.

"It may be remarked, that an incident of this kind would not have occurred in a foreign country, because, sitting down in a publick room, at the same table with a stranger, is a custom that prevails generally on the continent. But the complaint, in this case, concerns the harshness of manner adopted to correct a venial offence; if it can be called an offence at all; nor do I believe a *less fashionable* man would have paid any attention to the circumstance.

"I remember, too, once when I was returning from France, on stopping to change horses at a small place near the coast, I was taking some refreshment at the inn, when two English travellers, of the higher class, stopped at the house for the same purpose. Seeing they were fresh from England, I naturally observed their conduct. On being shewn into the public room in which I was, they strutted in with their hats on, stared at me, and walked out again, calling in a peremptory tone for some cold meat. The

landlady placed it for them at the further end of my table, which was so long that we should have been separated by a distance of several feet. But I foresaw that this arrangement would not do, and therefore watched their return with some degree of curiosity. Accordingly, when they returned from inspecting their carriage, they were greatly disconcerted at finding the refreshment they had ordered placed on my table, and immediately called to the waiter with a look of horrour, to remove it to a distant corner of the room.

"Now this happened at a very interesting period of publick events, and, as I wore a red coat, they might naturally conclude I was an English officer, and might have wished to gratify their curiosity, by asking me questions concerning the state of affairs in the interiour. Any being but an Englishman would have acted differently under similar circumstance. Had I observed any thing like *diffidence* in their manner, I should have assured them, that their sitting at the same table, would be rather agreeable than troublesome to me;—but I was convinced, by their style, that any overture on my part would be deemed an intrusion; and as they gave me no fair opportunity of addressing them, I left them to entertain each other in their corner."

"It is mortifying to confess it, but really the kind of contempt evinced by a man of distinction or *fashion* (for there is too much resemblance in their unfavourable peculiarities) towards the other classes of society, approaches in no very distant degree to the hatred of the different *castes* in India towards each other. In general, a man of fashion, however, is conscious only of two castes; his own, consisting of a few hundreds; and the people, amounting to several millions. For, in his estimation, every man, however 'dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue;' however distinguished for talent or estimable qualities, is counted as dross, as nothing, unless he happen to have been initiated in the senseless mysteries of fashionable absurdity.

"I recollect being struck with the remark of a great wit, who was himself a man of high family and large fortune, and therefore as much in the society of the great world as he chose to be 'These fellows,' said he, speaking of men of fashion, 'will not condescend to speak to a man, unless he happens to dine at the same cook-shop!' Alluding to the contempt with which a member of the club most in vogue speaks of those a step or two lower in fashionable estimation. This illiberal, excluding system, I trust, influences, in its full extent, only the rigid votaries of fashion, who are so immersed in worldly pursuits as to become quite callous to the feelings of their neighbours. Though I regret to say, that something of the same spirit pervades all classes of gentry in this country. Few persons are so absurd as to adopt a prejudice against a man, because his coat is not made by Mr ——, or his pantaloons by Mr ——.* But if they will consider the matter fairly, many will find, that their dislikes are frequently occasioned by causes nearly as trifling, and which have *fashion* for their basis. Indeed, it appears to me, that in spite of our boasted claim to independence, there is no people in Europe such thorough slaves to fashion and precedent as ourselves A native of a foreign country may act as he pleases (provided he act with decorum) and not subject himself to observation. If he is poor, he may live in a poor lodging, in a poor street; if he has no carriage of his own, he may get into a hackney coach, and take his wife and daughters with him; which few men in this country, above the middling class, dare do. When prejudices such as these are adverted to, we satisfy ourselves by observing, that in different nations there must be different customs. It is not the *custom* here, for ladies to go about in dirty hackney coaches, nor for a gentleman to hide his head in a miserable shabby place. As far as cleanliness interferes, I am ready to allow the consideration to have its due weight. But let a hackney coach be produced, perfectly new and clean, and I doubt whether the difficulty, in many instances, would be removed. It is the dread of being seen in an inferiour situation, that chiefly influences the conduct on these occasions.—Now, surely foreigners, who are in a great measure free from these prejudices, enjoy life more thoroughly in consequence; while they act much more rationally than *poor gentlemen* in this country, who are constantly striving to rival the rich in all expenses that come at all within their means. This spirit is now carried so far amongst us, that young men of scarcely any fortune, flock to taverns of the most expensive kind; and an ensign in the army is not satisfied, unless he pays the same prices for his clothes as a prince of the blood!

"However, let those that chuse it, persevere in a system of life to which custom has habituated them; but do not let them carry their prejudices so far as to despise foreigners, and those among our own countrymen who have courage to act more wisely. It is really very vulgar to be proud of riches, when we do possess them; but the height of folly to pretend to them when we possess them not."

There would be much impudence in our hazarding any additional remarks of our own on these heads.—We leave our English neighbours to profit as they chose by the hints of their firm but gentle castigator.

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* I forbear mentioning the names, for fear of betraying my own ignorance.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

We ourselves patronize Stulze for our coats, and Christie for the nether integuments.—REVIEWER'S NOTE.

HORAE NICOTIANÆ.

No I.

THOSE who are fond of observing the changes that take place in the manners and customs of nations, the sort of Periplus of the globe which particular fashions are at all times making, must of course be familiar with the travels of Paul Hentzner, a German Eruditus, who visited this island in the reign of Elizabeth. A translation of his book was published by Horace Walpole, at Strawberry hill; but as we have no copy of that in our possession, we must be excused if we quote from the original a short passage which strikes us, and will strike our readers, as containing as lively an instance of the mutability of modes as could well be wished for. This Bohemian travelling tutor stares at nothing so much in England as the fashion (misabile dictu!) of smoking tobacco. At that period it seems it was the custom for all "your gallants" to take their pipes with them when they went to the play—and, by the bye, the puffing of so many lusty performers must undoubtedly have been very serviceable to the manager in producing a seemly degree of nebulosity when battles were to be represented on the stage. It is amusing enough to observe the pains which our German takes to give his own countrymen some faint idea of an utensil which is now so familiar to them as the tobacco pipe—"Utuntur," says he, "in hisce spectaculis, sicut et alibi ubicumque locorum sint Angli, herbâ *nicotianâ* quam Americane idiomati *tobaca* nuncupant (*Puetum* alii dicunt) hoc modo frequentissimè. Fistulæ in hunc finem ex argillâ factæ, orificio posteriori, dictam herbam, probe exsiccatam ita ut in pulverem facile ridigi possit, immittunt, et igni admoto accendunt, unde fumus ab anteriori parte ore attrahitur, qui per nares rursum tanquam per infurnibulum exit, et phlegma et capitisd efluxiones magnâ copiâ secum educit." In order to complete his picture of spectacular luxury, he adds, "circumferuntur insuper in hisce theatris varii fructus venales, ut poma, pyra, nuces, et pro ratione temporis, etiam *vinum et cerevisia*." Were nothing but the comfort of the individual spectator to be considered, we must own that we should very much approve of seeing this old fashion revived; and hesitate not to say, that even the pleasure we experienced in seeing our good friend Mackay enact his inimitable "Glasgow body" would have been still more exquisite, could he have been permitted to sit during the whole of his performance with the bowl of our Meerschaum in the one hand, and a jug of "Giles' masterpiece" in the other.

The general contempt into which tobacco has fallen is viewed by us, in spite of our own private affection for the herb, with a sufficiently philosophical degree of composure, chiefly, perhaps, because we regard the prospect of its revival as neither a very doubtful nor a very distant one. The present rage for travelling which leads so many hundreds of our young gentlemen on a dance from the Zuyderzee to the Hadriatic, sends back to us every returning year a host of proselytes to the use of the tube—who, not contented with a secret and furtive indulgence in the worship of their new idol, make it a point, in whatever company of good fellows they chance to find themselves, to celebrate, with all the ardent enthusiasm their natures enable them to display, the

"Innocuos calices, et amicam Vatibus herbam
Vimque datam folio, et laeti miracula fumi."

It is chiefly for the further encouragement and stimulation of these zealous individuals that we have resolved to commence the present series of very learned and instructive diatribes, wherein above all things it shall be our main and most important endeavour to shew in what dignity and estimation our neglected root hath in former times been held by the prime wits, poets, and philosophers, both of this and other christian nations. So encouraged and so stimulated, let them gird themselves as it were anew unto their labour, and remember, with a higher enthusiasm, the words of their appointed motto,

"Non ex fumo lucem, sed ex luce dare fumum."

Nor, on mature consideration of the vast chaos of materials wherefrom this our regular creation is to be formed, have we been able to think of any more fitting or auspicious commencement, than a brief account of the most elaborate and comprehensive poem to which the Nicotian phantasy hath as yet given birth—we mean the *hymnus tabaci*, in two books, of the illustrious Dutch bard Raphael Thorius, master of arts.

This great work is composed in imitation of that of Lucretius "*de rerum naturâ*," and is indeed entitled, in addition to what we have already said—"*de Pæto seu tobaco.*" The style of versification, however, which Thorius has adopted is more rich, in general, than that of the Roman—not indeed that the Batavian ever rises above the more splendid passages of his predecessor, but that throughout he seems to be more studious of maintaining an elevated and etherial spirit in his diction. Nothing can be finer than the commencement, in which he invokes (Pieridum loco) a certain celebrated smoking knight of Amsterdam, by name Paddæus, or Van Paddy.

"Innocuous calices, et amicam vatibus herbam,
Vimque datam folio, et læti miracula fumi
Aggredior. Tu qui censu decoratus Equestri
Virtutem titulis, titulos virtutibus ornas,
Antiquum et Phœbi nato promittis honorem,
Tu Paddæe fave: nec enim præstantior alter
Morbifugæ varias vires agnoscere plantæ,
Inque tubo genitas haurire et reddere nubes.
Da puer accensum selecto fictile Pæto,
Vt Phœbum ore bibam: quis enim sine sumine Pæti
Digna canat Pæto, et tantis se comparet ausis?"

The poet next proceeds to the *Μυθος* of his subject, the legend of Tobacco. Bacchus, it seems, in his progress of triumphant warfare through the Mahratta country, was, on one occasion, reduced to great distress by a scarcity of wine. Without this neither he, nor Silenus, nor the Satyrs, nor the Bacchantes could, with the least vigour or comfort, pursue the tenor of their march. An old grenadier Satyr, who had served many campaigns in the woods of that quarter, recommends tobacco as a substitute, but he appears to have been very little qualified for the office he had undertaken, for both he and his companions begin with eating the leaf. The consequences are depicted by the Dutch Lucretius in these affecting lines.

"Nec mora: quis patulis lateat sub frondibus error,
Eventus docuit: totis (mirabile) castris
Evomitur, caditurque velut cum gurgite pleno
Ingruit admissi miranda potentia Bacchi;
Volvitur in gyrum tellus, cœlumque videtur
Nubibus adductis surgenti occurrere terræ:
Tum sopor obrepit somnique invicta cupido
Germanam dubia præsagit imagine mortem:
Capripedes mediis diffusos stertere arenis
Cernere erat, disiecta solo deffessa furentum
Membra Mimallonidum devota jacere sepulcro."

Silenus, who acts in this poem the place of Nestor in the Iliad, at once comprehends the nature of the blunder which had been committed, and he delivers the result of his reflections as follows:

"Sed rationis opus; superum nec munera cæco
Contemeranda usu. si quid sapit ista senectus,
Viribus eximiis permistum in stirpe venenum
Delitet: in ventrem virides ne mittite succos,
Mandite nec folia ingestis confusa salivis:
Virus inest crudis: æstivo Sole recocta
Credibile est tutos præbere halatibus haustus;
Nec ventri, at cerebro, (si tecta evolvere fas est)
Pabula grata reor, subtilibus eruta fumis.
Quare agite, ô juvenes, tam dîgni muneris aptos
Ingenio, et rapidis extundite mentibus usus.
Dux ego vester ero; quid mens dictaverit, omnes
Accipite; arentes prolixa uredine frondes
Comminui manibus jubeo, cannaque reponi,
Protinus educto radiis solaribus igne
Contingi, et positis adversa parte labellis
Exsucti calidas nubes adducere fumi,
Ocyus ut possint cerebri pervadere flexus,
Vinosisque leves recreare vaporibus auras."

Still, however, the spirit of blundering continues. The Satyrs procure pipes as he directs, and they cut their tobacco into shag, for the purpose of filling the bowls, but it never occurs to them to light the pipes, and they continue, for some time, to occupy themselves in the very unpleasant work of sucking the more minute shreds of the Oroonoko through the narrow thoroughfare of their tubes.

"Pars tubulos arsuro pulvere complet,
Pars stricto ore trahit (risumque sodalibus affert)
Pulvereum flumen, tussesque inducit iniquas.
Ipse pater fremitus vana et conamina risit."

Silenus, however, is at hand with a burning glass, and he has ere long the satisfaction to see the whole of his camp filled with genuine smokers.

" Indulgent Cereri primo, tum Massica libant,
Viteaque admistis alternant pocula fumis,
Cuncta fremunt fumo, cantu, mistisque choræis,
Donec dulcem oculis fudit nox alta soporem."

Next morning they are disturbed by an assault of the enemy. Thorius does not tell very exactly who they were, or in what force they came, but Silenus no sooner sees them coming down the hill, than he issues a general order for every man to light his pipe, and so armed, he very boldly draws them beyond the lines, and advances to meet the foe. The horror which was felt by the Mexicans, the first time they saw Cortes and Pizarro on horseback, appears to have been inferior to what the enemies of Bacchus on this occasion experienced. The narrative is in very splendid style.

" Ærea sistra manu quatiunt, et tympana pulsant,
Vino acuunt iras resides, haustoque Tobaco
Excludunt lethi faciem, suaque agmina circum
Nube tegunt atra: spirantes naribus ignem
Procedunt: medio glomeratur in æquore nimbus
Igne micans, tonitruque fero, fumoque stupendus.
Ostento attonitos subitus pavor occupat Indos,
Non homines sed furva rati de faucibus Orci
Numina, consternati animo certamen iniquum
Detrectant, trucibusque timent confligere monstris.
Pars fugit, et positis quærunt velocius armis,
Quam dare victoris mallet clementia, vitam;
Pars orat veniam, parere et jussa modestis
Imperiis patiente jugum cervice capessit;

After they discover the cause of their alarm, they feel considerably ashamed of themselves; but the mild and benignant conduct of their conquerors soon effectually reconciles them to their fate. Victors and vanquished sit down together in amity, and by way of putting the last touch to the tenderness of the scene, the poet represents them as exchanging pipes with each other—a truly Batavian token of affection.

Sed pudet erroris, stulta et formidine tactos
Extimuisse piget vani sufflamina fumi;
Libertate dolent serva; solatur at illos
Indulgentis heri condita lepore potestas,
Et victoris amor: simili discrimine victos
Victoresque videt bellis utrinque remissis
Una dies miscere epulas, Bacchumque ciere,
Et simul alternis fumum potare cicutis:
Mirantur bona nata domi, nec nota quæruntur,
Et nebulas animi jucundis nubibus arcent."

After the historical part of the subject has been thus felicitously brought to its close, the poet proceeds to take a philosophical view of the component parts of the herb, and to speculate, in a highly dignified manner, on the *rationale* or rather the *medicale* of its effects. He sets out with the following fine apostrophe, in which it is easy to see, that he derives his information from experience.

" Planta beata! decus terrarum, munus Olympi!
Non tantum agricolis duro lassata labore
Membra levas, minuis victus absentis amorem,
Fundis et absque cibo sparsas in corpora vires;
Sed radium specimenque Dei sapientibus ipsis
Ingenium illustras, si quando aut multa tenebras
Colligit ingluvies cerebro, aut molimine longo
Intellectus hiat, rerum neque concipit umbras,
Conceptas ve tenet, vel cæca oblivia regnant;
Ut semel irrepsit blando lux indita fumo,
Aufugiunt nubes atræ, curæque tenaces.
Vis micat inventrix, dempto velut obice veli
Tota oculis animi patet ampli machina mundi,
Æternæ species Naturæ ex ordine nexæ
Succedunt, redeuntque suis simulacra figuris."

He then introduces, with much propriety, a description of the hesitation and embarrassment felt by some young " black barrow-tram" of the Dutch Kerk, and of the delightful effects of a few whiffs of the pipe taken in that disagreeable predicament. This, it is obvious, must have been some severe personal allusion in the days of Thorius; but alas! Preacher and pipe are alike forgotten in ours.

" O quoties visus magna spectante coronâ
Orator populi cupidas dicturus ad aures
Contremuisse metu, docti sermonis acervos
Confudisse locis, lingua et siluisse rigenti,
Quum memor ex tantis opibus sopita facultas
Nil daret in vocem, sed res et verba negaret,
Si modo vel micam generosa è stirpe vorasset
Fumanti tubulo, accenso seu lumine, sensim
Res reperisse suas, prendisse fugacia verba,
Thesaurosque animi populo exposuisse stupenti!"

In the second book, our poet treats at great length of the grave question

—what sort of persons ought to smoke tobacco—fat or lean, sanguine or adust, &c. &c. and he determines, apparently with much propriety, that those who have most moisture to spare ought to be the most diligent consumers of a commodity which has so strong a tendency to exhaust the salivatory organs. With equal good sense and good feeling Raphael decides, that nobody should smoke, merely because pipes are introduced—as it would appear a very common manifestation of the *mauvaise honte* of young inexperienced Dutchmen.

" Sunt qui fumum ideo, ut potent tuntummodo, potant,
Urbanos inter ne non habeantur amœni,
Prosit ne an noceat sibi sus deque ferentes:
Rusticus ille, malusque pudor: nam vel juvat haustus,
Vel lædit. te ipsum noscas, et idonea fumo
Corpora, ne sero tandem tua damna queraris."

The following hints ought not to be lost upon the frequenters of Ben Waters, and with them we conclude our extracts from this illustrious poet:

" Si cui grande caput prostanti fronte rotundum,
Lati humeri, pectus patulum, torosaque membra,
Sub cute obesa caro, pituitaque multa palato,
Is bibat impune, et repetito indulgeat haustu,
Si libet, et justos sumendi respicit usus:
Parcius attingant graciles, quibus ardua cervix,
Frons angusta, caput minimum, præcordia pressa,
Excarnesque genæ, et pauca mucagine nares.
Ollis spirituum ut brevis est annona cerebro,
Obruitur facile conferti aspergine funi,
Haud secus ac nebulæ hyberni caligine solis.
Compositi validis biberint si largius æquo.
Occupat ignavos torpor, deffessa quietem
Membra petunt, nervis velut ex ætate solutis.
Mane tremunt, altaque obeunt in luce soporem.
Quod si præterea roseus color infici ora,
Et subeunt tusses, et densus anhelitus, illum
Ejurare tubos jubeo, carosque sodales,
Ne redimat nocuos vitæ discrimine lusus.

Never having seen Mr Charles Lamb, we cannot decide whether the dereliction of tobacco, which he found absolutely necessary for the preservation of his health, does or does not confirm these remarks of Raphael. From what we have heard, however, we do suspect that Mr Lamb cannot by any means claim to be one of those blessed with the

" Lati humeri, pectus patulum, torosaque membra."

We shall quote his adieu to the too delightful herb, not doubting that, so of our paper as of our pipe, the last will be the sweetest:—

A Farewell to Tobacco.

" May the Babylonish curse
Strait confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I shew,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

" Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

" Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, thro' thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

" Thou through such a mist doth shew us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first lov'd a cloud, Ixion.

" Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex can'st shew
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Can'st nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,

Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

" Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Fram'd again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

" Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite———

" Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blam'd thee;
None e'er prosper'd who defam'd thee;
Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplext lovers use,
At a need, when, in despair,
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

" Or, as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

" For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, TOBACCO, I,
Would do any thing but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any title of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

In our next paper of this series, we shall consider, at some length, the effects which have probably been produced on the literati and churchmen of England by the disuse of the Tobacco Pipe; illustrating the subject by copious quotations from a curious MS. collection of Oxford jeux-d'esprit, which we were so fortunate as to pick up at Mr John Ballantyne's a few weeks ago; and concluding the whole with an original ode of Mr Odoherty, composed in the Cheshire Cheese Tavern, Fleet Street, in the year 1814, and addressed, as might well befit its theme, to no less a personage than that prince of puffers—Field Marshal Blucher. We shall also insert " An Elegy inscribed to Miss Foreman, by William Wastle, Esq." and " Lines written on seeing a spark fall from Mr Hogg's pipe, by R. P. Gillies, Esq.

CATHOLIC LEGENDS.

Mr Wallam, in his late History of the Middle Ages, adverting to the diffusion of legendary tales, especially those relating to the Virgin, of which he says "it is difficult to conceive the stupid absurdity and the disgusting profaneness;" subjoins, in a note, two or three specimens from the Fabliaux, published by Le Grand d'Aussy; and adds, "these tales, it may be said, were the productions of ignorant men, and circulated among the populace. Certainly they would have excited contempt and indignation in the more enlightened clergy. Vol. II. p. 447, note. But whether the Fabliaux of the thirteenth century are at all more absurd or profane than the impudent invocations which have passed current among the people from the hands of the clergy in catholic countries, through all ages, may admit of much question. A religious book, containing a voluminous collection of these legends, under various heads, and entitled "Prato fiorito di varii essempi," is now before me, which may be seen as a tolerable specimen of a multitude of works devoted to similar purposes. It was published at Como, "con licenza de' superiori," in 1608; and to those who derive any gratification from contemplating the various modes in which the follies of mankind have, from time to time displayed themselves, and who are not well read in that description of lore which is here unfolded to them, it may be not unamusing, nor altogether uninstructive, to display a few of the flowers that are to be found together in this field of variegated allurement.

I will take, for the first of the classes from which I purpose to draw my instances, the 8th chapter of the first book, entitled "Del' Usura." Perhaps the fearful examples of the punishment of that crime here afforded, may induce some members of our British legislature to pause before they give their sanction to the sweeping indemnity to usurers, intended by Sergeant Onslow's bill. The governor and directors of the Bank of England might also do well to consider them, together with the admirable train of reasoning and reflection by which they are preceded. Moreover, for brevity's sake, I shall select only two or three for translation, and give no more than the general heads or titles of the remainder.

Chap. VIII.—"Of the vice of usury—how severely it is chastised by God, in them who practise it, contrary to his divine law."

"It is a thing manifest, that the putting out usury is not only prohibited and forbidden by the divine law, but also by the imperial laws, and by all principles of justice. For which reason, the most just God hath given us most terrible and tremendous signs of the severest punishments against usurers, as by many fearful examples, which we shall here commemorate, may be made evident. And, although it be ordinarily permitted by princes and by republics, that a man may receive one only in a hundred; that concession and permission, nevertheless, is not according to the laws, but expressly against every just law, and against conscience and charity. Wherefore princes permit these usuries to their people, not as an act of justice, but on account of the necessity of the poor, in order to put an end to the insatiable rapacity and unbridled avarice of the rich men and misers of this world; who being without sweet charity, and continually burning with desire of gain, fain would extract out of every crown which they lend, a hundred, and would not willingly bestow upon a poor man one morsel, without a return for it. And, therefore, princes, in order to put an end to their avarice and cruelty, grant them license to demand, so as it be only one in every hundred; as if they said, "Inasmuch as you who are a miser, and one of the rich ones of the earth, will not lend your money for the sake of charity, as God wills and commands that you should do; therefore, we ordain that you shall not receive, by this accursed usury, more than so much per cent." Howbeit, according to the laws and ordinances of God, these persons ought not to take even a single farthing; according to what all doctors and canonists affirm, saying, it is impossible that those who are given to usury, against the divine law, can ever be saved, if they do not restore all that they have taken in usury, and every such unjust gain; nor, how many jubilees soever

they may celebrate, or fasts observe, or alms give, will they ever be able to liberate themselves from the sentence of eternal damnation, without complete restitution of all such cursed gains, when they are able to make it. And here, indeed, we may discover the great blindness of those who are covetous, and rich in worldly possessions, in that they will not see nor understand the imminent danger they are in, or the manifest peril of an everlasting death. But let us come to examples, by which will more plainly be seen the truth of such, the damnable and horrible condition of avaricious men, and dealers in accursed and excommunicated usuries.

EXAMPLE I.—*Of the Miserable Death of an Usurer.*

We read, in the *Liber Apum*, how, in the realm of France, there was once an usurer, so cruel and pitiless, that he despoiled poor widows and orphans, and others, without remorse, in the obtaining his cursed usury; nor had he any compassion for the most extreme poverty, or the greatest necessities, of many miserable fathers of families who were burthened with children. Now this cruel and unjust usurer, in order to cloak his so great wickedness and impiety, dissembled so as externally to appear the very best sort of man in the world. He frequently visited religious persons, recommending himself to their prayers, with feigned tears, and sometimes sending them alms; and, more than once, being charitably admonished by such as were acquainted with him, to leave off his usurious practices, and exhorted to have compassion on the poor, he took little account of what was said to him, and went on his way, excusing himself with fair and glossing speeches, but persevering all the while in his former conduct, until that, at the last, the tremendous hand of God fell upon him. Forasmuch as he was at first assailed with a sudden grievous sickness, which, in short space, brought him to the end of his misspent life. And, whilst the miserable sinner was in the midst of the anguish of his approaching death, there appeared in his chamber two very great and very black dogs, who, with vast vehemence and fury, jumped upon the bed of the dying man, and, howling with rage, watched for the moment when they might devour that wretched soul; and they thrust forth their devilish tongues to the mouth of the sick man; who, in like manner, through his anguish, thrusting out his own tongue more than a palm's length, it was instantly seized upon by these infernal dogs, and torn out by the roots, and, together with his miserable soul, carried away to hell; and his dead body was cast to the beasts, as was justly deserved.

Example II. is of an usurer, who had caused his image, in marble, to be placed over the cathedral church, representing him with a bag of money in his hands. It happened, after the death of the usurer, that a brother usurer going to church one morning, this marble statue fell on his head and crushed him.

Example III.—How a chest of money being deposited in a certain monastry, by the heirs of a deceased usurer, for safe custody, pending a law suit, the devil was seen one morning to sit astride upon it; who, being interrogated by a courageous monk as to the nature of his claim, replied, "The treasure is mine. I acquired it in fair traffic, with the soul of its owner into the bargain." The holy brotherhood instantly required the heirs of the usurer to take back their deposite; but it does not appear how they disposed of the devil's equitable lien.

Example IV. is of an usurer who directed his money to be buried with him; and how certain honest gentlemen coming by night to rob the grave, saw that possession had already been taken by two devils, who were amusing themselves by thrusting the loved wages of his indignity, piece by piece, red hot, into his bowels, exclaiming, with much scorn, "Ho! ho! friend, now you shall have enough of that gold which you have so anxiously sought and so hardly procured." We are not told, however, if this adventure cured them of robbing church-yards.

Example V. is of a lady usurer, who, on the point of death, saw an infinite *number of devils in the forms of curs and ravens.*

Example VI.—How an usurer, on the point of death, gave it in charge to his wife to have a care for the good of his soul; and how she *married a second husband*, and made a mock of him.

Vincentius, the Bishop, relates, in his Moral Looking-glass, how there was

once at Constantinople an usurer, who, arriving at the point of death, and being exhorted to make his will and settle the concerns of his soul, by making restitution of what he had unjustly acquired by usury, answered, "I can't take the trouble to do this at present, having other matters to think on; but, if it should turn out that I die of my present disease, my wife will have a care of this, to whom I bequeath all my substance; and she will so distribute as she shall think best for the good of my soul." As soon as this miserable usurer was dead, the good woman began to cast the eyes of affection on one of good favour and handsome presence, who had been the sworn enemy of her deceased husband; and, with promises of a handsome endowment out of the inheritance which had fallen to her, persuaded him to take her for his wife, a thing which he readily consented to, as knowing that he should enter into the possession of so great riches. At the which, a certain matron (her neighbour) being marvellously troubled and scandalized, seeing that this ungrateful woman had so soon forgotten her deceased husband, who had left her such an ample succession, one day said to her, "What a pretty business this is! Are you not ashamed to have done this? Your husband is still warm, as one may say, in his grave, and you are giving yourself a new one." At which words, the good woman being much offended, disdainfully, and in a scoffing manner, replied, "Oh, my lady—in good sooth, if you think that my husband is yet warm, I beseech you to blow upon him to cool him." Now, these were the almsgivings and the orisons which this dear and faithful wife bestowed for the good of the soul of her deceased husband. Therefore are they truly foolish, who, not providing, while they yet live, for the salvations of their own souls, promise themselves, and put their trust in the promise, that others will take that care of them after they are dead."

It is to be hoped, that the bare titles of the remaining examples, in this chapter of usurers, will prove sufficient to deter sinners from the commission of this damnable crime of "teaching money to procreate," and substitute the more effectual terrors of hell in the room of the weak and impotent sanction of legislative enactments, which it is the object of our present political reformers to do away.

VII.—How a child exhorted its father to give up the practice of usury, and how he would not, and so died, and was damned.

VIII.—How an usurer, upon receiving the sacrament, said to the priest, "I value this handsome cup more than all that is within it," and instantly dropped down dead, and was damned.

IX.—How a usurer was buried in a church, in a marble sepulchre; and how the next morning, both the sepulchre and its stinking contents, were found in a field far distant.

X.—How a priest, refusing to inter the body of a usurer in consecrated ground, made a composition with the relations of the deceased that they should place the usurer's body on the back of his horse, and, wherever the horse should carry it, there it should be interred. And how the relations, notwithstanding that, against the spirit and reasoning of the covenant, they endeavoured to drive the horse, by blows, towards the church, could not succeed in making the animal move an inch forward in that direction, until, being tired, they suffered it to go its own way, which led to the foot of the gallows, and there the usurer was interred at last.

XI.—Of another usurer, who, being buried in a church, could not rest, but got out of his grave, and played divers pranks within the said church, until, being duly exorcised, he confessed that he never should be quiet till they removed him out of consecrated ground; which was done accordingly.

XII.—How a usurer, being, at his death-bed, exhorted to make restitution of his ill-gotten wealth, by disposing of it in a christian-like manner, answered the parish priest who attended him, saying, "*Imprimis*, I give and bequeath you, who are my pastor, to the devil.—*Item*, I give to my wife and children all the estate, right, title, &c., which I have acquired in hell by my worldly dealings. *Lastly*, all the residue of my effects, together with myself, I absolutely give up and release to my good Lord, Satan, to whom, of right, the same do belong." Immediately at the close of which nuncupative will, the residiary legatee came into the apartment, and carried off the testator's soul, which (it seems) was

the only part of the benefits intended for him that he cared to possess.

A few other examples remain; but as I am apprehensive that they might rather tend to weaken the impressions which must be made by some of the foregoing, than to strengthen or improve them, I shall here close the chapter.

ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE, AS ESSENTIAL TO THE SUCCESSFUL CULTIVATION OF LITERATURE.

Genius, among different nations, has found different means of giving expression to its inward power, and communicating itself to men. The great art of civilized Greece was sculpture. The power of the mind was, in that country, in no way so clearly, vividly, overpoweringly expressed, as in marble. Italy has given her soul to live in the colours of the pencil, and the modulation of sound. In our own country, the material which genius has been able to mould to its highest and most powerful expression, is Speech.

We do not intend to make any inquiry into the causes of this diversity of art among different nations, but would ground some observations on the fact of its existence. For if this be acknowledged, as indeed it can hardly be disputed, that one people has excelled in one art, another in another, then we conceive it may, upon the simple fact, be safely argued, that there are among each people strong natural causes in action, determining the bent of their genius to the course it is found to take —causes of such prevailing and permanent force, that it can hardly be supposed within the power of the people themselves to control and change their operation.

If such a conclusion be admitted, it would seem to follow, that as far as the cultivation of arts can be conceived of as matter of deliberate purpose and design among a people, they should be guided by what they already find among themselves, and should attach themselves with peculiar and perhaps exclusive zeal to *those* arts, in which the excellence they have attained indicates that they are qualified to excel. For it must be supposed, that in the further prosecution of any such art, they are merely giving more complete developement to the principles of power which Nature has implanted in them in an especial manner; a purpose which may be important to the intellectual and even moral character of a nation. And certainly, with respect to the probable success of any specific endeavours for advancing the genius of art among a people, it should seem rather to be found in pursuing them in concert with the work of nature, than in seeking a cultivation which may be foreign to nature.

If we ask in what part of her literature England has most excelled—among the great writers who have used her language—who they are who have shewn it in its power and beauty,—we think at once of her poets. Of all the arts of imagination, that which England has carried to the highest pitch is unquestionably Poetry, as its annals will witness from the time of Chaucer to our own day. In the eloquence of prose, she has shewn no writers of such pre-eminent distinction. And if we take our impression from the past, we can hardly escape the conclusion, that either the language or the genius of the people is peculiarly fitted to poetry. It seems, indeed, as if to any mind working with strong emotion of its conceptions, poetry did indeed become amongst us the natural language of its expression, breaking out into a higher strain of words than the sobriety of prose will bear, and seeking both to indulge and to justify its transport by the numbers of verse. And accordingly it is remarkable how various the subjects of English poetry are, many topics having been treated of in that *language*, and forming the matter indeed of celebrated poems, which might not seem at first sight to come within the compass of poetical inspiration. Yet after we have separated the poets, if we look at the rest of English literature, so rich and various in its kinds, through so long a period of time, we shall not be disposed to deny, that the mind of the country has left a great monument of its power in the numerous excellent works we possess of its writers in prose. Nor can we fail to cite the names of many, to whom we

have each individually owed both permanent instruction and manifold delight.

The examination of the difference of character of our writers in verse and prose, the causes of what may seem the stronger determination of the genius of the country to poetry, would afford matter of very interesting inquiry, but is not our present object. We wish merely to propose, as a ground of farther observation, the fact of which, the review of our whole literature, compared with the history of the other arts amongst us, will easily establish, that the mind of this country has habitually resorted to language for the permanent expression of its power.

Two considerations seem to result from this fact. The first, that as far as favour to any art in the minds of the whole people may be important to its cultivation, the native claims to such favour which literature holds in this country should not be disregarded or undervalued. The other respects those in whose hands the cultivation of our literature is placed, and calls upon them duly to weigh the importance of the art which they exercise, since they hold in their hands a power which the mind of the whole people acknowledges, and by which, therefore, they are able to sway the minds of a whole people. We wish to press a little farther this last consideration.

There are, in this country, at all times, young minds advancing in power, awaking to the sense of faculties within themselves, engaging, or preparing to engage, in the action of life, and trusting to hold their part in its great action, by speaking to their contemporaries, by giving the treasures of their thoughts, the power of their minds, to language. To all such, whose career is yet to be run, who feel, or trust to feel, that they have yet in their hands a great future, we think that something may be said not unprofitably of the character which our literature has sustained.

They might be urged with the example of those who have given to it its greatness, to look back, and consider who *they* were to whose place they succeed; to know the honour of the rank to which they aspire, and understand its responsibility.

There is no labour of self-cultivation too severe for him who would write the language of a great people. With strenuous and patient endeavour he must prepare himself for his undertaking, and with vigilant jealousy of himself must he fulfil it.

The first great source of eloquence is in himself.

"*Pectus id est quod facit disertum.*"

In thoughtful solitude he must watch over and cherish the powers of his own spirit. He has knowledge to acquire; he must study the wisdom of others. He must owe to his patient and submissive observation of what has been thought and done by minds of highest authority, the authority with which he himself may speak to his own age. For the power of his own mind is not independent of the power which has preceded it. But rather there is a continual derivation of power from mind to mind, and from age to age; and the youth of genius is marked much more by reverend and fond admiration of the excelling productions of past genius, than by the sense of its own independence. The independence of original thought, and the simplicity and truth of native feeling, are not defeated or disturbed by such admiration; but in it they become founded upon a strength greater than their own. The mind which has within itself the native springs of power, need not fear to acknowledge, to love, and to follow the steps of its masters. Its own strength will grow meanwhile: those principles of strength, whether in thought or feeling, which have been sowed in itself, will silently unfold by their own laws, if the courses of life itself bring nothing to enfeeble, oppress, or corrupt their energy.

The power of wisdom, thought, knowledge, and high passion, which the human mind, through continual ages, has embodied in its great productions, is the great heritage of every generation. It is in deep and thoughtful laborious study that genius itself takes its part in this commonwealth, its own peculiar and dearer part, out of which it finds the means to create new wealth, and to augment the great descending inheritance of mankind.

The preservation of its own distinctive character, of its own essential strength, is to be otherwise effected, than by ignorance or neglect of the surpassing works of preceding time.

It is to be found in a life conformed to the vocation of genius—a life simple and pure, of high desires and lowly seeming—a life guarded from the intrusion of all purposes and passions which belong to the minds of others, and not to its own destination. It is thus that the originality of genius is to be preserved, by keeping inviolate the unity of life, by protecting to the mind the integrity of its inmost self.

To feed its own strength from all sources, from the works of others in study, from nature in natural life—to guard it, by exclusion of injury—to raise, refine, and purify thought, by cherishing within itself all gentle, good, and generous affections—and to lift up its own hope by the conscious bearing within itself of a great and high purpose;—these seem to be the means by which that power in the spirit must be fostered, which is the first source to eloquence, of its first ascendancy over the minds and hearts of men.

But besides this higher labour of the mind, of which all perhaps acknowledge, as all must have felt the importance, there is a species of cultivation, express to the art itself, that is to be exercised, which is not only much neglected, but often disavowed—the cultivation of language itself, as the means of eloquence.

For the mind of high thought and impassioned sentiment, though it will of itself break forth into overpowering eloquence, is not of itself able to make its own eloquence beautiful or durable. When the spirit of a man pours itself forth in words into the ears of listening, thronging men, it is not by the *words* of his eloquence only that he holds them all rapt in audience, but in the tones of his voice, as they kindle from within, in his changing looks, and every unstudied gesture that bewrays the working of his mind—in all that, from the living man in the fervour of his own transport, brings upon them more overwhelmingly the communication of his spirit—lies the spell of power by which he seizes on their sympathy, and subjects their mind to himself. Such eloquence is no work of art: it is, in the living strife of men, the ascendancy of power which one wrests to himself over all the others; it is the sway of predominating force; and therefore it does not rest upon the means of art, but upon those natural means by which inherent force can make itself felt; and its success is no triumph of art, but a despotism won by violence over the spirits of men.

The eloquence of such speakers, powerful in their own day, does not remain to the nation—it does not become incorporated in the literature of their country. For, written down, it is bereaved of its life. To language which has no breath of life, which is silent in its written character, art must supply that power over the reader's mind, which the dominion of a fervid spirit held over the sympathy of wondering hearers. The music of the words must come in place of the thrilling voice; the skill of their selection must give the fulness of their meaning; and the whole structure of oration must bring forth that clearness to the understanding, and, by the enchained succession of emotions, that force of passion, which overpowering sympathy brought almost in flashes upon the intellect, and in pulsations of the blood upon the heart. And art, too, with its elaborate perfection, must save the calm, collected, vigilant mind, from every shock to its purest highest judgment, which might have been borne down perhaps by the torrent of ungovernable feeling.

To him who would *write* eloquence, the study of language itself is of indispensable necessity—a wide, intricate, and difficult study, in which books are at once necessary and dangerous guides—in which the field for cultivation lies in nature, and yet the art of cultivation calls us away from nature.

The first study of language is the study of thought itself. For the paramount law which every writer assumes to obey, is the law of the *intellectual* mind. If we write, we must, by art, follow the natural courses of a mind unfolding its own thoughts. We must be skilled in the processes of thought, that if we are tempted for a moment to write that which we intend, but for which the mind of our reader is not yet prepared, we may at once reject it. For we must lead him gradually on. We have to shew him that which he does not know, to persuade him of that which he does not believe; and we must be guarded, not for a

moment to lose our hold upon his intelligence, for we might not again recover it.

We must be skilful, then, to lead his intelligence on with us, step by step. We must be skilful, that is, to pursue and to express *natural processes of the mind in thought.* But however independent of words the acts of the mind may be (if they are ever entirely independent), yet to him who is to give them expression, they are involved in words; and he knows nothing of thought for the uses of eloquence, if he does not know it as it is interwoven with language. We have to study, therefore, that curious and subtle structure of human discourse, by which it is made the fit and correspondent expression to the natural inward workings of the mind. We have to study the science of language, not merely in the laws of its minuter structure, but in those laws and principles of the entire composition of discourse, by which it becomes a vehicle for the utterance, in all its various moods and conditions of action, of the action of the human mind—a science of exceeding metaphysical subtlety.

This is the first study of language: that study purely philosophical, which may be pursued in all languages, with a different character in all:—and best perhaps in those which are least familiar to use.

The next is the study of the words themselves of the language to be written:—a study again curious and difficult; yet following quite a different direction. For, in the study of the words of language, we seek to feel their beauty and power as parts of the living speech of those by whom they are spoken. This is less an intellectual study. It is rather the cultivation of a delightful sense—of a perception instinct with feeling, by which we receive upon our minds, with instantaneous impression, the perfect force, as it touches thought, love, and imagination, of every WORD, which a mighty people, for ages past, has used for the pregnant expression—the vivid image of some conception of the soul, in which thought, love, and imagination do blend themselves together. This perception of the force of words, is at once severely exact, delicate, and passionate. It is formed in reading the works of those who have written the language with the happiest expression: in part, perhaps, among the remains of the language as it existed in its primitive forms: and in great part, unquestionably, in the happy intercourse of life, from childhood upwards, whenever the words of living speech have dropped with delight on our ears, or sunk with deeper impression upon our hearts.

It happens that we are told of one of the greatest writers of our language, that he bestowed on it this peculiar study. MILTON studied, with love and diligent care, the *words* of English speech, that one day he might clothe in them imperishable thoughts. And in the monuments of his genius, both in his prose and in his more powerful verse, we feel very strongly, and with unceasing admiration, the effect of his singular study and deep science of language. Neither Homer, nor Dante, nor Shakspeare, nor any who have felt most strongly the trance of inspiration, have left us such memorable examples of the power with which the mind's conceptions may be imaged in words, and of the might that may be involved in the very structure of speech. If his study of language is ever in excess, perhaps the cause is in those habits of his mind, which gave to intellect altogether too great predominance, if it may be said so, in his composition of poetry. If the fault of what is sometimes felt by us with painful obtrusion, lies with him and not with ourselves, we should rather suppose that this excess of intellect has induced excess in the artifice of language, than that any argument is to be drawn from the writings of Milton, against the most studious cultivation of language.

No art can prosper which slights the materials by which it is to work. In every art the productions of genius are indeed nothing else than manifestations of the mind itself in material forms. Then, as it respects itself, let it honour the form in which it is to appear.

In fact, the study of the form by which the mind is to express itself, is at the same time a study of that mind which is to find expression in such a form: which is obvious with regard to language, the minuter studies of which are plainly studies of the subtlest working of the intellectual faculties. But the same truth holds though not so apparently, of the [illegible] of which

the material expression lies more remote from intellect.

But the artist studies the material form of expression, not merely for that investigation of his own mind, which is included in the study of its means of expressing itself; but still more perhaps for their sakes to whom he addresses himself by his art. He speaks to men: he calls on men for their sympathy. Then he must submit himself to be governed by the laws, to which, in nature, their sympathy is subjected. If their senses are impressed, and their imagining mind is held in fascination, by colours and shapes, the painter or the sculptor must be perfect in knowledge of those hues and forms which hold over their spirit this mysterious sway. If men have a mighty language of speech, and if, by a natural sensibility, or by inherited pride, their minds cleave to it with strong association,—then he, whose art frames its works in speech, must, for their sakes, with earnest study and reverend observance, gather the force of their speech, that when he uses it, he may command their minds.

Perhaps the exemplification of this careful and fond study of language is to be found more among poets than the writers of prose; because, in the composition of poetry, the mind attempered to delight, feels more sensitively the exquisite form into which the material expression of its conceptions is wrought. And, on the same account, the reader of poetry reads with more awakened sensibility. Whence no poetry has great and permanent hold upon the love of a people, in which their language is not used with great knowledge and delight of the words themselves of the language.

Great writers in prose have, in some respects, a reputation and authority more independent of language: for we read their writings in some degree as works of science; looking through the expression to the thoughts. But this is only for the students of science. To a nation, those writers only are great who are eloquent: and those only are eloquent whose written words are music to living ears, and delight to beating hearts.

LIFE OF ANTONIO LAMBERTACCI.

[*From "Historie Memorabili della Citta di Bologna ristrette da Gaspare Bombaci pelle vite di tre Huomini illustri, Antonio Lambertacci, Hanni Gozzadini, e Galeazzo Mariscotti. Dedicate all' Eminentissimo Prencipe Carlo Carafa Cardinal Legato.*" 1666.]

Mr Editor,

This work, from which I propose to make a few extracts, as being, in all probability, very little known among English readers, is written on a singular plan, but with great felicity, and even eloquence of style, and in the spirit of the best Italian historians. It comprises an outline of all the principal events that had taken place in the native city of its author, from the earliest times to the commencement of the sixteenth century, that outline being filled up and enlarged into a regular history, in three particular periods of time; the first of which contains the fatal and bloody feuds of the Lambertacci and Gieremei, from their first origin, about the time of the Modenese war, in 1249, to the final expulsion of the Lambertacci in 1281, an interval of thirty years, during which Antonio Lambertacci, the leader of one of the factions, occupies the principal place, and accordingly gives name to the first book or division of the work.

After the famous defeat of the emperor Frederick II., before Parma, and the destruction of the fortified camp to which, in the arrogance of dominion, he had given the title of "the city of victory," the states which had embraced the party of the Guelphs (which was then the cause of freedom throughout Italy), began to elevate themselves upon the decline of the imperial power; and, among others, the citizens of Bologna reduced to their subjection the towns of Faenza, Imola, and Forli, together with almost all the surrounding territory of Romagna. The progress of their conquests at last alarmed the neighbouring state of Modena, which was more justly excited by the defection of Nonantola and San Cesario, these places having voluntarily withdrawn

themselves from its protection, to join the Bolognese confederacy. The ambassadors of Modena having in vain demanded restitution of their alleged dependencies, both states prepared for war, and the Modenese secretly strengthened themselves, by engaging the support of Enzo, or Henry, king of Sardinia, (the emperor's bastard son), who was then at Reggio with a numerous army, waiting an opportunity to retrieve the honour lost by his father on several late occasions. The people of Bologna no sooner heard of this formidable accession to their enemies, than they sought to create some balance of power, by inviting the Marquis of Este to assume the office of Podestà, an honour which, according to the prevailing policy of the Italian republics, was always conferred on a foreigner, from the fear of entrusting private citizens with a dangerous pre-eminence. The Marquis, however, thought it prudent to decline the offer, and the Bolognese, reduced to the necessity of relying on their own unaided force, bestowed the command on Philip Hugoni, a native of Brescia, who shortly afterwards took the field with an army of 20,000 men. That of Modena amounted only to 2,000 more, but possessed a great superiority, in being partly composed of the regular and well-disciplined troops of Germany, and commanded by a general of great military talent and experience. Under such circumstances, it appeared to many of the elders in council, the most prudent part to act on the defensive within the walls of their city, but the bolder opinion prevailed, and the army marched on the direct road to Modena, attended by all the principal nobility of the state, and preceded by the Carroccio.*

The *Carroccio* of the Florentines is thus described by Ricordano Malespini, (the venerable chronicler quoted by Muratori in his Dissertation on the Military System of the ruder ages.—See Athenæum, vol. I. p. 225.)

"The *Carroccio* was a car on four wheels, painted all over of a vermillion colour, on the top of which were elevated two large vermillion poles, supporting the grand standard of the republic, half vermillion and half white. It was drawn by a pair of great oxen, covered with vermillion cloth, which were absolutely set apart for this service, and the driver was a freeman of the city. This *Carroccio* was used by the ancients as a sign of triumph and dignity; and, whenever they went out in host, the knights and barons of the surrounding country drew it into the market place, and there consigned it into the hands of the people, who conducted it to the army. And for the purpose of guarding it were selected the most perfect, and valiant, and worthy, of the citizens." The inhabitants of Florence, he adds, had, besides their *Carroccio*, a famous bell, which was rung night and day for a full month, before they sallied forth on any expedition, by way of vaunting generosity, to give fair warning to the enemy of their intended march. And this bell, he says, was by some called *Martinella*, but by others, "*the Bell of Asses*," and when they set out on their march, it was placed on a wooden tower, in another car, which also accompanied the army. "To these

* This celebrated machine, which it is well known, was not peculiar to Bologna, but used by all, or most of the Italian republics, is thus described in the work before us. "It was a car of fine workmanship, supported on four wheels, in shape square, and containing within it ten men, completely armed. In the midst of it was erected a pole, to which the standard was affixed, and the pole itself terminated in a golden cross at the top. The whole fabric was covered, as well as the oxen by which it was drawn and the charioteer, with a red and white cloth, suitable to the device of the city, and a priest always accompanied it to perform mass, and for other occasional services. The machine was guarded by 1500 soldiers, having for their captain some valiant knight, distinguished by the state with the gift of a coat of mail, a sword, and a golden belt, and the payment of a public salary, a thing unusual in those days, when the Italian republics, divided into centuries, did not pay their forces, but the citizens, without fee or reward, not only performed all warlike services for their parent state, but also contributed their assistance to her allies. Whenever the Carroccio stopped, the army likewise halted; there was the Prætorium, and from thence, as from the tribunal, the commander harangued, issued his orders, and gave the word of battle. The squadrons, dispersed in fight, re-united themselves within its sacred enclosure, and set themselves in order to renew the engagement, and whenever it fell into the power of the enemy, the day was held for lost. It was never brought into the field without the consent of all the different councils. In time of peace it was used at the meetings of illustrious personages, or on certain great solemnities was ordered out by the *Antiani*, (or members of the supreme council,) for the purpose of gratifying and raising the spirits of the people by the image of their ancient triumphs!"

two pieces of parade, the *Carroccio* and the *Martinella*, was limited the pride of our simple ancestors." Malesp. Hist. Fior. cap. 164.

The expedition ended as gloriously as it was valiantly commenced; for, a general engagement having at last taken place at the bridge of Sant Ambrosio, the Modenese and Germans were completely routed with great slaughter, and the loss of no less than 8000 men made prisoners, among whom we find the names of Bosio Dovara, lord of Cremona, Gerardo Pio, and Thomasino Gorzano, of the most illustrious houses of Modena, and to crown the whole, of the unfortunate king of Sardinia himself. Antonio Lambertacci, then a very young man, but already conspicuous for his talents, was not only the principal instrument in obtaining their great success by the advice which he gave in council previous to the battle, but became still more the object of applause and envy, by having, with his own hand, in single combat, brought the king to the ground, and compelled him to yield himself captive to his enemies. Immediately after the battle, he was selected to bear the good tidings of victory to the city, where he was received with the loudest acclamations of gratitude and joy. Meanwhile, Modena was invested by the conquering army, and the Podestà, having left to Ludovico Gieremei, (another noble Bolognese) the conduct of the siege, repaired himself to Bologna to participate in the ensuing triumph; "a spectacle unequalled in majesty and splendour by any since the days of the Roman empire, except when Castruccio had discomfited the army of Florence, and when Alphonso of Arragon had expelled King René, and acquired the throne of Naples. The streets through which the procession was to pass, were decorated with triumphal arches, whereon were exhibited many symbolical representations of victory. The ground was strewed with flowers, the halls were ornamented with ancestral images, so that the dead seemed to be spectators of the triumph, as well as the living. The Podestà, with Antonio by his side, was met near the city by the nobility and all the populace. Then entered, first, the trumpets and warlike instruments of music; the light cavalry followed, and then the foot soldiers, crowned with oak. Behind them were trained along the dust, the standards and ensigns of the enemy, and the imperial eagles, while a display was made of the spoil, consisting of vessels of gold and silver, and all the furniture of the royal pavilion. The *Carroccio* came after, covered with purple, drawn by oxen, uniformly caparisoned, and guarded by young noblemen, arrayed in cuirasses, bearing long swords, and uncovered above the shoulders. Then walked the prisoners with a proper escort, and among them many German barons and others of note, the last being Enzo himself, sitting upon a mule, the subject of all discourse, and the object of every eye. All admired the beauty and majesty of his countenance, which bore evidence by every token of his royal descent. Nor were there wanting many, who, pitying the ill fortune which had befallen the son of so great an emperor, stained the glories of their country with the tears rather of men than of citizens. Last appeared the victorious general, on horseback, clad in a robe of purple, crowned with laurel, and followed by companies of soldiers armed with breastplates, and also laurelled. To enjoy so magnificent a scene, not only were the porticoes and the streets filled with spectators, but the very roofs were crowded, and the ladies standing at their windows divided with the conquerors the general admiration."*

Equal in rank with Antonio, and next to him in reputation for the conduct of this war, was Ludovico Gieremei (of whom mention has already been made); and from their rivalship on the present occasion, may be deduced all the subsequent calamities of their families and of their native city. The first beginnings of this bloody dissension are detailed, and the character of the ambitious hero of a Republic drawn, with considerable ability in the passage which follows:—

"Antonio having acquired a high reputation, endeavoured the more zealously to maintain and augment it by the acts of peace and the dignities of civil government, the more he was incited by the emulation

* The unfortunate king of Sardinia, after having thus been made a public spectacle, was condemned to pass the remainder of his days in an honourable imprisonment, where, to use the expression of our author, "he enjoyed every indulgence of royalty, except his liberty." The emperor Frederic used his best endeavours, first with threats, afterwards with unbounded offers from his treasury, to procure the emancipation of his son; but these sturdy republicans were proof to the temptation, and constantly refused to yield up, for any consideration, the glory of retaining within their walls a royal captive. Enzo, resigning at length the vain hopes of freedom, addicted himself entirely to the honourable pursuits of literature and the arts, and obtained a respectable rank among the ancient Tuscan poets. He died in the 23d year of his captivity, and was buried at Bologna with royal honours.

of Gieremei, who, in birth, in riches, and in valour, pretended to dispute with him the pre-eminence. Lambertacci did not fail to court the good opinion of his fellow-citizens by increasing, with all the industry of art, the gifts which he already enjoyed of nature and of fortune. He bound to himself, by acts of kindness and courtesy of manners, all whom it fell under his power to oblige, and even when opportunities did not present themselves, he made them, by the marked assiduities of his behaviour, principally towards those who possessed influence over others. He was not avaricious of wealth, but exercised a frequent and discreet liberality, always taking care to accompany it with an air of affectionate benignity, which more than doubled the price of every favour. Complaisance, which is a virtue not less easy to be attained than it is necessary for success in an undertaking, had its native seat in his breast. He well knew that, for want of that quality, Princes themselves are often ruined; and that among private individuals, no vice is so hurtful as that dogged obstinacy of character which feels an equal repugnance to return a salute, and to evince a grateful sense of benefits conferred. Antonio was not only gracious in his salutations, but condescending and familiar in his visits of civility or friendship, even to inferior citizens. He employed all the playfulness, but none of the bitterness of satire, detesting, above all things, the dangerous humour of such as would rather lose a friend than sacrifice a jest. Every time that he resorted to the public square, he gained to his party some new citizen; and often found, by experience, how possible it is to buy the hearts of men at the expence of a few simple words. He studied, with care and diligence, the genius of every man with whom he had any dealings; and, until experience had taught him the diversities of each individual character, he availed himself of general rules, recollecting always that avarice is the concomitant of age, and that youth delights itself in play, in the chase, and in love; but his whole industry was employed in making himself the master of important secrets, well knowing of how binding a force they are upon the minds of men whose interests impose the necessity of silence; and, since wine is the parent of freedom, he took the advantage of festive meetings, and revels to worm himself into the confidence of men from whom, with the easy bait of some trifling communication, he often drew out discoveries of the greatest moment. With such acts as these, he continued to insinuate himself into the favour of all men, and principally of the nobles, who were, for the most part, attached to the Ghibellin party. On the other hand, Ludovico Gieremei, favoured by such families of the nobility as professed adherence to the Guelphs, courted, with every artifice in his power, the support of the commonalty. Probably his means were as much more base than those of his rival, as were the people whom he strove to win; but there is no action so servile that ambition will not stoop to the commission of it."

Meanwhile, the external greatness and prosperity of Bologna increased from day to day, and elevated her to the highest rank among the republics of Italy, and the seeds of discord between the rival families still slumbered for many years after the conclusion of the war of Modena, till they were first awakened into life by a public occurrence. The office of captain of the people, next in dignity to that of the Podestà, had, through the intrigues of the Lambertacci, been procured for a very unworthy adherent to their party, named Bonacossa de Soresino, who was shortly after convicted of gross enormities, and amerced in a very large sum of money. This simple circumstance was aggravated by the Lambertacci into an insult offered to the whole family, and by the Gieremei was studiously represented as involving their rivals in the same guilt with the principal offender. A public fray, attended with the effusion of much blood on either side, was the consequence; but matters were, at that time, prevented from going farther by the intervention of wise and prudent men. The chiefs of each faction were condemned to pay considerable fines into the treasury, and a sort of pacification was made, equally insincere and precarious.

This transaction was concluded in 1258; but the ensuing year gave birth to yet more serious dissensions. Among the private feuds of the city, those of the Gallazzi and Carbonesi had long been notorious; but, about this time, an apparent reconciliation emboldened Alberto, a knight belonging to the latter family, to ask in marriage, of Signor Giovan Piero Gallazzi, his daughter, Virginia, with whom he had long been secretly in love. The old gentleman, either retaining in his breast the embers of their ancient enmity, or from some other motive, refused his consent; but the lover, listening only to his passion, did not cease to solicit her as a mistress, whom he could not hope to obtain as his wife; wherefore, in order to see her more often, and more freely to pursue his design upon her affections, he persuaded one of his relations, of the family of Catellani, to build a high tower adjoining to his

house, under pretext of adding to the beauty and dignity of his mansion, but really in order to command the neighbouring gardens of the house of Gallazzi. Thither he repaired daily, and there passed hour after hour in the contemplation of her whom he adored. It was not long before he found means to make his passion known, and to inspire a similar sentiment in Virginia's bosom; nor could his ardent temper rest satisfied with the attainment of that which at first appeared to him the summit of all earthly happiness, the free indulgence of seeing and conversing with his beautiful mistress by signs and tokens of distant love. He resorted to the powerful engines of corruption, and at last succeeded in winning to the furtherance of his views some of those most intimately attached to the family, by whose assistance, in the absence of Giovan Piero, he one day carried off the lady from her father's house, and privately married her, in the presence of two or three members of his own family. Unhappy nuptials, whose auspices were deceit, hatred the wedding torch, and, for the epithalamium, a father's curse!

Giovan Piero, from the moment of their consummation, meditated only the deepest plans of revenge; but he was too good a politician not to dissemble most artificially; for, far from creating suspicion by an unnatural appearance of content, he first gave his anger the full sway, then affected a gradual mitigation of his resentment, and, not till after repeated attempts, on the part of his children, to obtain forgiveness, suffered himself at length to be won to the appearance of a reconciliation. Habits of mutual intercourse were now renewed, and the doors of the Carbonesi and Galazzi were mutually opened to the members of both families; when, one night, the inexorable barbarian entered with a party of his friends the house of his son-in-law, and, while they were employed, not without blood-shed, in securing the rest of the household, he himself penetrated into the wedding chamber and murdered the bridegroom as he lay by the side of his daughter. Some human feeling yet subsisting in his savage breast, operated to spare the wretched Virginia, but only for a more miserable fate; for, deprived of reason by the horrible spectacle of the night, she soon after-words escaped from the observation of her attendants, and terminated her existence by precipitating herself from a window of her apartment.

Galuzzi fled from the city immediately after the murder; but, owing to his high rank and the intercession of his powerful friends, he received for this enormous crime, no heavier a sentence than that of a two years' banishment. Even this was judged too severe by his adherents, who, still burning with an implacable spirit of resentment against the Carbonesi, in consequence of the indignity offered them by Albert, which they conceived too great to be expiated even by his blood, watched the opportunity of the feast of Easter, to receive him secretly within the walls, and, under his auspices, to extirpate the devoted family of their rivals. The Gieremei suffered themselves to be engaged in this horrid conspiracy, which, however, was not managed so secretly, but that the intended victims were set on their guard in time to prevent or meet its effects; and, in order to do this more effectually, they applied for assistance to the leaders of the Lambertacci, glad of any pretence to inlist themselves in opposition to their ancient antagonists.—The tumult which ensued might have been expected to produce the most fatal consequences to one, at least, of the parties engaged, and to the repose and liberty of the State, but once more a sense either of mutual guilt or mutual danger inclined them to submit to the pacifying intercessions of the magistrates. Another reconciliation was made, not more sincere than the preceding; and if it was somewhat more lasting, that must be attributed to the dreadful plague which shortly afterwards broke out and ravaged all the states of Italy for a great length of time, during which, the minds of men were too much engaged in immediate apprehensions for themselves and their families, to renew the feuds and miseries of civil discord.

In the meanwhile, the two hostile factions had carried their intrigues beyond the limits of their native city, and divided between them the inhabitants of most of the vassal states of Romagna. In the year 1263, one Pietro Pagani, a rich citizen of Imola, excited an insurrection in that city, for the purpose of expelling the friends of the Gieremei, and took advantage of

the public disorders, by seizing the government, and causing himself to be proclaimed sovereign lord of the place. His short-lived tyranny cost him dear; for the Bolognese, as soon as they received intelligence of the event, equipped an army of sufficient force to reduce the insurgents to immediate obedience. The Lambertacci, at whose instigation he is said to have acted, being taken unprepared, denied all share in the transaction, and left to his fate the wretched tool of their ambition, who ended his days soon after in banishment and poverty.

The factions, after this event, again lay dormant for a space of several years, during which, Bologna was engaged with honour in certain foreign wars with the Venetians, and with Hubert Pallavicino, the tyrant of Modena and Bergamo. She also contributed her assistance towards the conquest of Naples by Charles of Anjoŭ, the brother of Saint Lewis, in whose army, it is said, there were no fewer than 4000 croisés from Bologna, under the guidance of Guido Antonio Lambertacci. They were all this time disturbed by no civil commotions of greater consequence than an insurrection of shoemakers, in favour of one of their trade, who had been condemned to prison for the murder of a man with whom he had taken his wife in adultery.

In 1273, a peace was concluded with the republic of Venice, which, leaving the state in profound tranquillity as to its external relations, gave birth to the renewal of those interior dissentions, the phrenzy of which had so long remained suspended. The leaders of the two factions were more than ever solicitous to gain adherents to their respective parties, and to give their partizans the habits and appearance of a military force, so that, within no long compass of time, the whole city seemed to be organized in two divisions, and not a day passed without the immediate expectation of a public rupture. The occasion was soon after given by a grand entertainment, held at the palace of Ludovico Gieremei.—A young man of the house of Lambertacci, moved by curiosity, attended, and while he was too earnestly observing some part of the spectacle, stood in the way of the domestics who were serving up the banquet; whereupon a friend of the Gieremei, pretending not to know who he was, indulged his spite against the rival family, by beating him out of doors. The young man went home, and made his complaint, and Antonio, as soon as he heard the news, rose up in a transport of fury, and declared his resolution to wash out, in the blood of his enemies, the insult offered to his race. Immediately the whole party was in arms, and Ludovico himself, with those about him, sallied forth in a tumultuous manner towards the house of the Gieremei. A servant of Ludovico, having discovered their preparations, gave intelligence to his master, just in time to allow his mustering a strong body of his friends, and going out to meet the tempest in the public square. He there gave orders to his adherents, who soon collected in sufficient number to keep his enemies in awe, to disperse themselves abroad in all parts of the city, and set on fire the houses of the Lambertacci. The tumult became universal, and during the whole ensuing day and night, every street in Bologna was the scene of some desperate and bloody skirmish. No great advantage, however, appears to have been gained by either party over the other, and to this circumstance it was perhaps chiefly owing, that the effects of the magistrates to restore peace and order became once more successful.—Ludovico and Antonio both repaired to the great council, there to plead their respective causes; when the former, after making excuses for the ignorance of his guest, and shewing the necessity he was under of taking up arms in his defence, concluded by pronouncing a severe censure upon the rash violence of which his opponents were guilty in seizing the sword of justice, and punishing with their own hands, injuries which the law only ought to chastise. Antonio, enraged at this imputation, rose with a violence in his air and gestures which threatened to put a stop to all hopes of reconciliation, when the magistrates interposing their authority, at length enforced silence, and Matthew Prendiparte, an ancient citizen of great worth and respectability, exerted his good offices so effectually with the angry antagonists, as to prevail with them to come, at least, to an apparent concord, and pledge themselves to a forgetfulness of their former animosity, by partaking of a magnificient entertain-

ment at his house, "as is the custom among the Germans."

In this apparent reconciliation, it is manifest that the seeds of discontent and hatred must still have lurked; and it appears to have been no little aggravation of former injuries in the mind of Antonio, that the partial senate had allowed his adversary to plead his cause uninterrupted, and when he himself rose to speak, had refused him that justice, which the lowest citizen might claim, of being heard in his own defence. But these and other causes of ill will and animosity, slumbered for a little farther space of time, until new outrages awoke them into action.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. RICHARD HOLE.

[The following account of this gentleman (author of the humorous production, entitled the Exmoor Courtship, in our twenty-third number, the continuation of which will be given very soon) is extracted from an unpublished memoir, entitled, "A Slight Sketch of the Life of the late Rev. Richard Hole, L. L. B. Rector of Farringdon and Inwardleigh," printed at the request of a literary society at Exeter, to which he belonged, and which is known to the public by a volume of essays on topics of general literature.]

The subject of this memoir was born in Exeter, in the year 1746, and his classical education was completed in the grammar-school of this city, under the care of Mr Hodgkinson, a master whose abilities as a classical scholar were of a superior degree, and who left several excellent specimens of his talents as a tutor, in this county (*of Devon.*) The early youth of Mr Hole was particularly distinguished; he maintained his situation in school with considerable credit, and even at that time his peculiar vein of dry comic humour was conspicuous. I remember the boys of that period acting in the school the Beaux Stratagem, and High Life below Stairs, in which our friend represented Scrub, and Lovell disguised as the country boy, who spoke in the Devonshire dialect; Shapleigh was the Archer and Philip; Hocken, the late rector of Oakhampton, the Aimwell and Duke's Servant. If I can trace with accuracy the recollections of that period, the performance was far from despicable. Mr Hole removed to Oxford in the year 1764, and took his degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1771;—he was ordained in the same or the following year. At college his acquaintance with General Simcoe commenced, which, ripened into the warmest, the most sincere friendship, terminated only with our friend's life. There also he became acquainted with our former associate, Drewe, of whose life he presented to this society a short and elegant sketch; and from these friends, whose military ardour was early conspicuous, he caught a portion of the same spirit, and anxiously wished, at one period of his life, to embrace the profession to which they were destined, and in which the former attained so conspicuous a rank with the highest military reputation; but "his lot forbade," and his affection for his mother prevailed, for he knew, that to hint his wishes would have been destructive of her peace.

His poetical genius expanded, I believe, very early, and I have seen some humorous poems written while he was at college. As his theatrical inclinations were then warm, several prologues and epilogues were the productions of his pen. To these I cannot at present have access, but shall copy from recollection a lively jeu d'esprit of about the year 1765. When Bishop Keppel came to reside here for the first time, Lady Waldegrave, Mrs Keppel's sister, accompanied him. Her beauty excited universal admiration; and among the rest Mr Hole's uncle, the Rev. Mr Wight, and the chanter, Mr Snow, kindled into poetry in her praise. Mr Hole sent the following letter as from an Exmoor shepherd (his father's living, Bishop Nymmett, being in that neighbourhood), with the following lines annexed.

"Madam,—Though I cannot pretend to *chant* your ladyship's praises, like these two gentlemen, I am, with equal respect, your ladyship's most faithful and devoted."

"Happy the fair whose matchless charms
Can such cold breasts inspire!

Lo! the *white* frost her beauty warms,
And turns e'en *snow* to fire."

Lady W. was so well pleased with the compliment, that the Exmoor shepherd was her frequent toast.

In 1772, Mr Hole published his translation of Fingal. It was written when the admiration of Ossian's poetry was general, warm, and sometimes enthusiastic. The accounts of Macpherson and its early era were equally credited; nor was it surprising that a youthful poet (for the translation was begun not long after the original publication in 1761,) should catch with ardour the glowing imagery, the wild scenery, the animated description of this antico-modern bard, as the subject of his lays. In the year 1772, however, the public ardour had cooled. The same images almost constantly recurring with artful but slight variations, fatigued the reader; the suspicion of imposture, though it had then scarcely assumed a questionable shape, disgusted him. The version, elegant and flowing, with scarcely a weak line, or a faulty rhyme, did not, probably on this account, obtain much regard; and while the Ode to Imagination, especially when enforced by the masterly melody of Jackson's music, was warmly applauded, the work circulated with languor, and the sale at no time repaid the author's expectations of his merits. To select a specimen from a work so well known, and so long since published, can scarcely be expected; but on again examining it with a view to the present attempt, I was particularly struck by the energy and spirit of the following description. On comparing it with Mr Macpherson's translation, we shall at once see the additional force and animation which it receives from Mr Hole's numbers.

"His daring words enflame the martial throng—
The gloom of battle slowly rolls along:
As rising vapours from the fens exhale,
And spread their sable banners o'er the vale,
When raging storms the light of Heaven invade,
And wrap its splendour in surrounding shade.
As some dire spirit through the dusky night,
When meteors stream around their baleful light,
Precedes the darkening cloud, and from his hand
Pours the wild storms that desolate the land,
Howl o'er the waste, and shake the sounding groves,
The fiery chief in pomp terrific moves."

The Ode to Imagination again recurs in the Devonshire and Cornish poems, but it will best enable us to trace the progress of our friend's talents to notice it in this place. We need not repeat the commendations which it has so generally received. The plan is that of Dryden's celebrated St Cecilia's Ode, and the imagery is equally spirited and correct, the lines flowing and mellifluous. From this also a specimen may be permitted.

"Yon mossy stones that rise above the heath,
Beside the blasted oak that towers on high,
Mark to the hunter's view the cave of death,
Where chiefs renowned in former ages lie:
There rests brave Morar! thy untimely doom,
Thy aged sire and mournful friends deplore.
How vain their sorrow! in the silent tomb
The mighty Morar sleeps, to rise no more!
Like him, ye warriors, you must pass away,
Like him you shine the glory of the plain:
In time your strength will fail, your tombs decay,
And no memorial of your fame remain."

In the year 1776, he was united to Miss Wilhelmina Katencamp, daughter of Mr Katencamp, a very respectable and opulent merchant of this city. It was completely a union of hearts, and continued with unexampled harmony and affection to the time of his death, a period of twenty-six years. Soon after this event, Mr Hole fixed at Sowton, as curate to Mr Archdeacon Moore; his living at Buckerel, to which he was presented in 1777, having no suitable habitation. Mr Hole's occasional residence in the neighbourhood of Southmolton, led him to an acquaintance with Mr Badcock. From Mr Badcock he first received the Hymn to Ceres, and by his advice, and with some of his assistance, Mr Hole engaged in the translation. This gentleman, who had reviewed the original in the Monthly Review, at that time contributed very largely to the same journal. I mention this circumstance chiefly to remark, that our friend often liberally assisted him, and that particularly the articles which related to the Poems of Rowley, and the subsequent controversy, were much enriched by his communications. Mr Hole's poetical taste, and discriminating judgment, were on that occasion highly

serviceable to his friend. What were Mr Hole's other contributions, I have now no means of ascertaining; but, at no great distance of time, he engaged in another review, where he presided for many years in the poetical department with great spirit and ability. To point out the articles which he contributed, and to discriminate their peculiar merit, is scarcely at this time in my power, and would certainly extend this sketch too far, were it attempted. We must return to the hymn and the translation.

Whether the hymn to Ceres be the work of Homer, or of a later author, is a question not yet decided, and which, at least, makes no part of our present subject. It was found in the same volume with the other poems of the immortal bard; is of high antiquity, and of peculiar simplicity and beauty. It is the legendary tale of Ceres wandering in pursuit of Proserpine; and though not a hymn, according to our ideas, is such when compared with other poems of antiquity, announced and quoted by the same title. The translation was executed very rapidly, but it betrays few marks of taste. The language has an epic dignity; the pauses are judiciously varied; but a faulty rhyme may sometimes be found, and, as perhaps the easier task, we find occasionally a few paraphrases, instead of the simple terseness of the original. The following description of Ceres in her disguise is highly picturesque, and happily finished.

"Beside a path, while o'er her drooping head
His grateful shade a verdant olive spread;
As by her feet Parthenius' waters flow,
She sits, a pallid spectacle of woe.
Her faded cheeks no more with beauty bloomed,
But now the form of wrinkled age assumed.
She seemed like those whom each attractive grace
Forsakes, when Time with wrinkles marks the face;
From whom the Cyprian pow'r indignant flies,
Her gifts refuses, and her charms denies;
Who, in some regal dome, by fate severe,
Are doomed to nurse, and serve another's heir."

"Four gentle nymphs, light, moving o'er the plain,
Approach; four brazen urns their arms sustain—
Great Celeus was their sire—he bade them bring
The limpid water from Parthenius' spring.
Lovely they seemed, as Heaven's immortal powers:
Youth's purple light, and beauty's opening flowers
Glow'd in their cheeks."

The following picture is not less beautiful:

"Like the kine's lowing race, that sporting bound
Along the plain with flowery verdure crowned;
Or the sleek fawn, when he at first perceives
Spring's genial warmth, and crops the budding leaves;
Thus joyful through the beaten road they past,
With robes collected to promote their haste.
Their tresses, like the crocus' flamy hue,
In waving radiance round their shoulders flew."

The notes are short and explanatory. Mr Hole points out many apparent defects in the copy, and particularly in that part where the lines quoted by the scholiast on Nicander would probably have appeared. Not finding these lines in the present poem, has furnished some critics with an argument, that this is not the hymn originally attributed to Homer. Mr Hole possessed sufficient merit to enable me, without injury to his fame, to add, that the very elegant emendation of σταιροι for ελαιοι was suggested by archdeacon Moore, and the note on the Eleusinian Mysteries in part furnished by Mr Badcock. Seven years elapsed before Mr Hole appeared again as an author, in his own name. In this interval, however, he was not wholly idle. In the year 1782, Mr Badcock was engaged as an occasional contributor to the London Magazine, a very early rival of the Gentleman's, which for a time shared with it the public favour and encouragement. It had, however, been gradually sinking in both, when Mr Badcock's abilities were expected to raise this publication to its former rank. Major Drewe and Mr Hole promised their aid; and the former was a very liberal and lively coadjutor. A paper called The Link-boy was begun with some spirit, and a well-drawn character, the member of a supposed club, if I remember rightly, was communicated by our friend—a little Jeu d'Esprit on the recovery of a young attorney, of little practice, from a dangerous indisposition, we shall transcribe from this collection.

It is signed H. O. our friend's usual signature:

" On his sick-bed as Simple lay,
A novice in the laws,
The hapless youth was heard to say,
How cruel to be snatched away
And die without a cause.

Jove wondering hears; his gracious nod
The youth from death reprieves;
Yet, with submission to the god,
His cause is still extremely odd,
Without a cause he lives.

The principal and most important part of Mr Hole's communications, consisted of a series of dialogues between ideal personages. The beings who " hold converse sweet" had " a name" only without a " local habitation," or indeed an existence but in the eye of poetic phrenzy or superstitious ignorance. Yet, as having affixed characters, these may be, at least, supported in a dialogue, and become a vehicle for remarks of different kinds—the characters introduced are Belcour and Serjeant Kite, the Serpent of Regulus and the Dragon of St George, Mr Shandy, senior, and Matthew Bramble; Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and Parson Adams. There are some others of which I cannot ascertain the titles, but they may be perhaps found among his manuscripts, which are yet untouched, The conclusion, which contains a slight defence of the plan, I have happily recovered, and shall add a short extract from it:

" If the locality of abode, and reality of those dialogists should be enquired after, and lest any of my readers should suspect that they never had, or deny that they now have, any kind of existence, (for some malicious critics will suspect every thing, and say any thing) I do upon the honour of a gentleman and an author, most seriously assert, that this race of beings possesses the same kind of existence, and inhabits the sensorium of thousands, in the same manner as Pompey, Cæsar, or the greatest heroes of antiquity; and I defy Priestley himself to prove the contrary. The idea of Parson Adams is as much an inmate of the mind as of Alexander the Great, and may, for aught I know, go hand in hand with him to the latest posterity. His unaccomplished journey to London, and his ludicrous adventures on the road, maintain there as firm a possession as the hero's battles and heroic progress through Asia;—and his hat, which had every colour but the original one, is as much remembered, and possessed of the same reality, as the eagle-plumed helmet, which the latter wore at the river Granicus. I cannot conclude without expressing the satisfaction that glows within my breast, at thus finding out, and exhibiting to the world what a wonderful piece of thoughtism, as well as mechanism, man is. Let the phraze animated nature be appropriated to him alone, he may contain continents of animaculæ; his mind may be peopled with inhabitants *ad infinitum*, as they cannot crowd one another in regard to space. It might be mathematically demonstrated, that myriads may be contained in less than a needle's point; but I hate an ostentatious display of erudition. I leave it to future Priestleys to reduce them to materialism, and future thinkers to dissect them if they can."

The idea of conveying critical or satirical remarks, by dialogues between imaginary characters, was too happy to be overlooked, and some imitations of inferior execution appeared. There were two, however, which merit an exception; the author's of a dialogue between the Theseus of Corneille, and the Hamlet of Shakspeare; and of one between Clarissa Harlowe and Sophy Western. The former was published, but the latter, the production of a lady of peculiar delicacy and distinguished abilities, was, I believe, never sent to the collection for which it was originally designed.—Other communications from our friend to this work, but of no particular importance or value, I could point out. They were humorous descriptions of the follies of the day, and satirical hits in his grave or ironical style. To conclude his monthly connexions, we may just mention the British Magazine, a more recent attempt, which owes some valuable communications to his pen; and the Gentleman's Magazine, to which he was a long but not a very frequent contributor.

In 1789, " Arthur, or the Northern Enchantment," which Mr Hole calls a poetical romance, appeared. This is a poem from the School of Ariosto, and probably begun in his more ardent, youthful days.—He declares it to be an imitation of the old Metrical Romance, with some of its harsher features softened and modified.—It is, indeed, too desultory to be considered as a regular epic, and too well connected, as well as too important in its action, to deserve the humbler title of a romance. The events and manners of the actors most

nearly resemble those of the Italian school, while the correcter imagery, and the uniform loftiness of the style, shew the author to be no mean proficient in that of Homer. The fable is artfully involved, and the catastrophe developed with peculiar skill. The third book, which relates the landing of Arthur in Solway Frith, is particularly interesting. It is full of romantic incidents; spells, prodigies, and enchantments attend us in every step; and it is more extravagantly, perhaps more pleasingly wild than any other part of the poem; yet few of the incidents appear to be new. We shall select two specimens; one of horror, another descriptive of elegance and beauty:

" Their voices well the British hero knew,
And in his eyes swell'd pity's pearly dew.
Their chains unbound, he led them to the light,
But ah! what horrid objects met his sight!
Their hair, like elf-locks round their shoulders clung,
Each limb was weakened, every nerve unstrung.
Pale meagre famine sate in either face—
Extinct the manly form, and martial grace.
In hollow sockets dimly rolled their eyes,
Their lab'ring bosoms heaved with frequent sighs—
With staggering steps they totter o'er the ground,
And gain at length their prisons utmost bound;
Then dropping on the verdant turf, inhale
The long-lost sweetness of the fresh'ning gale."

" Oft as beneath their shade deep musing strayed
At night, or dewy eve, the British maid,
When the bright moon adorned Heaven's spangled plain,
Before her sight arose the fairy train,
In white plum'd helms, and vests of splendid hue,
Cloud-formed, and deck'd with quivering gems of dew.
And while, to crown the revels of the night,
Obedient glow-worms lend their living light,
Their sweet-tuned lyres the little minstrels sweep,
And the charmed winds in placid silence sleep.
A sprightly band, accordant to the sound,
With measured steps in circles print the ground,
At blush of morn they vanish from the view,
And night's pale empress wrapt in shades pursue."

In a poetical view, Arthur rises in many respects above the author's former productions; the language is more bold and energetic, the lines less monotonous; the measure more varied in its pauses; yet the minuter critic has discovered, that the variety is sometimes carried too far; and that the attempt to avoid an uniformity of cadence, too often interrupts the harmonious flow of the verse.—The periods it has been also said, sometimes run over a couplet into the third line. It may be admitted also, for our friend was not ashamed of confessing it, that the verses were not polished with the care which distinguished the version of Fingal; that the lines are not always sufficiently energetic, or the rhyme faultless. The lines which relate to " liberty" are highly animated and poetical. The poet is peculiarly happy in styling gray-hairs the " Wreath of honoured age," and the following line, in the description of the introduction of christianity from the north, is truly sublime:

" And Sion's sacred song burst from the Celtic lyre."

The notes display copious and extensive knowledge of the Scandinavian mythology, and were, I believe, wholly his own, without any assistance whatever. The Celtic and Gothic customs are carefully and ably discriminated, though so often confounded by authors even of distinguished reputation.

In a collection of miscellaneous poetry, by gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall, the communications of Mr Hole are exclusively lyric. The tomb of Gunnar, imitated from an ancient Islandic fragment, preserved by Bartholine, is the first; the Ode prefixed to Fingal; Odes to Melancholy; Terror and Stupidity, follow in order:

We must revert to the institution of this society in the year 1792. In its first outline, the number of members was nine only, afterwards increased to twelve. Mr Hole was one of the "muses" of the first institution, and I need not recall to your recollection the various modes in which he has repeatedly entertained and instructed us. Sindbad, Shylock, and Iago, are well known; but the voyages of Ulysses, the modern dress of the Exmoor scolding, with various slight occasional communications, in the style of dry humour, in which he peculiarly excelled, must rise to the recollection of every one

now present; and it would be an insult to their feelings, to suppose for a moment that they could be forgotten. I know not that I particularly mentioned Mr Hole on the occasion, but the translations from the Argonautics of Orpheus, in a paper which I had the honour of reading to this society, were the productions of Mr Hole, and possessed considerable merit.

I need scarcely add in this place what Mr Hole was:—the sincere, the unaffected grief of the whole circle of his family and friends, demonstrates, more strikingly than words can paint, his worth, his merits, and his talents. Friendly and affectionate in the more limited circle, he claimed and obtained, in his turn, the warmest and most sincere attachment. The world in general saw in his character, honour, generosity, learning, and religion, and freely accorded their approbation and regard. His knowledge was solid and well founded; his religion sincere and unaffected; his benevolence warm and unconfined. Without the parade of superior learning, he gained the esteem and confidence of those with whom he conversed; and never in a single instance lost a friend by a fault of his own. Mr Jackson, who soon followed Mr Hole to the grave, remarked, that he had known Hole more than thirty years, without having discovered a single fault in his character. No one possessed a more acute and penetrating discernment; no one was better acquainted with Mr Hole.

Of his works I need not again speak. A correct taste, gave an elegant polish to sound learning and solid information. In his conversation he was unaffectedly cheerful, humorous, entertaining, and instructive: in private life conciliating the warmest affection; in public the most solid esteem."

To the preceding sketch it is intended to add but a few words on the subject of some of the author's publications, which are there slightly noticed, or merely alluded to, and of the unpublished papers which he left behind him. Among the former, the Essay on the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, which is barely mentioned by reference to the principal subject of it, the voyages of the celebrated navigator *Sindbad*, was, in its origin, only a communication to the society above noticed, but afterwards written into a separate publication, and is perhaps the most learned, and, at the same time, the most ingenious and entertaining, of all the performances of its author. Its object was to illustrate the prodigies of Oriental fiction, which we are accustomed to regard in no other light than as the unrestrained and lawless wanderings of a wild or sportive imagination, by comparison with passages in history, with the real miracles of nature, and the grave relations of lying travellers, so as to prove that they might either have formed the subjects of actual belief, or have been attended by a much greater degree of apparent probability than they at present possess, in the minds of those who first heard and admired them, and for whose understandings or services they were designed and calculated.

The half sportive, half serious, essays on the characters of Iago and Shylock, are contained in the volume published by the society, together with a more elaborate paper by the same author, illustrative of the originality of Shakspeare's genius, which is highly indicative of his just taste, and strong poetical feeling.

For some time previous to his death, he had been engaged in another work of research and amusement, which he undertook upon near the same principles as the observations on Sindbad, which he had already given to the society, and afterwards to the public;—Remarks on the Voyages of Ulysses, as narrated in the Odyssey—a work which often delighted and instructed the writer of these pages while in its progress, but which was left by its author in a very imperfect and scattered state, except a part which was designed for an introduction to the remainder, and which was published after his death by the friend who composed the foregoing memoir, under the title of "An Essay on the Character of Ulysses, as delineated by Homer." This essay also had been read at the Exeter literary society. With regard to the unfinished work, of which it was to have formed a part, if the papers in which it was contained any longer exist, they have for the present eluded the search which has been made for them, under the supposition that, although certainly not in a state for separate publi-

cation, they might have furnished considerable portions of interesting matter for the pages of a miscellaneous repository.

Of the remaining MSS. which have fallen into the hands of the present writer, the greater part appear to consist of short essays and pieces of fugitive poetry, which have already been given to the world in various periodical and other works of miscellaneous literature; besides a common place book, from which (as containing notices of much abstruse reading in books of unusual occurrence, and observations upon them) something may be hereafter gleaned which will answer the purpose of this publication. Some original plays,—"Pyrrhus,"—"The Castilian Matron," and the "Trial of Friendship," tragedies,—and others, of which also some account, with occasional specimens, may hereafter be given,—and the little humorous poem which has given occasion to the insertion of the preceding memoir. Of this it is only intended to observe, that it is calculated to afford a just idea of the prevailing cast and turn of humour which characterised its author,—and that its foundation is a clever performance, by Thomas Brice, who was, half a century ago, a well-known bookseller in Exeter, written on the same principle as Tim Bobbin's Toy-shop, and similar works, and entitled, "An Exmoor scolding, between two sisters, *Wilmot Moreman* and *Thomasin Moreman*, as they were spinning; also, an Exmoor Courtship; both in the propriety and decency of the Exmoor dialect, Devon; to which is adjoined a collateral paraphrase in plain English, for explaining barbarous words and phrases." The first part of this little work of humour, consisting of *the scolding*, our author did not venture to touch; but, among his papers has been found the commencement of what was probably intended as a pendant to his Theocritian, or rather a Virgilian version of *the courtship*—viz. a translation into *Exmoor* of the first eclogue of Virgil.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN LONDON.

No IX.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The Dwarf of Naples.

A DRAMA of this name was produced here on Saturday, March 13. We do not very well know how to speak of this work. As a whole, it is undoubtedly a strange and incomprehensible farrago; and yet there is a something about it that makes us feel that we are not entitled to consign it over to mere contempt. As wise people sometimes do very weak things, so it is very possible for a man of genius to produce a very dull and silly work. But yet there will always be a spice of redeeming virtue to be detected somewhere about it. We are inclined to think that the Dwarf of Naples is in this predicament. Nothing can be more forced, extravagant, and unnatural than the serious part of it, or more halting, unconnected and unintelligible than the comic; and yet there is some lively and pleasant writing in the latter part, and a few poetical thoughts and passages in the former. The serious part of the piece is occupied with the attempts of Malvesi, the Dwarf (Mr Kean) to ruin and destroy his brother Guilio (Mr H. Kemble) precisely, as it appears, because he *is* his brother, and does every thing in his power to deserve his love and gratitude. The play opens at the return of Guilio, who is a Neapolitan general, and favourite of the king,—from a successful campaign against the enemies of his country. Malvesi is filled with malice and envy at the triumphant reception of his brother, and forms a plan for his destruction. For this purpose he forges a letter, by which it appears that Guilio is secretly acting in concert with the Venetians, the enemies of Naples. This letter is, by a contrivance of Malvesi, produced at the moment of Guilio's intended nuptials, at which the king is present, who believes its contents, and in consequence banishes the supposed traitor from Naples, on pain of death; and his inheritance is conferred on Malvesi. Not content with this successful issue to his plans, Malvesi employs an agent to destroy

Guilio. This, however, is prevented by the intervention of a supposed page (Mrs W. West) who loves Malvesi, because he deserves to be hated, just as Malvesi hates his brother because he deserves to be loved. The king at length discovers the deceit which has been put upon him, and sends for Malvesi with the intention, as the latter supposes, of conferring new honours upon him, but, in reality, to confound and overwhelm him by a sudden and unexpected display of the acquittal of his brother, and his marriage with the lady whom Malvesi himself loves. This drives him to distraction, and he dies in a paroxysm of rage and despair.

The character of the Dwarf shall be explained by himself; and the extract may be taken as a fair but favourable example of the author's manner. After in vain endeavouring to conciliate his brother's favour by kindness and affection, Guilio, seeing that his presence only irritates Malvesi, leaves him.

"*Dwa.* Fine hypocrite! I would some storm might smite
This tree of pride that lifts its head in clouds,
And shuts out the warm sun and quick'ning rain
From my diminished growth; I waste beneath
Its deep, dull shade,—a dwarfish, leafless trunk,
Eternal winter freezes in my boughs!
Yet in this forest round me what avails
That one should fall? Enough—and more remains
To shut me from the light. If then I swell
With aspics venom, blame not me, oh world!
No goodness grows in shadow—nought but weeds,
And things that suck unwholesome nature from them.
I am what thou hast fashion'd me, an adder,
To hiss and sting, and shed my poisonous froth
On all are near me. Yes, I'll do my work,
Till some strong hand shall bruise me into dust,
And then the grave is welcome, for in earth
I shall be mighty as the mightiest." p. 10. 11.

Malvesi combines in his own person the malignity without the amusement of all the diminutive persons who have appeared in this age of dwarfs—all the Nains, Jaune, Vert, Noir, Couleur de Rose, &c.: and his hatred of what other people love seems to spring from the same cause as their's did,—namely, disappointed vanity, and the loss of their idol—for Guilio is about to marry the lady whom Malvesi fancies he loves. If the character of Malvesi were ever so consistently supported, with reference to the principle on which it professes to be constructed, it would still not gain our sympathy—for he is a mere wretch, "nulla virtute redemptus." He is not, like Richard or Iago, lifted above our ordinary nature by a superiority of intellect, and consequently of power; so that we cannot gaze on him, as we do on them, with a sort of diseased interest, and as we might be supposed to do at a malignant star passing across our hemisphere, and scattering pestilence and death in its path. His mind is as paltry, as little, and as deformed as his person; and consequently his plans and his power to do mischief are too circumscribed to excite our awe or wonder. All that he does or can do is to go fretting and fuming about, and with an air of ludicrous self-importance, uttering his insane egotisms to the walls and the winds; and every now and then falling into an agony of impotent rage, because he does not happen to be so rich or so good looking as some of his neighbours: and at last actually dies out of pure spite at witnessing the happiness of those he ought to love.

This is all very tiresome, disgusting, and unnatural; and would, no doubt, have been delivered over to its merited contempt, but for the extraordinary acting of Mr Kean—for whom the part is expressly written. It is intended to *shew off* his genius; and it does shew it off, just as a tawdry and ill-conceived dress shews off the person of a beautiful woman: it cannot conceal or destroy her beauty; but, for the time, it totally spoils its effect: we cannot help *seeing* that she is beautiful, but we do not *feel* it.

Whatever may be our opinions respecting the genius of this actor (and we shall not be accused of underrating its efforts, or of wishing to depreciate any work that may be calculated to call them forth naturally, and in their proper place) yet we cannot help feeling and speaking with unmixed reprobation of this writing to and for a particular faculty of a particular person, whatever the genius of that person may be. Mr Kean's genius is valuable, not for this or that abstract quality, which may be brought into view by the contrivance of a certain

situation—not only, or even chiefly because it enables him to express hatred or agony, joy or love, more vividly and intelligibly than any other person. It is valuable for its extraordinary power of embodying and giving a "local habitation" to conceptions that would otherwise escape the ken of persons not on that account unworthy or unable to enjoy and appreciate such conceptions, where they can be made tangible to them. It is valuable from its unequalled faculty of detecting, bringing to light, and making level to ordinary understandings, the mental images and operations of genius kindred to itself; and which, but for it, would have remained at least latent, if they had not been lost. We put it to the candour of the most enlightened and enthusiastic admirers of Shakspeare himself, whether they have not received new ideas and impressions respecting him from the performances of Mr Kean. It is, above all, valuable for its admirable power of seizing the one grand and leading feature of a character, and perpetually keeping it in view; and yet bringing out all its collateral parts in perfect subservience to, and consistency with that, so as to form one intelligible whole—a true dramatic unity.

Thinking as we do of the powers of this action, it vexes us to see them tampered with, and cast away upon such a work as that before us. We have said that his performance of Malvesi was an extraordinary, but it was neither a fine nor a pleasing one; because there was no nature in it—no true passion—no consistency even with itself. From the nature of the character, the performance was altogether a tawdry and *catch-penny* one; and yet we were very sorry to observe that Mr Kean seemed to be fond of it himself. And the mere fact of its suggesting such a feeling or opinion as this, is enough to prove it worthless. In Mr Kean's really fine displays we never think of HIM *at the time;* and here we thought of nothing else.—Would he wish this to be the case? Does he really think it would be conducive to his true fame? If he does, he has yet to learn,—and we cannot doubt that he some day *will* learn,—the true nature of that purest, loftiest, and least selfish of all human aspirations.

But there is a popular and tangible fame that Mr Kean can, and no doubt, does appreciate, even now. A fame that is the best and most legitimate reward that can be given and received in return for the immediate delight which he conveys to others. In this way there is nothing in the world equal to the waving of hats, the clapping together of hands, and the shoutings of human voices, in so disinterested—so truly a "popular assembly" as is collected together at a great national theatre. There is no reward so cheap to the giver, and yet so satisfying to the receiver: like charity, it blesses both. And, for our parts, we are not among those who are so fastidious as to object to the audience calling Mr Kean forward, after a successful performance, to pay him this meed which so justly belongs to him, even as a matter of right. On the contrary, we think this the very best time at which it can be offered, because it is perhaps the only time at which he is at leisure to receive and feel it—which surely he cannot do in the course of his performance, agitated as he is by the *real passion* which he represents. The laurel was made to encircle the *living* head of genius in old times; and why should it not now? The actor, too, can less than any other votary of the fine arts, anticipate immortality: for even if his *name* should live for an age or two, his *works* must die with him; and most probably before him. If he reaches the natural term of man's life, he must feel the melancholy certainty that he has outlived himself. Let not, then, a paltry and short-sighted economy withhold from him his due; or refuse to bestow it in the way most likely to please and satisfy him. Criticism—written criticism—may be either unjust, or interested, or insincere; or it may never reach him. But the involuntary and unpremeditated applause that bursts from an assembled multitude is quite conclusive. It goes directly to its mark—and there is no gainsaying it.

The Castle of Wonders.

This is a very strange affair indeed. It is like Mr Coleridge's Reading Public, "a Voonder above Voonders." A certain young gentleman (Mr H. Kemble) marries a niece (Mrs W. West) without her uncle's consent. This, by the bye, is not one of the "Wonders"

of the Castle—for now-a-days uncles and aunts never coincide in opinion, on any subject, with nephews and nieces, —least of all on that of marriage. In travelling through Switzerland—which is the fashion among new-married people at present—the bride and bridegroom find themselves at an inn, where they are told strange stories of an old castle in the neighbourhood, which is haunted by ghosts, fairies, and the like, who amuse themselves by disturbing the peasantry in their daily and nightly occupations, and frightening them out of their wits. The travellers are informed likewise, that several brave knights have lost their lives in endeavouring to discover the mysteries of this enchanted spot. This latter part of the tale particularly arrests the attention of the young bridegroom, and he determines to try his fortune on the occasion; but very prudently conceals his intention from his wife—naturally concluding that, as they have been married but a very short time, she may find some objection to the enterprise, considering its probable termination. He immediately proceeds to the scene of action, accompanied by his servant (Mr Harley)—and on their arrival the "wonders" begin. Red writing appears on the walls, warning the intruders off the premises—which of course induces them to proceed. Then thinly-clad ladies issue from among the thorns and bushes that seem to choak up the ruins of the old building, and dance round about the young soldier in a very attractive manner—using a variety of female blandishments, and above all, exhibiting very extraordinary talents for silence—not one of them uttering a word! The knight resists all these temptations—even the last; and replies by doling out sundry "wise saws, and modern instances;"—which is a little extraordinary, seeing that he came thither for the express purpose of penetrating into all the mysteries of the place. However, we must not forget his late change of situation. When it becomes evident that this whole hive of beauties, buzzing about him, are not able to hum him into a compliance with their wishes, the queen-bee herself appears. She, unlike the rest, has the faculty of speech, and she uses it abundantly; but he is still inexorable. She then tries various expedients—among others, the rather barbarous one of suspending little children, dressed like Cupids, on strings twenty or thirty feet from the ground, in order (as we conjecture) to terrify him into compliance by the prospect of the poor little things falling and breaking their necks. This seemed to have no effect whatever on our hero—probably on account of his not having any children of his own; but it produced a very strong sensation on the audience, who seemed in as much agony all the time as the little children themselves. Finding that conciliatory measures are unavailing, the queen and all her light-heeled and lively train, disappear—having previously handed over the unfortunate object of their solicitude to a band of soldiers, who, as far as we can remember, tie him to a tree, and leave him to the repose which he so much needs. In the meantime, however, and as if to prevent this seasonable relief, the wife arrives in search of her lord;—and, after numerous other undergoings which we cannot enumerate, a person introduces himself, who is exactly the last in the world that either we or they would have suspected of contriving and executing a fairy-tale—namely, a wise and elderly uncle, who, it now appears, had invented all the foregoing, in order to discover whether his self-elected nephew was worthy to be acknowledged and adopted by him. The contrivance is somewhat late, to be sure; but its success is complete, and every body is satisfied. Where this accomplished stage-manager had procured his corps de Ballet—whether from the Scala at Milan on the one side, or the Academie de Musique on the other, and how he had transported them to the mountains of Switzerland—does not appear.

The scenery of this piece, excepting that in which the fairies are concerned, was by no means appropriate, because it was extremely beautiful and natural; —particularly an exquisite view of a lake, with its surrounding mountains, and also one of a richly cultivated valley.

Mr H. Kemble performed the hero of this piece; and we must do him the justice to say, that he looked exactly the sort of person that would be likely to resist the kind of temptations that were offered to him. Chiefly in consequence of this gentleman's un-

happy taste in the choice of his wigs, whatever character he may perform, the upper part of his person always has the appearance of having sat for the portraits in the Evangelical Magazine—for they are all pretty much alike.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

Storms.

THESE constitute the various eras of the pastoral life. They are the red lines in the shepherd's manual—the remembrancers of years and ages that are past—the tablets of memory by which the ages of his children, the times of his ancestors, and the rise and downfall of families, are invariably ascertained. Even the progress of improvement in Scots farming can be traced traditionally from these, and the rent of a farm or estate given with precision, before and after such and such a storm, though the narrator be uncertain in what century the said notable storm happened. "Mar's year," and "that year the hielanders raide," are but secondary mementos to *the year nine* and *the year forty*—these stand in bloody capitals in the annals of the pastoral life, as well as many more that shall hereafter be mentioned.

The most dismal of all those on record is *the thirteen drifty days*. This extraordinary storm, as near as I have been able to trace, must have occurred in the year 1620. The traditionary stories and pictures of desolation that remain of it, are the most dire imaginable; and the mentioning of the thirteen drifty days to an old shepherd, in a stormy winter night, never fails to impress his mind with a sort of religious awe, and often sets him on his knees before that Being who alone can avert such another calamity.

It is said that for thirteen days and nights the snow-drift never once abated—the ground was covered with frozen snow when it commenced, and during all that time the sheep never broke their fast. The cold was intense to a degree never before remembered; and about the fifth and sixth days of the storm, the young sheep began to fall into a sleepy and torpid state, and all that were so affected in the evening died over night. The intensity of the frost wind often cut them off when in that state quite instantaneously. About the ninth and tenth days, the shepherds began to build up huge semi-circular walls of their dead, in order to afford some shelter for the remainder of the living; but they availed but little, for about the same time they were frequently seen tearing at one another's wool with their teeth.

When the storm abated, on the fourteenth day from its commencement, there was on many a high-lying farm not a living sheep to be seen. Large misshapen walls of dead, surrounding a small prostrate flock likewise all dead, and frozen stiff in their lairs, were all that remained to cheer the forlorn shepherd and his master; and though on low-lying farms where the snow was not so hard before, numbers of sheep weathered the storm, yet their constitutions received such a shock, that the greater part of them perished afterwards; and the final consequence was, that about nine-tenths of all the sheep in the south of Scotland were destroyed.

In the extensive pastoral district of Eskdale-moor, which maintains upwards of 20,000 sheep, it is said none were left alive, but forty young wedders on one farm, and five old ewes on another. The farm of Phaup remained without a stock and without a tenant for twenty years subsequent to the storm, at length one very honest and liberal-minded man ventured to take a lease of it, at the annual rent of of *a gray coat and a pair of hose*. It is now rented at £500. An extensive glen in Tweedsmuir, belonging to Sir James Montgomery, became a common at that time, to which any man drove his flocks that pleased, and it continued so for nearly a century. On one of Sir Patrick Scott of Thirlestane's farms, that keeps upwards of 900 sheep, they all died save one black ewe, from which the farmer had high hopes of preserving a breed; but some unlucky dogs, that were all laid idle for want of sheep to run at, fell upon this poor solitary remnant of a good stock, and chased her into the

lake, where she was drowned. When word of this was brought to John Scott the farmer, commonly called gouffin' Jock, he is reported to have expressed himself as follows: "Ochon, ochon! an' is that the gate o't?—a black beginning maks aye a black end." Then taking down an old rusty sword, he added, "Come thou away my auld frien', thou an' I maun e'en stock Bourhope-law ance mair. Bessy, my dow, how gaes the auld sang?

There's walth o' kye i' bonny Braidlees;
There's walth o' yowes i' Tine;
There's walth o' gear i' Gowanburn—
An' thae shall a' be thine."

It is a pity that tradition has not preserved any thing farther of the history of gouffin' Jock than this one saying.

The next memorable event of this nature is *the blast o' March*, which happened on the 24th day of that month, in the year 16—, on a Monday's morning; and though it lasted only for one forenoon, it was calculated to have destroyed upwards of a thousand scores of sheep, as well as a number of shepherds. There is one anecdote of this storm that is worthy of being preserved, as it shows with how much attention shepherds, as well as sailors, should observe the appearances of the sky. The Sunday evening before was so warm that the lasses went home from church barefoot, and the young men threw off their plaids and coats and carried them over their shoulders. A large group of these younkers, going home from the church of Yarrow, equipped in this manner, chanced to pass by an old shepherd on the farm of Newhouse, named Walter Blake, who had all his sheep gathered into the side of a wood. They asked Wattie, who was a very religious man, what could have induced him to gather his sheep on the Sabbath day? He answered, that he had seen an ill-hued weather-gaw that morning, and was afraid it was going to be a drift. They were so much amused at Wattie's apprehensions, that they clapped their hands, and laughed at him, and one pert girl cried, "Aye, fie tak' care, Wattie; I wadna say but it may be thrapple deep or the morn." Another asked, "if he wasna rather feared for the sun burning the een out o' their heads?" and a third, "if he didna keep a correspondence wi' the thieves, an' kend they were to ride that night." Wattie was obliged to bear all this, for the evening was fine beyond any thing generally seen at that season, and only said to them at parting, "Weel, weel, callans, time will try a'; let him laugh that wins; but slacks will be sleck, a hogg for the howking; we'll a' get horns to tout on the morn." The saying grew proverbial; but Wattie was the only man who saved the whole of his flock in that country.

The years 1709—40, and 72, were all likewise notable years for severity, and for the losses sustained among the flocks of sheep. In the latter, the snow lay from the middle of December until the middle of April, and all the time hard frozen. Partial thaws always kept the farmer's hopes of relief alive, and thus prevented him from removing his sheep to a lower situation, till at length they grew so weak that they could not be removed. There has not been such a general loss in the days of any man living as in that year. It is by these years that all subsequent hard winters have been measured, and, of late, by that of 1795; and when the balance turns out in favour of the calculator, there is always a degree of thankfulness expressed, as well as a composed submission to the awards of Divine providence. The daily feeling naturally impressed on the shepherd's mind, that all his comforts are so entirely in the hand of Him that rules the elements, contributes not a little to that firm spirit of devotion for which the Scottish shepherd is so distinguished. I know of no scene so impressive, as that of a family sequestered in a lone glen during the time of a winter storm; and where is the glen in the kingdom that wants such a habitation? There they are left to the protection of Heaven, and they know and feel it. Throughout all the wild vicissitudes of nature they have no hope of assistance from man, but are conversant with the Almighty alone. Before retiring to rest, the shepherd uniformly goes out to examine the state of the weather, and make his report to the little dependant group within—nothing is to be seen but the conflict of the elements, nor heard but the raving of the storm—then they all kneel around him, while he recommends them to the protection of Heaven; and though their little hymn of praise can scarcely be heard even by

themselves, as it mixes with the roar of the tempest, they never fail to rise from their devotions with their spirits cheered and their confidence renewed, and go to sleep with an exaltation of mind of which kings and conquerors have no share. Often have I been a sharer in such scenes; and never, even in my youngest years, without having my heart deeply impressed by the circumstances. There is a sublimity in the very idea. There we lived, as it were, inmates of the cloud and the storm; but we stood in a relationship to the Ruler of these, that neither time nor eternity could ever cancel. Woe to him that would weaken the bonds with which true Christianity connects us with Heaven and with each other.

But of all the storms that ever Scotland witnessed, or I hope ever will again behold, there is none of them that can once be compared with the memorable 24th of January 1794, which fell with such peculiar violence on that division of the south of Scotland that lies between Crawford-muir and the border. In that bounds there were seventeen shepherds perished, and upwards of thirty carried home insensible, who afterwards recovered; but the number of sheep that were lost far outwent any possibility of calculation. One farmer alone, Mr Thomas Beattie, lost seventy-two scores for his own share—and many others, in the same quarter, from thirty to forty scores each. Whole flocks were overwhelmed with snow, and no one ever knew where they were till the snow was dissolved, that they were all found dead. I myself witnessed one particular instance of this, on the farm of Thickside: there were twelve scores of excellent ewes, all one age, that were missing there all the time that the snow lay, which was only a week, and no traces of them could be found; when the snow went away, they were discovered all lying dead, with their heads one way, as if a flock of sheep had dropped dead going from the washing. Many hundreds were driven into waters, burns, and lakes, by the violence of the storm, where they were buried or frozen up, and these the flood carried away, so that they were never seen or found by the owners at all. The following anecdote somewhat illustrates the confusion and devastation that it bred in the country:—The greater part of the rivers on which the storm was most deadly, run into the Solway Frith, on which there is a place called *the Beds of Esk*, where the tide throws out, and leaves whatsoever is carried into it by the rivers. When the flood after the storm subsided, there were found on that place, and the shores adjacent, 1840 sheep, nine black cattle, three horses, two men, one woman, forty-five dogs, and one hundred and eighty hares, besides a number of meaner animals.

To relate all the particular scenes of distress that occurred during this tremendous hurricane is impossible—a volume would not contain them. I shall, therefore, in order to give a true picture of the storm, merely relate what I saw, and shall in nothing exaggerate. But before doing this, I must mention a circumstance, curious in its nature, and connected with others that afterwards occurred.

Some time previous to that, a few young shepherds (of whom I was one, and the youngest, though not the least ambitious of the number), had formed themselves into a sort of literary society, that met periodically, at one or other of the houses of its members, where each read an essay on a subject previously given out; and after that, every essay was minutely investigated and criticised. We met in the evening, and continued our important discussions all night. Friday the 23d of January was the day appointed for one of these meetings, and it was to be held at Entertrony, a wild and remote sheiling, at the very sources of the Ettrick, and now occupied by my own brother. I had the honour of having been named as preses—so leaving the charge of my flock with my master, off I set from Blackhouse, on Thursday, a very ill day, with a flaming bombastical essay in my pocket, and my tongue trained to many wise and profound remarks, to attend this extraordinary meeting, though the place lay at the distance of twenty miles, over the wildest hills in the kingdom, and the time the depth of winter. I remained that night with my parents at Ettrick-house, and next day again set out on my journey. I had not, however, proceeded far, before I perceived, or thought I perceived, symptoms of an approaching storm, and that of no ordinary nature. I remember the day well: the wind, which

was rough on the preceding day, had subsided into a dead calm ; there was a slight fall of snow, which descended in small thin flakes, that seemed to hover and reel in the air, as if uncertain whether to go upward or downward—the hills were covered down to the middle in deep folds of rime, or frost-fog—in the cloughs that was dark, dense, and seemed as if it were heaped and crushed together—but on the brows of the hills it had a pale and fleecy appearance, and, altogether, I never beheld a day of such gloomy aspect. A thought now began to intrude itself on me, though I strove all that I could to get quit of it, that it would be a wise course in me to return home to my sheep. Inclination urged me on, and I tried to bring reason to her aid, by saying to myself, " I have no reason in the world to be afraid of my sheep, my master took the charge of them cheerfully, there is not a better shepherd in the kingdom, and I cannot doubt his concern in having them right." All would not do : I stood still and contemplated the day, and the more closely I examined it, the more was I impressed that some mischief was a brewing ; so, with a heavy heart, I turned on my heel, and made the best of my way back the road I came ;—my elaborate essay, and all my wise observations had come to nothing.

On my way home, I called at a place named the Hope-house, to see a maternal uncle, whom I loved ; he was angry when he saw me, and said it was not like a prudent lad to be running up and down the country in such weather, and at such a season ; and urged me to make haste home, for it would be a drift before the morn. He accompanied me to the top of the height called the Black Gate-head, and on parting, he shook his head, and said, " Ah ! it is a dangerous looking day ! In troth I'm amaist fear'd to look at it ;" I said I would not mind it, if any one knew from what quarter the storm would arise ; but we might, in all likelihood, gather our sheep to the place where they would be most exposed to danger. He bade me keep a good look out all the way home, and wherever I observed the first opening through the rime, to be assured the wind would rise directly from that point : I did as he desired me, but the clouds continued close set all around, till the fall of evening ; and as the snow had been accumulating all day, so as to render walking very unfurthersome, it was that time before I reached home. The first thing I did was to go to my master and inquire where he had left my sheep—he told me—but though I had always the most perfect confidence in his experience, I was not pleased with what he had done—he had left a part of them far too high out on the hills, and the rest were not where I wanted them, and I told him so : he said he had done all for the best, but if there appeared to be any danger, if I would call him up in the morning, he would assist me. We had two beautiful servant girls, and with them I sat chattering till past eleven o'clock, and then I went down to the old tower. What could have taken me to that ruinous habitation of the Black Danglasses at that untimeous hour, I cannot recollect, but it certainly must have been from a supposition that one of the girls would follow me, or else that I would see a hare —both very unlikely events to have taken place on such a night. However, certain it is, that there I was at midnight, and it was while standing on the top of the staircase turret, that I first beheld a bright bore through the clouds, towards the north, which reminded me of my uncle's apothegm. But at the same time a smart thaw had commenced, and the breeze seemed to be rising from the south, so that I laughed in my heart at his sage rule, and accounted it quite absurd. Short was the time till awful experience told me how true it was.

I then went to my bed in the byre loft, where I slept with a neighbour shepherd, named Borthwick ; but though fatigued with walking through the snow, I could not close an eye, so that I heard the first burst of the storm, which commenced between one and two, with a fury that no one can conceive who does not remember of it. Besides, the place where I lived being exposed to two or three gathered winds, as they are called by shepherds, the storm raged there with redoubled ferocity. It began all at once, with such a tremendous roar, that I imagined it was a peal of thunder, until I felt the house trembling to its foundation. In a few minutes I went and thrust my naked arm through a hole in the roof, in order, if possible, to

ascertain what was going on without, for not a ray of light could I see. I could not then, nor can I yet, express my astonishment. So completely was the air overloaded with falling and driving snow, that but for the force of the wind, I felt as if I had thrust my arm into a wreath of snow. I deemed it a judgment sent from Heaven upon us, and lay down again in my bed, trembling with agitation. I lay still for about an hour, in hopes that it might prove only a temporary hurricane; but, hearing no abatement of its fury, I awakened Borthwick, and bade him get up, for it was come on such a night or morning, as never blew from the heavens. He was not long in obeying, for as soon as he heard the turmoil, he started from his bed, and in one minute throwing on his clothes, he hasted down the ladder, and opened the door, where he stood for a good while, uttering exclamations of astonishment. The door where he stood was not above fourteen yards from the door of the dwelling-house, but a wreath was already amassed between them, as high as the walls of the house—and in trying to get round or through this, Borthwick lost himself, and could neither find the house nor his way back to the byre, and about six minutes after, I heard him calling my name, in a shrill desperate tone of voice, at which I could not refrain from laughing immoderately, notwithstanding the dismal prospect that lay before us, for I heard, from his cries, where he was. He had tried to make his way over the top of a large dunghill, but going to the wrong side, had fallen over, and wrestled long among snow, quite over the head. I did not think proper to move to his assistance, but lay still, and shortly after, heard him shouting at the kitchen door for instant admittance; still I kept my bed for about three quarters of an hour longer; and then, on reaching the house with much difficulty, found our master, the ploughman, Borthwick, and the two servant maids, sitting round the kitchen fire, with looks of dismay, I may almost say despair. We all agreed at once, that the sooner we were able to reach the sheep, the better chance we had to save a remnant; and as there were eight hundred excellent ewes, all in one lot, but a long way distant, and the most valuable lot of any on the farm, we resolved to make a bold effort to reach them, Our master made family worship, a duty he never neglected; but that morning, the manner in which he manifested our trust and confidence in Heaven, was particularly affecting. We took our breakfast—stuffed our pockets with bread and cheese—sewed our plaids around us—tied down our hats with napkins coming below our chins—and each taking a strong staff in his hand, we set out on the attempt.

No sooner was the door closed behind us than we lost sight of each other—seeing there was none—it was impossible for a man to see his hand held up before him, and it was still two hours till day. We had no means of keeping together but by following to one another's voices, nor of working our way save by groping with our staves before us. It soon appeared to me a hopeless concern, for, ere ever we got clear of the houses and haystacks, we had to roll ourselves over two or three wreaths which it was impossible to wade through; and all the while the wind and drift were so violent, that every three or four minutes we were obliged to hold our faces down between our knees to recover our breath.

We soon got into an eddying wind that was altogether insufferable, and, at the same time, we were struggling among snow so deep, that our progress in the way we purposed going was indeed very equivocal, for we had, by this time, lost all idea of east, west, north, or south. Still we were as busy as men determined on a business could be, and persevered on we knew not whither, sometimes rolling over the snow, and sometimes weltering in it to the chin. The following instance of our successful exertions marks our progress to a tittle. There was an inclosure around the house to the westward which we denominated *the park*, as is customary in Scotland. When we went away we calculated that it was two hours until day—the park did not extend above 300 yards—and we were still engaged in that *park* when day light appeared.

When we got free of the park we also got free of the eddy of the wind—it was now straight in our faces—we went in a line before each other, and changed places every three or four minutes, and at length, after great fatigue, we reached a long ridge of a hill

where the snow was thinner, having been blown off it by the force of the wind, and by this we had hopes of reaching within a short space of the ewes which were still a mile and a half distant. Our master had taken the lead; I was next him, and soon began to suspect, from the depth of the snow, that he was leading us quite wrong, but as we always trusted implicitly to him that was foremost for the time, I said nothing for a good while, until satisfied that we were going in a direction very nearly right opposite to that we intended. I then tried to expostulate with him, but he did not seem to understand what I said, and, on getting a glimpse of his countenance, I perceived that it was quite altered. Not to alarm the others, nor even himself, I said I was becoming terribly fatigued, and proposed that we should lean on the snow and take each a mouthful of whisky, (for I had brought a small bottle in my pocket for fear of the worst), and a bite of bread and cheese. This was unanimously agreed to, and I noted that he swallowed the spirits rather eagerly, a thing not usual with him, and when he tried to eat, it was long before he could swallow any thing. I was convinced that he would fail altogether, but, as it would have been easier to have got him to the shepherd's house before than home again, I made no proposal for him to return. On the contrary, I said if they would trust themselves entirely to me, I would engage to lead them to the ewes without going a foot out of the way—the other two agreed to it, and acknowledged that they knew not where they were, but he never opened his mouth, nor did he speak a word for two hours thereafter. It had only been a temporary exhaustion, however, for after that he recovered and wrought till night as well as any of us, though he never could recollect a single circumstance that occurred during that part of our way, nor a word that was said, nor of having got any refreshment whatever.

At half an hour after ten, we reached the flock, and just in time to save them, but before that, both Borthwick and the ploughman had lost their hats, notwithstanding all their precautions, and to impede us still farther, I went inadvertently over a precipice, and going down head foremost, between the scaur and the snow, found it impossible to extricate myself, for the more I struggled I went the deeper. For all our troubles I heard Borthwick above convulsed with laughter; he thought he had got the affair of the dunghill paid back. By holding by one another, and letting down a plaid to me, they hauled me up, but I was terribly incommoded by snow that had got inside my clothes.

The ewes were standing in a close body; one half of them were covered over with snow to the depth of ten feet, the rest were jammed against a brae. We knew not what to do for spades to dig them out; but to our agreeable astonishment, when those before were removed, they had been so close pent together as to be all touching one another, and they walked out from below the snow after their neighbours in a body. If the snow-wreath had not broke and crumbled down upon a few that were hindmost we should have got them all out without putting a hand to them. This was effecting a good deal more than I or any of the party expected a few hours before; there were 100 ewes in another place near by, but of these we could only get out a very few, and lost all hopes of saving the rest.

It was now wearing towards midday, and there were occasionally short intervals in which we could see about us for perhaps a score of yards, but we got only one momentary glance of the hills around us all that day. I grew quite impatient to be at my own charge, and leaving the rest I went away to them by myself, that is, I went to the division that was left far out on the hills, while our master and the ploughman volunteered to rescue those that were down on the lower ground. I found mine in miserable circumstances, but making all possible exertion, I got out about one half of them, which I left in a place of safety, and made towards home, for it was beginning to grow dark, and the storm was again raging, without any mitigation in all its darkness and deformity. I was not the least afraid of losing my way, for I knew all the declivities of the hills so well that I could have come home with my eyes bound up, and indeed long ere I got home they were of no use to me. I was terrified for the water, (Douglas Burn) for in the morning it was flooded and gorged up with snow in a dreadful manner,

and I judged that it would be quite impassable. At length I came to a place where I thought the water should be, and fell a boring and groping for it with my long staff. No, I could find no water, and began to dread that for all my accuracy I had gone wrong. I was greatly astonished, and standing still to consider, I looked up towards Heaven, I shall not say for what cause, and to my utter amazement thought I beheld trees over my head flourishing abroad over the whole sky. I never had seen such an optical delusion before, it was so like enchantment that I knew not what to think, but dreaded that some extraordinary thing was coming over me, and that I was deprived of my right senses. I remember I thought the storm was a great judgment sent on us for our sins, and that this strange phantasy was connected with it, an illusion effected by evil spirits. I stood a good while in this painful trance; at length, on making a bold exertion to escape from the fairy vision, I came all at once in contact with the old tower. Never in my life did I experience such a relief, I was not only all at once freed from the fairies, but from the dangers of the gorged river. I had come over it on some mountain of snow, I knew not how nor where, nor do I know to this day. So that, after all, they were trees that I saw, and trees of no great magnitude neither, but their appearance to my eyes it is impossible to describe. I thought they flourished abroad, not for miles, but for hundreds of miles, to the utmost verges of the visible heavens. Such a day and such a night may the eye of a shepherd never again behold. What befell to our literary meeting, and the consequences of the storm as I witnessed them, must be deferred to a future Number.

JAMES HOGG.

Eltrive,
April 15th, 1819.

OBSERVATIONS ON SALAME'S ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITION TO ALGIERS.*

THE author of this book, Mr Abraham Salamé, is a native of Alexandria in Egypt, but of a Syrian family. His grandfather, a merchant of high respectability at St. Jean d'Acre, was compelled to quit that city in consequence of some of the atrocities of Djezzar Pashaw, (the Butcher); and, the greater part of his children following him in his flight, the race of the Salamés seems now to be fairly transplanted. The family are all of the Christian persuasion, and their name, as our author is at great pains to inform us, signifies in the Arabic *peace* or *salutation;* and he explains his anxiety in regard to this point, by mentioning, that in Italian the same word is used to denote a particular kind of *sausage.*

In Alexandria young Salamé seems to have enjoyed considerable opportunities of improvement in his education. The immense variety of traders who inhabit or visit that city, gave occasion and facility for the acquisition of all the great dialects of the Arabic language, as well as of the Turkish and Italian, and the events which occurred about the close of the last and opening of the present century, furnished him with almost equal facilities for the more rare acquisition of a little French and a little English. In the course of a life of wandering mercantile adventure, Salamé has since improved all these advantages, and is now, it is probable, one of the best qualified persons in Europe for interpreting between Franks and Mahometans. His power of acquiring languages will indeed require no better illustration than what is afforded by the very singular volume before us. When Salamé came first to England, at the close of the year 1815, although he had some smattering knowledge of our language, he assures us, he could not have spelt the word *bread;* but such is his capacity, and such has been his diligence, that he has now presented us with an oc-

* A narrative of the expedition to Algiers in the year 1816, under the command of the Right Honourable Admiral Lord Viscount Exmouth; by Mr A. Salamé, a native of Alexandria, in Egypt, interpreter in his Britannic Majesty's service for the Oriental languages, who accompanied his Lordship for the subsequent negotiations with the Dey. London, Murray, 1819.

tavo volume, written entirely by himself (" in his own rough English," as he calls it) and certainly written in a style out of all comparison superior in expressiveness and vigour, and even we think in purity, to any thing that is to be found among the great majority of our native travellers and journalists. We are happy to observe, by various hints scattered throughout the volume, that its author by no means considers it as the *ultimatum* of his literary labours, and look forward with pleasure to the prospect of much information and much amusement, from the future productions of his ready and interesting pen.

Mr Salamé had been employed for several months in the English Foreign Office, before the period of Lord Exmouth's expedition, and was selected to accompany our excellent admiral in quality of interpreter. The important duties of this office seem to have been discharged by him in a manner highly creditable to himself, and entirely satisfactory to all his superiors; nor is this any slight praise—for those who are acquainted with the circumstances under which the expedition sailed, and with the obstacles thrown in the way of negotiation by the barbarous and obstinate jealousies of the Dey and his officers, will be sensible that a very rare degree of delicacy and management must have been demanded from the person who carried on the business of communication between Lord Exmouth and the Divan of Algiers. Salamé, like a true oriental, has thrown the whole of the negotiations into a dramatic form, and as he has besides given a drawing of the persons engaged in the conferences as they appeared at the time, nothing is wanting to complete our idea of the whole transaction. It is not often now-a-days that ordinary people are permitted to see so much into the minutiæ of public affairs; for despatches, military and naval, are in general as monotonous as a drum, and as dry as a sea-biscuit; and among all officers of the modern school, it is looked upon as the most *unknowing* thing in the world to talk over the incidents of their campaigns. We wish heartily that Mr Salamé had attended the Duke of Wellington throughout the peninsular war, or that some person who did so would have the goodness to write as full and amusing an account of those mighty things, as our Alexandrian has now given us of the comparatively small matters of Algiers.

We regret that Mr Salamé should have published his account in the form he has chosen. He should have been satisfied with a very small and a very cheap 12mo, and then his book would have sold; but since he has thought fit to beat the gold he really has, over so absurd an expanse of surface, and to charge 15s. for what, with all his beating, covers no more than a very puny 8vo. of 390 pages, we suspect few people will think of giving him a place on their shelves. But, however, that is none of our business—or rather, we should thank Mr Salamé for having adopted a course of conduct which cannot fail to add very much to the interest of the copious extracts we mean to borrow from him. Of these (for, to reviewers as well as to poets, there is nothing like rushing *in medias res*), the first shall be Salamé's account of the destruction of the batteries and ships of the Algerines. Our readers recollect that Lord Exmouth sent in a boat with a letter to the Dey, in which he demanded,

1st, The abolition of christian slavery.

2d, The delivery of all christian slaves in the kingdom of Algiers.—Besides, the restoration of all the money which had been paid for the redemption of slaves by the Kings of Naples and Sardinia since the commencement of the year.

Salamé was in the boat which carried the letter, and waited in it for two hours immediately below the batteries, in expectation of the Dey's answer. The signal being given at the expiration of that time, that no answer had been returned, Lord Exmouth immediately brought his whole fleet close under the walls, his own ship, the Queen Charlotte, casting anchor within a hundred yards of the great batteries on the Mole. But we must take up Salamé a little earlier.

" Mr Burgess, the flag-lieutenant, having agreed with me, we hoisted the signal, ' that *no answer had been given*;' and began to row away towards the Queen Charlotte. At this time I was very anxious to get out of danger; for, knowing their perfidious character, and observing that Lord Exmouth, on his seeing our signal, immediately gave order to the fleet to bear up, and every ship to take her position for

the attack, I had great fear that they (the Algerines) would fire on us;—in short, till I reached the Queen Charlotte, I was almost more dead than alive. After I had given my reports to the Admiral, of our meeting with the Captain of the port, and our waiting there, &c. I was quite surprised to see how his Lordship was altered from what I left him in the morning; for I knew that his manner was in general very mild, and now he seemed to me *all-fightful*, as a *fierce lion*, which had been chained in its cage, and was set at liberty. With all that, his Lordship's answer to me was, "*Never mind, we shall see now;*" and at the same time, he turned towards the officers saying, "*Be ready:*" whereupon I saw every one standing with *the match* or the *string of the lock* in his hand, most anxiously waiting for the word "*Fire!*"

"I remained on the poop with his Lordship, till the Queen Charlotte passed through all the enemy's batteries, without firing a gun. There were many thousand *Turks* and *Moors* looking on astonished, to see so large a ship coming all at once inside the mole, without caring for any thing. When we opened over the mole head, I saw, as I thought, a boat coming out, which I supposed was that of the Captain of the Port, and told his Lordship of it; but on looking with a glass, we found the mistake.

"During this time, the Queen Charlotte in a most gallant and astonishing manner, took up a position opposite the head of the mole, and we let go the anchor at three quarters past two o'clock, within eighty yards from the mole head batteries: but afterwards, having found that we had not more than two feet water under the bottom of the Queen Charlotte, his Lordship let go the cable for twenty yards more; and so we were within about one hundred yards of the mouths of their guns;—when Lord Exmouth took a position in such a masterly style, that not more than four or five guns could bear on us from the mole; though we were exposed to the fire of all their other batteries, and musketry, we gave them three *cheers;* and the batteries, as well as the walls, being crowded with troops, they jumped on the top of the parapets to look at us, for our broadside was higher than their batteries; and they were quite surprised to see a three-decker, with the rest of the fleet, so close on them. From what I observed of the Captain of the Port's manner, and of their confusion inside of the mole, (though they were making great preparations,) I am quite sure, that even themselves were not aware of what they were about, or what we meant to do; because, according to their judgment, they thought that we should be terrified by their fortifications, and not advance so rapidly and closely to the attack. In proof of this, I must observe, that at this point their guns were not even loaded; and they began to load them after the Queen Charlotte and almost all the fleet had passed their batteries. At a few minutes before three, the Algerines, from the Eastern battery, fired the first shot at the Impregnable, which, with the Superb and the Albion,* was astern of the other ships, to prevent them from coming in; then Lord Exmouth, having seen *only the smoke* of the gun before the sound reached him, said, with great alacrity, '*That will do; fire my fine fellows!*' and I am sure, that before his Lordship had finished these words, our broadside was given with great cheering, which was fired three times within five or six minutes; and at the same instant the other ships did the same. This first fire was so terrible, that they say more than five hundred persons were killed and wounded by it. And I believe this, because there was a great crowd of people in every part, many of whom, after the first discharge, I saw running away, under the walls, like dogs, walking upon their feet and hands.

"After the attack took place on both sides in this horrible manner, immediately the sky was darkened by the smoke, the sun completely eclipsed, and the horizon became dreary. Being exhausted by the heat of that powerful sun, to which I was exposed the whole day; and my ears being deafened by the roar of the guns, and finding myself in the dreadful danger of such a terrible engagement, in which I had never been before, I was quite at a loss, and like an astonished or stupid man, and did not know myself where I was. At last, his Lordship, having perceived my situation, said '*You have done your duty, now go below.*' Upon which I began to descend from the quarter deck, quite confounded and terrified, and not sure that I should reach the cockpit alive; for it was most tremendous to hear the crashing of the shot, to see the wounded men brought from one part, and the killed from the other; and especially at such a time to be found among the *English seamen!* and to witness their manners, their activity, their courage, and their cheerfulness during the battle!—it is really most overpowering and beyond imagination.

"On this subject I wish to give only one remark:—While I was going below, I was stopped near the hatchway by a crowd of seamen who were carrying two wounded men to the cockpit; and I had leisure to

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* The Superb and the Albion had almost reached their proper positions, but the Impregnable being rather slow, and the Algerines having opened a tremendous fire upon her, and the smoke being so thick that she could not distinguish her exact position, Admiral Milne was obliged to lie in that situation and begin the attack; and thus, unfortunately, was exposed to the Eastern and the Lighthouse batteries, which were very strong.

observe the management of those heavy guns of the lower deck; I saw the companies of the two guns nearest the hatchway, they wanted some *wadding*, and began to call "*wadding, wadding!*" but not having it immediately, two of them swearing, took out their knives and cut off the *breasts* of *their jackets* where the buttons are, and rammed them into the guns instead of *wadding*. I was really astonished to see such extraordinary magnanimity.

"At last I reached the cockpit; when Mr Dewar, the surgeon, Mr Frowd, the chaplain, and Mr Somerville, the purser, with some other friends, met me, and began to congratulate me on my safe return, for they never expected that I should escape; and they gave me something to eat and to drink, but I could eat nothing, I only drank a litttle wine and water. Now I wished to assure myself if I was out of danger or not, I asked them how much we were above water? They told me that we were pretty safe, because the cockpit was about two or three feet below the watermark, and that I had nothing to fear, as I was now out of the greatest danger.

"Upon this, I was rather relieved,—but having heard that several shots had passed through the Queen Charlotte between wind and water, and that the carpenter had been to stop the leaks, I then lost the idea of being quite safe, and I walked in the cockpit always fearful.—Afterwards, observing that the action was going on without an appearance of soon ceasing, I began to encourage myself by thinking, that every living being is uncertain of his existence, and that, throughout our life, we are continually exposed to the mercy of circumstances. And thus, I commenced assisting those poor wounded people after they were dressed; for, humanity and natural sensibility, at such a dreadful time, call upon every body to have pity, and to help the unfortunate.—Some of them could not walk; some could not see; and some were to be carried from one place to another. It was indeed a most pitiable sight;—but I think the most shocking sight in the world, is that of taking off *arms* and *legs*; in preference to beholding which, if I was a military man, I should certainly prefer to be on deck than being with the Doctor in the cockpit.

"From curiosity, I wished to observe the Doctor's operations. But while I was attending to the first one, which was that of taking off an arm, I could not bear it, and felt myself fainting away, especially when the Doctor began to saw the bone! I then went out of sight. At this time, I saw Lieutenant John Frederick Johnstone come down to the cockpit, wounded in his cheek.—After he had been dressed, and remained for a short time, laughing at me, he asked me to help him to put on his coat, and went to the hatchway, wishing to go on deck again; I then held him from behind by the shoulders to make him stop, and said, "Where are you going? you are wounded." In reply he said, "I am very well now, I must go." And so he went directly.

"After two hours time, I saw him, poor fellow, brought down to the cockpit again, by four seamen, with his left arm taken off quite from the shoulder, and it only hung by a little bit of flesh.

"When I met him in that horrible state, he could not bear to be carried on, but wished to be laid down where he was; and began to call, 'The Doctor, the Doctor;' when we all took care of him, and the doctor immediately came, and took off his arm quite from the joint of his shoulder. I saw that all the side of his breast was horribly torn. After he was dressed, we laid him on a *sofa*, with great care, and were all very sorry, because we never expected that he would live.

"About this time, I was sorry to see my friend Mr Grimes (his Lordship's secretary) conducted below; he had received several wounds from splinters, and was obliged to quit the deck from loss of blood.

"Having seen that the battle was going on favourably, and that the Algerines, after fighting extremely well for about five hours, began to slacken their firing, and that our seamen, every time that an Algerine frigate took fire, or any of the batteries were destroyed, gave a loud cheer, I began to have more courage, and jump up now and then to the lower deck to see what was going on; and so, for the rest of the action, I employed myself in passing the empty powder boxes to the magazine; because I found it more agreeable than attending the doctor.

"I observed with great astonishment that, during all the time of the battle, not one seaman appeared tired, not one lamented the dreadful continuation of the fight; but, on the contrary, the longer it lasted, the more cheerfulness and pleasure were amongst them;* notwithstanding, during the greater part of the battle, the firing was most tremendous on our side, particularly from this ship (the Queen Charlotte), the fire of which was kept up with equal fury, and never ceased, though his Lordship in several instances wished to cease firing for a short time, to make his observations, and it was with great difficulty that he could make the seamen stop for a few minutes.

"Several of the guns were so hot, that they could not use them again; some of them, being heated to such a degree, that when they fired them, they recoiled with their carriages, and fixed the wheels by making holes in the planks of the deck; and some of them were thrown out of their carriages, and so rendered quite useless.

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* I was told that some of the seamen's wives on board the *Severn* had employed themselves during the battle, in helping their husbands by passing them powder and shot.

"At eleven o'clock, P. M. his Lordship having observed the destruction of the whole Algerine navy, and the strongest parts of their batteries, with the city, made signal to the fleet to move out of the line of the batteries; and thus, with a favourable breeze, we cut our cables, as well as the whole of the squadron, and made sail, when our firing ceased at about half past eleven.

"When the action was over, Mr Stair (the gunner) came out from the magazine, and said, that he was about seventy years old, and that in his life he had been in more than twenty actions, but that he never knew or heard of any action that had consumed so great a quantity of powder as this.

"After the ships had hauled out, without any danger, (although the Algerines began to throw some shells from the higher castles) I went on the poop to see his Lordship, and to observe the effect of our shot on the enemy's batteries, and to behold the destruction of their navy, which, at this time, with the storehouses within the mole, was burning very rapidly.

"The blaze illuminated all the bay and the town, with the environs, almost as clear as in the day time; the view of which was really most awful and beautiful; nine frigates, and a great number of gun-boats, with other vessels, being all in flames, and carried by the wind to different directions in the bay.

"I observed, with great surprise, how, in these nine hours' time, our shot had effected so horrible a destruction of their batteries; instead of walls, I saw nothing but heaps of rubbish, and a number of people dragging the dead bodies out.

"When I met his Lordship on the poop, his voice was quite hoarse, and he had two slight wounds, one in the cheek, and the other in his leg.—Before I paid him my respects, he said to me, with his usual gracious and mild manner, 'Well, my fine fellow Salamé, what think you now?' In reply I shook hands with his Lordship, and said, 'My Lord, I am extremely happy to see your Lordship safe, and I am so much rejoiced with this glorious victory, that I am not able to express, in any terms, the degree of my happiness.'

"It was indeed astonishing to see the coat of his Lordship, how it was all cut up by musket ball, and by grape; it was behind, as if a person had taken a pair of scissars and cut it all to pieces. We were all surprised at the narrow escape of his Lordship.

"At one o'clock in the morning, we anchored, with all the fleet in the middle of the bay; immediately after, Admiral Van Cappellan came on board; and after having paid his congratulations to his Lordship, he said, 'My Lord, I am quite happy if I die now, after having got full satisfaction from these pirates; and we owe a great deal to your Lordship for your gallant position with the Queen Charlotte, which was the safety and the protection of more than five hundred persons of our squadron.'

"After we had anchored, his Lordship, having ordered his steward in the morning to keep several dishes ready, gave a grand supper to the officers of the ship, and drank to the health of every brave man in the fleet.

"We also drank to his Lordship's health, and then every body went to sleep, almost like dead men."

Next morning, as our readers will remember,* Lord Exmouth again put

* Salamé gives a table of the shot expended in this action, which we transcribe, in the belief that it will open quite a new view to the great majority of our readers.

A List of the general Consumption of Powder and Shot, on board the British and Dutch Squadrons, in the attack upon Algiers, under Admiral Lord Exmouth's command, on the 27th August 1816.

On board of the British Squadron.

Names of Ships.	Pounds of Powder.	Round Shot.	Shells of 13& 16 in.
Queen Charlotte	30,424	4462	
Impregnable	28,800	6730	
Minden	24,536	4710	
Superb	23,200	4500	
Albion	22,520	4110	
Leander	21,700	3680	
Glasgow	13,460	3000	
Severn	12,910	2920	
Hebrus	9780	2755	
Granicus	9960	2800	
Mutine	808	341	
Prometheus, Britomart, Heron, and Cordelia under weigh	3560	1200	
	201,658	41,208	
Fury, a Bomb	3577		320
Infernal, Hecla, and Beelzebub; three Bombs	11,423		640
Total in the British Squadron	216,658	41,208	960

every thing in order for renewing his bombardment, but before commencing firing, he sent a second letter to the Dey, proposing the same conditions which had been rejected on the preceding morning. With this letter also Salamé went near to the shore, and while waiting for the answer, he had abundant leisure to observe the devastation caused by the fire of yesterday.

"During this time, I was indeed quite surprised to see the horrible state of the batteries and the mole, since the preceding day. I could not now distinguish how it was erected, nor where the batteries had stood, as well as many fine houses which I had seen in the city the day previous. And I observed too, that they had not more than four or five guns mounted on their carriages, and that of all the rest, some were dismounted, and some buried in the rubbish. Besides this, all the bay was full of the hulks of their navy, smoking in every direction, and the water out and inside of the mole was all black, covered with charcoal and half-burnt pieces of wood. But the most shocking and dreadful sight was, the number of the dead bodies which were floating on the water.—Among these bodies, we saw a white one, which afterwards, on finding it was one of our seamen, we took with us on board."

The conversations between the Dey on the one hand, and Sir James Brisbane and Admiral Penrose on the other, are afterwards described with much effect; but we have room only for what relates to the treatment of the British consul. He, it will be recollected, was thrown into chains at the first alarm of the fleet, and his wife and child with difficulty escaped in naval uniforms. His house also had been plundered, and for all this, redress was now demanded. Salamé has really contrived to represent, in a very picturesque manner, the sulky submission of the Barbarian.

"Captain Brisbane.—Lord Exmouth desires, that your Highness will punish all those people who insulted our Consul, for he (Lord Exmouth) persuades himself that it was done without your orders. And he also desires, that reparation may be made to the Consul, for the losses he has sustained, to the amount of 3,000 dollars: Should this sum be too much, he (the Consul) will return the overplus, [at present the damages done are uncertain, the Consul not having had time to examine his property;] and should it be insufficient, your Highness shall make up the deficiency.

"The Dey.—The persons who insulted the Consul are impertinent and low people unknown to me, and did it without my order. And, with respect to the things that the Consul says he has lost, I have already inquired, and been told that he had lost nothing.

"The Consul.—I can show the Dey all the people who insulted and robbed me, for I know them individually.

"The Dey.—Suppose I take them and cut their heads off, will it do the Consul any good?

"Captain Brisbane.—We do not wish to have any body's head cut off; we wish that you should punish them by bastinados, and put them in irons, as our Consul was: The Consul will show you what things have been stolen and damaged by your people, because we do not desire to make you pay without a cause. And in case you do not wish to punish those people who insulted the Consul,—as you say they are unknown to you, your Highness may, instead, make a public apology to Mr M'Donell, for, the indignities offered to him, and the detention of our two boats, are insults shewn to the English nation; therefore, we cannot pass over this point.

"The Dey—(in confusion)—I know it was

On board of the Dutch Squadron.

Names of Ships.	Pounds of Powder.	Round Shot.	Shells of 13 & 16 in.
Diana	12,846	2910	
The other 5 ships	33,273	7238	
Total in the Dutch Squadron . .	46,119	10,148	
TOTALS.			
Consumption in the British Squadron . . .	216,658	41,208	960
Ditto in the Dutch Squadron . .	46,119	10,148	
Grand Total of the consumption of powder and shot on board the two Squadrons . . .	262,777	51,356	960

"These incredible quantities of powder and shot, which are nearly 118 tons of the former, and more than 500 tons of the latter, were spent in the course of about nine hours. And, I think, the Algerines very justly observed, *That Hell had opened its mouth upon them through the English ships.*"

wrong on our part; but, if you were in my place, what would you do?—and besides, I never expected the English Government would reduce me to this state.

"Salamé.—I think it was not our fault.

"The Dey.—How? on the day before yesterday, after you brought me the Admiral's letters, and while my answer was almost ready, the fleet came all at once, and took its position inside the mole: if Lord Exmouth had to make any demands of me, he ought to have anchored where he is now; and not to come with the three-deckers, within pistol-shot, under our batteries.

"Salamé.—Lord Exmouth only did his duty: The proper situation for the fleet was where his Lordship placed it, that he might enforce the demands made in his Sovereign's name. And if your Highness had your letters ready, as you say, but not by the specified time, you might have sent a message to ask one or two hours more, which his Lordship perhaps would have granted to you; but instead, you answered by firing.

"The Dey.—I was obliged by the people to fire, because, when they saw your fleet taking its position, they began to rebel against me: yet, I know it was our fault, and now, all is done by God's decree, let us forget the past, and I hope to be better friends than ever with England.*

"Salamé.—What does your Highness mean to do about 3,000 dollars, and the apology to the Consul?

"The Dey—(with anger)—I shall give him the 3,000 dollars, and do not wish to receive any part of the sum back; and I shall make an apology.

"Captain Brisbane.—Are you sorry for the violent measures you adopted, in the heat of the moment, towards the British Consul, and do you beg pardon for the same?

"The Dey—(very cross)—Yes, I do.

"Salamé.—But, it is necessary that your Highness should address these words to the Consul; or, as you do not know the language, if you please to authorize me, or any of your people, to repeat them to him.

"The Dey—(more cross)—Very well, you may say what you please to the Consul.

"Salamé—(with pretended mildness)—I beg your pardon, without your Highness' dictation, I can say nothing on my part.

"No reply from the Dey for a few minutes; but he had his hand playing with his beard, and was so agitated and astonished, that he looked as if he would rather have *died* than submit to such disgrace.—He really showed his natural wickedness, and was looking at me with such angry eyes, that if it had been in his power, he certainly would have cut me in pieces. The Captain of the Port, observing his manner, and having seen Lord Exmouth's resolution, came behind him, and with a low voice, not to let me hear, said, 'My Lord, it cannot be helped, you must submit, that *yellow haired man must now triumph.*'*

"Upon this, the Dey turned to me and said, What do you wish to say to the Consul? Only the same words; I said. He then with much vexation, after I had explained them to him again, dictated to me word by word; and so I repeated his dictation, in English and in French† to Mr M'Donell, who afterwards addressed the Dey, and said, 'I accept, with pleasure, your apology, as a sign of sincerity; I shall forget every thing that has passed, and I hope to be happy in your friendship.'"

In a subsequent part of the narrative, we are informed that "the Dey, throughout the conversation of this day, appeared quite thunderstruck; his tongue was bound in his mouth, and his lips were sticking one to the other, so that he could not explain what he wished to say." We wish we could transfer to our pages, Salamé's excellent sketch of the old savage sitting cross-legged on his sofa, with his bare feet gathered close under him—his long grisly beard—his downward, unwilling, sullen stare—and his pipe held doggedly in his hand, with the vain ambition of seeming tranquil. The more open ferociousness of his attendant Janissaries, and the quiet firmness of the English officers, afford a fine contrast to the restless, repressed malice of the principal figure.

The delightful conclusion of all the terrors of the battle, afforded by the spectacle of the Christian slaves restored to liberty by its result, is touched upon with much feeling by Lord Exmouth himself, in his de-

* The Dey, by representing to us all these pretended excuses, thought that we would accept them as true: in this he found himself in a great mistake.

* This means Mr M'Donell, because he had red hair; and the Captain of the Port wished to say, that, as the Consul has been so badly treated, now this is the time of his triumph. But, he (the Captain of the Port) said these words to the Dey, in an ambiguity, and with a low voice, not to let me understand him. Yet though I was talking with Captain Brisbane, my ears were listening to him.

† I explained the Dey's apology to Mr M'Donell, in English, and in French too, because I suspected there were some other persons listening to us; and therefore I wished to let them hear it and understand it quite clear on purpose.

spatch, but it would be injustice to Salamé to omit his description of the same affecting scene.

"Friday the 30th.—At two o'clock I went on shore to receive the slaves in the town; on my way, I met the consul's man with a letter for his Lordship, announcing that all the slaves were arrived from the interior, amounting to upwards of one thousand. Orders were then given to the fleet to send a sufficient number of boats to bring them off, and likewise two transports were ordered to go near the town to receive them. When I arrived on shore, it was the most pitiful sight, to see all those poor creatures, in what a horrible state they were; but, it is impossible to describe the joy and cheerfulness of them. When our boats came inside of the mole, I wished to receive them, (the slaves) from the captain of the port, by number, but could not, because they directly began to push and throw themselves into the boats by crowds, ten or twenty persons together, so that it was impossible to count them; then I told him, that we should make an exact list of them, in order to know to what number they amounted. It was, indeed, a most glorious, and an ever memorably merciful act, for England, over all Europe, to see these poor slaves, when our boats were shoving, with them, off the shore, all at once take off their hats, and exclaim in Italian, "*Viva il Ré d'Ingliterra, il padre, eterno! e 'l Ammiraglio Inglese che ci ha liberato da questo secondo inferno.*—"*Long live the king of England, the eternal father! and the English admiral who delivered us from this second hell!*"* and afterwards, they began to prove what they had suffered, by beating their breasts, and loudly swearing at the Algerines.

"I spoke with some of these unfortunate people who had been for thirty-five years in slavery.

"The cruel treatment of these poor slaves, being, in an excessive degree, barbarous, my feelings do not permit me to describe it in detail; but I only wish to present a little idea of it by mentioning the following points.—When the Algerines, or any of the Barbary pirates, take an European vessel, they seize their goods and every other thing, (but sometimes they do not touch the money that the prisoners possess in their pockets,) and they put them immediately in chains: there are three classes of chains, viz.—Of one hundred, of sixty, and of thirty pounds weight; the one hundred pounders are for strong men; the sixty for old men; and the thirty pounders for young persons: these heavy chains are placed round the body as a sash, with a long piece of chain hung on the right leg, and joined by a heavy ring to be placed on the foot.—All these chains are shut by a lock, and never can be taken off. Thus, these poor slaves must walk any distance whatever, and work, and sleep, and live always with these chains; the marks of which, I have seen round their bodies, and their legs, in very deep furrows eaten into the flesh, which becomes black, and as hard as bone; the sight of which is really a most heart-breaking thing. After these poor creatures are put in chains, they make them work at the hardest works: as cutting stone from the mountains; felling trees; carrying sand and stones for building; moving guns from one place to another, and such kinds of laborious works. (N. B.) They have no machines to facilitate the workmen, all must be done by the strength of these poor people. Every ten slaves are bound together, and guided by a guard with a whip in his hand; and if any one of them has occasion to perform any natural evacuation, they must all go together, whether by night or day. They sleep altogether on the ground, in a large stable, with a *mat* under them; if any of them have money, then they can make themselves rather more comfortable.

The number of slaves thus liberated was in all 1083, and their country, and the mode in which they were disposed of, are contained in this Table.

A return of Slaves, released by Admiral Lord Exmouth at Algiers, by virtue of the Treaty of the 28th of August 1816.

Of what Nation.	No	
Neapolitans	471	Proceeded to Naples in the transports Trafalgar, Maria and Friends.
Sicilians .	256	
Romans . .	173	Proceeded to Naples in his Majesty's ship the Severn.
Tuscans .	6	
Spaniards .	161	Proceeded to the coast of Spain in the Spanish Brig Alexander, on the night of the 31st August, without Lord Exmouth's orders.
Portuguese .	1	
Greeks . .	7	Proceeded to Malta in his Majesty's sloop the Wasp, on her way to Constantinople.
Dutch . .	28	Delivered to Admiral Van Capellan, by Lord Exmouth's orders.
	Total 1085.	

We shall conclude our extracts with a passage, the introduction of which we cannot help regarding as a little forced; but which we doubt not will afford gratification, in particular to our fair readers. In a preceding article of this Magazine, they will be amused by seeing what a different view of the same subject has been taken by another person who has travelled a great deal, although not quite so much as Mr Salamé.

* Even I, who had hardly done any thing in the battle, when I heard the exclamation of these poor people, was quite delighted, and forgot every danger and labour, that we had passed, in the happiness of seeing them released.

"Sincerely indeed, and without any flattery, I cannot refrain from expressing my high admiration of the English customs and manners, over all other nations that are known to me; not only with regard to the ladies, but of the national character altogether: what I remarked naturally characteristic in them is, that if an Englishman wishes to be your friend, he immediately shows you his hearty friendship; and, if he does not, he will sincerely explain, that he does not like you, without any further compliments.—But the other nations that I know of, always use a kind of dissimulation, which prevents you from knowing a sincere friend, unless you become acquainted with him for a long time. And, it is the same with regard to the character of the English ladies—that is, they always keep their endowments without any affectation. The simplicity of their dress, the genuineness of their manners, and the purity of their conversations, are, in my opinion, far superior and more agreeable than those of any other nation.—I observed very few indeed, of the English ladies, who wished to make use of affectation, and of them I immediately took notice, because they were the only ones in the company who wished to exaggerate their manners. But, in all other parts of the world where I have been, even in my native country, I always observed, that all the ladies in general use a great deal of affectation, in their manners, in their dressing, in their walking, in their speaking, and in short, in all their movements; which, I think, is a very disagreeable thing; for, even if the lady is naturally handsome, she will, by using these unpleasant artifices, spoil her beauty, and her merit will then become very questionable.

THE NEW WHIG GUIDE.*

When a Whig wit—and there are a few such characters among that dull Party—produces a political pasquinade, a most uncommon ferment ensues over the land. Good heavens! what a noise of trumpets! At the corner of every street stands a young man of that persuasion, with his tiny bugle at his lips, puffing away with a pair of cheeks that might set Boreas at defiance. Then, only look at the newspapers. The Morning Chronicle crows like chanticleer at sunrise—and the sulky Scotsman growls delighted like Polito's Polar monster, when a pailfull of brine is thrown over him. The very writers of the Lottery-school are pressed into the service, and the incautious reader finds himself suddenly precipitated through a trap-door into the midst of the "Fudge Family in Paris."

It is a pity that the Whigs should be such charlatans. This eternal puffing blows nobody good. But besides, they should consider how ridiculous, and indeed contemptible, they thus become. Is wit so rare a commodity with them, that the appearance of the smallest quantity of it seems to change their poverty into wealth? Is there not a want of proper self-respect in thus fastening upon the passing public, and insisting upon its turning up its eyes in astonishment at the display of their exceeding riches? Consider likewise with yourselves, that two small volumes of clever scurrilous poems, however honourable they may be to the writer of them, do not reflect an equal glory on the reader—and that, though a man of genius, may, highly to his own credit, abuse his prince and benefactor in language which has been well called, "the concentrated essence of blackguardism,"† no other person could adopt such odious slang without voluntarily losing cast in society. We therefore tenderly beseech you, our dull young Whigs, to leave off the puffing system—to become less flatulent of praise—no more "windy suspiration of forced breath"—lay down your penny trumpets, and let your cheeks relapse for a season into their former selves.

We have often been amused to hear our good friends the Whigs on the subject of "personalities" in literary compositions, and we intend very soon to illustrate their opinions on that point by some "Specimens of Scurrility" in their most approved and standard works—from the Edinburgh Review down to the Examiner newspaper. From that last precious performance, we shall select with all becoming caution——with the fear of the society for the suppression of vice before our eyes—and pick our steps, as clean-

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* London: printed for W. Wright, 46, Fleet Street, 1819.

† See Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, &c.

ly as we may, through the indecency, profanity, sedition, and private slander of Mr Leigh Hunt. We have reason to know that the Whig party have of late lost many of their more respectable adherents, by their outrageous passion for personalities. A Whig is a vituperative animal—the love of abuse seems engrained with his very nature, and the moment he is fully awake, he looks about him with a quarrelsome face, and prepares to fall foul of somebody or other. It is indeed an unhappy lot to be an Oppositionist—to his eyes the most quiet objects in this world are all drawn up in battle array against him—whatever *is* is wrong; and should he, by a strange fatality, see something that is right, he becomes still more and more irritated. Being peevish, sour, discontented, disappointed, and hopeless, no wonder that he should become offensively personal.

But, would you believe it, the Whigs pride themselves on the extreme gravity of their dispositions and manners—and should there be one among them more truculent than his fellows—it is he who gives himself the airs of a Favonius. Should a harsh word be breathed from Tory-lips against such gentle swain—what a thrill of horror from Temple-Bar to Albemarle Street! It is well remarked in the Quarterly Review, that Mr Brougham indulges in personal invective to an extent irreconciliable with the possession of first rate talents—and yet that gentleman's friends are thrown into a cold sweat at hearing him, half in jest half in earnest, called a Charlatan. The brutal, or rather the insane ferocity of that man has frequently broken out to the consternation of his best friends—and it is possible that they may consider him a priviliged person. If so, we wish to know more distinctly from the friends of the Charlatan, on what this privilege is founded.

But we must no longer detain our readers from the amusement which we are sure they will derive from a few specimens of Tory-wit. The New Whig Guide is generally attributed to a very clever, lively, and sarcastic person of some political notoriety—and though the author is assuredly not quite equal to the Cannings—and Freres, and the other Antijacobins—he is a smart hitter enough—dangerous in a rally—and not unfrequently successful at a cross buttock. The following is a full report of the trial of Henry Brougham for mutiny:

"THE TRIAL OF HENRY BROUGHAM FOR MUTINY.

"*Sittings before Lord Grenville and a Special Jury of the Whig Club.*

"HENRY BROUGHAM was indicted, in the usual form, on the three following counts:

"1st, That the said Henry Brougham hath, on sundry occasions, treated with disrespect the rightful and legitimate Leader of the Party, viz. the Right Honourable George Ponsonby, contrary to good manners, and the said George, his place and dignity.

"2dly, That he, the said Henry Brougham hath, on sundry times, made divers propositions or motions, without having communicated the same to the Right Honourable George Ponsonby,—such conduct being contrary to the Rules and Regulations of the Party—disrespectful to the Right Honourable George Ponsonby, and unbecoming the character of a Member of Opposition.

"3dly. That he, the said Henry Brougham, did, on or about the 29th March, declare to a Member of Parliament, that it was his opinion that the Right Honourable George Ponsonby was "an old woman," or words to that effect.

"The charges being distinctly read by Sir W. W. Wynne, the Prisoner pleaded not guilty.

"Counsel for the Prosecution, Sir Arthur Pigott; Mr Charles Wynne.

"For the Prisoner, Mr Abercrombie, Mr Bennet; Mr Lambton.

"Sir A P. opened the case in a short speech of about two hours and a half, in which he took occasion, as explanatory of the present charge, to read the Annual Mutiny Bill verbatim, and to insist on the absolute necessity of good order and discipline in all constituted society; he then proceeded to call witnesses on behalf of the Prosecution.

"The Right Honourable George Ponsonby.

"Q. You are a Member of Parliament? A. I am.

"Q. I believe, Mr Ponsonby, you hold the office of Leader of the Opposition? A. I do.

"Q. Is it an office of honour and distinction? A. It is *not*, to the best of my knowledge.

"I beg your pardon, I had been misinformed. Do you know the Prisoner at the Bar? A. I do.

"Q. Has he interfered with your rightful Privileges as Leader of the Opposition? A. I consider that he has interfered very

unwarrantably. He has made motions and put questions without consulting me. In particular, he made a motion respecting the affairs of Spain, without giving me any intimation of it.

" Q. He left you wholly ignorant and uninformed on the Spanish question? A. Wholly ignorant and uninformed on that and every other subject.

" Q. In consequence of the unwarrantable conduct of the Prisoner, have the functions, duties, and profits of your office been diminished? A. They have.

" Q. On what matters do you now occupy yourself? A. I put questions to the Chancellor of the Exchequor as to the day on which he will bring forward any particular business—I move for the printing of papers presented to the House—I state my opinion, that I am not bound to commit myself until the papers are printed and in the hands of Members—I call order when Mr Pascoe Grenfell is speaking, and so forth.

" *Cross-examined by Mr Abercrombie.*

" Q. Pray, Sir, by whom were you appointed Leader of the Opposition? A. I do not feel myself bound to answer that question.

" Court.—The witness is not bound—State secrets are not to be disclosed.

" Q. Pray, Mr Ponsonby, how long did you hold the office of Chancellor of Ireland? A. Seven months—and five days.

" Q. Did you receive any, and what pension, in retiring from that office? A. I now receive *four thousand pounds* per annum.

" Mr Abercrombie.—The witness may go down.

" Mr Lambton.—The witness has been *going down* for some time past. *(A loud laugh.)*

" Mr Kirkman Finlay.

" *Examined by Sir A. Pigott.*

" [It being stated that the Witness had some difficulty in explaining himself in English, Mr ——— was sworn interpreter.]

" Q. What is your name? A. Finlay, of Glasgow.

" Q. Your Christian name? A. Caarkman.

" Court.—What is the witness's name?

" Sir A. Pigott.—Kirkman, my Lord—in my brief.

" Q. What is your profession, Mr Finlay? A. A Member of Parliament.

" Q. Do you know the Prisoner? A. I do.

" Q. Where have you seen him? A. In debating sacieties i' the North.

" Q. Do you recollect the 26th March? A. I do.

" Q. Did you observe any thing particular in the conduct of the Prisoner towards the Right Hon. George Ponsonby on that day? A. I ded.

" Q. Relate what you observed to the Court? A. The House was in Kommittee, Mr Ponsonby had rose to spak, but the Prisoner having rose after him, parsisted to spak, and tapped him on the shoulder, and said ' Set down—set down, I'm in possassion of the Kommittee.'

" Q. Were you in a position from which you could see the action of the Prisoner? A. I was—I was setting behind the Trashery Bench.

" *Cross-examined by Mr Bennet.*

" Q. As the witness sits behind the Treasury Bench, perhaps he also goes to the Treasury? A. I do constantly.

" Q. Do you frequently communicate with the Treasury? A. Constantly.

" Q. Then I ask you, Sir, whether you do not support the Government. A. Upon my *oth* I do not.

" Lord Duncannon.

" *Examined by Sir A. Pigott.*

" Sir A. Pigott.—Please, my Lord, to turn your head to the Court.

" Q. What are you? A. Son to the Earl of Besborough.

" Q. I mean what is your profession or occupation? A. I am whipper-in to the Opposition, and occasionally report for the *Morning Chronicle.*

" Q. You know the House of Commons well? A. I do.

" Q. Do you consider the Prisoner at the Bar to be of the least use to any party? A. Yes—of the greatest use to the party he opposes. *(A laugh.)*

" Q. Have Members of the O complained to you of the conduct of the Prisoner? A. Frequently.

" Q. Have the goodness to name one? A. Peg Wharton.

" Q. What was Mr Wharton's observation on the Prisoner? A. He said he thought he was a cursed bore, or something to that effect, and that he could not understand him.

" Q. Do you recollect any other? A. Yes—Mr Plumer.

" Q. Did Mr Plumer make any comment or critique upon the Prisoner? A. He said ' he was a d—d long-winded lawyer,' and repeated the same thing fifty times over.

" Q. What do you mean: was it Mr Plumer or the Prisoner who repeated the same thing fifty times over? A. Both.

" Sir A. Pigott observed, that he should now proceed to establish the 3d charge against the Prisoner—namely, that he had called Mr Ponsonby ' an old woman.' He observed, that this charge would rest on the evidence of an informer—admitted this was always suspicious evidence—but strongly urged that it was not to be always and altogether refused. He called the Hon. Frederic Douglas.

" The Hon. Frederic Douglas.

" Q. You are an independent man, I believe, Mr Douglas? A. I am.

" Q. You are in the habit of conversing indiscriminately with men of all political parties. A. I am.

" Q. And each man with whom you converse would suppose you to belong to the same party to which he himself belongs? A. Of course—if he did not know me.

" Q. Have you ever conversed with the Prisoner at the Bar? A. I have.

" Q. On what occasion? A. The Prisoner had made a speech, which I understood as an attack on a Great Person, and I told him I thought it was a fine speech.

" Q. What answer did the Prisoner make? A. He said, It was—a very fine speech.

" Q. Did you make any other observation? A. I said, I thought he (the Prisoner) ought to be Leader; and asked him, in confidence, what he thought of Mr Ponsonby,

" Q. What did he answer? A. He said Mr Ponsonby was an old woman, and ought to be turned to the right about.

" *Cross-examined by Mr Abercrombie.*

" Mr Abercrombie.—Put down your hat, Sir, and answer my questions.

" Q. You have had the good fortune, I believe, Mr Douglas, to have belonged to every party in the State? A. I cannot quite say that—I have not been long in public life, but I have been tolerably indiscriminate in my connexions.

" Q. You told the Prisoner that you wished to see him Leader? A. I did.

" Q. Now I ask you, upon your oath, whether you did not tell Mr Vansittart that you thought him a mischievous firebrand? A. I did, but that was last Session.

" Q. Has any inducement been held out to you to inform against the Prisoner? A. I do not understand the question.

" Q. I ask you, upon your oath, whether you expect any advantage from informing against the Prisoner? A. (after some pause) I do not.

" Q. You have no promise or expectation of place or preferment held out to you by the Prosecutor or his friends? A. I do not deny that I have an expectation or promise.

" Q. Then I ask the witness how he dare affirm that he expects no advantage from the information he has given? A. I beg to state, that I see no inconsistency at all. I have a promise, but little or no expectation; every body knows that promises of this nature are not always fulfilled.

" Q. What place were you promised? A. Clerk of the Kitchen.

" Q. Was that the place you applied for? A. No, I wished to be Secretary of State.

" Q. What answer was made to this wish? A. That there were already sixteen candidates for Secretaryships of State, (exlusive of Mr B. Gordon, and Mr P. Moore) and that I had no chance.

" Case for the prosecution closed.

" The Prisoner attempted to set up an alibi, by the waiter of the Exchequer Coffee-house, but failed, it being clearly proved that he had spoken thirty-two times, on the night on which he alleged he was absent from the House.

" Several witnesses to character were called.

" Messrs Creevey, Cochrane, and Cobbett, General Ferguson, Mr Grant, Mr Wishart, and Mr Paul Methuen, severally spoke to the Prisoner's character.

" The Prisoner being called upon for his defence, said, he threw himself upon the mercy of the Court. He was willing to retract any thing he had ever said—solemnly denied that he had meant any thing disrespectful to Mr Ponsonby by calling him an old woman, and saw nothing in the character of old women that should make it a matter of reproach to be likened to one of that respectable and valuable class of society.

" The Jury, after a very long deliberation, found the Prisoner Guilty, but recommended him to mercy, on the ground of his having vilified the Prince Regent. But his Lordship, from the Bench, acquainted the Jury, that he should not transmit this recommendation. He would, however, postpone passing sentence till the end of the Sessions."

The knowledge of naval affairs, displayed in the following account of a sea-fight, would do credit even to a secretary of the admiralty.

FAILURE OF THE BUCCANEERS, AND LOSS OF THE BROOM FIRE-SHIP.

March 1816.

" It is with the liveliest satisfaction that we announce to the public the failure of the above enterprize, and the total destruction of the Broom fire-ship, in an action in St Stephen's Bay, during the night of Wednesday, the 20th instant. This Buccanner expedition was destined for a *coup de main* against the royal arsenals in Treasury Harbour, which they intended to plunder and burn, if they could not keep permanent possession of them.

" Up to the above-mentioned day the fleet had proceeded with apparent success, under the command of the Ponsonby flag-ship, an old hulk fitted up for the occasion: it consisted principally of the Tierney hired trader, the Wynne, armed *en flute*, the Monck, a North country collier, the Milton, a heavy lugger, the Curwen *tender*, the Broom fire-ship, the Gordon bum-boat, accompanied by some other Callcraft.

" On Monday the 18th, they had gained a considerable advantage over a squadron of revenue cutters, led by the Vansittart, which they defeated in Property Roads, by the assistance of a fleet of *country ships*, whom they decoyed to their aid by hoisting false colours. The Vansittart, however, we are happy to say, was not much damaged by the action, and though driven to the Straights for the moment, will soon be refitted in the London Docks. This partial success seems to have emboldened the Buccanners, and in some degree to have hastened their defeat, by relaxing the discipline of the squadron.

They began to disregard the signals of the the Ponsonby, and many quarrels arose about the future distribution of their captured booty. On the evening of the 20th, as they were standing on under easy sail, the Methuen, an empty vessel, leading the way, the Broom fire-ship insisted upon running in to blow up Fort Regent: the Ponsonby flag-ship remonstrated against the attempt, alleging that they should only lose time by it; that the defences of Fort Regent were strong, and they were sure of being repulsed; that it would create an alarm, and raise the country people against them; and that it would be better to wait till they had got possession of Treasury Harbour, and then they might demolish Fort Regent at their leisure. The Broom, however, relying upon her store of combustibles, and particularly the quantity of brimstone she had taken on board, disobeyed orders, and setting all sail, stood right in upon Fort Regent, blazing away on all sides. It was soon observed, however, that her fire was ill directed, and that more of her shot hit her friends than the Fort, and the rest of the fleet therefore hauled off, and stood aloof from her, contenting themselves with cheering her as she bore down in her attack.

"The mistake made by the Broom now became manifest: a tremendous cannonade was opened upon her; she tried to *manœuvre* to get out again, but failed; she missed stays, and mismanaged her *royals*, and she was soon so dreadfully cut up that she lay like a log upon the water. At this time a fresh fire was opened upon her flank by the Martello tower on the Banks, supported by a detachment from the Saintes, and this completely silenced her.

"The night was now so far advanced as to put an end to the engagement. The Broom was now seen *lying* in a pitiable condition. Her friends, however, determined to make an attempt to get her off, and about five in the afternoon, the Ponsonby sheer-hulk, and the Tierney hired trader, accompanied by the Bennet convict-ship, and the Gordon bum-boat, came down into St. Stephen's Bay, in order to try to tow her out. The Broom, however, would not answer the helm, was found quite unmanageable, and although she seemed to float for a moment, yet a well-directed fire, which was instantly poured into her from Castle-Ray, laid her upon her beam ends again.

"What is now to become of her we have no means of guessing; whether they will attempt to get her under way with a *jury* rigging, or appropriate her to the *press* we know not. It seems certain that all the captains of the other ships would object to her ever being again brought forward in the line of battle."

Fearing the Broughamites to weep over these personal attacks on their gentle idol, we direct their attention to a mild and simple letter from an American quaker:

"TO MR TOBIAS BRANDE, OF BIGMUDDY, MARYLAND, UNITED STATES.

"No 5, Bearbinder-lane,
the 3d day of the 4th month.

"FRIEND TOBIAS,—Thou hast oftentimes enjoined me to send thee some particulars concerning the persons who are called the Opposition in this country, and whom thou rightly considerest as better friends to the States than any federalist between Blowing-Fly-Creek and Passamaquoddy Bay. That I may be the better enabled to comply with thy injunction, I have posted myself from day to day in the gallery of the Parliament House, and have collected by inquiries from others, and my own observation, much curious information, of which I will now, God willing, impart to thee a portion.

"Thou first inquirest what are the numbers of the Opposition: of this matter I cannot tell thee more, than that I have seen their numbers vary from three to twenty-three or thereabouts. On the very last night I was there, their muster-roll was the strongest, amounting to twenty-one in a lump or compact body, and some two or three stragglers at the bar.

"As for their persons and appearance, which thou requirest me to describe, it may suffice that I tell thee, that they very much resemble an equal number of Members of Congress. Thou wouldst say that I spoke from prejudice and partial affection, if I were to affirm what doth nevertheless appear to me—that on the whole they were not quite so well favoured.

"They call a short and squattish gentleman of the name of Ponsonby, their Leader—but my mind misgives me if there be not more than one half who are loth to follow him. The leader is, as verily he ought to be, a very cautious guide, and rarely propoundeth he any thing which can be contradicted or objected to. There is so much sameness and discretion in his style, that I can enable thee to judge of any quantity of it by a small sample. Discoursing of a treaty of peace, quoth the Leader—' I cannot pronounce any opinion upon this treaty, Mr Speaker, until I have read it. No one has a right, Mr Speaker, to call on me for an opinion upon this treaty until I have read it. This treaty cannot be printed and in the hands of Members before Tuesday next at noon—and then, and not until then, Mr Speaker, will I, for one, form my opinion—upon this treaty. I am not such a fool as I am generally supposed to be.' Here he pauseth, and raising his spectacles with his hand, and poising them dexterously on his forehead, he looketh steadily at the Speaker for some moments.

"Whitbread (not Whitebread, as thou callest him) hath more weight, I think, than the Leader. He is a very boisterous and lengthy speaker, and strongly reminded me of Bully Pycroft of Kentucky, whom

thou knowest, though he is inferior to Pycroft in taste and elegance.

"There is a man of the name of Tierney, one not of many words, but who appeareth to me mighty shrewd and sensible. 'I will wager a dollar that that is an honest man,' said I, one evening, to my neighbours in the gallery; upon which they all cried 'done,' and laughed very heartily: I know not why.

"These three, together with a small Baronet from Ireland, of a most cantanckerous turn, and a Member from Scotland, chiefly remarkable for his silken small-clothes and hose, call they 'the *great guns*.'

"I will now speak to thee of some of the smaller fry, who, nevertheless, consider themselves just as big as their betters, and walk up to their seats in the Parliament House with huge bundles of papers under their arms, with great solemnity.

"I must first tell thee of my friend, Mr Will Martin, with whom I have formed an acquaintance, and in whose company I take great delight. I dined with him at the chophouse last Wednesday, and, to say the truth, found him a man after my own kidney. As a public speaker, he is chiefly noticed for a strange habit, that whenever he openeth his mouth, he taketh that opportunity of closing his eyes.

"There is one Mr Gordon, a middle-aged gentleman with a grave visage, who hath an appropriate but unseemly cognomen, which, as thou wilt probably shew my letter to thy wife, I will impart to thee in a postscript.

"I must not forget a dainty young gentleman of the name of Lambton, who declaimeth in a very peculiar style. I know not whether there be more of oil in his deportment, or of vinegar in his tongue. I must indulge thee from my memorandum book with a specimen of this youth. Speaking one day of the Congress and the Kings at Vienna, saith he—'What, Sir! shall a club of congregated cannibals feed on the carcasses of unoffending Europe? What, Sir! shall his Majesty's Ministers, a set of profligate and perjured swindlers, retain their seats in the Cabinet when they ought to be drawn and quartered without a trial! As for Lord Castlereagh, Sir, I thank my God three times a-day that the noble and unsullied blood of the Lambtons is not polluted by any admixture with that of the plebeian Stewarts.' Thou must admit that these are hard words, and yet delivered he them with so much composure and good-humour, and to all outward appearance so little moved was he by the spirit, that I conjecture he was by no means in earnest, but perchance a secret partisan of the Ministry: the more so as Mr Chancellor Vansittart thrice said '*Hear, hear!*' during his declamation; and Friend Martin whispered me, 'that the jackanapes,' as merrily he called him, 'did his own party more harm than good.'

"There is also a Mr I. Grant, a swaggering man, but in my mind a vapid speaker. He seemeth well contented with himself, but on this and other matters holding strange doctrines, wherein he standeth alone.

"I have heard many questions put very genteelly by a Mr Bennet, an *honourable*; who is in my mind mighty well bred, though he disfigureth himself by wearing a green wig. He is attentive to business, and hath lately discovered a mistake of three farthings in an account of thirty millions: but he somewhat surprised me by calling the Secretary at War (*the Munro* of this country) his *honourable friend* and a *very infamous man*, in the same breath.

"He hath a brother elder in years, but less in stature than herself, who rarely speaketh, the which I attribute to his having held an important office of the state, which hath taught him to be wise and keep silence. I know not more of his office, than that the insignia thereof consisted of a staff or stick many feet longer than him who bore it.

"I must not forget the mention of Sir Charles Monck, whom I reckon a merry and facetious jester. He hath kept the whole House in a state of merriment upwards of three quarters of an hour, by reading an ancient missal respecting something which he called the Order of the Bath. He was, however, despite of his jests, grievously disposed to blame an addition of forty marks to the salary of a deputy messenger, which he said was a violation of the constitution, and a discharge of the subjects of the realm from their allegiance; and such is the wretched state of the finances of this country, that this worthy country Member protested he did not know where the forty marks were to come from.

"Lastly, let me name to thee a youngster, who hath been mistaken for a wit in foreign parts, by the name of North Douglas.—He seemeth to belong to no party, and yet willing to belong to all. He is a forward and frequent speaker—remarkable for a graceful inclination of the upper part of his body, in advance of the lower, and speaketh, I suspect, (after the manner of an ancient) with pebbles in his mouth. He hath a strange custom, when speaking, of holding his hat in one hand, and smoothing the felt of it with the other, the which made me at the first entertain a ludicrous notion that he was recommending the hat to the Speaker, and exhorting him to purchase it.

"I must now bid thee farewell, but I have much more to communicate thee.—Thy friend, EZEKIAL GRUBB."

We conclude our extracts from this amusing volume, with some geographical intelligence, which, in the present age of discovery, cannot fail to be highly interesting to all:

" GEOGRAPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

" *The Friendless Islands.*

" *April* 11, 1816.

" A vessel just arrived *round about* from *New Holland* has brought an account of this interesting cluster of islands, which had hitherto been little noticed by former circumnavigators. By some they have been mistaken for the Ladrones, but these are now ascertained to be exactly the antipodes of England, and to *lie* precisely opposite to the Cape of *Good Hope*. The following are the most remarkable of the group:—

Twaddle Poon-soo-boo, the principal of the cluster, is very flat and uninteresting, but it is one of the richest of the whole, having an annual revenue of £4000 of *our* money, which it derives from its dexterity in catching a species of *Great Seal*.

" *Teer-nee*, or Juggler's Island.—The character of this varies so much according to the side on which it is seen, that those who have viewed it only on one side would hardly know it again when they approach it on the other. The people are a shrewd, cunning race, famous for their expertness in legerdemain. They are, however, much distrusted by their neighbours, and it is a proverb in these islands, when they wish to express strongly the hopelessness of a search, to say, 'You might as well look for truth in *Teernee*,' just as we talk of looking for a needle in Hyde-Park.

" *Taf-fee Wyn-nee*.—This is a most dismal island, being much infested with screech-owls, and the discordant noise perpetually produced it by these birds, combined with the hoarse croaking of a number of ravens, who also infest it, remind one of fabulous stories of the stymphalides and harpies. Mariners are recommended, when coming near it, to adopt (though for a contrary reason) the precaution of Ulysses, and to stuff their ears with cotton while they remain in its neighbourhood. There is such a surf breaks on its harbour-mouth, that one can seldom approach it without being covered with spray.

" *Pawlo*, or Booby's Island.—The inhabitants of this are a singular race. They are very low in the scale of intellectual beings, but yet have all the vanity of an intelligent people. They are so little to be depended upon, that they will *address* you one day as a friend, and attack you the next as an enemy. Strangers are advised to have as little to do with these people as possible; and from their extreme dulness, the scantiness of their resources, and captious temper, there is little inducement to hold any intercourse with them—and indeed their sole support is derived from *petty war*:—their hair is short and curly—their features without the least expression—their countenances very grave and unmeaning, and they dress themselves very gaudily with a profusion of parrots' feathers. This contrast of solemnity and foppery is very ridiculous.

" The island of *Francisco*, called by the natives *Boor-dee-too*.—This island is nothing but a mountain, and is very barren and unproductive. It derived its first name from *Jacobine Monk*, who was the first missionary in those parts: he came round Cape *Horn*, and as long as a communication on that side remained, the island was pretty well supplied; since that has been cut off, the people have been obliged to betake themselves to hunting; but, from want of early habit, are but awkward in that pursuit. They are an extremely disorderly and turbulent race, though mild in their manners and appearance. An old and strange account of this island is to be found in the Harleian Miscellany.

" *Yan-kee*, supposed by some to be *Behring's* island, is evidently peopled by a separate race, who have, as the name imports, the strongest affinity to the Americans. These are the ugliest *race* of the whole, and the sounds they utter, as language, are hardly articulate.

" *Hoo-too-shoo-poo-coc-a-too-lub-bub-boo*, or the island of *Coarse Broom*, which, it seems, is the meaning of this long and strange name. A most singular instance of *mirage* was observed on first approaching this island; its great promontory, or, in the sailors' language, its ness or nose, appeared to vibrate from one side to the other in a manner which the captain of the vessel could only compare to the waving of an elephant's snout. This island is extremely mountainous in its interior: it is subject to the most violent tornadoes; but it is remarkable, that frequent as these storms of wind and thunder are, they are never accompanied by a single flash of lightning. The people are the most rude and rough of any of these tribes, and are indeed little better than intelligent *baboons*, whom they much resemble in face and shape: they are exceedingly mischievous; and they are little liked by the other islanders. With many of their neighbours they are in a state of perpetual war, and they have an old and deadly feud with the new *Hollanders*. They do not venture indeed openly to attack such formidable opponents, but lose no opportunity of making an incursion upon the *Hollanders* when they think they can do so unperceived and with impunity.

" *Bum-mee* may easily be distinguished by its spherical, lumpish form, and the absence of any prominent features. The natives are supposed to be descended from some Hottentot emigration, as the distinguishing mark of that race is plainly to be recognised in the countenance of these islanders: they also resemble the Hottentots in this, that they seldom make their appearance in public without smearing themselves all over with *butter*.

" *Jon-nee*, called by the Portuguese *Porto Novo*, or Wasp's Islet, is full of the irritable and mischievous insects from which it derives its name. This little island is

very arid and unproductive, and the people are a diminutive and dwindled race, very mischievous and passionate, as all dwarfs are.

"*Ben-nee-too* is the Botany-Bay of the Friendless Islands: the shores are covered with a light foam, which is the only subsistence of the natives. Naturalists have not yet determined what this curious substance (if substance it can be called) is: in look it resembles the froth of small beer.

"*Kur-wee-nee*, or the Hermit's Island. The inhabitants call themselves *Christian*; but if good morals are requisite for that designation, they are said to have but little pretensions to the name. They are a tall, swarthy, ill-favoured race; tolerably skilful in agriculture, and particularly in growing rapeseed.

"*Craf-cal-lee*.—The inhabitants of this island have a general resemblance to those of *Pawlo*; they are indeed somewhat more intelligent, and their disposition to chance arises not from imbecillity of intellect, as with the latter, but from a very careful calculation of their own interests: they are great observers of the weather, and shift their places according to the appearances of the sky. Those of *Pawlo*, on the contrary, fickle as they are in other respects, never change their *old seats*. It is related that these two islands were formerly very close to one another; but that *Craf-cal-lee*, which is a kind of Australasiatic Delos, has lately shifted to a position, whence, as tradition goes, it had before moved.

"There is a remarkable island, to which the natives have given the name of *Rat-tee*, or *New-comer*, but which our sailors, in compliment to the Purser, called *Douglas's Island*. It is said to have but recently made its appearance in this group, and is supposed to be a volcanic creation: this hypothesis is confirmed by the general striated appearance of the surface, and by the continuance, even at present, of a constant eruption. It has hitherto been entirely unsettled; several parties have tried it, but none have quite ventured to trust themselves to it, for fear it should suddenly disappear from under them, like the island which appeared some years ago in the neighbourhood of the Azores. It produces no vegetable but scurvy-grass.

"There are various others of smaller note, making in all the number of about forty or fifty.

"The government of these islands is a Federal Republic, of which *Twaddlo Poonson-boo* is the nominal head; but in point of fact, they all set up pretty much for themselves, and they seem to have no great relish for any regular government at all: like all savages, the people are credulous in proportion to their ignorance; they have many pretended prophets among them, to whose predictions they listen with the utmost avidity, and they never seem to place less implicit confidence in the last new prophecy, because they have seen all former ones falsified by events:—Religion, properly speaking, they have none; and as to their morals and manners, the less that is said about them the better. They have, however, some singular notions of a former and future state. They believe that their race formerly occupied some pleasant seats on the other side of a large table or mountain, which is in sight of their present abodes: that they were driven out of them for some misdeeds by the *Great Breath*, at the secret instigation of their evil genius Mumbo-Jumbo, whom they represent as an elderly figure, with flowing white curls and dark bushy eyebrows, clothed all in black, and seated upon a fiery red throne, in shape somewhat resembling a great woolpack; and they fondly cherish a hope, encouraged by the predictions of their prophets, that some day or other, when they shall have undergone sufficient penance in their present habitations, they are to be restored to those happy seats. But the most intelligent among them secretly ridicule this expectation; and are well aware, that however such a notion may keep alive the hope and promise of *amendments*, little real improvement is to be expected from tribes, which rate so very low in the scale of intellect and manners."

So much for the prose of this amusing little volume—we shall give some specimens of the poetry in an early Number. Some of the verses are exceedingly lively—even biting. We venture to assert, that the Whigs in general will pretend never to have heard of this volume at all,—while, perhaps some of the more sagacious will maintain, that we have given fabricated extracts from an imaginary book. It is only a few weeks back since they ventured to doubt the existence of Dr Morris of Aberystwith, and attributed to one of our reviewing brethren the composition of "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk." It is very well to speak thus—but let any one of the Somnambulists who haunt Constable's Magazine, try to play off a trick of that kind, and he will find how much easier it is to review a book than to write one. But now for the King of the Cockneys!

ON THE COCKNEY SCHOOL OF POETRY.

No V.

OUR TALK SHALL BE (A THEME WE NEVER TIRE ON)
OF CHAUCER, SPENSER, SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, BYRON,
(OUR ENGLAND'S DANTE)—WORDSWORTH—HUNT AND KEATS,
THE MUSES' SON OF PROMISE, AND OF WHAT FEATS
HE YET MAY DO.

CORNELIUS WEBB.

THE two greatest egotists of the present day are *absque omni dubio*, Mr Wordsworth, and Mr Leigh Hunt. It is strange that one of the best and wisest of poets and men, should in any respect bear resemblance to such a thing as the Examiner. But there are reasons for every thing, and we shall try to account for the phenomenon.

Mr Wordsworth is a man of high original genius, whose reputation in the general ear lags far, very far behind its merits. The world knows little or nothing about Mr Wordsworth. What can fine ladies understand about Ruth? or fine gentlemen about Michael? Who, that wears black silk breeches or a crimson sattin petticoat, cares a farthing about the gray headed pedlar with his substantial coat of Galashiels cloth, or for Lucy Fell with her "little gray cloak?" One might as well imagine a Geraldine sighing in solitude over a leading article of the sulky Scotsman, or feeding her midnight dreams with dim shadows of the Ettrick Shepherd and his top-boots.

"These are things that may not be,
There is a rule in destiny."

Mr Wordsworth may perhaps look very long before he finds fit audience; when he does find them, there is no question they must be "few." His words are all of the φωνεντα συνετοισι kind; and even Mr Jeffrey, with all his cleverness, has, for these ten years, been railing at the contents of a book shut—to whose cipher he has no key.

It is no great wonder that a mind such as Mr Wordsworth's, finding that its productions were not tasted as they should be, should have gathered itself all into itself. His genius came down to us like a beautiful unknown bird of heaven, wheeling around us, and courting us in its innocence, with colours we had never seen before, and wild sweet melodies to which our ears were strangers. But we repelled the visitor, and he has taken him to the air above us, where he finds serene joy in the consciousness of his soaring,

"And singeth sweetly to the cloud he cleaves."

It is no wonder that he should have learned almost to forget the existence of those who rejected him; and that egotism is pardonable in him, which would infallibly expose any other man of his genius to the just derision even of his inferiors. The egotism or *nosism* of the other luminaries of the Lake School, is at times extravagant enough, and amusing enough withal, but these also are men of great genius, and though not in the same degree, they are sharers in the excuse which we have already made for Mr Wordsworth.

The egotism of the Cockneys is a far more inexplicable affair. None of them are men of genius—none of them are men of solitary meditative habits;—they are lecturers of the Surrey Institution, and editors of Sunday papers, and so forth. They have all abundance of admirers in the same low order of society to which they themselves originally belong, and to which alone they have all their lives addressed themselves. Why then do they perpetually chatter about themselves? Why is it that they seem to think the world has no right to hear one single word about any other persons than Hunt, the Cockney Homer, Hazlitt, the Cockney Aristotle, and Haydon, the Cockney Raphael? These are all very eminent men in their own eyes, and in the eyes of the staring and listening groupes whom it is their ambition to astonish. Mr Hazlitt cannot look round him at the Surrey, without resting his smart eye on the idiot admiring grin of several dozens of aspiring apprentices and critical clerks. Mr Hunt cannot be *at home* at Hampstead, without having his Johnny Keatses and his Corny Webbs to cram sonnets into his waistcoat pockets, and crown his majestic brows with

"*The wreath that* DANTE *wore!!!*"

Mr Haydon enjoys every day the satisfaction of sitting before one of the cartoons of Raphael, with his own greasy hair combed loosly over his collar, after the manner of Raphael—hatted among his hatless disciples—a very God among the Landseers. What would these men have? Are they still unsatisfied with flattery, still like the three daughters of the horse-leech, "crying, *Give! give! give!*" There is absolutely no pleasing of some people.

The most amusing of the Cockney egotists is certainly our friend Leigh. There is an air of innocent unsuspecting self-adulation about him, which is enough to make one sorry to break upon the train of his sweet fancies. He sits at Hampstead with his pen in his hand, from year's end to year's end, and we venture to assert, that he never yet published a single Number of the Examiner paper—a single sonnet or song—of which one half at least was not, in some shape or other, dedicated to himself.

"HUNT est quodcunque vides—quodcunque movetur."

We are sick of the *personalities* of this man—of his vituperative personalities concerning others, and his commendatory personalities concerning himself. The only thing he has not yet done is to give the public an engraving of his "face divine," and upon what principle he has so long neglected this obvious piece of civility, we profess ourselves much at a loss to imagine—

What a large book his *Confessions* will make when he publishes them, as he has so long promised to do! There is no need of a Jemmy Boswell in Cockaigne. The truth is, that the whole of the Great Cockney's writings are only episodes and detached fragments of a "*Voyage autour de ma chambre.*" But we beg pardon of the Chevalier Ximenes, who was a wit, a poet, and a gentleman, for making use of the name of one of the most exquisite of books, to illustrate the character of one of the most vulgar of scribblers.

Those who know any thing about the writings of Mr Hunt cannot have forgotten that very long essay of his in the Round Table, entitled "A Day by the Fireside." They must still remember with accuracy the description of Mr Hunt poking the fire, and his wife pouring out the tea with her fingers, "having a touch of Sir Peter Lely about them." They must recollect his narrative of his own reflections upon the "swirly" smoke, as it ascends with its "brief lambency, or darts out with a spiral thinness, and a sulphureous and continued puffing as from a reed!" But we prefer illustrating our present discussion by a few extracts from a later publication. It is well known that Mr Hunt's forte is commonly supposed to lie in his theatrical criticisms; therefore, to shew our fairness, we shall begin with the following.

"One of those venal prints, called a daily paper, lately had the audacity to state, that the new comedy rehearsing at Covent-Garden Theatre was a posthumous piece of the late Mr A—. A new comedy from that pen was a refreshing event; and though we were suffering much from a pain in our tooth, which, by the way, we have not yet got entirely rid of (though we think it our duty to such of our readers as live at a distance from the Examiner-office to announce, that it is at present hardly any thing to speak of), we prepared ourselves, with becoming alacrity, to attend its first representation. As the author was said to be dead, we made up our mind to something above mediocrity, for we have long despaired of seeing any thing good, or even amusing, from the living herd of dramatic scribblers, your B—'s, your C—'s, and your D—'s. We felt all our early school-boy play-going propensities rushing upon us, like old friends returned after a long absence, and we received them with a suitable welcome; and as it was then but twelve o'clock, it seemed as if six o'clock would never come: and we were as impatient to hear the musical cry of "Fine fruit, or a bill of the play," warbled by some old cracked piazza throat, of thirty years' service, as we used to be when we were *treated* to a play once in the Christmas holidays.

"We felt ourselves cosey and comfortable, and *just-the-thingish*; and at our present age, sitting round our fire, with a friend or two after a cheerful dinner, with our feet on our fender, and our chin on our knees (to the great annoyance of our wife's peace, by the way, who thinks that "every one ought to have a smell of the fire"), this, we say, is almost as delightful as it used to be to us when we were a boy to gallop over green fields, and wage a war of extermination on the butter-cups—quite as useful and less expensive than that with which our precious ministers amuse themselves. We have often told our readers that our habits and feelings are domestic, but as want of room hinders our saying more on this subject at present, we shall reserve it for the leading article in our next. We shall only add, that though we do now and then fidget the fire with the poker, in spite of our wife's entreaties to 'let it draw up a bit,' yet we

love our little fire-side with all its appendages. And then, to make all as it should be, we have pussy to frisk about us, whom we have lately decorated with a scarlet ribbon—by the way, we wish all ribbons were as well merited and as disinterestedly given—and the singing of the tea-kettle too, which we like a thousand times better than the Italian bravuras of Madame E—, with her thick ancles, and a face that reminds one of a monkey in the measles, though we know what good Italian music is, and can even applaud it on an occasion. Upon the whole, we may say that our little evening circles, in point of good taste and right feeling, might put to the blush some that the Morning Post jocosely calls brilliant and illustrious, and gives a hundred other imposing names to. The sly rogues of managers know well enough that we like our home, and no doubt thought it would be an excellent hoax to kidnap us to the theatre by hook or by crook. We can fancy those bright geniuses, Messrs F—, G—, and H—, sitting down together in the green room, puzzling their brains (we speak of brains here by courtesy) how they might get the Examiner to the first night of their new comedy. "Let's give out that it is by A—," says F—, after an hour's thinking.—"Damned good," says G—. "Excellent, dam'me!" says H—. Their scheme succeeded to their own surprise, and no doubt, every one else's, for we could hear something like a buzz in the house as we entered.

"As our friends declined taking their afternoon's nap at the new comedy, we went alone. We bought a play-bill at the door, and could not help thinking that if the Attorney-General had bought one, he would have read it carefully through, to see whether there might not be something in it to file an information against, and then have gone home and facetiously talked about the liberty of the press; though, by the way, it is notorious that you cannot write a few pages of scurrility and abuse, particularly if you tack P—— R—— to the end of it, without danger of being hospitably lodged in a certain rural retreat in Horsemonger-lane, enlivened by what are archly 'ycleped *arcades* and *views* of the Surrey hills. For our own part, we are sure our readers will do us the justice to acknowledge that we did all we could to get in there; but as we found we did not like it, and then did all we could to get out again, we shall not readilly be friends with a certain great Personage, who insisted on our staying there the full term of our sentence: and though on certain concessions we may *forgive* him, he must not expect there can ever exist between us a "How-d'ye-do-George-my-boy" sort of familiarity."

The acting and actors being dismissed with the usual kind of nonchalance, our Cockney proceeds to a graver part of his theme.

"As to what the author (funny rogue!) may call the *plot* of his piece, we shall not attempt to give any account of it; we must leave that task to more patient heads than our's, for with all our sagacity we could make nothing of it. For the characters, as the people who walked on and off the stage were called in the play-bill, we must refer our readers to the printer of it, who perhaps can furnish them with 'further particulars:' but seriously, if such a set of unmeaning chatterers are to be dignified by the name of characters, we must put our Shakspear and Congreve into the fire. We have already described the texture of the dialogue, that is, we have named the author of the piece, which is at once letting the public into the secret. It contains the usual number of ohs! and ahs! and dam'mes: the serious part made up of insipid no-meanings; and the comic (the only part, of course, which did not excite a laugh) of vulgar, common-place, and worn-out jests, from the renowned Mr Joseph Miller. By the way, the best joke was in the play-bill, where the author facetiously called his piece *a comedy!* We shall dismiss the piece with a word of advice to the author, and we hope we shall profit by it. He usually inflicts on us at least one play a year, and no doubt chuckles at the folly of the town, while he ostentatiously supports his family on the produce of it; but unless he can present us with something like *King Lear* or the *Way of the World*, we seriously recommend him to get his bread honestly by making shoes, or, as that requires something of talent—by blacking them."

We shall conclude with a specimen of the regular Cockney Essay and Sonnet.

"*On Sonnet-Writing, and Sonnet-Writers in general.*

"Petrarch wrote Sonnets. This, I think, is pretty generally known—I mean among the true lovers of Italian poetry. Of course, I do not here allude to those young ladies and gentlemen who are beginning to learn Italian, as they say, and think Petrarch really a charming man, and know by heart the names of Tasso and Ariosto, and of that wholesale dealer in grand vagaries, Dante. But besides these, several other Italian writers have composed sonnets, though I do not think with the rest of the world that they have brought this species of composition to any thing like perfection.

"Among us, Shakspeare and Milton have made attempts. Milton, by the way, is known to people in general merely as the author of *Paradise Lost;* but his masque, called *Comus*, I think the finest specimen of his poetical powers, faulty as it is in many respects. Some allowance, however, must be made for his youth at the time he wrote it; and indeed I must, in common fairness, admit, that when I composed my *Descent of Liberty*, I had the advantage of being somewhat older.

"When I inform my readers that Shakspeare wrote sonnets, I know they will be inclined to receive the revelation with a bless-my-soul sort of stare, and for any thing I know, discredit it altogether. People, generally speaking, are very ignorant about the great nature-looking-through Bard, though I know they pretend to talk a good deal about him. His sonnets, for instance, are known only to the few whose souls are informed with a pure taste, and whose high aspirings enable them to feel and enjoy all the green leafiness and dewy freshness of his poetry. For my own part, I think well of them; and certainly upon the whole, they are not unworthy of their great author. Yet he has left something to be done in that way.

"Among the moderns we have no great examples. This lack of good sonnet-writers in England is in some sort attributable to the style of versification prevalent among us, and which is totally unfit for the streamy, gurgling-brooky, as it were, flow of the sonnet. Dryden and Pope, I think, were wretched versifiers, though I know this opinion will absolutely horrify all the boarding-school misses, as well as many other well intentioned folks, who like verses which cost them no trouble to read into music. But to come to the point. What our poetry has hitherto wanted, is a looseness and irregularity—a kind of broken, patchy choppiness in the construction of its verse, and an idiomatic how-d'ye-do-pretty-well-thank-ye sort of freedom in its language. This, at length, I have succeeded in giving it, and present my readers with the following sonnet on myself as a specimen. By the way, I intend it only for such readers as have a fine eye for the truth of things—for sweet hearts and fine understandings—for maids whose very souls peep out at their bosoms, as it were, and who love the moonlight stillness of the Regent's Park.

"SONNET ON MYSELF.

"I love to walk towards Hampstead saunteringly,
And climb thy grassy eminence, Primrose Hill!
And of the frolicksome breeze, swallow my fill,
And gaze all round and round me. Then I lie
Flatlily on the grass, ruralily,
And sicken to think of the smoke-mantled city,
But pluck a butter-cup, yellow and pretty,
And twirl it, as it were, Italianly.
And then I drink hot milk, fresh from the cow,
Not such as that they sell about the town; and then
I gaze at the sky with high poetic feeling,
And liken it to a gorgeously spangled ceiling;
Then my all-compassing mind tells me—as now,
And as it usually does—that I am foremost of men!" P. 21.

And so "good bye for the present, sweet Master Shallow;" we shall come back to thee anon, as sure as our name is Z.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Libraries in Germany.—GERMANY possesses, in about 150 of her cities, libraries open to the public. We believe it will be gratifying to our readers to present them, from the Ephemerides of Weimar, with an estimate of the number of works contained in some of the principal of these.

Vienna has eight public libraries, of which three only contain 438,000 volumes; viz the imperial library, 300,000 printed books, exclusive of 70,000 tracts and dissertations, and 15,000 manuscripts:—The university library, 108,000 volumes; and the Theresianum, 30,000. The number contained in the other five are not exactly known.

The royal library at Munich possesses 400,000 volumes; the library at Göttingen, (one of the most select,) presents 280,000 works or numbers, 110,000 academical dissertations, and 5,000 manuscripts; Dresden, 250,000 printed books, 100,000 dissertations, and 4000 MSS.; Wolfenbuttel, 190,000 printed books, (chiefly ancient,) 40,000 dissertations, and 4000 MSS.; Stuttgard, 170,000 volumes, and 12,000 bibles. Berlin has seven public libraries, of which the royal library contains 160,000 volumes, and that of the academy, 30,000; Prague, 110,000 volumes; Gratz, 105,000 volumes; Frankfort on the Maine, 100,000; Hamburgh, 100,000; Breslau, 100,000; Weimar, 95,000; Mentz, 90,000; Darmstadt, 85,000; Cassel, 60,000; Gotha, 60,000; Marbourg, 55,000; Mell, in Austria, 35,000; Heidelberg, 30,000; Wernigerode, 30,000; Newburg, in Austria, 25,000; Kremsmunster, 25,000; Augsburg, 24,000; Meiningen, 24,000; New Strelitz, 22,000; Saltzburg, 20,000; Magdeburgh, 20,000; Halle, 20,000; Landshut, 20,000.

Thus it appears that thirty cities of Germany possess in their principal libraries, greatly beyond three millions, either of works or printed volumes, without taking into account the academical dissertations, detached memoirs, pamphlets, or the manuscripts. It is to be observed, likewise, that these numbers are taken at the very lowest estimate.

Libraries in France.—A similar *apergu* of the state of the public libraries in France is given at the end of a curious volume, lately published by M. Petit Radel, entitled, "Recherches sur les Bibliotheques anciennes et modernes," &c. In Paris there are five public libraries, besides about forty special ones. The royal library contains about 350,000 volumes of printed books, besides the same number of tracts, collected into volumes, and about 50,000 MSS.; the library of the arsenal, about 150,000 volumes, and 5000 MSS.; the library of St Genevieve, about 110,000 volumes, and 2000 MSS.; the magazine library, about 90,000 volumes, and 3437 MSS.; and the city library, about 15,000 volumes. In the provinces, the most considerable are those of Lyons, 106,000; Bourdeaux, 105,000; Aix, 72,670; Besançon, 53,000; Toulouse, (2) 50,000; Grenoble, 42,000; Tours, 30,000, Metz, 31,000; Arras, 34,000; Le Mans, 41,000; Colmar, 30,000; Versailles, 40,000; Amiens, 40,000. The total number of these libraries in France amounts to 273; of above 80, the quantity of volumes they contain is not known. From the data given in this work, it appears that the general total of those which are known, amounts to 3,345,287, of which there are 1,125,347 in Paris alone.

Several of the libraries in the departments are useless, from not being open to the public, and some others nearly so, from a sufficient time each day not being allowed for their admission. But the time is arrived, (says the editor,) when all these establishments must cease to be useless; and probably the time is not far distant, when every chief town of a *sous-prefecture* will have a library really public.

Professor Mohs' Observations on Cornwall.—"In all Cornwall I could observe no greywacke nor greywacke slate. The *killas* is an intermediate substance between mica slate and clay slate, very similar to some varieties which occur at Johann-Georgenstadt. It alternates here and there with beds of a porphyry, whose basis is an intimate mixture of felspar, quartz, and mica. In some places it alternates with beds of greenstone and limestone, and contains granite in that very remarkable relation which I described in a preceding letter, (namely, that which the English mineralogists, and particularly the Huttonians, call granite veins). I believe I have seen all the remarkable appearances of this kind. They agree exactly with the *stockwerke* at Geyer. St Michael's Mount, near Penzance, is a very remarkable mountain, which exhibits the relations of these *stockwerkes* in a striking manner, as the same veins penetrate into both, and contain the very same minerals; namely, tinstone, apatite, copper pyrites, &c.

"Similar veins, equally remarkable, occur at Conglure, near St Austle, and at Cliggerpoint, not far from St Agnes. At the latter place are some of the celebrated granite dikes, unconformable masses in killas, and without doubt, of the same age with the rock in which they occur. Dartmoor is a desert, and bare and almost uninhabited place, in which the most interesting thing which I observed is the *Zinnseifen*. The geological relations of Cornwall

are very simple, though for want of a sufficient number of accurate observations, they have not yet been fully made out. My astonishment at the number, the richness, the extent, and the quality of the tin and copper veins, is not yet over. When I saw the first heap extracted from a vein, I conceived that it must have been obtained from a bed, and only satisfied myself by actual inspection, that the ore was really extracted from a vein.

"An object, on which several geologists in England employ themselves in preference, is the study of the formations lying *above the chalk*. To see them, we went to the Isle of Wight. These newer formations are very remarkable. But the separation of the fresh water formations from each other depends merely on the loose stones found in the different beds, and seems to be merely a conclusion which has been borrowed, perhaps, on too slight grounds, from the French."

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

On Monday evening, August 10, 1818, a Meeting of the Asiatic Society was held at Chouringhee, the most noble the Marquis of Hastings, president, in the chair.

On this occasion, the journal of a survey to the heads of the rivers Ganges and Jumna, by Captain Hodgson, 10th regiment, native infantry, was presented by the president. Captain Webb's Survey, in 1808, having extended from the Doon valley to Cajane, near Reital, Captain Hodgson commences his scientific and interesting labours from the latter place, which, by a series of observations, he found to be in latitude 30 48 28 N. The village of Reital consists of 35 houses, which are built of wood, and are two or three stories high. He left Reital on the 21st of May 1817. On the 31st he descended to the bed of the river, and saw the Ganges issue from under a very low arch, at the foot of the grand snow bed. The river was bounded on the right and left by high rocks and snow, but in front over the debouchee, the mass of snow was perpendicular, and from the bed of the stream to the summit, the thickness was estimated at little less than 300 feet of solid frozen snow, probably the accumulation of ages, as it was in layers of several feet thick, each seemingly the remains of a fall of a separate year. From the brow of this curious wall of snow, and immediately above the outlet of the stream, large and hoary icicles depended. The Gaghoutri Brahmin, who accompanied Captain Hodgson, and who was an illiterate mountaineer, observed, that he thought these icicles must be Mahadeo's hair, from whence, he understood, it is written in the Schaster, the Ganges flows. Captain Hodgson thinks that the appellation of the Cow's mouth is aptly given to this extraordinary debouchee. The height of the arch of snow is only sufficient to let the stream flow under it.—Blocks of snow were falling on all sides, and there was little time to do more than to measure the size of the stream; the main breadth was 27 feet, the greatest depth about 18 inches. and the shallowest part nine or ten inches. Captain Hodgson believes this to be the *first appearance in day light* of the celebrated Ganges! Zealous in the prosecution of his inquiries, he attempted to proceed forward, but was obliged to return, having frequently sunk in the snow, one time up to his neck, and there being evident marks of hollows beneath.

The height of the halting-place, near which the Ganges issues from under the great snow bed, is calculated to be 12,914 feet above the sea; and the height of a peak of the Himalaya, called St George by Captain Hodgson, is estimated to be 22,240 feet above the surface of the sea.

Captain Hodgson, in his account of the course of the river Jumna, observes, that at Jumnoutri, the snow which covers and conceals the stream is about 60 yards wide, and is bounded on the right and left by precipices of granite; it is 40½ feet thick, and has fallen from the precipices above. He was able to measure the thickness of the bed of snow over the stream very accurately, by means of a plumb line let down through one of the holes in it, which are caused by the steam of a great number of boiling springs at the border of the Jumna, the thickness 40 feet 5½ inches. The head of the Jumna is on the S. W. side of the grand Himalaya ridge, differing from the Ganges, inasmuch as that river has the upper part of its course within the Himalaya, flowing from the south of east to the north of west, and it is only from Sookie, when it passes through the Himalaya, that it assumes a course of about south 20 west. The mean latitude of the hot springs of Jumnoutri appears to 30,58. Captain Hodgson made his observation April 21, 1817.

AUSTRIA.

M. Gieseke, professor of mineralogy to the Dublin Society, will shortly publish, in German and English, an account of his eight years' residence in Greenland, ornamented with charts and views. The first visit he paid to this inhospitable country continued for four years, during which time he was sedulously employed in collecting objects of natural history, &c. Unfortunately the vessel which was conveying these articles to Denmark, being taken by an English privateer, the cargo was sold at Leith for the paltry sum of £15; an unconquerable love for science, however, stimulated M. Gieseke to renew his labours in Greenland, and after another four years' residence in this wild country, he succeeded in forming a second and enlarged collection of natural curiosities, which will soon form a part of the museum at Vienna.

M. Loder, the celebrated landscape-artist of Vienna, who accompanied the

Duchess of Parma to Italy as drawing-master, will shortly publish a collection of magnificent views in that country.

Adriatic Surveyed.—The survey of the Adriatic Sea, begun by Austrian and Neapolitan Officers, is continued with all possible perseverance. It is understood, that an English Officer, well experienced in Nautical surveys, has a vessel under his command for the same purpose. We are certainly interested in this undertaking by our possession of Corfou.

DENMARK.

Paper, superior to common.—The haberdasher Ehrenhold, at Copenhagen, has discovered a method of making paper from the *Alga Marina*; which is reported to be superior in whiteness and strength to any paper prepared from linen rags.

The art of making paper from the *Alga Marina* is not a new invention; but, it is possible that in the improved state of manufactures, and especially of Chemistry, a considerable improvement may be made on processes before imagined. There are several other plants, also, at present of no use, from which very good paper might be made: but, we know not at what comparative expense.

Dictionary of Danish and Norwegian Authors.—The second part of the dictionary of Danish and Norwegian authors, including living writers, will be published in the course of the present year. This work is printed in quarto in columns; and the day of the author's birth and death, the principal epochs in his literary life, and a complete list of his works, are all given with great accuracy. Falsehood and calumny are said to be alike excluded from this publication.

FRANCE.

Number of works published in France in the year 1818.

Physics,	6
Chemistry,	24
Natural History,	62
Medicine,	129
Pure Mathematics,	22
Astronomy,	11
Naval Tactics,	31
Military Tactics,	25
Varieties, Mathematical Recreations, &c.	22
Theology,	211
Logic and Metaphysics,	11
Moral Philosophy,	44
Legislation,	243
Education and Elementary Works,	71
Political Economy,	47
Commerce,	54
Statistics,	141
Finances and Taxes,	109
Politics,	360
History,	122
Travels,	25
Geography,	13
Total,	1783

GERMANY.

A third edition of the learned Schneider's Greek and German Dictionary, in two large volumes, quarto, will shortly be published at Leipsic.

A new Journal is about to appear at Weimar, consisting of political and scientific essays, nearly on the plan of the pamphleteer, published in England.

M. Baucer is about to publish an important work on botany, mineralogy, and meteorology; the result of observations and discoveries in the mountains of Franconia.

A description of some remains of German and Roman tombs and altars discovered near Wesbaden, on the banks of the Rhine, by M. Dorow.

Dr Robbi on the use of phosphorus in different disorders, particularly in chronic affections, in German.

Icelandic Literature.—From some interesting accounts respecting the modern literature of Iceland, we learn, that a translation has been made of Milton's Paradise Lost, and of the first fourteen books of Klopstock's Messiah, into the language of that country, by John Thorlakson, a native. This poet is a minister at Baegisa, and lives in a little hut, situated between three high mountains, and in the neighbourhood of torrents and foaming cataracts. The room in which he studies and sleeps is scarcely large enough to contain a bed, a table, and a chair, and the entrance is not four feet in height. His whole income does not exceed six guineas a year, although he serves two parishes. So little is required to support life in Iceland, that, formerly, the ministers had not more than thirty shillings for their annual stipend.

NETHERLANDS.

An Almanack of the Muses in Dutch for 1820, to include the productions of the most celebrated living poets, is announced.

RUSSIA.

In the Russian language, a geographical manual of the Russian Empire, in two volumes by C. M. de Broemsen, who, during 25 years active peregrination of this vast country, has been enabled to visit the greater part of it. The work includes particular observations on the soil; and on the industry, commerce, manners, and customs, of its inhabitants.

SPAIN.

The Lancasterian System of Education is about to be published in Spanish, and dedicated, by permission, to king Ferdinand.

SWEDEN.

The literature of Iceland has lately become an object of research in Sweden and Norway; and the royal library at Stockholm possessing a great number of Iceland MSS. the Professor Lilliegren is now occupied in translating and preparing them for publication. The first volume has appeared, and a second is in great forwardness.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Crabbe's Tales of the Hall, in 2 vols 8vo. will be published early in May.

Shortly will be published, a Fifth Volume of the Rev. Edward Cooper's Practical and Familiar Sermons, which, with the four volumes already published, contains a course of Family Sunday Reading for two years; to which also will be affixed, a Table to the whole five volumes, pointing out such of the Discourses, as from any peculiar circumstances, might be best adapted to the particular Sunday.

Mr Britton's Third Number of Chronological and Historical Illustrations of the Ancient Architecture of Great Britain; containing eight engravings; also, the Fourth Number of the History and Antiquities of York Cathedral. The Sixth Number, to finish this Cathedral, is announced for the 1st of June.

The Victories of the Duke of Wellington, illustrated in a Series of Engravings, from drawings by Richard Westall, R. A. The outlines engraved by Charles Heath, and coloured, in imitation of the original drawings, will soon appear, in 4to.

The Englefield Vases. The first part of this work, containing Six Plates, engraved by H. Moses, from the Vases in the possession of Sir H. Englefield, Bart. is nearly ready for publication.

John Adamson, Esq. is preparing for publication, Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens, in 2 vols 8vo, illustrated with engravings.

The Print of the Battle of Waterloo, by Burnet, from the capital painting of Atkinson and Devis, will be ready for delivery on the 1st of June.

Mr J. S. Cotman of Yarmouth, has in great forwardness, in folio, a Series of Finished Etchings, with Descriptions, of the Ecclesiastical and Castellated Antiquities of Normandy, from drawings made by himself.

The Iron Mask, a poem, ascribed to the pen of J. D. Humphreys, Esq. great-grandson of the late Dr Doddridge, and author of the Recluse of the Pyrenees, will be published in May.

Remarks on the Fore-knowledge of God, suggested by passages in Dr Adam Clark's Commentary on the New Testament, by Gill Timms.

Mr Dodwell's long promised Travels will certainly appear in May, accompanied by the first portion of his Views in Greece. Sir W. Gell's Itinerary of Greece.

Mr Samuel Drew, author of an Original Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul, and of an Essay on the Identity and Resurrection of the Body, proposes to publish by subscription, an Essay, entitled, an Attempt to Demonstrate, from Reason, and from Revelation, the necessary Existence, Essential Perfections, and Superintending Providence of an Eternal Being, who is the Creator, Supporter, and Governor of all things.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 8vo, illustrated with 5 plates, an Enquiry, illustrating the Nature of Tuberculated Accretions of Serous Membranes, and the Origin of Tubercles and Tumours in different Textures of the Body; by John Baron, M.D. Physician to the General Infirmary at Gloucester.

On the first of May will be published, the first part of a new work, entitled, Excursions through Ireland; to be comprised in eight volumes, and containing four hundred engravings, with Historical and Topographical Delineations of each Province; together with Descriptions of the Residences of the Nobility and Gentry, Remains of Antiquity, &c.

Dr Spurzheim is preparing for the press, a Treatise on the Education of Youth, founded on the Discrimination of Individual Character, by the form of the head.

Shortly will be published, the Fourth and Final Part of the Architectural Perspective Views of every Parish Church in London.

Dr Thornton will shortly publish his Juvenile Botany; being an easy Introduction to that Science, through the means of familiar Conversation, illustrated with numerous plates.

Mr W. B. Taylor of Dublin, is about to print an Historical Account of the University of Dublin, in 12 Numbers, elephant 4to, to be illustrated with 24 superb coloured engravings.

Nearly ready for publication, 16 plates, in illustration of the Architecture and Sculpture of the Cathedral Church of Lincoln, from drawings by Mr C. Wild, accompanied by an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Fabric.

Mr W. Hazlitt has in the press, a volume of Political Essays.

Mr Godwin is preparing an answer to Mr Malthus's Work on Population.

A Comparative Estimate of the Claims of Burke, Dunning, Lord George Sackville, Horne Tooke, &c.; to be considered either in union, or individually, the authors of the Letters of Junius; by Walter Symonds.

A new edition of Observations on the Canonical Scriptures, in 4 vols 8vo; by Mrs Cornwallis of Wittenham, Kent.

A Series of Letters by the Hon. Lady Spenser, to her Niece, the late Duchess of Devonshire, are preparing for publication.

The tenth and concluding volume of Donovan's British Birds, will shortly be published.

A new edition of Dr Gray's Work, much corrected and enlarged, on the Connexion between the Sacred Writings and the Literature of Jewish and Heathen authors.

A new edition of Bishop Marsh's Translation of Michaelis's Introduction to the

Study of the New Testament, will appear in a few weeks.

A Translation of a valuable French work, entitled, Dictionnairé des Monogrammes, Chiffres, &c. is about to be published, by Mr Ackermann, accompanied by numerous plates of Monograms, Mark, and Initials, of celebrated Painters and Engravers.

A second part of Dr Syntax's Tour, to be published by Mr Ackermann. The work announced, under the title of "Syntax in London," is not written by the author of the original poem.

Messrs Harding and Nicol are preparing a Catalogue of the valuable French, German, and English Library of her late Majesty, removed from Windsor to Buckingham House, and which will be sold by Mr Evans in the month of May.

To be published in a few days, Peter Bell, a tale, in verse; by William Wordsworth, Esq. in 8vo, uniformly with the Lyrical Ballads and other poems, by the same author.

A Collection of Letters, Relative to Public Events in the latter half of the 17th century, from the originals in the archives of the Rawdon family in Ireland, with an Introduction and Notes, is printing.

Miss Lucy Aikin has nearly ready, in an 8vo vol. Memoirs of the Court of King James the First.

Conversations on Geology, in a duodecimo vol. will soon appear.

EDINBURGH.

THE Subscription Edition of Mr Hogg's Queen's Wake will be delivered to the Subscribers in a few days.

Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk; being a Series of Letters written during a late Visit to Scotland; the second edition, corrected and enlarged, and illustrated with numerous portraits, etched and engraved by amateurs, 3 vols 8vo, will be published on the 1st of June.

The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal; exhibiting a View of the Progress of Discovery in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural History, &c. Number I. to be published on the 1st of June, and to be continued Quarterly.

The Lay of Agincourt, with other poems, will appear in the course of the month of May.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.

A SURVEY of the Agriculture of Eastern and Western Flanders, made under the Authority of the Farming Society of Ireland; by the Rev. Thomas Radcliffe, with a map, and numerous plates of implements, buildings, &c. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Facts and Observations relative to Canada, proving that the British Colonies possess superior advantages to Emigrants, compared with the United States of America; by Charles Frederick Grece, Member of the Montreal and Quebec Agricultural Societies, 8vo. 5s.

An Appendix to the Synopsis Plantarum Succulentarum cum Descriptionibuts, Synonymis, &c. Auctore A. H. Haworth, F.L.S. 8vo. 5s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Catalogue of a rare and curious Collection of Books, being a recent importation from Italy, in early classics and grammars; Italian poetry, romance, and Facetiæ; English, Scotch, and Irish history; voyages and travels; manuscripts, &c. &c. forming vol. II. part I. of a Catalogue for 1818-19. 2s. 6d.

A Catalogue of Books in various Branches of Literature; including a large collection of Sermons, and a copious list of Moral and Religious Tracts; also of single Sermons and Pamphlets; by F. C. and J. Rivington.

William Baynes' General Catalogue of Old Books for 1819; including many scarce and valuable articles in history, antiquities, voyages, travels, biography, poetry, arts, sciences, divinity, and books of prints, &c. also a large collection of foreign theology and classics. 3s.

Catalogue of Cooks, principally Foreign, now selling by J. H. Bohte and Co., York-street.

A Catalogue of Books, on Medicine, Surgery, Anatomy, &c. &c., imported from the Continent. by Boosey and Sons, Broad-Street: also a Catalogue of Foreign Engravings, Wood-Cuts, &c. &c.

Ogle, Duncan, and Co.'s select Catalogue of Divinity for 1819.

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Biographia Hibernica; being the first volume of a Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland, from the earliest period to the present time, edited by Richard Ryan, and embellished with a fine portrait of the late John Philpot Curran, 8vo. 15s.

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Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and the Arts, Number XIII. for April, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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*** This work will extend to about 30 livraisons; the subscription will be closed after the 15th of June next, when the price will be doubled.

Voyage en Perse faite dans les années 1807, 8, 9, en traversant la Natolie et le Mesopotamie, 2 vols 8vo. £1, 1.

Comte Lanjuinais, Les Constitutions de tous les nations, tom. I. Constitutions de la France, 8vo. 10s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—*April* 1819.

Sugar. THE demand for Muscovadoes has been rather limited, the market dull, and prices may be stated without any material alteration. The request continues chiefly for good and fine descriptions. The prices for low lumps has rather been improving, and the demand has been considerable. Generally, however, the refined market may be stated as heavy. There are few sales of foreign Sugars. East India Sugars go off at various prices. The advices from the West Indies in general represent the crops as very backward, and the weather very unfavourable for making Sugar, owing to the continued rains. The crop must therefore be very late, and no great supply of Sugar can be expected before the month of June. Molasses are declining, and meet a heavy sale.—*Cotton.* The large arrivals of Cotton, announced some days ago, had the effect of depressing the market. It seems to be the general opinion that the prices must yet decline considerably. The quan-

tity imported continues to be very great. About a fortnight ago, above 30,000 packages were imported into Liverpool in the course of a few days. The total quantity imported during the first quarter of the present year amounts to 194,277 packages, which exceeds the corresponding quarter of last year, in the port of Liverpool alone, by 27,095 packages. Unless the consumpt continued to be very great and increasing, this immense importation must have sunk the price uncommonly low, which has not hitherto been the case in all the superior kinds. Considerable purchases have lately been effected for export and on speculation, which have given the market a firmer aspect, but this is believed can only be for the moment.—*Coffee.* There has been very little business done in the Coffee market for some time, either by public sales or private contract. The prices remain stationary, and at the latest period may be stated a shade higher than at a previous period. For foreign there appears few buyers.—*Corn.* The market for all kinds of grain continues dull and greatly depressed. Wheat continues to fall in price. Barley is in such a complete state of stagnation that no sales can be effected. Oats, Beans, and Peas are also dull and rather lower. The demand for East India Rice continues considerable. The appearance of the Grain market is altogether very unfavourable for the holders. The present fine seed-time and early spring affords the strongest prospects that these will be succeeded by an early and abundant harvest, which will be a great relief to the manufacturing classes, suffering from dull trade and low wages.—*Tobacco.* There is no alteration in the price of Tobacco, several considerable shipments are making to France.—*Tallow.* There is little variation in the price of foreign Tallow.—*Rum, Brandy,* and *Geneva.* The market for Rum is again become heavy, and prices on the decline. Brandy and Geneva remain without alteration, and the market may be stated as heavy.—*Wine.* A very considerable rise has lately taken place on Port Wine. The vintage of last year fell very short from the expectations formed of it at an early period, and the quality is also, upon trial, found to be of an inferior kind. Higher prices therefore are anticipated. Madeira is also advancing in price, owing to the great demand for that kind of wine.

In the other articles often enumerated there is no alteration sufficient to merit notice. Notwithstanding the great importations of timber from different quarters, this article may be stated as scarce. The demand is certainly very extensive.

The public funds, which were greatly depressed, have recovered considerably, and still looking upwards steadily though slowly. Money is more abundant on the Stock Exchange than at the date of our last Report. Still a great stagnation remains in the manufacturing and commercial world. This is likely to continue for some time longer. The causes we have formerly endeavoured to point out. One of these, the great losses by Cotton, continues to act, though in a lesser degree. The loss also upon Grain must have been very great; the importation in 1817 amounted in value to £6,403,893, and in 1818 to £10,908,142. The amount of all this is money on the produce of our industry sent out of the country, and the loss upon Grain and upon Cotton are therefore total losses to the community, as well as to the individuals concerned. Therefore these losses press harder upon the commercial world than any other amongst our numerous branches of trade.

Course of Exchange, April 2.——Amsterdam, 11 : 7 : 2 U. Antwerp, 11 : 9. Ex. Hamburgh, 34 : 4 : 2½ U. Frankfort, 142 Ex. Paris, 24 : 25 : 2 U. Bourdeaux, 24 : 25. Madrid, 39 effect. Cadiz, 39½ effect. Gibraltar, 34. Leghorn, 51¼. Genoa, 47½. Malta, 50. Naples, 41⅜. Palermo, 123 per oz. Oporto, 58. Rio Janeiro, 61. Dublin, 12½. Cork, 12½. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £4 : 1 : 0. New doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0. New dollars, 0s. 0d. Silver, in bars, 0s. 0d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 30th March 1819.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	23d.	30th.
Bank stock,	262 261	——	——	——	——
3 per cent. reduced,	73½ 74⅛	——	——	——	——
3 per cent. consols,	72⅞ 73⅜	73⅜ 74⅛	74⅛ ⅜	74 ¼	74⅜
4 per cent. consols,	92⅜ 91⅝	——	——	——	——
5 per cent. navy ann.	104⅛ 103¾	105 104⅜	105⅛ 104⅞	104⅛ ¼	104⅜ ⅜
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	——	——	——	——	——
India stock,	221	——	——	——	——
—— bonds,	15 10 pr.	——	39 pr.	27 21 pr.	21 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d. p.d.	8 19 dis.	1 2 dis.	3 1 dis.	6 7 dis.	6 dis.
Consols for acc.	73¼	74⅜ ⅜	74⅜ ⅛ ¼ ⅜	74⅞ 5¼	——
American 3 per cent.	——	——	——	——	——
—— new loan, 6 p. c.	——	——	——	——	——
French 5 per cents.	——	——	——	——	66 15

PRICES CURRENT.—*Jan* 30.—*London, April* 9, 1819.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.
SUGAR, Muse.					
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	76 to —	68 to 72	65 to 74	70 to 75	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	80 90	74 90	75 90	75 84	£1 10 0
Fine and very fine, . .	92 96	91 94	91 94	86 88	
Refined, Doub. Loaves, .	150 160	— —	— —	140 153	
Powder ditto, . .	118 126	— —	— —	104 118	
Single ditto, . .	117 122	116 120	120 122	101 115	
Small Lumps . .	111 116	110 112	120 124	103 105	
Large ditto, . .	106 111	105 108	108 114	101 104	
Crushed Lumps, . .	62 66	60 61	60 63	96 97	
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	35 36	33 34	34 —	32 6 33 0	0 7 6¾
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.					
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120 132	118 130		120 125	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	133 147	131 145		158 150	
Batch, Triage and very ord.	116 120	— —	Uncertain.	100 120	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	122 135	120 133		125 130	0 0 7¾
Mid. good, and fine mid.	136 144	134 142		140 150	
Domingo,	140 —	— —		115 125	
UNGUENTO (in Bond) lb.	9 —	9 9¼	8 8½	8¼ 8¾	0 0 9¼
SPIRITS,					
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 10d 4s 0d	3s 9d 3s 10d	3s 9d 4s 5d	3s 4d 4s 6d	0 8 1¾
Brandy, . . .	5 6 6 0	— —	— —	4 3 5 6	B.S. 0 17 0¼½
Geneva, . . .	3 6 3 8	— —	— —	3 4 3 6	F.S. 0 17 11¾½
Aqua, ...	7 8 8 0	— —	— —	15 6 —	
WINES,					
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 64	— —	— —	£35 65 0	B.S. tun. 145 18 0
Portugal Red, pipe.	48 54	— —	— —	50 58 0	F.S. tun. 148 4 6
Spanish White, butt.	34 55	— —	— —	30 65 0	B.S. 95 11 0
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 35	— —	— —	25 38 0	F.S. 98 16 0
Madeira, . . .	60 70	— —	— —	50 53 0	B.S. 96 13 0
					F.S. 99 16 6
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£9 —	7 0 7 7	7 0 7 10	7 15 8 0	
Honduras, . .	9 10 —	7 10 7 15	7 10 7 15	8 0 8 5	0 9 1¼
Campeachy, . . .	10 —	8 10 9 0	8 0 8 10	9 0 10 0	
JUSTIC, Jamaica, .	10 11	— —	8 0 —	11 11 12 0	
Cuba, . . .	12 14	— —	10 0 10 10	14 0 14 10	1 4 6½
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	8 6 9 6	— —	10s 0d 10 6	0 0 4½
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 3 2 6	— —	2 6 2 8	— —	0 2 4½
Ditto Oak, . .	1 6 5 0	— —	— —	— —	0 5 6½
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 3 2 4	— —	— —	— —	
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	0 10 1 8	1 2½ 1 6	1 5 1 5	3 16 0
St Domingo, ditto .	— —	1 2 3 0	1 6½ 2 0	1 6 1 10	8 14 2
TAR, American, . brl.	— —	— —	14 6 16 6	20 —	B.S. 1 1 4½
					F.S. 1 2 11½
Archangel, . .	22 23	— —	17 0 18 0	20 —	
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 —	— —	— —	10 6 —	B.S. 1 8 6
					F.S. 1 10 1
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	68 70	70 —	71 —	68 0 70	0 3 2
Home Melted, . .	70 —	— —	— —	— —	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	51 52	50 52	— —	£49 0 —	B.S. 0 9 1¼
Petersburgh Clean, .	45 46	49 50	46 47	45 0 46	F.S. 0 10 0½
FLAX,					
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	74 —	— —	— —	82 0 —	
Dutch, . . .	60 130	— —	— —	70 90	B.S. cwt. 0 0 4 3/8
Irish, . . .	58 62	— —	— —	— —	F.S. 0 0 7 1/8
HATS, Archangel, . 100.	85 —	— —	— —	£4 5 4 10	B.S. 1 3 9
					F.S. 1 4 11½
BRISTLES,					B.S. 0 3 6½
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 0 16 0	— —	— —	14 10 —	F.S. 0 3 11½
SHES, Peters. Pearl, .	44 45	— —	— —	41 42	B.S. 0 4 6½
					F.S. 0 6 4
Montreal ditto, . .	56 57	54 55	52 —	54 56	0 1 7
Pot, . .	46 48	43 44	40 43	46 48	
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	35 36	35 36	36 —	35 37	
Cod, ...	37 (p. brl.)	— —	38 —	38 40	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	11 12	11 11½	0 7 0 8½	0s 8d 0 8¾	
Middling, . . .	10 10½	9½ 10½	0 5 0 6½	0 7½ 0 8½	0 10
Inferior, . . .	9 10	7 8	0 4½ —	5½ 6	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	1 1½ 1 3	1 0 1 1½	1 3 1 5	
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	3 0 3 3	2 3 2 6	1 9 2 6	
Good, . .	— —	2 7 2 10	2 0 2 2	— —	
Middling, .	— —	2 5 2 7	1 6 2 9	— —	B.S. 0 8 7
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 5 1 8	1 5 1 7	1 4 1 7	F.S. 0 17 2
West India, . .	— —	1 2 1 4	1 1 1 2	1 1 1 4	
Pernambuco, . .	— —	1 7½ 1 8	1 6 1 7½	1 7 1 9	
Maranham, .	— —	1 5½ 1 7½	1 4 1 5	1 5 1 6	

per lb. — per 100 lbs. — cwt. — ton. per 12 brls. — 50 c. f. — tun.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st March 1819, extracted from the London Gazettes.

Adams, S. and J. J. Wattleworth, Walsall, factors
Anderson, Henry, Winbolt, Cushion-court, Broad-street, coal-merchant.
Barnes, John, Portsea, builder
Bigg, Joseph and Charles, Hatfield, Herts, common brewers
Bennet, J. Manchester, woollen-cord-manufacturer
Brodie, H. Liverpool, linen-draper
Barter, R. and H. Bishops-Waltham, Hants, grocers
Bass, J. Woodford, Essex, victualler
Bell, C. F. Castle-street, Bethnal-green, victualler
Beer, W. Plymouth, ironmonger

Blake, J. Parson's-green, Fulham, brewer
Bamforth, J. jun. Wath-upon-Dearne, Yorkshire, butcher
Burton, W. Cornhill, auctioneer
Booth, J. Gloucester, earthenwareman
Burraston, W. Worcester, hop-merchant
Burchall, R. Ashton-within-Mackerfield, Lancaster, dealer
Brumwell, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, baker
Baker, S. Brighton, linen-draper
Buckland, T. Langley, Buckinghamshire, brick-maker
Barton, W. St Saviour's Church-yard, upholsterer
Brooke, N. Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, shoe-manufacturer
Barnett, A. Berner's-street, Oxford-street, glass-dealer
Booth, J. Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire, common brewer
Bush, H. Wick and Abson, Gloucestershire, dealer
Burmester, J. W. and C. L. Vidal, New London-street, merchants
Chamberlain, W. Bristol, corn-factor
Canstat, N. Upper East Smithfield, chemist
Crickett, T. Hougham, Kent, timber-merchant
Chant, J. Walsall, flour-seller
Cross, J. H. Bristol, corn-factor
Carlile, W. and T. Hodgson, Bolton, Lancashire, dealers in cotton yarn
Cheppett, E. Walcot, Somersetshire, cabinet-maker
Cole, R. Friday-street, haberdasher
Campbell, D. B. Harper, and A. Baillie, Old Jewry, merchants
Cottam, G. Manchester, plasterer
Cameron, J. Lancaster, merchant
Chaster, G. J. and T. Gomersal, Yorkshire, coal-dealers
Cocksedge, T. A. Woolpit, Suffolk, merchants
Cook, W. P. Plymouth, merchant
Dobie, A. Liverpool, mariner
Dyson, B. Doncaster, dealer in corn
Dalgairns P. and E. Winslow, St Mary-at-Hill, ship and insurance brokers
Dampier, E. Primrose-street, Bishopsgate-without, seed-crusher
Dunnage, H. Colchester, miller
Dickinson, W. Scalby, Yorkshire, coal-merchant
Evans, W. S. Chapel-street, Lamb's Conduit-street, bricklayer
Emanuel, A. Plymouth-dock, navy agent
Ellis, R. Dean-street, Southwark, provision-broker
Fenner, R. Fenchurch-streetChambers, flour-factor
French, W. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer
Fourdrinier, J. and C. Rickmansworth, paper-makers
Fisher, G. Liverpool, merchant
Fenner, R. Paternoster-row, bookseller
Fleming, T. Limehouse, Middlesex, sugar-refiner
Gaunt, John and Thomas, Armley, Leeds, woollen-manufacturers
Groning, R. Broad-street Buildings, London, merchant
Goddard, M. Stanmylands, Cheshire, tanner
Gregson, W. Hull, merchant
Guy, T. Liverpool, broker
Grime, J. Bottorn, Lancashire, upholsterer
Garland, I. Austin-friars, merchant
Harvey, W. jun. Clifton, Gloucestershire, boarding-house-keeper
Hendry, M. Hull, merchant
Herbert, T. Chequer-yard, Dowgate-hill, cotton-merchant
Heath, R. Cheltenham, carrier
Howe, J. Finsbury-place, livery-stable-keeper
Hayhurst, W. Remington, Yorkshire, cotton-manufacturer
Houghton, J. E. Fetter-lane, builder
Hoffman, J. Mile-end-road, brewer
Harding, C. Stafford, cotton-spinner
Harman, T. C. Wisbeach, Cambridge, linen-draper
Hornshaw, T. Halifax, Yorkshire, grocer
Hellicar, T. and J. Bristol, merchants
Harding, Samuel Tufley, Charles Oakes, and Thos Willington, Tamworth, Staffordshire, bankers
Haward, J. Liverpool, flour-dealer
Hunt, J. Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, brandy-merchant
Johnson, J. Sheffield, draper
Jamieson, J. Globe-street, Wapping, mariner
Jones, G. H. Bedford, bookseller
Kent, A. Deptford, baker
Knowles, J. Stroud, Gloucestershire, innholder
Leslie, A. Size-lane, Bucklersbury, provision-merchant
Lawes, T. Amesbury, Wilts, corn-dealer
Lea, W. Birmingham, victualler
Lamb, J. R. Unsworth, Lancashire, calico-printer
Miall, M. Portsea, merchant
Mercer, J. Heath-street, Commercial-road, mariner
Masters, J. Dartford, grocer
Morton, J. Ainsworth, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer
Mycock, H. Lancaster, provision-dealer
Murray, J. Bishopsgate-street, cordwainer
Miller, R. Old Fish-street, bookseller
Macdonald, R. Frant, Sussex, shopkeeper
Mountjoy, —— Hanwell-nursery, Ealing, Middlesex, seedsman
Mingay, Edmond, and Charles George Cotterll, Vine-street, Liquor-pond-street, bacon-merchants
Moore, Thomas Richard, Denmark-court, Strand, paper-stainer
Moule, H. St Michael, Bath, baker
Norris, J. Bolton, Lancashire, confectioner
Nelson, T. and E. Smith, Bolton, bed-quilt-manufacturers
Newton, H. Marshall-street, StGeorge's-field, taylor
Needes, J. Brick-lane, Spitalfields, coal-merchant
Powell, P. Knightsbridge, broker
Parker, J. Totton, Hants, dealer
Pinkerton, T. Birchin-lane, merchant
Pigot, W. Ratcliff-highway, grocer
Price, T. Asless-mills, Denbighshire, miller
Pearse, W. Blackwell-hall, factor
Pearson, John, Portsmouth, mercer
Pegrom, Maria, and Joseph, Artillery-street, Old Artillery-ground, dealers
Peel, J. Stafford, cotton-spinner
Parkinson, T. sen. Mill-place, Scawby, Lincolnshire, T. Parkinson, jun. Kingston-upon-Hull, and J. Lilly Seulcoates, Yorkshire, raff-merchants
Radcliffe, T. and J. Lancaster, and J. and R. Radcliffe, Manchester, calico-printers
Redfearn, W. York, fancy-manufacturer
Rugg, J. Bristol, victualler
Ralph, Wm Lewknor, Oxfordshire, farmer
Stubbs, Wm, Leek, Staffordshire, innholder
Simpson, Fred. Huddersfield, wool-stapler
Stanley, R. Horridge-end, Hope, Derbyshire, meal-dealer
Sibley, J. Abchurch-lane, drysalter
Stalker, D. and A. D. Welch, Leadenhall-street, slopsellers
Street, J. F. Budge-row, stationer
Sholter, F. Steyning, auctioneer
Steine, J. Butcher-row, East Smithfield, rectifier
Starkey, W. Bethnal-green-road, bricklayer
Stephens, J. London, merchant
Seudamore, C. Manchester, woollen-cord-manufacturer
Sykes, J. jun. York, fancy-manufacturer
Taylor, T. Leadenhall-street, master-mariner
Tuckett, J. and E. H. Bristol, grocers
Trahair, T. Newlyn West, Cornwall, baker
Tabberer, A. Manchester, woollen-cord-manufacturer
Tatum, W. and E. Palmer, Fish-street-hill, paper-stainers
Turner, W. London-road, Southwark, stationer
Thistlewood, G. Muscovy-court, Tower-hill, flour-factor
Vigers, W. R. Austin Friars, merchant
Whitebrook, J. Chester and Stafford, shoemaker
Whatton, J. Liverpool, cattle-dealer
Webb, A. Hammersmith, coach-proprietor
Wood, S. Bolton, Lancashire, banker
Williams, D. Bath, sadler
Westwood, C. Bristol, merchant
White, J. and W. French, Devonshire-street, Kensington, dyers
White, S. Turnham-green, victualler
Whitmarsh, H. H. Wingham, Kent, maltster
Williamson, T. Leigh, Lancashire, provision-dealer
Wright, W. Kirkdale, Lancaster, victualler
Watson, H. Stepney-green, Middlesex, merchant
Willock, W. Stafford, cotton-spinner.

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between 1st and 31st March 1819, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Anderson and M'Intosh, merchants and manufacturers in Glasgow, and Wm Anderson and Wm M'Intosh, the individual partners trading under said firm
Brodie, George, merchant, Leith
Barrie, Thomas, merchant, Edinburgh
Christie, George, tanner, Perth
Cockburn and Baird, mill-wrights, Edinburgh
Cadell, Thomas, brewer, Edinburgh, and Thomas Cadell and Michael Anderson, the individual partners thereof
Douglass, James, of Burnbrae, an individual partner of the company of George London and Co. merchants, Glasgow
Gillespie, Richard, calico-printer, Anderston, an individual partner of the concerns carrying on the business of calico-printing, under the firm of Richard Gillespie and Company.
Galli, Charles, jeweller, Leith
Henderson, Thomas and William, and Co. merchants, Edinburgh, and John Weir, the surviving individual partner thereof
Hamilton, Thomas, hardware-merchant, Stirling
Hay, Robert, bleacher, Netherplace
Johnston and Allan, saddlers, Crieff, and William Johnston, saddler there, and at Alva and Edinr.
Knox, Arthur, builder and glazier in Edinburgh
Kirk, Wm. manufacturer, Glasgow
Laing, Smith, and Co. merchants and calico-printers, at Parkholm, near Glasgow
Meldrum, Robert, late Banker, St Andrews, now in Edinburgh
Maclean, Charles, merchant, Edinburgh
Robertson, John, merchant, Leith
Sim, G. M. and Co. merchants, Glasgow, and Geo. Maitland Sim, the individual partner thereof
Stevenson, Thomas, grocer, Edinburgh
Pitcairn, David, merchant, Leith
Scott, Thomas, merchant, Edinburgh
Taylor, John, merchant, West-port, Edinburgh
Watt, David, wood-merchant and cabinet-maker in Hutchinsontown, Glasgow

DIVIDENDS.

Blackwood, Andrew, and Co. merchants, Glasgow; by Wm Dalgleish, merchant there, 19th April
Clerk and Ross, late merchants and insurance-brokers, Edinburgh; by the trustee, 6 April
Duguid, Wm. manufacturer, Aberdeen; by Alex. Webster, advocate there, 20th April
Maxwell, Robert, merchant, Dundee; by Alex. Tullo, merchant there, 10th May
Muirhead, G. A. saddler, Glasgow, deceased; by the trustee, 59, Queen-street there, 26th March
Johnston, Thomas, stationer, Glasgow; by Andw. Liddel, there, 22d March
Stewart, Charles, merchant, Pitnacree; by J. Duff, merchant, Dunkeld, 5s. 9d. per pound, 29th Mar.
Steven and Fraser, booksellers, Glasgow; by James Imrie, merchant there, 2d May.

London, Corn Exchange, April 5.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, Red	50	56	White	40	42
Fine	58	64	Boilers	44	46
Superfine	64	68	Small Beans	44	48
White	60	68	Fine	50	52
Fine	60	68	Tick	40	44
Superfine	70	74	Feed Oats	19	22
Foreign	52	75	Fine	25	26
Rye	38	40	Poland do	24	27
Fine	42	44	Fine	28	31
Barley	26	32	Potato do.	26	31
Fine	36	40	Fine	32	35
Superfine	42	45	Flour, p. sack	60	65
Malt,	54	66	Seconds	55	60
Fine	68	72	North Country	50	55
Hog Pease	44	45	Pollard	20	28
Maple	46	48	Bran	15	17

Seeds, &c.—April 2.

	t.	t.		s.	s.
Must. Brown,	12	21	Hempseed	60	64
—White	14	24	Linseed, crush.	56	65
Tares	17	—	New, for Seed	78	84
Turnips	—	—	Ryegrass,	10	46
—New	12	20	Clover, Red,	96	—
—Yellow	—	—	— White	112	—
Carraway	66	—	Coriander	25	30
Canary	126	—	New Trefoil	65	—

New Rapeseed, £44 to £—.

Liverpool, April 3.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.				
English	11	0	to 11	3
Scotch	10	6	to 11	6
Welsh	11	0	to 11	6
Irish	10	6	to 10	9
Dantzic	11	0	to 11	3
Wismar	11	0	to 11	3
American	9	6	to 10	9
Quebec	9	0	to 0	0
Barley, per 60 lbs.				
English, grind.	5	6	to 6	6
Malting	8	0	to 0	0
Irish	5	9	to 6	0
Scotch	6	0	to 7	6
Foreign	5	3	to 5	9
Malt p. 9 gls.	11	0	to 11	3
Rye, foreign	42		to 44	
Oats, per 45 lb.				
Eng. new	3	6	to 3	10
Scotch pota.	3	8	to 3	10
Irish,	3	6	to 3	10
Common	3	4	to 3	6
Foreign	3	0	to 3	6
Welsh	3	8	to 3	10
Beans, pr qr.				
English	55	0	to 58	0
Irish	51	0	to 56	0
Pease, per quar.				
— Boiling	54	0	to 56	0

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Pease, for.	0	0	to 0	0
Rice, p. cwt.	0	0	to 0	0
Flour, English, p. 280 lb. fine	56	0	to 60	0
—Seconds	50	0	to 55	0
Irish p. 240 lb.	48	0	to 49	0
Ameri. p. bl.	38	0	to 42	0
—Sour do.	32	0	to 34	0
Clover-seed, p. bush.				
— White	0		to 0	
— Red	0		to 0	
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
English	38	0	to 40	0
Scotch	30	0	to 32	0
Irish	32	0	to 34	0

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	s.
Butter, per cwt.		
Belfast	100	to 0
Newry	96	to 0
Drogheda	0	to 0
Cork, 3d	86	to 0
—New 2d,	96	to 0
Beef, p. tierce	95	to 100
—— p. barrel	60	to 65
Pork, p. brl.	95	to 102 6
Hams, dry,	68	to 0
Bacon,		
Short middles	65	to 66
Long ——	66	to 0

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 20th March 1819.

Wheat, 79s. 3d.—Rye, 56s. 11d.—Barley, 59s. 4d.—Oats, 33s. 7d.—Beans, 66s. 0d.—Pease, 68s. 5d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 37s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th March 1819.

Wheat, 66s. 2d.—Rye, 51s. 7d.—Barley, 45s. 1d.—Oats, 28s. 0d.—Beans, 46s. 3d.—Pease, 45s. 10d.—Big, 37s. 8d.—Oatmeal, 22s. 6d.

EDINBURGH.—April 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....40s. 0d.	1st,.....41s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.
2d,.....37s. 6d.	2d,.....38s. 0d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.	2d,.....23s. 0d.
3d,.....32s. 0d.	3d,.....32s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 16 : 7 : 5-12ths.

Tuesday, April 6.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.		Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 11d. to 0s. 0d.	
Mutton	0s. 7d. to 0s. 8d.		Potatoes (28 lb.) . .	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.	
Lamb, per quarter .	7s. 0d. to 9s. 0d.		Butter, per lb. . .	1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d.	
Veal	0s. 8d. to 1s. 0d.		Salt ditto, ...	1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d.	
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.		Ditto, per stone . .	17s. 0d. to 20s. 0d.	
Tallow, per stone .	12s. 0d. to 15s. 0d.		Eggs, per dozen . .	0s. 0d. to 0s. 8d.	

HADDINGTON.—APRIL 2.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....40s. 0d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.
2d,.....36s. 0d.	2d,.....37s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.
3d,.....33s. 0d.	3d,.....34s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 14 : 10 : 6-12ths.

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

MARCH commenced with snow and frost, which was soon followed, however, by mild pleasant weather, which continued till the 24th. During all this time, with the exception of the shower on the 1st, there fell scarcely a drop of rain, and the Hygrometer indicated a high degree of dryness. For several days after the 24th there were frequent showers, but the quantity of rain is unusually small. The mean temperature of the month is 5 degrees higher than that of 1818, and spring-water is as high now as it was last year at the beginning of May. The difference between the average of the extremes, and the average of 10 morning and evening, is exactly three-tenths of a degree. The point of deposition, owing to the dry north winds usual at this season, is 3 degrees lower than the mean of the minimum temperature. A very extraordinary fluctuation of the Barometer took place on the 18th, amounting to more than an inch, but scarcely any rain followed. The mean daily fluctuation for the month is one-tenth of a degree less than that of February.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25′, Elevation 185 feet.*

MARCH 1819.

Means.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	48.3
..... cold,	36.7
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	43.8
..... 10 P. M.	40.7
..... of daily extremes,	42.5
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	42.2
..... 4 daily observations,	42.3
Whole range of thermometer,	358.5
Mean daily ditto,	11.6
..... temperature of spring water,	40.9

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 47)	29.669
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 47)	29.689
..... both, (temp. of mer 47)	29.679
Whole range of barometer,	7.576
Mean ditto, during the day,	.123
..... night,	.121
..... in 24 hours,	.244

HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Rain in inches,	.758
Evaporation in ditto,	1.800
Mean daily Evaporation,	.058
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	15.9
..... 10 P. M.	11.5
..... both,	13.7
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A. M.	34.3
..... 10 P. M.	33.4
..... both,	33.8
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A. M.	73.7
..... 10 P. M.	78.7
..... both,	76.2
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A.M.	.149
..... 10 P.M.	.144
..... both,	.146

Extremes.

THERMOMETER.		Degrees.
Maximum,	9th day,	55.0
Minimum,	3d,	26.0
Lowest maximum,	1st,	40.5
Highest minimum,	15th,	45.0
Highest, 10 A. M.	31st,	52.0
Lowest ditto,	4th,	36.0
Highest, 10 P. M.	28th,	48.5
Lowest ditto	3d,	30.5
Greatest range in 24 hours,	16th,	18.0
Least ditto,	15th,	5.0

BAROMETER.		Inches.
Highest, 10 A. M.	7th,	30.132
Lowest ditto,	19th,	28.892
Highest, 10 P. M.	7th,	30.144
Lowest ditto,	28th,	29.145
Greatest range in 24 hours,	18th,	1.133
Least ditto,	4th,	.030

HYGROMETER.		Degrees.
Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M.	17th,	29.9
..... Lowest ditto,	1st,	1.0
..... Highest, 10 P. M.	16th,	26.0
..... Lowest ditto,	1st,	4.0
Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A.M.	31st,	44.6
..... Lowest ditto,	17th,	12.0
..... Highest, 10 P.M.	28th,	44.2
..... Lowest ditto,	16th,	14.0
..... Relat. Humi. Highest, 10 A.M.	1st,	98.0
..... Least ditto,	17th,	41.0
..... Greatest, 10 P.M.	1st,	91.0
..... Least ditto,	16th,	45.0
..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest 10 A.M.	31st,	.204
..... Least ditto,	17th,	.068
..... Greatest, 10 P. M.	28th,	.202
..... Least ditto,	16th,	.075

Fair days, 23; rainy days, 8. Wind west of meridian, 26; east of meridian, 5.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

(N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Mar. 1	M.34	29.326	M.37	E.	Heavy snow.
	A. 29	.482	A. 37		
2	M.37	.477	M.40	E.	Clear frost.
	A. 29	.527	A. 38		
3	M.35	.654	M.38	E.	Ditto, mild.
	A. 28½	.754	A. 37		
4	M.36	.891	M.41	W.	Do.
	A. 26½	.917	A. 41		
5	M.39	.853	M.42	Cble.	Do.
	A. 32	.833	A. 44		
6	M.41	.780	M.45	N. W.	Clear, calm.
	A. 32	.834	A. 44		
7	M.42	.979	M.45	N. W.	Cloudy.
	A. 33	.107	A. 44		
8	M.43	.879	M.45	N. W.	Clear.
	A. 38	.833	A. 40		
9	M.47	.752	M.47	N. W.	Clear, cold.
	A. 40	.785	A. 49		
10	M.46	.790	M.47	N. W.	Clear.
	A. 39	.790	A. 47		
11	M.44	.790	M.46	N. W.	Clear, cold
	A. 38½	.753	A. 47		
12	M.45	.899	M.47	N. W.	Do, mild.
	A. 38½	.887	A. 48		
15	M.41	.889	M.46	N. W.	Do.
	A. 35	.946	A. 47		
14	M.43	.951	M.45	W.	Cloudy, mild
	A. 39	.932	A. 46		
15	M.43	.777	M.45	W.	Cloudy, do.
	A. 38	.471	A. 48		
16	M.48	.378	M.49	N. W.	Showery, cold.
	A. 43	.498	A. 45		
Mar. 17	M.36	29.614	M.40	N. W.	Clear, cold.
	A. 34	.594	A. 41		
18	M.36	.406	M.40	N W.	Clear.
	A. 27½	28.869	A. 43		
19	M.39	.951	M.43	N. W.	Snow & Rain
	A. 32	29.951	A. 43		
20	M.39	.554	M.41	N. E.	Clear, cold.
	A. 36	.536	A. 41		
21	M.40	.661	M.43	N. E.	Clear.
	A. 31	.661	A. 42		
22	M.37	.430	M.41	N. E.	Do.
	A. 30	.430	A. 42		
23	M.38	.317	M.41	Cble.	Do.
	A. 27	.118	A. 42		
24	M.45	28.980	M.47	W.	Rain & Snow
	A. 36	.108	A. 45		
25	M.41	.906	M.43	N. W.	Hail showers
	A. 33	29.122	A. 45		
26	M.42	.229	M.46	N.W.	Do.
	A. 36	.322	A. 45		
27	M.45	.142	M.46	N. W.	Cble. with hail showers.
	A. 39	.286	A. 45		
28	M.45	.122	M.45	S.W.	Rain fore. clear after.
	A. 36	.122	A. 48		
29	M.42	28.992	M.48	S.W.	Showery.
	A. 42	.992	A. 49		
30	M.41	29.357	M.49	S. W.	Clear.
	A. 41	.466	A. 49		
31	M.42	.550	M.48	N.W.	Showery.
	A. 42	.594	A. 54		

Average of rain .8 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Charles Knatchbull, Esq. is appointed his Majesty's consul at Nantes, and all other ports and places in the Department of the Lower Loire.

The Earl of Fife has been appointed one of the Lords of the Bed-chamber, in room of the Earl of Poulett deceased.

Joseph Davies, Esq. is appointed his Majesty's consul for the Cape Verde Islands, to reside at St Jago.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Right Hon. Lord Douglas has presented the Rev. Arch. M'Conochy to the church and parish of Buncle and Preston.

III. MILITARY.

5 Dr. G. Wm Harcourt to be Cornet, 18 Mar. 1819

7 Dr. Cornet and Adj. T. Jeff, rank of Lieutenant, 4 do.
R. Smyth to be Cornet by purch. vice Williams, prom. 19 Feb.

8 Lieut. T. W. Harrington to be Capt. vice Carter, dead 18 March
Cornet H. Ferguson, from 9 Dr. to be Lieut. by purch. vice Fraser, prom. 25 Feb.

9 Dr. J. A. Lord Loughborough to be Cornet by purch. vice Ferguson 25 Feb. 1819

14 William Spike to be Cornet by purch. vice Whittle, ret. do.

15 Lieut. H. Lane to be Capt. by purch. vice Mansfield, ret. 25 Dec. 1818
Cornet F. Buckley to be Lieut. by purch. vice Lane do.

22 Capt. J. F. Paterson to be Major by purch. vice Broome, ret. 18 March 1819

3 F. G. Ensign —— Lord Bingham, from 6 Dr. to be Ensign and Lieut. by purch. vice Anson, 11 Dr. 24 Dec. 1818

4 Foot H. J. Loraine to be Ensign and Lieut. by purch. vice Bellingham, 6 F. 18 Feb. 19

6 Ensign W. Bellingham from 4 F. to be Ensign and Lieut. by purch. vice Lord Bingham do.

21 Capt. W. Willshire, from h. p. 97 F. to be Capt. vice M'Gregor, cancelled 25 do.

27 E. R. Rundle to be Ensign by purch. vice Cooper, ret. 11 March

35 Capt. C. W. Wall to be Major, vice Armett, dead 25 Feb.
Lieut. J. M. Philpot to be Capt. vice Wall do.
Ensign J. Dewson to be Lieut. vice Philpot do.
E. Wiknot to be Ensign, vice Dewson, prom. 11 March

39 Capt. F. C. Crotty, from 68 F. to be Capt. vice Bt. Major Wilson, ret. upon h. p. 3 W. I. R. 18 Feb.

46 Foot Lieut. R. Vincent, from 58 F. to be Lieut. vice Carne, ret. on h. p. 58 F. 24 Dec. 1818
51 Lieut. J. S. Powell, to be Adj. vice Jones, res. Adj. only 25 Feb. 1819
53 Assist. Surg. W. Pollock, M. D. to be Surg. vice Papps, dead 11 March
66 Ensign F. Croad to be Lieut. vice Davy, dead 15 Dec. 1818
T. Rainsford to be Ensign, vice M'Dougall, dead 17 Feb. 1819
Gent. Cadet P. Ditmas to be Ensign, vice Croad 18 do.
68 Capt. F. W. Kysch, from 3 W. I. R. to be Capt. vice Crotty, 39 F. do.
69 Lt. Gen. W. C. Lord Beresford, G. C. B. from 88 F. to be Colonel, vice Sir C. Culyer, dead 11 March
75 Gent. Cadet S. M. F. Hall to be Ensign by purch. vice Cope, ret. 21 Jan.
77 Capt. R. Place to be Major by purch. vice Westcott, ret. 11 March
Lieut. St J. A. Clerke to be Captain by purch. vice Place do.
Ensign J. D. Harris to be Lieut. by purch. vice Clerke do.
H. Hamilton to be Ensign by purch. vice Harris do.
85 B. H. Wynyard to be Ensign, vice Kerr, dead 25 Feb.
88 Lt. Gen. Sir G. Drummond, G. C. B. to be Colonel, vice Lord Beresford 11 Mar.
95 Capt. J. D. Tovey to be Major by purch. vice Adams, ret. 24 Jan.
Lieut. J. Pratt to be Capt. by purch. vice Tovey, prom. 24 do.
Rifle Br. Lieut. J. Kincaid to be Adj. vice Smith, res. Adj. only 18 Feb.
J. Coulsten to be 2d Lieut. vice Peel, 90 F. 4 March
1 W.I.R. Gent. Cadet C. Mills to be Ensign, vice Maclean, dead 25 Feb.
R. Y. Rang. Ensign J. Clarke to be Lieut. vice Campion, dead 21 Dec. 1818
Ensign J. Murphy to be Lieut. vice Fothergill, dead 22 do.
R. Art. 1st Lieut. J. Whitty to be 2d Capt. 23 Oct.
——— W. Munro do. 25 Jan. 1819
2d Lieut. P. L. Foote to be 1st Lieutenant 23 Oct. 1818
——— W. E. Richards, to be 1st Lieut. 25 Jan. 1819
Gent. Cadet S. J. Longmore to be 2d Lieut. 23 Oct. 1818
R. Eng. 1st Lieut. J. S. Kitson to be 2d Captain 17 Jan. 1819
2d Lieut. F. T. Atwood to be 1st Lt. do.
Garrison Gen. Sir David Baird, Bart. to be Gov. of Kinsale, vice Sir C. Culyer, dead 11 March
Staff H. B. B. Adams, late Major 95 F. to be Paym. of a Rec. District, vice Russell, dead 16 Feb.

Exchanges.

Major Watson, from 54 F. with Bt. Lt. Col. L. Walker, 71 F.
——— Walker, from 71 F. with Bt. Lt. Col. J. L. Watson, 54 F.
Brevet Major Kelly, from 1 Life Gds. with Captain Martin, h. p. 23 Dr.
——— Shum, from 6 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Captain Pipon, h. p. 26 F.
Captain Bridgeman, from 1 F. G. rec. diff. with Captain Vernon, h. p.
——— Morgan, from 2 F. G. rec. diff. with Capt. ortright, h. p.
——— Moorhouse, from 3 F. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Forster, h. p.
——— F. Colville, from 3 F. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Knollys, h. p.
——— Grant, from 3 F. G. rec. diff. with Capt. H. Colville, h. p.
——— James, from 3 F. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Murray, h. p.
——— Dunn, from 14 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Rochfort, h. p.
——— Master, from 1 F. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Vyner, h. p.
——— Clarke, from 1 F. with Capt. J. Cowell, h. p.
——— Robertson, from 78 F. rec. diff. with Capt. J. P. Lardy, h. p. Meur. R.
Lieut. Phillipson, from 7 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lt. Chalmer, h. p. 1 Dr. G.
Lieut. Petre, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt. Lowe, h. p. 18 Dr.
——— Visc. Valletor, from 1 F. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Stanhope, h. p.
——— Butler, from 3 F. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Fraser, h. p.
——— Palmer, from 23 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Barnett, h. p. 71 F.
——— Garrett, from 49 F. rec. diff. with Lt. King, h. p.
——— Winder, from 49 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Peel, h. p. 85 F.
——— Barrett, from 52 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Scoones, h. p.
——— Whitney, from 71 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Peel, h. p. 90 F.
——— Jones, from 51 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Powell, h. p. 60 F.
——— Monckton, from 1 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Manners, h. p. 1 F. G.
——— Bass, from 9 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. R. Ferguson, h. p. 8 Dr.
——— Fallon, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. A. M. Bayard, h. p. 23 Dr.
——— Beaufoy, from 27 F. with Lieut. J. Everett, 67 F.
——— Stopford, from 33 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lord S. Kerr, h. p. 35 F.
——— Wheatley, from 39 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. H. Caldicott, h. p.
——— Everitt, from 67 F. with Lieut. B. Beaufoy, 27 F.
Cornet Melville, from 9 Dr. with Lieut. Lord G. Bentinck, h. p. 1 F. G.
——— Ball, from 7 Dr. with Cornet Earl of Belfast, h. p.
Ensign Lawton, from 81 F. with Ensign Splaine, h. p. 26 F.
——— Denny, from 3 F. rec. diff. with Ensign G. R. Carmac, h. p. 85 F.
——— M'Intire, from 33 F. with Ensign R. W. Lutyens, 45 F.
——— Lutyens, from 45 F. with Ensign J. M'Intire, 33 F.
——— Milliken, R. Staff Co. with Ensign F. B. Robe, h. p.
Quarter-Master Askey, from 51 F. with Quarter Master Kenny, h. p. 97 F.
Assist. Surg. Gilder, from 3 F. G. with Assist. Surg. Judd, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Adams, 95 F.
Captain Mansfield, 15 Dr.
Cornet Whittle, 14 Dr.
Ensign Cope, 75 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Captain M'Gregor, 21 F.
Assistant Surgeon Maclean, 53 F.

Dismissed.

—— Pratt, Dep. Commis. Gen.
W. B. Moore, Dep. Assist. Commis. Gen.

Deaths.

Gen. Sir C. Culyer, Bart. 69 F. Gov. of Kinsale 8 March 1819
Lt. Gen. M. Matthew, late of 98 F. 19 do.
——— Wright, late R. Ir. Art. Dec. 1818
Maj. Gen. Trotter, R. Art. 6 March 1819
Lt. Col. Armett, 35 F.
Captain Maxwell, h. p. 14 F. 29 Jan.
——— Schuyler, h. p. 41 F. 23 Feb.
——— Keith, Inv. Bn. of R. Art. 12 do.
——— Robertson, 3 Lancashire Militia 27 Jan.
Lieut. Kellett, 5 Dr. Gds. 26 Feb.
——— Cumming, 3 W. I. R. 5 Jan.
——— Fothergill, R. York Ran. 21 Dec. 1818
——— M'Murran, York Chas. 26 do.
——— Maxwell, do. 18 Jan. 1819
——— Gorlien, h. p. 7 Line Ger. Leg. 31 do.

2d Lieuts. and Ensigns.

Kerr, 85 F.
M'Intosh, R. York Ran. 15 Jan.
Hogg, 1 Ceylon Reg. 12 July 1818
Green, do. 21 do.
Qr-Mr. Stoddart, 54 F. 11 Sept.
Surgeon Papps, 53 F.

Miscellaneous.

Gaskin, Dep. Com. Gen. at Jamaica 1 Jan. 1819

III. NAVAL.

Appointments.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
Captains.		*Masters.*	
Sir James A. Gordon	Active	Alexander Louthean	Active
Charles Farwell	Alert	Wm Akybone	Cadmus
Edw. Colman	Beaver	Alexander Watson	Cherokee
J. W. Montagu	Cadmus	J. Trivick	Drake
W. N. Glascock	Carnation	John Allen	Heron
Theobald Jones	Cherokee	K. Knapp	Helicon
T. B. Collier	Falmouth	James Paddon	Myrmidon
Rob. Hanmer	Heron	T. Spence	Nautilus
W. R. A. Pettman	Helicon	Thomas Marsh	Pandora
H. J. Leeke	Myrmidon	M. Holbrook	Pheasant
J. F. Chapman	Nautilus	J. Botham	Rosario
Charles G. Randolph	Pandora	John Franklyn	Royal Sovereign Yt.
Hon. Charles Paget	Prince Regent	R. Hawkey	Sybille
Wm Hendry	Rosario	Alexander Thompson	Tees
Wm Popham	Sybille	J. W. P. Pill	Wasp
Hon. J. Gordon	Tamar	Samuel Tuck	Wye
Lieutenants.		*Surgeons.*	
Rob. Campbell	Abundance	S. J. Swayne	Active
George Woolcombe	Active	James Osborne	Cadmus
Charles Gordon	Ditto	Joseph M'Crea	Cherokee
George Bague	Ditto	John Greig	Drake
Lord H. F. Thynne	Ditto	Alexander Lyall	Dwarf
C. R. Malden	Aid	Wm Anderson	Grasshopper
Thomas Dilke	Albion	John Edwards	Hecla
G. F. Pomeroy	Ditto	James Osmond	Helicon
C. S. Cochrane	Andromache	H. Ferguson	Leveret
Thomas Saumarez	Blossom	T. B. Wilson	Liffey
H. P. Lew	Cadmus	E. P. Wilkes	Myrmidon
M. Phibbs	Ditto	John Rankin	Nautilus
Hen. Foster	Cherokee	G. H. Jones	Nimrod
Robert Card	Ditto	N. Roche	Pandora
Charles Walcott	Confiance	Samuel Alexander	Rosario
Wm Burnett	Egeria		
C. H. Swinburne	Eurydice	*Assistant Surgeons.*	
Charles Gossett	Favourite	Hugh O'Neil	Active
Howe Braithwaite	Falmouth	Thomas Brownrigg	Argonaut
M. Liddon	Griper	John Bell	Bacchus
H. P. Hoppner	Ditto	M. Quin	Bellette
W. E. Parry	Hecla	Wm Clarke	Conqueror
F. W. Beechey	Ditto	Thomas Robertson	Ditto
Thos Cook	Helicon	Alexander Gilsellan	Ditto
John Church	Ditto	W. Scales	Dauntless
F. Hastings	Kangaroo	John Baird	Egeria
D. H. Watson	Leander	Josh. Little	Favourite
Edward Belcher	Myrmidon	C. J. Beverley	Griper
Philip Justice	Nautilus	Alexander Fisher	Hecla
Robert Ralph	Ditto	C. R. Schumaker	Hyæna
George C. Yeo	Newcastle	Clond Brown	Kangaroo
James Wigston	Pandora	James Forrester	Morgiana
J. J. F. Newell	Ditto	Thomas Mitchell	Myrmidon
J. R. Carnac	Racehorse	John M'Laren	Nautilus
Wm Sanders	Rosario	Evan Davies	Pheasant
W. W. Eyton	Ditto	James Smyth	Pioneer
R. R. Acfimuty	Salisbury	J. F. Bailey	Protector
Henry Sleath	Scout	James Keith	Salisbury
Edward Chappell	Severn	John Gray	Ditto
James Lawrence	Ditto	Samuel Wallace	Ditto
W. H. Dore	Ditto	Peter Lothian	Severn
A. G. Wemyss	Shearwater	Eph. Graebke	Ditto
Ed. S. Clarkson	Sir Francis Drake	Anth. Donoghoe	Sydney
Lord Viscount Mandeville	Sybille		
Hon. G. J. Cavendish	Tamar	*Pursers.*	
God. Brereton	Tees	William Willie	Active
J. B. L. Hay	Ditto	W. B. Murray	Bulwark
J. W. Young	Wolf	William Thomas	Cadmus
W. Kitchen	Wye	Thomas Wilcocks	Cherokee
Robert Ede	Eagle, Rev. Cutter	Richard Sholl	Falmouth
Henry Nazer	Vigilant, do.	W. H. Hooper	Hecla
Robert Rochfort	Lapwing, do.	David Irwin	Heron
John Elwin	Castle Coote, do.	George Marsh	Helicon
Arthur Darley	Townsend, do.	William Barrett	Myrmidon
D. J. Woodriffe	Whitworth, do.	John Jeremain	Nautilus
Thomas Stewart		William Peche	Northumberland
A. M'Donald	Agents of Transport	Edward Blackmore	Pandora
James Lowry		Rich. A. Cowan	Rosario
Marshal Hoyles		John Savage	Sapphire
Royal Marines.		*Chaplains.*	
Capt.		John Kirby	Ganymede
1st Lieut.		Edward Beatty	Revolutionaire
2d Lieut. Geo. Griffin	Active	William Bowen	Tribune
—— F. Macnamara	Wye		

Miscellaneous Appointments.

Sir James Cockburn, Bart. Paymaster of the Royal Marine Forces.
Colonel Hon. G. A. C. Stapylton, Commissioner of the Navy.
Captain Robert Barie, Acting Resident Commissioner in Canada.
Captain Thomas Hurd, Superintendant of Chronometers.

To superintend the Ordinary.

Names.	Names.	Names.
Captains.	Thomas Gray	R. D. Lancaster
D. M'Leod	Thomas Read	N. T. France
C. B. H. Ross	James U. Purchas	*Pursers.*
John Hayes	George L. Saunders	W. Moore
Commanders.	George Harris	R. Henning
E. Denham	John Robarts	R. Shugar
Thomas Dutton	George Hopkins	W. Sison
J. Wyborn	John Sutherland	J. J. Lanyon
Lieutenants.	George Williamson	Thomas Tait
William Cockraft		

Edward Pownall, Clerk of the Survey, Woolwich Yard.
P. Edgecombe, ditto Chatham Yard.
Ambrose Keddell, ditto Plymouth Yard.
R. T. Foster, Clerk of the Rope Yard, Portsmouth Yard.
Dr Robert Wright, Physician of Greenwich Hospital.
Dr John Gray, ditto of Halsar Hospital.

Promotions.

Names.	Names.	Names.
Captain.	Robert Jump.	George F. Pomeroy
Hon. John Gordon	Wm Caspal	Alex. G. Wemyss
Commanders.	Samuel Fox	Charles Gossett
W. N. Glascock	George Hailes.	Charles C. Frankland
H. F. Y. Pogson	*Lieutenants.*	*Surgeons.*
Daniel Miller	Benjamin Hayter	Wm Anderson
John Eveleigh	Edward S. Clerkson	Joseph M'Crea
Thomas Lipson	Wm Burnett	William Watt
Superannuated Commanders.	Thomas Dilke	
Philip Tomlinson		

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 5. At Colliepriest, Devonshire, Lady Mary Hay, a daughter.
8. At Birkenbog, the lady of R. Marquis, a son.
14. At Hollymount-house, county of Mayo, the lady of Thomas Spencer Lindsay, Esq. a daughter.
— At Athlone, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, C.B. assistant-adjutant-general, a son.
17. At Crailing-house, the lady of James Paton, Esq. a son.
— The wife of an industrious weaver in the neighbourhood of Newburgh, Fife, was safely delivered of two sons and a daughter, who, with the mother, are all doing well.
20. Mrs Fraser Tytler of Aldourie, a daughter.
— The Dutchess of Bedford, a son.
— At Merchant-street, Edinburgh, Mrs William Dunlop, a son.
21. At 58, George-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Mackenzie of Strathgarve, a daughter.
— At Leith Fort, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, a daughter.
24. At Edinburgh, the lady of Charles Henry Bazeley, Esq. a son
— At Criggie, Mrs Low, a son.
— At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the lady of Colonel Sir J. Cameron, K.C.B. K.T.S. of the 9th foot, a son.
— Mrs Powell, 15, Kathrine-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
25. Mrs J. H. Ross, 7, Elder-street, Edinburgh, a son.
— At Beaumont-cottage, Chertsey, the lady of J. H. Colt, Esq. a daughter.
27. Mrs Macdonald, 38, Heriot-row, Edinburgh, a daughter.
— Mrs Stoddart, Albany-street, Edinburgh, a son.
28. At Dublin-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Swan, a daughter.
— At Glenkindy, the lady of Sir Alexander Leith, a son.
— At Kincardine manse, Ross-shire, Mrs Maclean, a daughter.

March 1. At 10, Great Nelson-street, Liverpool, Mrs Dr Hannay, a daughter.
— Mrs Yule, Broughton-place, Edinburgh, a son.
2. Lady Harriet Paget, a daughter.
— In Cavendish-square, London, the lady of Admiral J. E. Douglas, a daughter.
5. At Raeburn-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Williamson, a son.
6. Mrs George Moncrieff, a still-born male child.
— At Edmonstone-house, Mrs Wauchope of Edmonstone, a daughter.
— At Levenside, Mrs Blackburn of Kilearn, a son.
— At Strathmiglo-field, Mrs Thomas Walker, a son.
7. At Mansfield, the lady of W. Thomson Honyman, Esq. of Mansfield, a son and heir.
— Mrs Moubray, Howe-street, Edinburgh, a son.
8. At Abbey-hill, Edinburgh, Lady Menzies of Menzies, a son.
— Mrs Bringloe, Nelson-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
10. At Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Richard Mackenzie, a daughter.
— At York, Mrs Milner of Nunmonkton, a daughter.
— At Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, Mrs Andrew Henderson, a son.
— At Bonskeid-house, Perthshire, the lady of Captain Hodgson, royal navy, a son.
— At New-hall-house, Mrs Brown, a son; her 14th child.
— At Aberdeen, Mrs Ferguson of Kinmundy, a son.
— At Sandhouse, Shetland, the Lady of John Scott, Esq. jun. of Scalloway, a daughter.
— The Marchioness of Ely, a daughter.
11. At Albany-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Napier, a daughter.
— In London, the lady of Francis James Adam, Esq. a son.
13. At Portobello, Lady Elibank, a daughter.
17. At 5, North Charlotte-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Douglas, a son.

MARRIAGES.

August 24, 1818. At Calcutta, Mr J. Campbell of the Bengal civil service, to Margaret Flora, daughter of the late Mr Douglas, West Indies, and niece of Major J. L. Stuart, honourable East India Company's service.

Jan. 22. At Leith, Captain James Kerr of the ship Peggy, West Indiaman, to Catherine, fourth daughter of the late Captain William Nesbitt, Old Shipping Company, Berwick.

Feb. 17. At Wilton-manse, Roxburghshire, Mr Thomas Wilson, manufacturer, Hawick, to Charlotte, only daughter of the late Charles Grant, writer in Edinburgh.

— David Murray, Esq. wine-merchant, to Marion, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Carmichael, Esq. Edinburgh.

— At the British Ambassador's at Paris, Charles Shakerly, Esq. eldest son of C. Shakerly, Esq. of Shakerly, in the county of Lancaster, and of Somerford-hall, in the county of Chester, to Mademoiselle Rosalie D'Avacy, only daughter of the Duke D'Avacy.

18. At Dalkeith, Alexander, youngest son of the late James Murray, Esq. of Craigend, to Jessie, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Moffat, Dalkeith.

21. At Capel, Joseph Carrington Ridgway of Piccadilly, to Elizabeth Ballingall, only daughter of the Rev. Patrick Ballingall Heath of Capel, Surrey, and St Margaret's Ilketshall, Suffolk.

22. At Dalwhat, C. A. Lennock, Esq. captain, royal navy, to Lilias, fifth daughter of John Corson, Esq. of Dalwhat.

23. At London, Thomas Broadwood, Esq. of Juniper-hall, Surrey, to Anne Augusta, eldest daughter of Alexander Mundell, Esq. of Parliament-street.

— At Mavisbank, Alexander Brodie, Esq. merchant in Leith, to Louisa, third daughter of the late Captain William Mercer of the honourable East India Company's service.

— At Leith, Captain Robert Muckle, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr William Campbell, Leith.

24. At the manse of Carnock, the Rev. Peter Cosens, minister of Lauder, to Catherine, only daughter of the Rev. Alex. Thomson, minister of Carnock.

March 1. William Pollock, Esq. of Whitehall, to Margaret, eldest daughter of John Black, Esq. of Clermont.

— At Overton, near York, Robert Dow Kerr, Esq. of Greenock, to Augusta, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Claudius Buchannan, D.D.

— At Glasgow, Mr Alexander Macdowall, writer, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Robert Walker, Esq. merchant.

2. At Alderstone, Captain A. G. Jackson, of the royal artillery, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Walter Cecil, Esq. of Moreton Jeffries, Herefordshire.

— At Lochbuy-house, Donald Campbell, Esq. of Achnacraig, to Miss Eliza Maclane, daughter of the late Murdoch Maclane, Esq. of Lochbuy, island of Mull.

4. At Dundee, James Knowles, Esq. of Kirkton, to Isabella, youngest daughter of William Pitcairn, Esq. Dundee.

9. At Paisley, George Robertson, Esq. of London, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Colin Douglas, Esq. of Demerary.

12. Peter Hewett, Esq. W. S. to Isabella, eldest daughter of Andrew Taylor, Esq. of Westbarns.

13. Mr Sergeant Copley, chief justice of Chester, to Mrs Thomas, widow of the late Lieutenant-Col. Thomas.

16. At Arniston, John Borthwick, Esq. younger of Crookstoun, advocate, to Miss Dundas, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Chief Baron.

— At Tullialtan-manse, Mr Robert Buist, manufacturer, Perth, to Janet, second daughter of the Rev. David Simson.

— At Wandsworth, the Hon. James Sinclair, second son of the Earl of Caithness, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of George Tritton, Esq. of West-hill.

18. At Edinburgh, Mr John Morrison, writer, to Jane, eldest daughter of James Hay, Esq. Hanover-street.

19. At Edinburgh, Mr William Rutherford, merchant, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr Fletcher Yetts, Castlehill, Edinburgh.

— Mr H. Clarke Taylor, Mid-Calder, to Barbara M'Kenzie.

Lately. At Hollos, parish of Cannobie, John Lattimer, aged 81, to Janet French, aged 78, after a courtship of 56 years.

At Stoke-upon-Trent in Staffordshire, Mr William Gother, to Miss Ann Ashley. The bridegroom, who is aged about 42, has been in his Majesty's naval service for the term of 22 years, and has lost both his legs. When conducted to the church, he was seated in the *forecastle* of a *Donkey*, accompanied by his faithful *Dulcinea*. On his arrival at the desired *haven*, he disembarked, and being safely stowed in the *hold* of the church, he received his blushing bride on his *knees*, being unable either to stand or walk.

DEATHS.

July 14, 1818. In camp, at Sutwannan, near Talna, of a fever, which he caught in Candeish, Lieutenant Henry Currie of the 2d regiment Russel Brigade, third son of Mr Currie, writer, Lanark.

Sept. 19. At Canton, Mr Charles More, first officer of the honourable East India Company's ship the Duke of York.

Jan. 19, 1819. At his house, Somerstown, in his 61st year, Mr Greig, author of "Heavens Displayed," &c.

Feb. 1. At Rome, M. Akerblad, aged 60. His death is a severe loss to the sciences of philology and archæology.

4. At Bath, Mrs Hamilton, relict of Colonel F. Hamilton, formerly of the 1st royal Scots.

— At Applecross, Donald Mackenzie, Esq. of Hartfield, son of the late Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. of Applecross, and lieutenant in the 100th regiment of foot.

— At Clachnaharry, in the 65d year of his age, Mr Davidson, resident engineer of the Caledonian Canal.

11. At Nice, in the prime of life, whether he had gone for the recovery of his health, the Rev. John Shiels, minister of the gospel at Westruther.

12. At his house in Lower Grosvenor-place, Captain Francis Mouat Keith of the royal artillery.

14. At Roseneath-manse, the Rev. Dr George Drummond, in the 82d year of his age, and 53d of his ministry.

— At his house in Canander, George Menzies, Esq. of Rinroy, late chamberlain to his Grace the Duke of Montrose.

— At his apartments in Castle-street, Aberdeen, William Ogilvie, Esq. professor of Humanity in the King's College of that city.

— At Edinburgh, William Taylor, Esq. late merchant in Glasgow.

15. At Killin, Perthshire, Mr Peter Campbell, aged 54 years, third son of Mr Duncan Campbell, late of Dalgirdy.

17. At the manse of Trinity Gask, Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Ralph Taylor of Monzie.

— At London, James Dobie, sen. surgeon, R.N.

— At Amisfield-mains, Mrs Elizabeth Bogue, widow of the late William Brodie, Esq. in the 78th year of her age.

18. At Jedburgh, in the 13th year of his age, after only two days' illness, Charles, only son of Mr Duncan Cowan, merchant in Edinburgh.

— Agnes Jane, the infant daughter of the late Mr Ralph Hardie, writer in Edinburgh.

20. At her house, Wharton-place, Mrs Julia Kerr, relict of Robert Kerr, Esq.

— At Taunton, Mrs Mackenzie, wife of Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq.

— At Arkleton, near Langholm, after an illness of three weeks, John Jardine, Esq.

— At Newbattle, of a short illness, Mr James Lumsden, farmer.

21. At Leven, Fifeshire, Lieutenant Thomas Younger, R. N. late commander of his Majesty's ship Theodosia in the Mediterranean Sea.

— At Arbroath, Mr Thomas Dick, surgeon.

— At the manse of Barr, the Rev. Stephen Young, minister of that parish.

— At Perth, Mrs Bathea Nairne, relict of George Spalding, Esq. of Glenkilry.

— At Kinross, Jane, eldest daughter of the late Mr Bruce Beveridge, in her 19th year.

— At Stirling, Mrs Elizabeth Bennet, spouse of Robert Banks, Esq. of Craighead.

22. At Edinburgh, James Syme, Esq. of Northfield.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Buchan, widow of John Glassell, Esq. of Longniddry.

— In St Patrick-square, Edinburgh, Catharine

Kay, daughter of Mr James Kay, writer, Edinburgh.

24. At Edinburgh, Mrs Rowland, widow of Francis Rowland, Esq. captain in the late 84th regiment of foot, and secretary to the commander-in-chief in India.

— At her mother's house, Shrub-place, Leith-walk, Miss Helen Ranken.

26. At Ravelstone, Alexander Keith, Esq. of Dunottar.

— In Milne-square, Edinburgh, aged 77 years, Mrs John Gray, a gentleman of deep erudition, eminently skilled in the learned languages, and no less remarkable for his modesty than for his talents and attainments.

27. At Birdstone, Mrs Gray, wife of John Gray, Esq. of Birdstone, Campsie.

— At her house in George-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Joass, wife of James Alexander Haldane, Esq.

— At Buchany, near Doune, Duncan Balfour, a glazier, aged 81. He was a man of superior abilities, of a ready country wit, possessing an astonishing fund of anecdote concerning the great families of Scotland; a firm adherent of the unfortunate Prince Charles Edward, in memory of whom he preserved, with the utmost care, a silver *quegh*, out of which the prince is said to have drank on his way through Doune, immediately before the battle of Culloden. He remembered the *Highlandman's year*, and boasted of having once seen the Prince. He was honest in all his dealings, led an active life, enjoyed it to the last, and was at work the day before he died.

— The Rev. Robert Robertson, minister of the gospel at Ednam, Roxburghshire.

28. At his house of Broomhill, near Lasswade, Captain Robert Forbes, royal navy.

— At his house in Chichester, in his 60th year, Vice-Admiral Sir George Murray, K.C.B. and late captain of the fleet under Lord Nelson.

— At Farr, Inverness-shire, Miss Ann Mackintosh, eldest daughter of James Mackintosh, Esq. of Farr, after a long and painful illness.

— At Knockhay, near Campbletown, Augusta Clavering, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel John Porter.

March 1. At No 2, Tiviot-row, Edinburgh, Alexander Merchant, senior, of the excise, aged 70 years.

2. At Inverleithen, Mrs Mary Anderson, relict of Mr Robert Horsburgh, late in Yair.

3. At Dalry-mills, Andrew Veitch, Esq.

— At Woodside, Miss Anne Scott, daughter of the late Walter Scott, Esq. of Harden.

4. At Perth, Marjory, daughter of the late John Kennedy, Esq. factor to the Earl of Breadalbane.

— At Glasgow, Mr David Laurie, junior, merchant.

— At Dalochy, Fife, Mrs Barbara Gray, wife of Mr David Cuningham.

— James Ferguson, only son of the late Mr Daniel Dods, merchant, Edinburgh.

5. Mrs Semple, wife of Robert Semple, Esq. Greenhead.

— Mrs Janet Buchan, spouse of Mr Andrew Brown, bookseller, Leith-street.

— At Edinburgh, John Landale Farnie, aged 13, son of Mr Farnie, Burntisland.

— In Hertford-street, May-fair, London, Lady Ellenborough, spouse of the present Lord Ellenborough. Her ladyship was Catherine Octavia, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Londonderry, sister of Lords Castlereagh and Stewart, and niece of Marquis Camden.—She was born 14th October 1792, and married to the Hon. Edward Law, now Lord Ellenborough, on the 11th December 1813.

6. At Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, the lady of Robert Downie, Esq. of Appin, after being delivered of a still-born child.

— At Dublin, Major-General Thomas Trotter, colonel-commandant of the royal artillery, and commanding the royal artillery in Ireland. This most amiable man and revered veteran terminated his honourable career, after having nearly completed, in the service of his king and country, half a century; his first commission in the regiment being dated the 10th of January 1770. Major-General Trotter went to America in the year 1773, where he continued to serve throughout the whole of the American war; after returning to England he went to America a second time, and served in Canada three years. He afterwards served under the command of the Duke of York in Flanders, where he had the honour, upon one occasion, of receiving, in public orders, the thanks of his royal highness. Major-General Trotter has served in Ireland since the year 1801, during which period the benevolence of his disposition, and suavity of his manners, had endeared him to an extensive circle of acquaintance.

7. Sandilands George, youngest son of Mr Brown, solicitor-at-law, Bank-street.

— At Hope-park-end, Edinburgh, John Yetts, Esq. R. N.

— At Newington, Mrs Agnes Cockburn, relict of John Burn, Esq. of Coldoch.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Anna Woodgate, wife of William Francis Woodgate, Esq. late of Somerhall, Kent.

8. At his seat, St John Lodge, Herts, Sir Cornelius Cuyler, Bart. a general in the army, (which he entered full 59 years ago,) governor of Kinsale, and colonel of the 69th regiment of foot, having served twice as a commander-in-chief abroad, and previously in other very important, though inferior situations. He is succeeded in his title by his eldest son, a major in the army, now Sir Charles.

— At his house, No 2, Paterson's-court, Broughton, Mr James Sommers, attorney of exchequer.

— At Lanark, Mrs Wilson, relict of John Wilson, town-clerk.

11. At Kilconquhar-house, Henry Bethune, Esq. of Kilconquhar.

— At Hawick, Miss Margaret Langlands, aged 88.

12. At Upton Grey, Hampshire, the seat of J. H. Beaufoy, Esq. Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Stephen Cosser, Esq. Millbank-street, Westminster.

— At Pilrig-street, William Ogilvy, Esq. merchant in Leith.

— At his lodgings in Paliol College, Oxford, the Right Rev. John Parsons, D. D. Lord Bishop of Peterborough. His Lordship was in the 58th year of his age, and had suffered for some weeks previously to his disease under the severe and agonising malady of the rheumatic gout.

13. At Ladyfield-place, Edinburgh, Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Baledmund.

14. Of an apoplectic fit, Sophia Elizabeth, wife of Colonel John Shedden of Elms, near Lymington, aged 38.

— At his house, Salisbury-place, Newington, George Andrew, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— At Seggieden, Mrs Margaret Richardson, wife of James Hay, Esq. of Seggieden.

16. Mary, the infant daughter of Dr James Millar, Brown's-square, Edinburgh.

— At Colzium, Margaret, second daughter of James Davidson, Esq. W. S.

18. At Clapham, E. Parratt, Esq. aged 72, who filled, with great ability, the important office of clerk of the journals, to the House of Lords, for 24 years.

Lately. At Ardmore, John Geddes, Esq.

At Knock of Kincairn, Strathspey, Captain John Steuart of the 55d regiment of foot. His death was occasioned by a lingering indisposition, from the effects of the wounds and contusions he received at the storming of Fort Calliger, in the East Indies, on the 2d February 1812; when leading the grenadier company up to the breach, he was precipitated down the perpendicular rock on which the fort is built, apparently dead. In his death, at the early age of 33 years, his country, which he had served in the 92d and 93d regiments, with the merited approbation of his superior officers, for 16 years, has sustained a heavy loss.

On his voyage home from Quebec, Captain Archibald Moore of Seabank, Rothesay. It is understood his ship was wrecked in the river St Lawrence, and that all on board perished.

At Holmwood, near Henley, aged 17, Ensign Kerr, 85th foot, eldest son of Lord Mark Kerr.

At Dalkeith, Robert, youngest son of Mr William Ballantine, nurseryman there.

At Rochester, the Rev. William Philip Menzies.

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BLACKWOOD'S
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BLACKWOOD'S
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No XXVI. MAY 1819. Vol. V.

THE FLY-FISHER'S GUIDE. BY G. C. BAINBRIDGE, ESQ.*

What a magical wand is a fishing-rod tapering out of a window over a crowded street in a great city! It transports one in a moment from heat, dust, clamour, yells and rattling, into all the murmuring freshness of rural solitude.

"Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside."

Such a wand waves with peculiar potency in this our good city of Edinburgh. How often, when shrouded in one of those dense columns of sand that would do credit to the interior of Africa, have we ventured, with some confidence, to open our eyes, as we instinctively knew ourselves to be immediately under the window of a fishing-tackle shop—and felt, as we passed below the dangling wooden salmon, as if a shower of pellucid water were besprinkling all our dusty being. How finely and gracefully those two rods, from Mackenzie's and Maclean's, on opposite sides of the North Bridge, cut the horizon, as you advance from the Register-office to the Tron-church! They are far more effective than any mere living trees; and indeed, we have often thought it one of the many oversights of painters, that, in their pictures of town scenery, they have, as far as we recollect, never introduced those potent rods that taper away into the clear blue sky, bent down, as it were, with the weight of so many rural associations.

It is now the season of angling. Trout-fishing is in perfection in all the streams, and rivers and lakes of Scotland. Much pleasure and much pain is now enjoyed and suffered there. The expert and skilful angler is, even now that the pen is in our hand (oh! that it were exchanged for a fifteen feet rod), gently and slowly laying on some green bank of the Tweed, a "four-pounder" trout glittering with all his beautiful dies—while many hopeless aspirants are flogging the water in vain, have dropped their hook, like an anchor, beneath some unlucky stone, or fastened the end of their line, like the towing rope of an overloaded canal boat, on some immoveable and inexorable tree.

Miss Joanna Baillie, we think it is who says,

"I've seen a child
On the edge of a clear stream, hold out
His rod and baitless line from morn till noon,
Eyeing the spotted trout that past his snare
A thousand times hath glided; till, by force,
His angry dame hath dragg'd him from his station;
Hope is of such a tough continuous nature."

Many a full grown man is, at this season of the year, equally illustrative of the same principle of human life. We all know, or ought to know, the story of the "glorious nibble," and never do we feel so tempted to moralize as when, at the close of day, we meet at Clovenford or Inverleithen—those inimitable fishing stations on the Tweed—some grave, self-satisfied, elderly gentleman, who, to the question of "what sport?" answers by lifting up the lid of his pannier, and exhibiting, with a silent look of conscious dexterity, a brace of small trouts

* The Fly Fisher's Guide, illustrated by Coloured Plates, representing upwards of forty of the most useful Flies, accurately copied from Nature; by Geo. C. Bainbridge. Liverpool, Wright and Cruickshank. 1816

and a trio of pars, the result of eight successive and successful hours of uninterrupted angling.

All anglers are amiable men. Only go into a fishing-tackle shop. Each person, as he enters there, salutes his previous brother of the angle, with a suavity no where else exhibited in our cold northern clime. They all lay their heads together in making a purchase—the "March brown," or the "red spinner," passes in review before every eye—and every ear is regaled with the music of the "multiplying reel." A sort of natural free-masonry binds together all us anglers—we could, at a single glance, select from the largest company the man who has killed a salmon, nor could the uninitiated utter one word in our hearing respecting our craft, without betraying the imposture. It was only a few days ago that we saw the Ettrick Shepherd driving a gig along Prince's Street—and though nothing was probably farther from his thoughts than angling, in that perilous situation, yet from the manner in which he held the whip, we could have sworn that the poet was a tolerable fisher. He flourished it as if a pair of flies had been appended to the lash, and he himself seated on a rock, with his half-filled pannier on his back, "by still St Mary's Lake."

It is quite impossible to lounge away a forenoon more agreeably than in the various fishing-tackle shops in this city. One is sure to meet, at all times, with the very best company. There, old age exhibits all the vivacity, and earnestness, and animal spirits of youth—there boyhood shews all its most eager and anxious hopefulness—there the town-pent man of business looks, with eyes brightened by the prospect of a week's sport and relaxation—and there the very Dandy himself catches from those around him something of the manner, if not of the appearance of a rational being. It is a very school of humanity. Thither, above all men in the world, ought editors and critics ever and anon to repair, that they may imbibe a spirit of good-will, benignity, and kindliness—and forget, for a while, the sense of their own imaginary importance. By doing so, we have no doubt that even the veiled Editor himself of this Magazine might become a still greater favourite with the public than he now is, and that even the Scotsman would occasionally forego his Saturday's growl, and no less to his own surprise, than that of the world at large, become a good-natured and well-mannered gentleman.

It would puzzle us exceedingly to say which of the shops alluded to above is, taking one thing with another, the best. Mr Mackenzie's, opposite the Post-office is the most spacious; it is also the most richly endowed foundation. Nothing can exceed the shew of rods. Their arrangement is so tasteful. In general, too, his rods are well balanced and of sound materials—and if, at any time, he puts an indifferent article into your hand, no man is more ready to make handsome amends for the mistake, in your next purchase. He has always on hand a large assortment of good gut—though, by the way, *good gut*, in the very highest, or ideal sense, we never chanced to clap our eyes upon. His collection of flies is rich and various; but we think Mr Shanks,* his principal dresser, makes the body rather too short, and not sufficiently taper. Verbum sapienti. This shop is much frequented by gentlemen from the south, and is a good place to catch the English accent, in all its fascinating varieties. We yesterday heard the richest-toned Cockney aspirate all the vowels in a way worthy of Mr H. himself. Mr Mackenzie is a middle-aged person of singularly solemn deportment—speaks in a low and agreeable tone—shews you his stock without any quackery—unlike people in general, improves greatly on acquaintance, and we believe is as thoroughly honest as any man alive.

His rival over the way, Mr Maclean, does business on a smaller scale—but he is a very cunning artist. We never purchased a bad article in his shop. He makes almost all his rods with his own hand—and they are true as steel. His son has the fly-department—and he dresses with great neatness and precision. His daughter—too—a comely damsel—we have sometimes seen "busking hooks" with much fascination. Many plain killing anglers haunt this shop, from whose conversation much useful knowledge of the art may be picked up. Mr Maclean's stock of flies is not great, but the rapid fingers of his son can

* *We lament the late* breaking of his leg. May it be a warning to him and others. REVIEWER.

dress you, at a few hours' notice, several dozen to any pattern. We suspect that in this shop there is a good steady regular business—and that the Macleans are getting rich. This is as it should be.

At the head of the Canongate, right-handside going down, up an antique stair, is the shop of our good friend Mr Phin. He is a perfect enthusiast in his profession. Seldom do we pass by, without seeing him at his window, trying the balance of a new rod that is acquiring grace under his magical hands. Without offence to our other excellent friends, we pronounce him the prince of our metropolitan rod-makers. He is, moreover, very moderate in his charges, and would scorn, both from honesty and pride of skill, to sell you a bad article. Never saw we a face expressive of more simple delight and exultation than that of this worthy artist, when a customer declares himself suited to his mind. He is remarkably free from the besetting sins of envy and jealousy—cheerfully acknowledges the great merits of his rivals—and when a customer hard to please declines to purchase, he returns the rejected rod to its hammock, with a truly delightful air of philosophical composure. Mr Phin never dresses flies. But his wife has a complete mistress-ship in the art. She attends to any order with the most scrupulous accuracy—and the very flesh may be rubbed off the bone of her hooks before they give way.—Every thing is right and tight that comes out of that shop—and if these excellent people do not get rich, it will be because the articles they sell last for ever.

Down into a den-like shop at the east-end of Prince's-street wons Mr Rawson, senior. There you behold him seated behind his counter like the grand Turk—for his lower extremities have long been sorely annoyed by rheumatism—and we never recollect to have seen him in a pedestrian posture. He looks out at you, as you enter, with a pair of keen eyes, shaded but not bedim'd by a cunning pair of spectacles, and you feel at once that Mr Rawson can accommodate you, whatever may be your wants. His wife obeys, with great alacrity, all the orders of her imperious Lord—and the glasscase is instantly covered with a gorgeous display of every thing that can gladden an angler's heart. Mr Rawson is a man of great natural eloquence, and wonderfully prompt at reply;

"And therefore greatly does he grace his cause
By speaking of himself."

We believe him to be a Yorkshireman. He answers objections most unanswerably, and is never at a loss for something to say, whether he be speaking to the best or the worst of anglers. You feel yourself obliged to buy all kinds of fishing-tackle from this old magician, whether you will or not; but, though we have sometimes been tempted to suspect him, from the incessant archness of his spectacled eyes, it is but justice to this very original character thus publicly to declare, that his wares are most excellent, and that old Rawson is, in all truth and honesty, the angler's friend. He formerly belonged rather too much to the old school. But we have ourselves inoculated him lately with some of the "virus" of the new lake-school of angling, and the symptoms are most favourable. Not unfrequently, for a few minutes after dinner, *i. e.* about two o'clock, Mr Rawson makes shift, with the aid of a stout oak sapling and his wife's arm, to ascend to the third or fourth step of the stair that leads up from his shop to Princes' Street, so that his face is elevated only a few inches above the level of the horizon of the pavement, and it is impossible to to conceive any thing more picturesque.

Mr Rawson junior had, till lately, a shop at the foot of the Terrace, which we often visited, but he has lately removed to a domicile on a second story, immediately opposite his former dwelling, of which the interior is as yet to us unknown. The "res angustæ" rather closely press on this gentleman, so that he seldom has any great stock on hand, but, if we mistake not, he is the most elegant dresser of a fly in Scotland. No trout can resist such a temptation. He is, also, a good angler himself, which cannot be said of any of his rivals, and he has a capital eye for colour. This artist ought to be more encouraged. He formerly kept a steak-shop where we have, more than once, made a good and a cheap meal, and if he does so still, our readers may, we think, depend on being well provided at his plain and simple board.

We cannot doubt that many hundred brethren of the angle will be truly thankful to us for the information we have now given to them, and we strongly recommend our English friends not to bring any great collection of flies with them when they come down to Scotland, for the chance is that they are not at all suitable to our cloudy climate where the gorgeous insects that dance in the sunny southern beams are almost wholly unknown.

Indeed, we have frequently pitied a young English angler in Scotland. He comes down with his imagination dreaming of rivers and lakes all stuffed full to the very brim of all manner of fishes—and we well remember having seen such an Adventurer go to the water's edge with a stout varlet behind him bearing a pannier almost as roomy as the creel of a Newhaven fish-wife. Not doubting that ever and anon some enormous fish would break his rod, he had half-a-dozen spare tops stowed within the butt, while he had a line in his reel almost as long as that used by the Harpooners in the Greenland whale-fishery, that the monster he intended to hook might, if he had a mind to it, run himself out half across Loch Awe. Thus did we behold him standing on the banks of that noble lake, immediately beneath the shadow of Kilchurn castle, while many a kilted Highlandman anxiously waited the result. There, however, our friend continued many a weary hour to stand, not unlike a heron who, beyond all doubt from the well known habits of that bird, is yet fishing at the very time he remains stock-still in his blue jacket, till he and his assistant with the needless pannier were left alone in the solitude; nor did they return before nightfall, and then without a single fin, to the hospitable mansion of Achlian,* from which they had "high in hope" set out immediately after a true Highland breakfast of barley-cakes and Athole brose.†

The fact is, that Englishmen, even yet, know little about Scotland. They know nothing of our universities, nothing of our kirks, nothing of our courts of justice, and what is worse, absolutely nothing of our angling. Any man may make his fortune by writing a good "Angler's Guide through Scotland." Often have we thought of making our own fortune in that way; and in some respects nobody can be better qualified. We have fished almost every stream from John-o'-Groat's house to Langholm, and have collected several MS. volumes of notes; but we are little in the habit of composition, and promise to pay handsomely any ingenious redacteur.

What a world of wo would be saved to many an honest, well-meaning Angler by such a work. We would point out every good pool and stream in all the large rivers, and all the small burns,—every peopled bank, and every swarming shallow, in all the wide lakes and narrow tarns of Scotland. We would fix the hours of breakfast and dinner kept by all the finny population from the more fashionable salmon down to your vulgar perch. Every kind of imaginable dish of which fishes eat would be described with the philosophical accuracy of a Frazer or a M'Ivor. Every house of entertainment for the angler would be laid down as in a county-map. And then what talk of scenery! what anecdotes illustrative of all kinds of rural life. Would not, gentle reader, such a book in two portable octavos, printed by Ballantyne, and published by Blackwood or Constable, to use an expression of the poet Gray when speaking of an imaginary picture of the lake of Grassmere, "be fairly worth a thousand pounds?"

But, like all good anglers, we are fond of hearing ourselves talk, and must really come at last to Mr Bainbridge's Fly Fisher's Guide; and an excellent little work it is, perhaps the best of the kind that we ever read.

The first thirty pages are occupied with a disquisition on the advantages of Fly Fishing over every other kind, on the materials used in it, on the rod, and on lines. In justice to a worthy man with whom we have past many pleasant hours, and who, we hope, is yet alive, we quote the following passage.

"The best rods which the writer has hitherto met with are manufactured and sold by Henry Swann, of Langholm, North Britain. They consist of five pieces, and have screw joints at each ferrule, which is particu-

* The abode of Dugald Campbell, Esq.—REVIEWER.

† Whisky and honey.—EDITOR.

larly desirable, as they always set true; and should the weather or accident wet them, the difficulty of separating the joints, which in common rods such a circumstance causes to swell considerably, is avoided.

"An improvement may nevertheless be pointed out in these rods; viz. to have the top joint spliced to the fourth piece, without any ferrule. A rod of this description with two spare tops, which originally cost only *eighteen shillings*, is, after the constant use of nearly nine years, in every respect as good as new, having in that interval been merely varnished twice."

Mr Bainbridge's opinion of hooks we have found from experience to be most judicious.

"The LIMERICK hooks are not usually straight, but form a curve, like the division of an intersected circle. This form is certainly objectionable, and will frequently, in striking a fish, be drawn from its mouth without fixing the barb, as may be readily conceived by an inspection of the plate: add to which, the barb projects from the point too abruptly; which, if the fish do not rise very freely, will prove a source of mortification to the Angler, as he will frequently scratch their mouths, without firmly hooking a single fin.

"The common KENDAL hooks are of good form, but the distance of the extreme point from the barb is for the most part too great; neither do the barbs project sufficiently. In many instances these hooks may be found so nearly resembling a bent pin, that they may be introduced into the fleshy part of the hand, and drawn back without inflicting pain. How then can they be expected successively to resist the active exertions of an irritated Trout, struggling for liberty in its own element, which the want of a proper barb tends to render easily attainable by enlarging the orifice, instead of securing to the Angler the anticipated prize?

"The SNECKBEND, as it is commonly called, diverges from the parallel lines from the bend upwards, and the point is frequently near an eighth of an inch to the right or left of the shank of the hook.

"By some persons this form is preferred, but their judgment is certainly erroneous; for it frequently happens that the fish discovers the deceit, or in rising short, misses the artificial fly; the Angler very naturally strikes at that instant, and will very often scratch the fish, owing entirely to the lateral projection of the barb, which, if it were level with the shank, would almost invariably be avoided.

"The *straight* KIRBY hooks approach the desideratum, in shape and temper, nearer than any other manufacture; (vide PLATE II. *fig.* 4) unless the Kendal hooks could be improved in the form of the barb, and divested of the superfluous length of point; in which case they would be upon an equal footing."

Mr Bainbridge then speaks scientifically of gut and weed, and the staining thereof—of reels and panniers—also of hooks—and finally, of the dressing of flies. He thus instructs the juvenile angler how to arrange his tackle when on the water's edge.—

"The second dropper, which should be smaller than the first, is to be fastened within eighteen inches from it—length of the gut about four inches and a half; and if a third be required, the distance should not exceed a foot from the second,* and the gut on which the fly is whipped should be longer than either of the other droppers, in order that they may all play upon the water together, without sinking the main line. It will, however, be generally found, that three flies are amply sufficient, and most frequently it is best to have the point fly *winged*, and the droppers *hackles*.

"When a novice first attempts to throw a line, he must begin with a short length, which can be increased as he finds the management of it become easy to him. Care must be taken, that in passing the line behind the back, it be permitted to attain the full extent before any attempt is made to return it; for if this point be not strictly attended to, the end fly will crack off at every throw; to avoid which, it is recommended to begin by throwing the line without any fly for a short space of time, until the proper management of the rod is acquired; and afterwards to angle with the point fly only, until such proficiency be attained as may authorize the addition of the droppers.

"In Fly-fishing, the person who is most expert in throwing a considerable length of line, and has a quick sight, and obedient hand for striking, will be the most successful.

"To keep as far from the bank as possible is particularly desirable; and if the wind be at the back of the angler, and his shadow prevented from appearing on the water, so much the better.

"The principal object in throwing the line is, that it may be extended in such a manner, that the point fly may first lightly touch the water, without disturbing it in a greater degree than the actual alighting of the natural fly. Throwing the fly directly opposite, or rather above the angler, and playing it gently across the stream as it floats downwards, is most to be recommended; for to force it against the current is unnatural, independent of the ruffling of the water, which such a bad practice occasions; and which, instead of alluring, will infallibly frighten the fish.

"The moment of the water being disturbed or ruffled by the fish rising, must be carefully watched for by the fisherman, as at that critical instant he must strike, in order to hook his prey; for the fish having

* Why? REV.

or drawn on to a shelving gravel-patch or bank.

"When the rod is greatly agitated by the struggling of the fish, it is advisable to give it a greater length of line, as it may be presumed that the size of the struggler is greater than common, and the additional weight of line, besides giving facility to the angler, and easing the strain upon his tackle, will more speedily exhaust the power of the fish, and render it an easier captive."

As might have been expected, Mr Bainbridge laughs at the fears so pathetically expressed by many, of wet feet; nor can we imagine any thing more ludicrous than a gentleman desirous of dry footing in so very humid an amusement as fishing.

"Any recipe as to keeping the feet dry, would be misplaced amongst directions to the keen fisherman; for the advantages of wading and crossing the stream are so frequently manifest, that few young persons can be deterred (by the mere fear of wetting their legs) from endeavouring to participate in the diversion which the wader will almost constantly command, by being enabled to throw his flies under bushes, and over the most secret retirements of the objects of his amusement. Some persons, it is true, hold out objections to this practice, by bringing to imaginary view rheumatism and agues, in their most dismal colouring, as the consequences of such an act; but, whilst the body is in exercise, little is to be apprehended from these objects of terror. Many instances might be brought from

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to angle for salmon, trout, gravel-fry, grayling, graining, gray mullet, chub, bleak, roach, and dace—all of which are sound, rational, and judicious—experto crede Roberto. But, perhaps, after all, the most valuable part of his little work is from page 95 to the end, which treats of the various kinds of flies.

He describes, and gives plates of six salmon flies; all of which, we have no doubt, would kill in any stream in Britain. But we think that Mr Bainbridge has not sufficiently adverted to this fact—that the salmon of almost every river delight in a peculiar colour—that that colour will, one day with another, prove more killing than any thing else—and that, at different seasons of the year, different colours are found to be successful. We have seldom been able to discover the causes of this, but we know it to be the case, and that it is absolutely necessary to be aware of the right colour, more especially of the body of the fly, in fishing each particular river. Neither does Mr Bainbridge state, that salmon lie only in favourite pools or streams of a river, and that other pools or streams, often to all appearance as favourable to their general habits, never retain, on their passage up, one single fish. The best angler in the world would lose much time in fishing a river for salmon, with which he was not well acquainted.

Mr Bainbridge then gives us descriptions and engravings of no less than forty different kinds of trout flies—most of them imitations of aquatic insects. We have tried such of them as were not previously familiar to us, and in general with great success. We quote the following descriptions as likely to be useful to our angling friends.

"No 1. represents a dark fly with black body, which appears very early in March, and sometimes even in February; and as so few flies suitable for the purposes of the fly-fisher are at that time animated, it is to be used with great success during the whole day. The body is made of dark fur, to be obtained from a black water-spaniel, or rabbit, with a very small proportion of claret-coloured camlet, merely to give the mixture a tinge when held up to the light: the wings from the back of the fieldfare or hen blackbird; and a dusky black hackle for legs.

"*The March Brown or Dun Drake.*—This very excellent fly generally appears about the middle of March, and is strongly recommended as a good killer from eleven o'clock until three. Large quantities of these beautiful insects sail down the streams in succession, and invite the trout to action. Their wings are upright on the body, as shewn in the plate, and whilst they are on the water, it is almost in vain to attempt the use of any other fly; therefore, as they vary in the shade of the body, it is advised to use three flies of this form, but of different sizes and colours, at the same time, which will ensure success to the angler.

"The wings are made from the dark mottled feather from the tail of a partridge; the body of the fur from the hare's ear, intermixed with a small portion of yellow worsted, well dubbed together; a grizzled hackle for legs; and if the imitator choose to be exact, two fibres from the same feather which composed the wings will enable him to form the tail. This appendage to the flies in their natural state need not to be attended to in the artificial formation, as it is of little importance in aiding the success of the angler; although, if flies are dressed for sale, it improves their appearance, and renders them more showy and attractive. It may also be dressed as a hackle by means of the spotted feather from a partridge's back, using the same mixture for the body as before described.

"*The Hazle Fly* is of a round form, and rather difficult to be imitated with success. It is to be used in May and June, and is very destructive where bushes abound. By some this is improperly called the Marlow Buzz. The body is made of ostrich harl of two colours, viz. black and purple, which must be twisted very thick: the wings of the sandy-coloured feather from under the wings of a throstle, or from the red feather of a partridge's tail, provided it be not too dark: a bluish hackle, twisted tolerably full, will answer for the under wing, as well as for the legs. The cow-lady flies are also made in this manner, substituting a red or black hackle for the dun, and reducing the size of the fly very considerably.

"*The Orange Fly* has four wings made from the blue feather of a mallard-teal. The head is of the dark fur from the hare's ear; the body, gold-coloured mohair mixed with orange camlet, and a little brown fur; a small blue cock's hackle for legs. This is an alluring fly to salmon mort, if dressed rather larger than the representation; and, on a smaller scale, none better can be found for the salmon fry.

"*The Yellow Dun* is a beautiful insect, and is to be used in the morning and evening during the months of April and May, and again in September. The body is made of yellow yarn unravelled (if martin's fur cannot be procured), and mixed with a little pale ash-coloured fur, which may be obtained from a fox-cub near the tail; the wings from the under part of a snipe's wing, and are to be made upright; with a pale dun hackle for legs.

"*The Gravel or Spider Fly* is first seen about the middle of April, at which time the gravel, in which these insects are bred, is literally covered by incalculable numbers of them. They are extremely delicate, and not often visible on cold days; on which, however, success is more probable with this fly, than when they are to be found in such large quantities. They may be used from morning until evening; and the trout are so passionately fond of them, that they gorge themselves with their favourite food, and retire to their secret haunts, thereby disappointing the most skilful endeavours of the angler.

"It is probably owing to the short duration of these flies, that the fish are so greedy in devouring them, as they are seldom to be found at the expiration of about three weeks from their first appearance. The wings are made of the feather from the wing of the cuckoo's mate, the goat-sucker, or, in the absence of the preceding two, from the woodcock: the body of lead-coloured silk for the lower and middle parts, and a strip of black ostrich harl for the thick part near the shoulders; round which a small dark grizzled hackle should be twisted twice, and the fly is completed.

"*The Hawthorn Fly* is so called from being usually found near the shrub of that name. It is a good killer, and may be used from the middle of April to the end of May, from ten o'clock until three. The wings are transparent, and may be made from the palest feather of a snipe or mallard's wing: some use horn shavings, or the hard substance which is found in the core of an apple, for this purpose: the body of black ostrich harl; and a black hackle for legs."

Mr Bainbridge, like a true angler, speaks with contempt of all kinds of ground-fishing. But of minnow-fishing he thus discourses:

"Next to the use of the artificial fly this is the most sportsman-like and successful method of killing trout. Those minnows are to be chosen which are of middle size, and brightest under the belly; where they are to be found in shoals, as is the case in most trout streams, the landing net, if made of large dimensions, as recommended under the list of necessaries, will, with very little trouble, supply an ample stock of bait.

"The best way of baiting the minnow is to draw the large hook first through both lips, so that they be not torn, and then insert it at the mouth and pass it down the body, until the point protrudes below the ventral fin; the two small hooks must then be fastened through the back of the head, so that they may stand upright with the points towards the head. Some use three small hooks for this purpose; but as the fish take this bait greedily, two in addition to the body, or large hook, are sufficient. The chief consideration is the spinning of the minnow, which cannot turn too quickly; a couple of double box swivels will greatly facilitate this object.

"The great advantage of minnow fishing is, that it may be most successfully practised at those periods when the water is unfit for the use of the fly, as the strongest streams are best for this purpose, when the water is clearing after a flood, or is thickened or discoloured from any other cause.*

"The line must be thrown across the stream, and the bait kept in continual motion by spinning it towards the angler. The action in striking must be perpendicular, or there will be a risque of the bait being drawn from the mouth of the fish; the rod must be then kept upright, and the fish played in the same manner as before described. Nobb's treatise on this subject, lately reprinted and attached to Best's Art of Angling, will furnish the minnow fisher with every information which may be requisite."

The first time that Mr Bainbridge comes to Scotland, we hope that he will call at No 17, Princes's Street, where we shall arrange with him a dinner at Ambrose's, with a few fishing friends, to talk over all the wonders of the shallows and of the deep.

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* The minnow is also a deadly bait when the water is low and clear.—REV.

PETER BELL.

A Tale, in Verse. By Wordsworth.

AFTER allowing a considerable time to elapse without offering any thing to the public, Mr Wordsworth has at last printed a short poem, which, we are told in the preface, has been lying by him for twenty years. Such retentiveness is certainly quite at variance with the practice of the other authors of the present times, whose works are generally more than half printed before their conclusions are written, or even determined upon. Mr Wordsworth has probably long since relinquished the belief that any of his compositions can ever be bought up with the avidity of popular curiosity, and, therefore, it is to be supposed, that when, in the course of the leisure of a rural life, he happens to employ himself about an "*ingrato cascus urbi*," he is in no

haste to push it into the market. He has often been counselled by critics about taking more pains to adapt his mode of composition to the prevalent tastes of mankind; but, if he wishes to have light on that subject, he should at once resort for advice to the booksellers, who are indisputably the best judges, and whose authority should be considered as paramount, in the present age, to that of any critic whatever.—As his genius leads him very strongly to the discussion of moral questions, perhaps, if he would be persuaded to venture forth with a volume of sermons, under a feigned name, he might have a better chance of attaining to that success which, as yet, he has so sparingly enjoyed.

The present poem of Peter Bell is of the narrative kind; and even those readers who are most averse to moralizing and reflection, will find a thread of story extending throughout the composition. It has more of the interest of suspended curiosity than almost any other of the tales of the same author; but this is not saying much for it on that score. The diction, throughout a great part of it, is highly animated and poetical, and more especially in the introduction; which, although it relates to the choice of the subject, is no ways connected with the incidents afterwards introduced. No preternatural, nor even any splendid or extraordinary machinery is made use of; and the poem exemplifies a principle which Mr Wordsworth has often insisted on, namely, that the strength and importance of the emotions which are brought into play, can be made to communicate the highest poetical interest to the circumstances which excite them, although these circumstances may be quite homely and familiar in themselves. Although this principle be true, and was never more remarkably proved than by the present poem; yet we must certainly concur with those who maintain that its truth can never be adduced as a reason for preferring incidents and circumstances that are disagreeably homely, and forcing them to become poetical by means of the skill with which they are rendered the occasions of emotion, when other circumstances of a more dignified and agreeable sort can be equally well made to answer the same end.—Nevertheless, it is a great chance whether, if Mr Wordsworth had studied to find more dignified incidents and circumstances, he would not have lost some part of his originality among the hackneyed conceptions of former poets. If he had assumed any of the materials in common use, he must have had to struggle with all that host of factitious associations which attach themselves to ideas that have long been separated from actual modes of life, and employed only in the artificial combinations of literature. He wished once more to visit the field of nature, and take possession of whatever harvest of poetical materials still remained unsullied by frequent handling. All the other living poets, who have described present modes of existence, have been compelled to seek for poetry in scenes of life similar to those depicted by Wordsworth. Situations of pure invention are seldom interesting, and have never been varied or numerous. With the exception of Walter Scott, living poets seem little inclined to seek for new poetical situations in the history of the past.

The story of Peter Bell is that of a harsh, profligate, and brutal character, who by means of a succession of circumstances acting upon his imagination, is gradually mollified into tenderness and repentance. Like the great Pedlar in the Excursion, he is an itinerant merchant, videlicet, a seller of pottery wares. A perpetual change of situation, and an ignorance of what is next to be met with, are ingredients which wherever they are introduced can scarcely fail to bring something of a romantic feeling along with them. One moonlight night, Peter Bell strikes into a bye-path in order to shorten his way, and loses himself in a wood. On emerging from the wood, he comes to a small meadow, where he finds a solitary ass standing near a stream of water. Being out of humour with losing his way, he determines to steal it as a recompence for his trouble; but, upon his attempting to lead it away, it refuses to stir. He drubs and cudgels it without effect; for some unknown power seems to fix it to the spot. At length, Peter Bell perceives, by the moonlight, the face of a dead man lying in the stream; and after recovering from the horror into which he was thrown by such a sight, he finds means to twist his staff among the hair of the corpse, and to drag it upon the bank. The ass shews the utmost sa-

tisfaction when this is done, and allows Peter Bell, who is now touched with remorse for his cruelty, to mount it, that it may carry him to the house of its drowned master. In pursuing his journey, he hears among the rocks the cries of the son of the deceased searching for his father; and his stubborn nerves, having been already shaken with what had passed, are visited by a feeling of sympathy and humanity to which he had before been a stranger. He does not meet with the seeker; but, in pursuing his ride, a variety of circumstances combine to operate on his mind. He perceives blood flowing from the wounds which he had inflicted on the faithful ass. He sees objects and hears sounds that recall the past scenes of his past life. In passing a meeting-house he hears a preacher quoting texts from Scripture, which he applies to himself. And, lastly, having arrived at the door of the drowned person, he witnesses the agonies of the widow. When she has gone to procure assistance, and he has dismounted, one of the children comes home, and recognizing the ass, imagines that his father has returned along with it, and embraces the animal with transports of joy and affection. This spectacle entirely overpowers Peter Bell, and such an effect is wrought upon him, that he leaves off his former profligate habits, and becomes an altered character.

This is the whole subject of the poem; but without having read the composition itself, it is impossible to conceive what a fine effect, and what profound pathos are drawn forth from these leading ideas. The chief fault is the dallying prolixity of some parts, which is the more felt, because there is a progressive interest. Upon the whole, it is equal to any of the lyrical ballads, both in the excellence and originality of the general idea conveyed by it, and also in the poetical merits of the execution. As for the fine and picturesque animal, which occupies so important a place in the story, it would be foolish to laugh at it, when, if properly considered, it is capable of exciting emotions so much better than those of derision. Mr Wordsworth is not in the least shy about his subject; but, when it is first discovered standing on the meadow, he makes its name the last word in a stanza, where it is rendered still more emphatic by serving as a rhyme. In order to judge fairly of Mr Wordsworth's poetry, a truth which he hints at in his preface should always be kept in view. There is certainly a radical distinction between that species of poetry whose ultimate object is to strike the imagination and interest the curiosity, by means of splendid objects and extraordinary events, and that other species which founds its charm upon the exhibition of the relations which sentiments and emotions bear to each other within the human mind. In the first species, there is no comparison of feelings, nor any mere problem determined. Our pleasure consists in the direct impression made by images upon the imagination, or of incidents drawing us blindly along under the influence of personal sympathy; and therefore, the nature of the images and incidents employed, is here the most important of all considerations. In the other species of poetry, that developement, collision, or other relation of internal feelings, which the poet chooses for his subject, generally partakes of the nature of a universal truth, and is capable of being represented by means of a thousand different forms; and therefore, the images or situations employed, should be considered only in the light of symbols or vehicles, and not as materials of poetry. That relation of feelings which, in such a case, constitutes the true subject of the poem, would retain the same fundamental interest, although the means by which it was expressed were to be shifted through all the varieties of splendid and familiar, or of coarse and refined. Its eternal and universal nature would only be rendered more apparent, without being either vulgarised or exalted, by the outward aspect of the circumstances, in which it made its temporary abode.

In the poetical introduction, Mr Wordsworth figures himself sailing through the sky upon a crescent, and taking a view of the wonders of the universe, to see whether there are any that would serve as subjects for poetry, but, at the end of his career, he concludes that it is best to make poetry on human nature. The following stanzas are from this introduction;

Away we go—and what care we
For treasons, tumults, and for wars?
We are as calm in our delight
As in the crescent-moon so bright
Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my Boat between the stars
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her,
Up goes my little Boat so bright!

The Crab—the Scorpion—and the Bull—
We pry among them all—have shot
High o'er the red-hair'd race of Mars
Cover'd from top to toe with scars:
Such company I like it not!

The towns in Saturn are ill built,
But proud let *him* be who has seen them;
The Pleiads, that appear to kiss
Each other in the vast abyss,
With joy I sail between them!

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
Great Jove is full of stately bowers;
But these, and all that they contain,
What are they to that tiny grain,
That darling speck of ours!

Then back to Earth, the dear green Earth;
Whole ages if I here should roam,
The world for my remarks and me
Would not a whit the better be;
I've left my heart at home.

And there it is, the matchless Earth!
There spread the fam'd Pacific Ocean!
Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear
Through the grey clouds—the Alps are here
Like waters in commotion!

Yon tawny slip is Lybia's sands—
That silver thread the river Dnieper—
And look, where cloth'd in brightest green
Is a sweet Isle, of isles the queen;
Ye fairies from all evil keep her!

And see the town where I was born!
Around those happy fields we span
In boyish gambols—I was lost
Where I have been, but on this coast
I feel I am a man.

Ne'er did fifty things at once
Appear so lovely, never, never,—
How tunefully the forests ring!
To hear the earth's soft murmuring
Thus could I hang for ever!

* * * * * *

Haste! and above Siberian snows
We'll sport amid the boreal morning,
Will mingle with her lustres gliding
Among the stars, the stars now hiding
And now the stars adorning.

I know the secrets of a land
Where human foot did never stray;
Fair is the land as evening skies,
And cool,—though in the depth it lies
Of burning Africa.

Or we'll into the realm of Faery,
Among the lovely shades of things;
The shadowy forms of mountains-bare,
And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair;
The shades of palaces and king's!

Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal
Less quiet regions to explore,
Prompt voyage shall to you reveal
How earth and heaven are taught to feel
The might of magic lore!"

This is certainly full of lyrical animation, and is well worth both of Gray's odes, being a much more natural effusion of poetical transport, and sweeter in the language. Gray, though a beautiful writer in many respects, shews himself but a heavy bird in quitting the ground. On the crescent's returning to the earth, the following verses are introduced, in reference to the subject of the poem:

Long have I lov'd what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers:
The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray
And with a soul of power.

These given, what more need I desire,
To stir—to sooth—or elevate!
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find or there create!

A potent want doth sorrow wield;
What spell so strong as guilty Fear!
Repentance is a tender sprite;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodg'd within her silent tear.

The introduction being concluded, the poem enters into a description of Peter Bell's mode of life.

He two and thirty years or more
Had been a wild and woodland rover;
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar
On farthest Cornwall's rocky shore,
And trod the cliffs of Dover.

And he had seen Caernarvon's towers,
And well he knew the spire of Sarum;
And he had been where Lincoln bell
Flings o'er the fen its ponderous knell,
Its far-renowned alarum!

At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,
And merry Carlisle had he been;
And all along the Lowlands fair,
All through the bonny shire of Ayr—
And far as Aberdeen.

And he had been at Inverness;
And Peter, by the mountain rills,
Had danced his round with Highland lasses;
And he had lain beside his asses
On lofty Cheviot Hills:

And he had trudg'd through Yorkshire dales,
Among the rocks and winding *scars*;
Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars:

And all along the indented coast,
Bespattered with the salt-sea foam;
Where'er a knot of houses lay,
On headland, or in hollow bay;—
Sure never man like him did roam!

As well might Peter, in the Fleet,
Have been fast bound, a begging debtor;—
He travelled here, he travelled there;—
But not a value of a hair
Was heart or head the better.

He rov'd among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day,—
But Nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

So much for Peter's habits. The following is a description of his appearance:

Though Nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms and silent weather,
And tender sounds, yet you might see
At once that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen,
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshap'd half human thoughts
Which solitary Nature feeds
'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
Had Peter join'd whatever vice
The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind
That cuts along the hawthorn fence;
Of courage you saw little there,
But, in its stead, a medley air
Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,
And long and slouching was his gait;
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
You might perceive, his spirit cold
Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furr'd;
A work one half of which was done
By thinking of his *whens* and *hows*;
And half by knitting of his brows
Beneath the glaring sun.

There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fix'd his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky!

The narrative of Peter's losing his way has some faults of prolixity and excessive minuteness, but also abounds in picturesque touches. The scene where he finds the Ass is thus pourtrayed:

And so, where on the huge rough stones
The black and massy shadows lay,
And through the dark, and through the cold,
And through the yawning fissures old,
Did Peter boldly press his way.

Right through the quarry;—and behold
A scene of soft and lovely hue!
Where blue, and grey, and tender green
Together made as sweet a scene,
As ever human eye did view.

Beneath the clear blue sky he saw
A little field of meadow ground;
But field or meadow name it not;
Call it of earth a small green plot,
With rocks encompass'd round.

The Swale flow'd under the grey rocks,
But he flow'd quiet and unseen;—
You need a strong and stormy gale
To bring the noises of the Swale
To that green spot, so calm and green!

Now you'll suppose that Peter Bell
Felt small temptation here to tarry,
And so it was,—but I must add,
His heart was not a little glad
When he was out of the old quarry.

And is there no one dwelling here,
No hermit with his beads and glass?
And does no little cottage look
Upon this soft and fertile nook?
Does no one live near this green grass?

Across that deep and quiet spot
Is Peter driving through the grass—
And now he is among the trees;
When, turning round his head, he sees
A solitary Ass.

'No doubt I'm founder'd in these woods—
For once,' quoth he, 'I will be wise,
With better speed I'll back again—
And, lest the journey should prove vain,
Will take yon Ass, my lawful prize!'

Off Peter hied,—'A comely beast!
Though not so plump as he might be;

My honest friend, with such a platter,
You should have been a little fatter,
But come, Sir, come with me!'

But first doth Peter deem it fit
To spy about him far and near;
There's not a single house in sight,
No woodman's hut, no cottage light—
Peter you need not fear!

There's nothing to be seen but woods
And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,
And this one beast that from the bed
Of the green meadow hangs his head
Over the silent stream.

There is a long description of Peter Bell's contest with the Ass, and his endeavours to make it come away with him, which many readers will consider as given at too great length, but which has pathos. The passage also derives interest from the fluctuations in the mind of the ruffian, between exasperated cruelty and the fear of being observed and detected, which is awakened by every echo. But one of the most striking passages is, where he observes the dead body. It exemplifies the terrible images which fancy may frame, in looking upon an obscure watery mirror, by an uncertain light.

Whereat, in resolute mood, once more
He stoops the Ass's neck to seize—
Foul purpose, quickly put to flight;
For in the pool a startling sight
Meets him, beneath the shadowy trees.

Is it the moon's distorted face?
The ghost-like image of a cloud?
Is it a gallows there pourtray'd?
Is Peter of himself afraid?
Is it a coffin,—or a shroud?

A grisly idol hewn in stone?
Or imp from witch's lap let fall?
Or a gay ring of shining fairies,
Such as pursue their brisk vagaries
In sylvan bower, or haunted hall?

Is it a fiend that to a stake
Of fire his desperate self is tethering?
Or stubborn spirit doom'd to yell
In solitary ward or cell,
Ten thousand miles from all his brethren?

Is it a party in a parlour?
Cramm'd just as they on earth were cramm'd—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damn'd!

A throbbing pulse the Gazer hath—
Puzzled he was, and now is daunted;
He looks, he cannot choose but look;
Like one intent upon a book—
A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell!—
He will be turned to iron soon,
Meet Statue for the court of Fear!
His hat is up—and every hair
Bristles—and whitens in the moon!

After he has mounted the Ass, and is riding in search of the cottage of the deceased, various striking passages occur.

But now the pair have reach'd a spot
Where, shelter'd by a rocky cove,
A little chapel stands alone,
With greenest ivy overgrown,
And tufted with an ivy grove.

Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,
The building seems, wall, roof, and tower,
To bow to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees.

Deep sighing as he pass'd along,
Quoth Peter, 'In the shire of Fife,
'Mid such a ruin, following still
From land to land a lawless will,
I married my sixth wife!"

The unheeding Ass moves slowly on,
And now is passing by an inn
Brim-full of a carousing crew,
Making, with curses not a few,
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts
Which Peter in those noises found;—
A stifling power compressed his frame,
As if confusing darkness came
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound;
The language of those drunken joys
To him, a jovial soul I ween,
But a few hours ago had been
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

Now, turn'd adrift into the past,
He finds no solace in his course;—
Like planet-stricken men of yore
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compunction and remorse.

And further on there is the following singular versification of methodistical eloquence:—

A voice to Peter's ears ascends,
Resounding from the woody glade:

Though clamorous as a hunter's horn
Re-echoed from a naked rock,
'Tis from that tabernacle—List!
Within, a fervent Methodist
Is preaching to no heedless flock.

'Repent! repent!' he cries aloud,
'While yet ye may find mercy;—strive
To love the Lord with all your might;
Turn to him, seek him day and night,
And save your souls alive!

'Repent! repent! though ye have gone
Through paths of wickedness and woe
After the Babylonian harlot,
And though your sins be red as scarlet
They shall be white as snow!'

After the house is found, and the widow has been made acquainted with her loss, the poem proceeds:

And now is Peter taught to feel
That man's heart is a holy thing;
And Nature, through a world of death,
Breathes into him a second breath,
More searching than the breath of spring.

Upon a stone the Woman sits
In agony of silent grief—
From his own thoughts did Peter start;
He longs to press her to his heart,
From love that cannot find relief.

But rous'd, as if through every limb
Had pass'd a sudden shock of dread,
The Mother o'er the threshold flies,
And up the cottage stairs she hies,
And to the pillow gives her burning head.

And Peter turns his steps aside
Into a shade of darksome trees,
Where he sits down, he knows not how,
With his hands press'd against his brow,
And resting on his tremulous knees.

There, self-involv'd, does Peter sit
Until no sign of life he makes,
As if his mind were sinking deep
Through years that have been long asleep!
The trance is past away—he wakes,—
He turns his head—and sees the Ass
Yet standing in the clear moonshine,
'When shall I be as good as thou?
Oh! would, poor beast, that I had now
A heart but half as good as thine!'

—But *He*—who deviously hath sought
His father through the lonesome woods,
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear
Of night, his inward grief and fear—
He comes—escaped from fields and floods;—
With weary pace is drawing nigh—
He sees the Ass—and nothing living
Had ever such a fit of joy
As had this little orphan Boy,
For he has no misgiving!

Towards the gentle Ass he springs,
And up about his neck he climbs;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—
He kisses him a thousand times!

This Peter sees, while in the shade
He stood beside the cottage door:
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,
'Oh! God, I can endure no more!'

A few more stanzas bring the tale to a conclusion. It will probably be considered as one of the best which have been produced by this author, and has every chance of circulating more extensively than some of his other writings. It is as likely to attract popular attention as Coleridge's Christabelle, for instance, which had a considerable success.

ON THE STATE OF RELIGION IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

One of the favourite arguments against Christian missions to any foreign country is, that religion is in a deplorable state throughout many parts of our own,—and that every thing should be done to restore or promulgate its great truths at home, before we are at liberty to do any thing to disseminate them abroad. This argument, however, though plausible, is unsound—and has, we observe, been generally used by men who seem to think that different countries require different religions—and that Christianity is not for all the nations of the earth. If once admitted, it would put an end to all missions—for that time is never likely to arrive, when any Christian people shall be, through all their ranks, enlightened by the spirit of the religion which they profess—and when no work shall remain to be done among them by the ministers of that religion. If we must not turn our eyes to the darkness and misery of the heathen world, nor strive to dispel or relieve them, so long as a cloud hangs over any portion of the Christian world—then must we be forced to confess, that melancholy indeed are the destinies of man,—and that the religion which is from heaven must be confined within narrow limits upon earth.

It is surely a better and a nobler faith to hold, that man should care for man over all the families of nations—that all these families have, in common, certain great and eternal interests; that the spreading of knowledge and of truth, is the spreading of happiness and of virtue; and that it is not a reproach only before men, but the sin of ingratitude to God, to bask as it were in the light of his fa-

vour, without seeking to communicate a portion of the saving splendour to them sitting afar off within the very shadow of death.

Those who think otherwise, and who would fain degrade the divine character of charity, by confining her duties within the limits of a vulgar adage, shew a lamentable ignorance of human nature. For how various are the thoughts—the passions—the feelings—and the imaginations of men—and what multitudinous lights and shadows do they throw over the world of life! How soon does one mind begin to differ from another mind—one heart from another heart—and how unlike in the silent progress of years have those men become, of whom it might have once been said, that they had but one common youth. This endless diversity of character is produced by the laws of our nature—and vain, therefore, would it be, for any man reasoning on human life and all its momentous concerns, to pretend to draw, as it were, a geographical map of our duties, or to number them all in regular order of succession, or to determine from what point zeal and enthusiasm should start on their beneficent career—or to allot to one and to all the course over which that career is to be run. Different minds pause with passionate earnestness on different passages in the great Book of Nature. Voices are heard by us, all calling upon us from opposite quarters of the earth—associations, which have been insensibly and unconsciously forming within our minds from infancy, come at last to be principles of action, and thus the world is filled with countless passions, all countlessly combined, and all moving onwards to their own aims and ends, as if before a strong and a steady current of wind which nothing can resist.

Such being the actual condition of the human mind among all great nations, it is obvious, that it will and ought to exert its energies as it thinks fit—and that it will for ever continue to shoot out the rays of its intelligence towards an unapproached and unapproachable circumference. A thousand different grand schemes for the diffusion of knowledge and the amelioration of human nature will be planned and executed. The imagination of one class, or sect, or body of men, will be stirred by objects that may seem uninteresting or chimerical to another. The great work of improvement will be simultaneously carried on by labourers who, while they are all working apart, are yet all working in one spirit,—and when imperfect schemes shall have become more perfect, and the success that has crowned some given confidence in many—it will be seen how truth assists truth from the remotest quarters of the earth, and that her fires, when once lighted, quickly spread, and shall not easily be extinguished.

We live in an age of great discoveries. Above all, the veil has been lifted up that concealed from our view the features of many nations—and we have looked into the interior darkness of the condition of barbarous life. We seek to carry into those countries a knowledge of the arts of civility—and we do more, we seek to carry into them a knowledge of religion—of the capacities and the duties of that nature to which the poor natives belong, but of which they know almost as little as they do of their God. Is this a good or a bad sign of the times? admit that there is some ignorant zeal—some flighty enthusiasm—some narrow bigotry—and some sullen fanaticism among the missionaries of these days—admit that some have taken a yoke upon themselves which they had neither strength nor fortitude to bear—that some have gone into regions where there was little or no rational hope of doing good—and that some may have been wholly lost to themselves and the cause which they once seemed to serve; yet, may all this, and more than all this be admitted, and the undeniable glory left to this generation, that they have shewn a strong feeling of the slavish and miserable degradation of savage or barbarous life—and that they have done much to raise and enlighten it. We devoutly trust that this spirit will never die away—and that encouragement will be given to every association of good and zealous men seeking to spread religion over the earth. It is impossible, from the constitution of our natures, that we can all be of one mind respecting the best means of attaining this great end. Accordingly, the attempt will be made in many directions—and it would surely argue either lukewarmness or folly, to object to a scheme merely because it was not the very best possible—to suffer one

nation to remain in darkness, because, in our opinion, another had a prior claim to the blessing—and thus, in fact, to shut up, by imaginary difficulties, obstacles, and objections, all the numerous avenues by which the benefits of Christianity might have access into the heart of the heathen world.

We have been led to make these remarks, on the present occasion, by having frequently heard very excellent persons ask, why we should send missionaries to Otaheite, when, for example, in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, the people are ignorant as in Otaheite. The question has, we think, been already answered. But we beg leave also to add, that a very gross mistake is involved in such a question. In no part of a Christian country—and more especially in no part of Scotland, can the people, in their most ignorant state, be so ignorant of religion as heathen savages. Religion is among them and around them. Political, or other causes, may have produced a decay of knowledge—of faith—or of religious observances—and there may be—as indeed there is—much to be done for the religious welfare of that simple and interesting race. But it is grossly unjust to assert, that the spiritual condition of the Highlanders has always been, or is now, utterly neglected;—and it is delightful to think, that there is no very distant prospect of the removal of the chief causes that have hitherto necessarily kept a considerable part of the population in a state of comparative ignorance with that of the inhabitants of the Lowlands of Scotland.

It needs but a slight acquaintance with the geography of that country, to see what formidable obstacles nature herself has opposed to the general communication of knowledge—long, deep, solitary glens,—wide and pathless moors,—inland lakes, in winter stormy as the sea—arms of that sea stretching far up into otherwise inaccessible wilds—immense mountain-tracts here and there thinly scattered with life—and the bleak, winding rocky shores of friths, and of the great ocean. How is a population, dispersed through such a country by the endless necessities it creates, to be reached, controlled, and vivified, by the spirit of religious instruction? In those dim and melancholy places, will not the minds and hearts of men, oppressed by poverty and ignorance, sink into callous insensibility, or into degrading superstitions? will they not be a low race in the scale of being?

It must, we think, have surprised and pleased every one who has travelled, with a cautious and observant mind, through the solitudes of the Highlands, to find the moral and religious condition of the people far better than could have been expected from the circumstances of their life. For ourselves, we cannot agree with those many pious persons who describe, in such dark and mysterious language, the utter oblivion into which true Christianity is there said to have sunk. We desire something more definite than those lamentations, which indeed leave us equally ignorant of what the Highlanders want, and of what their friends would bestow upon them. It is certain, that no right opinion can be formed of this people, without frequent and intimate communication with them; and that nothing can be more weak than merely from a few hurried glances over the more general features of their condition, (some of which are, in good truth, melancholy enough,) to describe almost the whole population as ignorant of real religion, and all its awful concerns. We enter into a few miserable huts, through whose smoke we see a seemingly wild and savage family. We endeavour to converse with them. They scarcely know the language in which we speak—all our trains of thought are different from theirs—our images are all drawn from other objects—there is scarcely a point at which our minds can come into contact. We see them half-clothed, shrivelled, poor, speechless, and a-gaze; and we pursue our journey in pity of their abject estate. But in doing so, it is possible that we may be the objects of pity far more than they. That family may not be what it seems to us. Limited as their range of thought must be, those rude dwellers have hearts that love their native soil with love that is a virtue—in no spot on all the earth is there stronger filial, and conjugal, and parental affection—in times of penury and extreme want, and such times are not rare, in that very hut there is endurance even unto the death, without one upbraiding murmur—and the trust in immortality is strong there as the feeling of life itself. Let, therefore, the lachrymose lamentations of

flying missionaries, of whatever persuasion they may be, affect us in proportion to the opportunities which most of them have had of knowing why and wherefore they should so profusely weep, and, in that case, but few need join in the melancholy chorus.

Were we to credit the reports which some have given of the religious state of the Highlanders, what must, of necessity, be their moral state? But among no people is there less licentiousness, or are there fewer crimes, than among them. Ignorant, we know, too many of them are; but the spirit of religion, even in the most remote and solitary places, sleeps, rather than is extinguished. It must not be said, that because so many thousands of them cannot read, they are really as ignorant as in other parts of Scotland those persons must be who know not their letters. Not to be able to read, where education is general, implies the shameful love of ignorance, savage sloth, or idiot ineptitude. But where schools are comparatively rare, there is no disgrace in the want of scholarship; and the workings of the mind itself will in a great measure supply its place. Is every Highlander who cannot read the Scriptures, therefore ignorant of what they contain? Assuredly not. All who know any thing of the Highlanders, know their astonishing power of memory, and the passionate love with which they treasure up all sacred recollections. There may be glens without a Bible; but there are none without many of its holiest contents engraven on the hearts of some of its inhabitants. It is indeed melancholy to think that the word of God should be, like the poetry of their hills, often handed down from one generation to another by oral tradition; but it is nevertheless the word of God, and they do not deal fairly by this people, who do not give them credit for the operation which it has upon their lives, thus carefully treasured up in their hearts.

All this is extremely well stated by Dr Irvine of Little Dunkeld, in his speech delivered last year before the Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, met to consider the state of religion, and the necessity of erecting new parishes in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

"It is generally supposed, that where the people can neither read nor write, they know nothing of their Bible. This, however, is not the case. I have met hundreds who could do neither the one nor the other, yet were well informed, indeed better acquainted with the contents of the Bible than many of those who could do both. For ages the parents transmitted their faith and their knowledge to their children. It was reckoned a disgrace to be ignorant of our Lord's prayer, the creed, the ten commandments, and the history of the gospel. The Highlands and Isles were the seat of religious knowledge, when the rest of Britain, I may say of Europe, was involved in ignorance and barbarity. This arose from the exertions of the disciples of Columba, the missionaries of Iona, whose light was never totally extinguished in the Highlands and Isles; and I must do the Popish hierarchy the justice to say, that her priests or parish ministers, though they taught errors not yet altogether eradicated from among protestants, they propagated most diligently the fundamental truths of the gospel, as I had often an opportunity of observing. Though, generally speaking, popery was overthrown in the Highlands, and no adequate provision was made to supply the defects occasioned by this overthrow, yet many of the people, from a sense of religious duty, retained and acquired religious knowledge, both to refute error, and defend truth. Their memory is wonderfully tenacious, and the more so, that they cannot always trust to art. I have known some of them who could neither read nor write, and indeed thought little of either, as they associated with them much mischief, yet who could give an account of a sermon almost *verbatim*; who could tell the contents of a chapter of the gospel they heard once read; who could repeat many of the Psalms and their own sacred songs, and many passages of the Bible, with wonderful propriety and accuracy.

"Hence, Sir, though limited as to advantages, they made the best use of such as they had. What they once acquired, they always retained; and in many respects would put more highly-favoured people to shame. I knew one poor blind woman, blind from her infancy, who could repeat almost the whole Psalms, and most of the New Testament, by heart; who was intimately acquainted with the Scriptures; who went about teaching every one who would be taught; and thus did incalculable good. Her piety and zeal were remarkable. I shall never forget the first time I met her, when she began to talk of the extent and duration of the Roman conquests in Scotland, of which at the time I knew nothing. Nor was this a solitary instance. There was, and there may be yet, a race of chroniclers, men and women, in the Highlands, who preserved the memory of past events. They were living records of sacred as well

as profane history. On the long winter nights, and on the Sabbath evenings in summer, men, women, and children, gathered round them, and with devout attention listened to their tale.

"I mention such facts, to shew that we are not to measure people's attainments by the mere knowledge or ignorance of letters. I mention them also to correct mistakes, to moderate the statements of our friends in the south, but by no means to cool the zeal, or lessen the benevolent exertions of those who wish to remove the evils under which we suffer. Thus, we are told, that out of 21,000 souls in six Highland parishes, only 2934 are able to read. This statement I very much doubt. We are to deduct, however, children under eight or ten years of age, who have not had time to learn. From this statement, the inference intended to be drawn is, that these 21,000 souls are immersed in the grossest ignorance. I happen, however, from personal conversation, to know, that some of them are as well informed in religion as some of those who make the statement. Nay, that many of them are better informed than those stated as able to read."

There is nothing at all hopeless, therefore, in the state of religion in the Highlands of Scotland; and we do not fear, that, by the creation of new parishes there and in the Islands, the chief causes of all the existing evil would speedily be removed. We had not the advantage of being present last year in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland when this subject was discussed; but we have before us a very able speech of Dr Irvine, in which, and the appendix to it, much important information may be found.

"I remember," says the Doctor, "to have mentioned, above twenty years ago, in a public company in this city, that the parish in which I then officiated as a missionary, was about sixty miles long, and forty broad, with scarcely a path, covered with woods, marshes, mountains, intersected by lakes, rivers, and friths, with one small parish-church without a seat, situated almost at one extremity; that many of the parishioners never saw the minister's face; hardly knew whether there was a parish-church; and that some of them, till missions were established, never had it in their power to hear a sermon from a protestant minister twice in their life. This statement was received with a look of incredulity, which convinced me, that many persons, otherwise well educated and well informed, were utter strangers to the Highlands of Scotland. And even at this moment, notwithstanding all our means of information, I am not certain but that the attempt to describe the impossibility of receiving religious instruction from the establishment to which many of the Highlanders are subjected, would, to some of those who now hear me, appear at least questionable."

Some of the parishes in the Highlands and Isles are kingdoms in extent, when compared even with counties in the Lowlands. Lochbroom, Kilmanivaig, Kilmalie, and Fortingall, are respectively larger than Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannanshires; indeed, in point of surface, one of them is as extensive as the whole three together. Lochbroom (in Ross-shire) is at least 36 miles by 20—Kilmanivaig (in Inverness-shire) 60 by 20—and Kilmalie (ditto) 60 by 30. The shores of the last parish extend 60 miles, penetrated by three gulfs of the Atlantic, and here and there inhabited. Kilmorack (ditto) is 60 by 40, stretching almost from the eastern to the western shores. Gaerloch (in Ross-shire) is 32 by 18—Ardchattan and Muckarn (in Argyleshire) 24 by 40—Ardnamurchan and Sunard 60 by 20. Lismore and Appin 63 by 16. Fortingall (Perthshire) is 30 by 15—Crathie and Braemar (two parishes united, Aberdeenshire) 40 by 20—Glenmuck, Tulloch, and Glengairn (three united, ditto) 18 by 15—Strathdon 20 by 8. These facts speak for themselves; and till new parishes are created, it is manifest that no great good can be done. We quote the following passages of the Doctor's speech, which, we dare say, to many will give information that is new, though it ought not to have been so.

"The Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, with laudable and unwearied zeal for more than a century, have laboured incessantly and most successfully to give religious instruction to the Highlanders, and a relish for the arts and pursuits of polished life; and thousands have exemplified the value of the boon bestowed, have lived and died blessing their benefactors. Under the tranquil operations of this highly respectable body of men, as far as their limited means permitted, the prophecy has been literally fulfilled, 'The swords have been beaten into plough-shares, and the spears into scythes or pruning-hooks.'

"His Majesty's royal bounty has also done much good, and has announced to the world the inadequacy of the established means. I beg particular attention to this fact, that for nearly a hundred years this bounty has been given; and that, during all that period, the landed proprietors of the Highlands and Isles never once seemed to have thought of coming forward to erect new parishes, for the benefit of the people

whose industry formed the source of their revenue, and increased their fortunes a hundred fold. They trusted perhaps to the royal bounty for the instruction and civilization of their people. The royal grant, however, establishes the fact, that the state of the Highlands and Isles was well known to his Majesty's government.

"And, however partial I may be to Highlanders, I cannot consider it but as a reproach to men of ten, twenty, and thirty thousand a-year, whose fathers had not so many shillings, to contribute nothing for the moral improvement of their people, except so far as the present system goes. When the establishment was finally settled, and every temporal advantage was given to them, their hills or high grounds were not valued at all, and I believe were of no value then. But the case is widely altered for the last fifty years. The arable ground was valued and assessed accordingly; that is, twenty acres of low ground with five thousand of hill pasture, were rated at what they chose; the pasture coming in as parts and pertinents, which never could have been the case, if the legislature contemplated the value to which this pasture would rise, and actually has risen. It is fair that this fund, never as yet taxed for the maintenance of the religious establishment, should be exempted from a burden imposed upon every other landholder in the kingdom? I mention this fact, as I might mention others, especially the kelp shores, to shew that our Highland proprietors have not acted dutifully in not co-operating with his Majesty's bounty in the reformation of the Highlands and isles. The causes of so strange a phenomenon are too complicated to be here detailed.

"While, then, I give unqualified praise to the Society and the committee, I must say, that their schools and missions could really do little for training up in true knowledge a population scattered among their isles, their glens, and their mountains. For, let me ask, what can a school or a missionary in a corner do to instruct a poor population dispersed hundreds of miles around them?

"Men sitting at their ease in a parish of one mile square, with turnpike roads over the whole of it, or fine walks and pavements, can form no idea of my labours, over a surface of two, three, four, or five hundred miles, which foxes are afraid to tread, and which eagles fear to survey; where storms of snow and rain, pathless mountains, and overwhelming torrents, render travelling extremely dangerous, often impracticable, for nearly one half of the year; and where the missionary, as I know from experience, if he wishes to reach the wants of his people, must often shelter himself, and preach to them under a rock, a tree, or the sail of his boat, or be exposed to ruthless elements, consoling himself with the reflection that he is doing some good, and that his exertions will not pass unrewarded. But whatever may be his zeal, with a salary till very lately of only twenty-five or thirty pounds a-year, by the munificence of the Prince Regent now raised to sixty pounds a-year, without a dwelling-house or church, without the influence of independence, or any established authority, neither a layman nor a churchman, according to acts of assembly, with nothing to recommend him but his character, he has to contend with obstacles which often baffle his exertions, and render his labour in some measure useless. It would, Sir, be deemed a fable, were I to recount what I know from the experience of more than twenty years, of the hardships which the Highlanders undergo in attending religious worship, or in receiving religious instruction. For this end, I have known them travel twenty and thirty miles, with hardly any meat but what the hills or the brooks afforded. I have known instances of their dying by the way, rather than not have the benefits which they valued so highly. Often was I astonished and delighted to see them issue from their woods, and marshes, and defiles, as if from a land of enchantment, to attend the worship of their God, to make the woods and rocks resound his praise, and retiring with cheerfulness, gratitude, and alacrity, which shewed that they took pleasure in their toils.

I mention this, because I have heard it often said, that they have no wish to receive the gospel. Their natural and well-known curiosity might suffice to repel so inhuman, so ignorant an assertion. It could only have arisen from the character of a few individuals, such as are found in every community, who neither understand the value, nor seek the means of instruction. Accordingly, persons of this description, I trust few in number, partly perhaps from distance, never heard a sermon twice in twenty years, or may be, twice in their life.

"Defective as were the means employed to give Christian knowledge to the Highlanders, from acuteness, zeal, and vivacity, within these forty years they have made a most rapid progress. In almost every village during the winter months, we meet with private schools, mostly taught by the scholars of the society schools."

We intend, ere long, to lay before our readers, some information respecting the missionary labours of the Baptists and Independents in the Highlands, on whom Dr Irvine has made a strong attack in his speech and appendix. His opinions are, perhaps, sometimes expressed rather warmly—but he speaks like a man thoroughly convinced of the truth of what he states, and, unquestionably, he has had excellent opportunities of beholding the effects of the doctrines he condemns on the character of the poor Highlanders.

His opinions are entitled to attentive consideration—and to the truth of most of the facts he relates, he pledges his character. He thus speaks of certain missionaries:

"The very first mortal sent out under the character of a missionary, was such as would not be found capable of teaching almost any thing but error, and was chosen, I presume, for no other reason, but that he could speak Gaelic. I speak of him from personal conversation. He for some years taught a private school in my neighbourhood, when, all at once, he was called to a black coat, a hat, and an umbrella, in the name of a gospel preacher. His fellow missionaries, with a few exceptions, were men of a similar character, full of intolerant zeal, without a particle of scriptural knowledge—talking of divine grace, without knowing any thing about it. This naturally excited the attention of those who valued the peace, the order, the prosperity of the country. These unlettered and ignorant missionaries reported to their constituents in Edinburgh what they pleased. They found few or no Christians, that is, few or none of their way of thinking. They spoke as if they were among the Tartars. They considered themselves as among the unconverted heathen, and reported accordingly. They told all men, without the least knowledge of their character, that they were to be damned unless they received their gospel. With these messengers of damnation I often conversed, and never found one of them possessed of gospel knowledge. They could, by the mere exercise of memory, quote passages of scripture, which they did not understand, and which they almost uniformly misapplied. They were under the necessity, as they alleged, of forming a congregation within a given time, or of being sent to some other place, or exposed to the danger of losing their honours. Hence, to avoid evils so alarming, raw undisciplined young men were reduced to every shift of whatever kind. Some of them were young men from my immediate neighbourhood, of the very lowest of the people, who hailed the new era as most propitious, when, without the time and expense of academic education, they might all at once, from the needle or the plough, or the awl or the shuttle, mount the pulpit or the rostrum, and declaim in the character of public teachers. It was really amusing, one cannot speak seriously of it, to see boys yesterday with hardly a syllable of their catechism, not able even to read the Bible, in the course of a few months, return from Edinburgh, with all the insignia of office, and with high pretensions to inspiration, and after the dismissal of a congregation, get upon a high grave-stone or a dike, and say, Whoever wishes to hear the gospel, listen to me, or attend me at such a bridge, ford, fountain, or ferry. Magistrates and ministers looked upon such fools and mountebanks as unworthy of notice. But such fools, when they meddle with sacred things, do incalculable mischief.

"Now, all this time, the good worthy people that sent them out thought they were doing well. They received such flaming accounts of the progress of Christianity among the heathen christians of the Highlands, of their nightly meetings, their groanings, and howlings, and roarings, and fightings with the Devil, and triumphs over him, when their missionaries were in reality sapping the foundation of all true religion, and substituting in the room of it, a gloomy, senseless, murderous superstition, almost the grossest that ever disgraced human nature. Whole families and neighbourhoods became scenes of confusion, recrimination, and discord. You would meet on the road, men, women, and even children, running about perfectly frantic, and all this for the good of their souls, roaring and howling in the most wretched state which human imagination can conceive. I often conversed with them, and pitied them."

The Dr afterwards draws a still darker picture of the effects of such preaching.

"Their harangues, unstudied, incoherent, unguarded, and often fantastic, led to consequences which their education or ignorance could not enable them to contemplate. These raw soldiers of the society to which they professed to belong, had no object but to gather recruits—to detach them from the establishment, or, in other words, to make them proselytes of terror. Their frantic gestures; their bold assertions; their dreadful howlings or bawlings astonished the hearers, frightened hysterical women; and, from a momentary conviction of change, soothed the fears of the hypocrite and ungodly, that they were now regenerated. The most gloomy superstition was often engendered. Many of the converts became emaciated and unsocial. The duties of life were abandoned. Sullen, morose, and discontented, some of them began to talk of their high privileges, and their right, as the elect few, to possess the earth, that is, to dispossess every one but their own faction. Such their sense of duty. To reward their slothfulness, they would become thieves and murderers. It may not be amiss to enlarge a little on the tendencies of this schism in a temporal point of view.

"It was certainly lamentable to see poor children starving and roaring for bread, when their parents were perhaps twenty miles off attending a conventicle. The business of the farm was neglected; the rent fell behind. The landlord was pronounced unchristian, because he insisted on his dues, and because, upon their refusing to pay them, he declined having such tenants. Every one is bound to fulfil his engagements. This, however, for a time,

formed no part of the new creed. The poor people could not watch all night, and work all day. Nature needed some repose.

"And to add to the mischief, families became scenes of discord and disorder, which none but an eye-witness can comprehend. All this was termed religion. Unless parents became converts to the Missionary or Independent scheme, their authority ceased; the children were taught to disobey them as a duty; so were servants their masters."

The anecdotes contained in the appendix, like all others illustrative of superstition and fanaticism, are often, at one and the same time, ludicrous and affecting. The first of the following ones is, however, wholly of the former description.

"The preachers taught the necessity of forsaking the world, and breaking off every former connexion—indeed every connexion but their own. Hence the most monstrous cruelties were committed. The children would not even dress the parents' victuals, or hold any converse with them, for fear of contagion. This was carrying things farther than even the hypocritical Jews. I remember once, when a missionary in Rannoch, a man took it into his head not even to speak to any of his neighbours when any one of them asked him how he did. Not to answer such a question in the Highlands, and among all well-informed people, is the highest possible insult. One of his neighbours accordingly asked him how he did: he turned his face away insultingly, without any answer—but, *I cannot look at a man perishing in his sins.* Upon which the other gave him a blow on the head, and told him he was not his judge; adding, I will teach you better manners. This mode of argument I discouraged. The convert was reckoned a bad character—his neighbour not so bad."

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"I had the misfortune to see melancholy instances of poor females totally deprived of their mental faculties, raving mad, in all the wildness of frantic despair. I prayed with them, and comforted them; but they refused to be comforted. I shall never forget their shrieks, their groans, and their looks; and, poor things, they could not tell why they were reduced to this state, but that they were frightened by Mr ———. Some of them, if my information be correct, died in a way I shall not name. Of one or two cases I could have no doubt."

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"I seized the knife in the hands of an aged woman, when ready to cut her own throat in a fit of despair."

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"A young woman, an orphan, had been hearing one of these declaimers. She fell into a fit occasioned by his vociferation and contortions of face, and indiscriminate damnation. In this helpless state, almost insensible, she was left all night on a cold damp earthen floor, without a human being to give her a cup of cold water, the assemblage rejoicing and howling over her, exclaiming, that the old man and the devil were departing, &c."

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"I may mention, that their nightly meetings and auricular confessions gave much offence. As there was no necessity for it, as they were allowed to meet without any molestation, but merely to follow the example of Christians under persecution, and introduce some novelty, they met in the night time, in woods, hollows, and retired places. The missionary selected one or more young females, and retired with them one by one to hold a secret conference. A respectable parishioner of mine's children were seized with the mania. He had been in my church, went home six miles and found the fire out, the cattle lowing about the doors without a son or daughter to look after them. He asked the neighbours where Tibby was? She was at the meeting six miles farther up the glen. It was the month of December, the ground was covered with snow; the night was dark and stormy; the old man, without meat or drink, reached the conventicle, and was greeted with shouts of joy, in the hope that he who was an adversary was moved to be a friend. He looked round, and asked, Have ye seen my daughter Tibby? She is out with the minister making her confessions, and confirming. Who is with them? Nobody. Where are they? We suppose in the cart shade.—He had a large staff or pole. He found the minister and Tibby in the cart shade, and drove them in with such epithets as an aged and offended father, starving for lack of food, might be supposed to employ. I will not repeat them. The minister roared with some cause, from the nature of the arguments used, that the man was possessed, and exhorted the people to pray for him. The enraged father lectured the minister and people with some effect. The minister soon after fled the country. Another man soon after succeeded from the north, a piper, I was told, a stout good-looking young man, of ready utterance, great boldness, and greater ignorance. Many of the young and handsomest women flocked to his nightly meetings. I often saw him on an evening attended by seven at a time. The number seven was held sacred. I saw clearly that the man would do mischief. Every one of the seven strove for his favours, that is, for the look of love. A young girl, remarkably handsome, after some unfavourable surmises, married him, and then he left the country."

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"Towards the end of July 1804, on a Saturday evening, the Independents or freemen, with a few others who had not yet forsaken the rotten kirk, assembled on a shelf under a covering rock to worship God,

and communicate their experience. Another gentleman and I proposed to join them. This our aged father positively forbade, for fear of disturbing them. We, however, walked along the road. The dusky evening was warm and serene; the river murmured along the plain; the shades of the stupendous mountains all around us were becoming more serious. The last tinge of the setting sun was leaving the settled and magnificent clouds. All was still, but the murmurs of the mountain-stream swelling to our ears, when we heard over our heads the waving sounds of sacred song. This was pleasing. We stood and listened, and hoped that the people so engaged at such a time, it was the day before dispensing the sacrament of our Lord's Supper, would cease from their extravagancies, and receive the reward of their sincerity, when in a twinkling we heard a shriek as if from a thousand throats. The rocks re-echoed; we thought somebody had fallen over the precipice. We shuddered. It was as if a house were falling on its tenants' heads, when the shriek of death is heard. All was suddenly still. We fixed our eyes on the rocks. We saw men, women, and children, running and roaring for life, tumbling heels over head, to the great risk of their necks. We ran and asked the cause. An old man, with great solemnity, told us they had seen HIMSELF and was attacked by HIM.—Do you mean the devil? I said. Yes. What like was he? Like a black bull with white horns, but amazingly large. How large? As large as a turf stack, if you put horns upon it—that is, about forty feet long, and from seven to ten broad, and about nine feet high.—The upshot is this: Two neighbouring proprietors had each a large black bull, with whitish horns, who used to challenge one another to fight behind the rocks. The one to the west having heard the swelling notes of the music, mistook it for the wonted challenge, forced the intervening den, and, led by the sound, put his head over the top of the shelving rock, ready for action, and emitted that fearful and soul appalling yell or bellow, which indicates his fury for the onset. Finding himself disappointed by the sudden commotion of his supposed antagonist, he growled and fled with precipitation, no less alarmed than those whose lives he endangered. His fright, indeed, had a salutary effect. He never afterwards sallied out in quest of adventures after sunset. The height of the rock, the dimness of the light, and the instantaneous alarm, magnified his size into that of the turf stack. When we related the dangerous adventure, the worthy father observed—The bull is better than a dozen of preachings."

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"Whatever might be done from love was no sin. Accordingly, a young woman complained to my session, that a certain married man in a neighbouring parish, with whom she was serving, had convinced her of this; that she was with child by him; that he denied it, and told her it could not be, for that he could do no sin. How this case was determined I know not, as I soon after left the parish. I believe it may be unfinished yet. The woman applied to me, I remember since, about eleven years ago, and I gave her an advice how to do; only I heard that the man gave up preaching. The creed is, that every one who knows, or thinks he knows, the gospel, may be a gospel preacher. So thought this man. Any man may err. Another preacher from the same country lodged with a poor widow in my present parish, and seduced her, and got her with child. He owned it, however, and confessed his sins, and gave up his preachings. I mention these facts principally to shew the danger of the doctrine, that any one who thinks so may take upon him the office of a public teacher—a thing condemned, and often punished, in every stage of revelation.

"But my object is historical. Another man applied to me for leave to marry his niece, his wife's sister's daughter. I would not stain my paper with the various instances of fornication, adultery, and, I might say, incest, that came to my knowledge, as resulting from the unguarded or erroneous tenets of the sect."

It is not possible to read such statements as these without the most melancholy reflections. One is almost tempted to say, better that men should not trouble themselves about religion at all, than thus to become a prey to miserable folly or imposture. We trust that the picture drawn by Dr Irvine may be somewhat overcharged—but that ignorant, vile, low-minded, sordid, and even licentious men have, in great numbers, overrun various parts of the Highlands in the character of missionaries and preachers of various sects, or of none, is an evil beyond doubt and beyond calculation. What pity it is, that the quiet, peaceful, sedate, and affectionate Highlanders should thus be converted into feverish and frantic fanatics—and that the silence of so many mountain solitudes should resound to the shrieks, and cries, and groans of a superstition at once ludicrous and terrible. Except by the erection of new parishes, and other plans of improvement connected with the national Established Church, we cannot see how such evils can be remedied.

In July 1st 1818, John Brown, minister of the gospel, Whitburn, made a tour through part of the Highlands of Perthshire, and in a short account of it, which he published, he

declares his belief that Dr Irvine must be either malicious or ill informed. We understand Mr Brown to be a worthy old man, but cannot say that he gives us much, or indeed any information respecting the state of religion in the districts through which, in a twelve days' tour, he journeyed. There is much simplicity in the opening of the good old Whitburn minister's letter to his friend.

"My Dear Friend,—You are sufficiently aware, that for a long course of years the religious and moral state of our Highland countrymen has been with me a subject of deep and painful interest. Living, as I do, in the vicinity of the principal road by which the live-stock produced in the north of Scotland is conveyed to the English markets, I had many opportunities of conversing with the Highlanders employed in driving the cattle; and from my peculiar habits, my inquiries were chiefly directed to the discovery of the degree in which they possessed the means of religious improvement. The melancholy result of this kind of investigation was, a persuasion that ignorance and immorality were prevalent in a very great degree in many of the Highland districts; and an anxiety to ascertain, if possible, more exactly the dimensions of an evil obviously great, and to inquire into the most probable means of removing it."

Accordingly, Mr John Brown set off on his nag with a friend, and entered the Highlands by Callander, where it would seem that every thing is going on well—he then took a peep at Loch Katrine—being, we are happy to inform our friend, Mr Scott, a great admirer of his poetry; and having left behind him some English and Gaelic tracts, proceeded to Lochearnhead, where, if we understand him rightly, he prayed with the landlord's family. He then went on to Killin, where all is likewise as it should be. Seven miles from Killin is Ardeonaig, where there is an excellent minister, Mr Findlater. No mention is made of Kenmore. At Aberfeldy he preached in the chapel of Mr Kennedy, the independent minister, and left tracts. On Monday he visited Glenlyon, of which he says,

"It is now the secure habitation of peace, and in many instances, of holiness. A most remarkable revival of religion took place here about two years ago. In consequence of the modesty and prudence of the ministers, who were, under God, the instruments of it, little has been said about it in the periodical religious publications. But every thing about it wore the impress of divine influence, and its consequences have been of the most satisfactory kind. As one of them, it may be mentioned, that an intimation of sermon, which a few years ago would, with difficulty, drawn together a dozen or two, will now collect the inhabitants by hundreds."

Here he preached with great effect.

"Gravity and attention sat on every countenance. The affectionate devotion which distinguished the younger part of the assembly, was peculiarly interesting. It put me in mind of a description, by the Rev. Ralph Erskine, of scenes not uncommon, about the commencement of the Secession, which I had been lately reading. 'All the outward appearances,' says he, 'of people's being affected among us in time of preaching, may be reduced to two sorts: one is hearing with a close silent attention, with gravity and greediness, discovered by fixed looks, weeping eyes, joyful or sorrowful like countenances, evidencing tenderness in hearing; another sort, where the word is so affecting to the congregation, as to make them lift up their voices and weep aloud; some more depressed, and others more light; and at times the whole multitude in a flood of tears, till their voices be ready to drown out the minister's so as he can scarcely be heard for the weeping noise which surrounds him." The first part of this description was exactly realized in the audience I addressed, especially when Mr Kennedy repeated in Gaelic what had been said, with such seriousness and ardour. The second part, I learned, as exactly described what had taken place under the sermons preached by Messrs M'Donald and Kennedy at the commencement of the religious concern."*

Next day he preached at Fortingall, and in the evening at Killin; he then returned by Comrie, where "he refreshed himself in the house of the Rev. Mr Gilfillan, author of the Sanctification of the Sabbath," and so his mission ends. For any good or ill that he did, he might just as well have remained at Whitburn—but the weather seems, on the whole, to have been good—his reception every where was most hospitable—the exercise must have been healthful—the mountain air is bracing—so likewise is the mountain dew and sincerely do we hope that ten years may have been added to his life by this little excursion.

But why should he, who saw nothing, heard nothing during his preaching tour in the Highlands, but the yawning mouths of a few sleepy Celts, pre-

* We shall give an account soon of this religious concern, not unlike, in some of its features, to the Wark of Cambuslang.——*Reviewer.*

tend to contradict the statements of Dr Irvine, who has lived almost all his life among the people he describes? His time, during the forenoons, must have been occupied with looking over the notes of his sermon, which in the evening he discharged upon the Highlanders, so that he could not possibly have his wits about him; and we do not doubt that he must have been wholly unobservant even of many particulars passing more immediately under his very nose.

In the autumn of the same year, John Brown, Minister of the Associate Congregation, Biggar, made also a preaching excursion into the Highlands, and has published some well written notes of it. We say well written, because the style is easy and even elegant; and we believe Mr Brown to be a man of considerable talents; but somehow or other his notes are far from being satisfactory. All that Mr Brown did, was to perform part of what is called the short tour of the Highlands, and preach; which, it appears, he did twelve times. The people seemed, in general, not unwilling to hear him; and we dare say he gave them very passable sermons. But we cannot help thinking that he attaches rather too much importance to his labours, and speaks in rather too solemn a tone of the difficulties he overcame; which, after all, were limited to a smoky room, a hard bed, and a tumbler of whisky toddy. His mission too, as he calls it, was exceedingly ill-timed, being during the middle of harvest, when the honest Highlanders had something else to do than to sit in hay lofts listening to sermons. Mr Brown travelled, in general, over good roads, and through a cultivated country. But, to have seen the Highland character—to have known what really was the religious knowledge or feelings of the inhabitants, he should have visited their huts, and conversed familiarly with them; this, in our humble opinion, would have been a better way of serving them, than by preaching to a few yawning scores of weary labourers; because, by so doing, he might have found out what were their real wants. As it was, he seems to have returned from the Highlands just as ignorant of the state of religion there, as he was before he set out on his mission; and in all his tour, pleasantly written as it is, there is scarcely one fact worth notice. He thus sums up, it must be owned with sufficient candour, all the absurdities attending his mission.

"During my Highland excursion, I delivered twelve discourses, to audiences more or less numerous, and dispersed not less than a thousand tracts and catechisms, in English and Gaelic. In consequence of my mission taking place while the people were busy at their harvest, I could preach only in the evenings on week days; for though the weather was frequently so wet as to prevent the people for hours, and nearly whole days, from labouring in the fields, it was impossible to count on this.—The badness of the weather made it necessary to assemble within doors, which prevented the audiences from being so large as otherwise they would have been. Being a stranger in the country, I could not fix on the proper places for preaching, till on the spot, and of course the people had but a few hours' warning, so that in many cases, I found that multitudes who would eagerly have been hearers, were not aware of the time and place of worship till too late.

"Should another mission be sent into the north, it would be desirable that, according to the primitive and divine plan, there should be a pair of missionaries. The sending out the disciples "two and two," was a wise and merciful arrangement. In a strange country, even slight discouragements are felt depressing, and trivial difficulties perplexing, by a solitary individual. Events produce a feeling of despondency, which, had he a companion, would only excite to exertion. The season ought to be considerably earlier, both for the purpose of obtaining more time, with less interruption for missionary labour, and of securing freedom from those little inconveniences which render lodging in the Highland cabins uncomfortable to us effeminate Lowlanders. A Highland hut is an agreeable enough temporary abode during the summer season. It is the cold, and the damp, and the smoke, during an autumnal or winter evening, that render it formidable. What is not of less importance, previous arrangements ought to be made, so as that it may be known a week or two beforehand, where the missionaries are to be, that all who wish, may have an opportunity to hear. In making these, there would be now no difficulty. If my journey has served no other purpose, it has served this—of facilitating the labours of those who may follow me. I shall be content with the praise of an honest and laborious pioneer, and heartily rejoice in the more splendid exertions of the succeeding host.

Why, really, Mr John Brown, Minister of the Associate Congregation, Biggar, you speak as if you had returned from the interior of Africa.

This said mission on which you were sent, was a mighty simple concern. You could not have lost many pounds of beef in the course of one fortnight, surely; and we hope that you were accustomed to riding, else the "galled jade" must have "winced." But what have you or your honest old father done towards the christianizing of Albin? We cannot help wondering at the extreme self-complacency of these two missionaries forsooth. They seem confidently to believe that their sermons, every word of which is now forgotten, will produce a new æra in the religious history of the Highlanders. The Celts, though as we have seen too liable to superstition, are not quite so impressible. Some of them might doubtless understand a word now and then of what their Lowland friends were twanging in their ears; but the major part of these meetings must in general have been rather spectators than auditors. At all events, it must, with most of them, have been in at one ear, out of another. If the people to whom the Messrs Browns preached were intelligent christians, they could not, perhaps, be greatly the worse of listening to their sermons; but if not, we conceive that poor blind ignorant creatures might be very greatly the worse indeed of having put into their heads dim and vague glimmerings of doctrines, which could only perplex and confound all their former belief. We feel no disposition to say any thing severe of conscientious, good-hearted men; but we do not scruple to confess, that neither of these ministers have got the knack of making themselves very intelligible on matters of religion. We should like vastly to see printed, one of the sermons which either of them preached during their mission, and then we could all judge how far it was likely to benefit the world. But we have done. It is all very natural for good people to be enthusiastic in a good cause—and this natural enthusiasm has made both, in this case, only somewhat mistaken in their estimation of their own importance in the eyes of the world.

THE COVENANTER'S HEATHER-BED.

[This poem was suggested by seeing the picture representing the Temptation of St Antony, by Teniers. It exemplifies the different aspect which the same subject and situation would assume when clothed in the images supplied by Scottish puritanism.]

I.

A stormy night, and dark, had closed a gloomy day,
And couched upon the heath, a Covenanter lay;
His feet were tired, and damp with the clays of many a hill,
And in his sleeping ear the wind was roaring still;
When the powers of darkness thronged, with persevering spite,
To tempt his weary soul, 'mid the visions of the night.

II.

And first a black one came, and said, with scornful eye,
"Come Jonathan, get up, and your merits let us try;
If you be strong in faith, here take me by the hand,
Pull up while I draw down,—we'll see who best can stand
When flames break out beneath us, and yawning earth is riven,
'Twill then be brought to proof what hold you have on heaven.

III.

"You boldly walk by day, while sunshine warms the ground;
The breeze cheers up your heart, and the wild bee hums around;
But when our dark hour comes, your songs and vaunts decrease,
And, trusting to your works, you fain would sleep in peace.
But if in works you trust, I have witnesses behind,
Who can speak of former deeds, and recall them to your mind."

IV.

And then, straightway, the fiend for another fiend made room,
Who carried in his hand a sprig of yellow broom,
And said, " This broom was cut in that glen of gowans fine,
Where you were wont in youth, to drive a herd of kine ;
For its crystal brook you deemed that glen beyond compare,
But more for a blue-eyed girl, who also herded there.

V.

" When with her you would sit, one plaid encircled both,
You called yourself her true-love,—to her you pledged your troth ;
But when you grew a man, and was master of some sheep,
And saw some farmers' daughters, you left her there to weep :
Among the lonely knolls, her heart sobbed out its pain,
And 'twas said her silken snood ne'er tied so well again."

VI.

The one who next appeared, a tattered Bible bore,
And said, " When first in youth you left your mother's door,
With swimming eyes she came, this book she bade you take,
And keep it as her gift, and read it for her sake ;
But scarce two days were past, ere at a drunken fair,
You lost it in the streets, to be soiled and trampled there."

VII.

The next who came to taunt, a piece of money shewed,
And said, " When paying last a neighbour what you owed,
He was an aged man, and somewhat thick of sight,
And you therefore slid this coin among others that were bright ;
But the edge was partly worn, and the brass that glared behind,
Disgraced its silver coat, like a secret sinner's mind."

VIII.

Tormented thus, and stung by many a bitter word,
" The last," he cries, " is false," and starts and grasps his sword,
Around on every side, his furious strokes he plies,
Among their flitting shapes, among their glaring eyes :
But, laughing at his rage, on sooty wings they fled,
And a new rattling shower assailed his heather-bed.

THE FIVE OAKS OF DALLWITZ—FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

'Tis evening—in the silent west
The rosy hues of day-light fade,
And here I lay me down to rest,
Beneath your venerable shade !
Bright records of a better day,
Aged—but sacred from decay—
Still in your stately forms reside,
Of ages past the grace and pride !—

The brave hath died—the good hath sunk—
The beautiful hath past away !
Yet green each bough, and strong each trunk
That smiles in evening's farewell ray—
Storms blew in vain—the leaves still spread
A bright crown on each aged head—
And yet, methinks, the branches sigh,
" Farewell—the great of earth must die !"

But ye have stood !—still bold and high,
And fresh, and strong, and undecayed ;
When hath the pilgrim wandered by,
Nor rested in your quiet shade ?
Ye mourn not when the sere leaves fall,
At coming Winter's icy call !—
They perish in their parent earth,
They nurse the tree that gave them birth !—

Emblems of ancient Saxon faith !
Our fathers, in our country's cause,
Thus died the patriot's holy death,
Died for her freedom and her laws !
In vain they died—in vain, for all
Are silent to their country's call—
In vain she calls—the storm hath past
O'er Germany—her oaks stand fast,
Her people perished in the blast !

ETERNITY. A FRAGMENT.

From the German of Haller.

Ye forests, wastes of melancholy pines!
—Dark as the darkness of the tomb,—
Through whose cold depths no straggling sunbeam shines;
Ye hollow rocks, within whose womb
The screams of many an evil-omened bird,
Mixed with the sound of beating wings is heard!
And ye dull streams, whose waters idly feed
Sands desolate, and blasted mead:—
Scenes of damp horror o'er my spirit breathe
The stern solemnity of death!
Cloud with your presence my dark song, and be
Terrific emblems of ETERNITY.

My friend is dead!—the dizzy eye can trace
A form like his that in the gloom appears—
I start—his voice is in my ears!—
In vain—he cannot leave his prison-place,
He cannot burst eternity's embrace!
No image of the future scared his rest,
He viewed life's shifting scenes with eager eye,
But the last act is come! the curtain's fall—
The disappearing lights—his heart appal;
And all that was so like reality,
Is now a hollow jest!
The world of spirits, desolate and drear,
Surrounds him with its chilling atmosphere;
Trembling we whisper, does he still retain
The feelings that employ the spirit here,
Still sympathise with earthly joy and pain?

* * * * * *

And what am I? I am what he hath been
And will be what he is—alas! how soon!—
Even now I mourn youth's morning hours serene,
The sun of life already is at noon,
And, ere the evening comes with yellow light,
May sink in sudden night—
The dim eye may for ever close,
No dream of hope to bless that last repose!

ETERNITY, thou dark mysterious sea—
All that is past, and all that is to be,
Ages and worlds, are present still to thee!
To thee the embers of the days gone by,
Are seeds and blossoms of futurity!
Oh, who shall measure thy sublime expanse!
The date of worlds to thee is as the glance
Or momentary twinkle of the eye:
How many suns have faded in yon sky!
How many yet remain!
What is to thee their measured reign?
Their weights, like those with which man measures time,
Fail, when the appointed period for their doom
Arrives,—they hold awhile their course sublime—
One sinks—a second shines—his fires consume—
Another pours o'er heaven his cheerful flame,
They fade—but thou art still the same!—
The stars, whose silent majesty
Delights the earthly gazer's eye,
To thee seem withering away,
Like grass in summer's sultry day,
Lovely and transient as the rose
That in the dewy morning glows,
And perishes ere evening's close!

Long ere existence from the void awoke,
Ere from the abyss the world emerging broke,
Ere gushed the first rich streams of light
From Chaos' dreary night,—
Even then wert thou, mysterious power,
Remote as ever from thy first waking hour;—
And when on earth shall close its second night,
When nought remains but silent desert space,
When other heavens, with other glories bright,
Shall sink, and suns and systems end their race,
Still young as now shalt thou rejoicing gaze
Along the unbounded line of future days!—

* * * * * *

The wings of thought, though swifter than the flight
Of time, or sound, or air, or light,
When to explore thy boundless realm addressed,
Flutter with weariness, and sink for rest!
In vain I strive to grasp the thought sublime,
Heap fancied worlds on worlds, and time on time!
Back from the fearful height the straining sight
Giddily gazes on unending space,
Nor yet hath found one resting-place;
Forward in vain it ventures to explore,
ETERNITY unbroken lies before!

Oh God! thou art the strength and stay of all,—
The sun and measure of eternity!
In noonday, night, and plenitude of power,
Thou canst not retrograde, thou canst not fall;
Eternity is in the present hour,
Unchanging, Lord, to thee!
Oh, if thy glories failed, thy strength were fled,
How soon would universal darkness spread
O'er the fair realms of being, and the sea
Of night engulph time and eternity—
Lost like a raindrop in the ocean's bed!—

ALL-PERFECT, in thy presence what are we?
Atoms or sand-grains scattered over earth—
(The earth itself a speck compared with thee!)
—Beings, that yesterday scarce sprung to birth;
To-morrow, and we cease to be!—
Our life, so short, so vain, it well might seem
The idle coinage of a mid-day dream!

My birth—it was not that I wished to be!
No aim—no appetency of my own—
Thy mandate was the seed of life to me,
The fountain of my being thou alone!—
Long, like the herb, unconsciously I lay—
Then life—mere bestial life—informed the clay,
Ere yet the man awoke to reason's ray:
Long in the womb I slept—the heavens in vain
Expanded their blue arch—my eyes were closed—
My ear, yet unprepared for sound, reposed—
My only sense was hunger, bonds, and pain!—

* * * * * *

Soon a new impulse to the sinews came,
To fit them to the service of the frame,
The feet, grown firm, performed their office well—
The tongue soon learned to shape the syllable—
The spirit, strengthening with the body's strength,
With joy exerts its latent powers at length—
Thus moths, awakened by the burning ray,
Cast off their web, and flutter into day—
I looked on all things with a boy's delight,
Learned something new each day:—before, around,
I gazed—compared, examined, measured, found—
Kindled with love—felt anger's glowing wound,
And was a man—in strength and weakness quite!—

My body feels the chill approach of night,
My limbs are sinking with life's weary load,
The fluttering wings of pleasure take their flight
With thoughtless youth, to seek a new abode!
My soul is sick—it loathes the light of day;
Cold shadows of despair the world invest;
Life has no charms—I long to flee away;
My heart breathes but one wish, and sighs for rest!—

* * * * * *

CAPTAIN ROSS, AND SIR JAMES LANCASTER'S SOUND.

Few scientific enterprises in modern times have excited a more intense and general interest than those lately undertaken to the Arctic regions. Every report in regard to them was wafted with almost magical rapidity to the most remote regions of the civilized world, and distant nations and communities were unanimous in their admiration of the spirit which conceived, and the power which carried them into effect. They were not undertaken for the purpose of adding new branches of trade to those we already possess; the motive was higher and more exalted—it was entirely scientific, and we considered them as the purest and most interesting offering ever made by political power to science.

Captain Buchan conducted the expedition towards the North Pole, which unfortunately failed. Captain Ross, an excellent officer, commanded the expedition to Baffin's Bay. The account of the voyage is now before the public, and has excited very general attention.* It has added considerably to our knowledge of the geography of Baffin's Bay, and impressed us with a high opinion of the skill and judgment of Captain Ross. Unfortunately in Sir James Lancaster's Sound there appears to have been a haste on the part of Captain Ross which, although fully justified by his Admiralty instructions, leaves a disagreeable impression with the public, and which we regret we cannot remove.

It would appear, that the discovery ships sailed towards the sound or bay (Smith's Bay) at the head of Baffin's Bay, but found the "entrance was completely blocked up with ice" (p. 149), and into Sir James Lancaster's Sound, until ice was seen at the distance of seven miles, stretching from side to side, when the ships being embayed within *this dangerous inlet above eighty miles* (p. 176), they were tacked about and steered out again. Now, though we have little expectation that the desired channel could be found in this inlet, yet the exploration was very imperfect, and some of the conclusions drawn from false premises, or, at least, from premises that were not proved. For instance, land in the interval of a fog shower was said to have been seen all round; but as this land is laid down in the *special* map at thirty-four, forty-three, and forty-eight miles distant, they could have no assurance

* We have seldom seen a work more beautifully ornamented than Captain Ross's. In the engravings the forms of the mountains appear to be mineralogically correct; and *the numerous and very striking* views of the ice bergs assist very much in enabling us to *form a conception of the various* remarkable forms of these wonders of the Arctic world.

that some turn in the coast might not conceal an opening twenty miles wide. With regard to ice stretching across from side to side, it is evident, from inspection of the map, it could not be seen unless it were a chain of ice bergs, and then no proof could have been had that it joined the shore. Drift ice, or field ice—the kind of ice Captain Ross here seems to allude to, cannot be seen above twelve miles distant from a ship's mast-head; and Captain Ross does not say he was there, though he says he saw the ice stretching from side to side in a place which he lays down as forty-eight miles wide. And as the ice was said to be seven miles distant, he could have no idea whether it was close or open; for a stream of ice, passable in all directions, will, at that distance from the deck, appear a solid wall, and even from the mast-head, if the ice be any thing crowded. He also says he was embayed above eighty miles (p. 176), but we cannot find out that he was more than forty-two miles within the headlands forming Lancaster's Sound. If, indeed, we suppose the constituent headlands to be Cape Horsburgh and Cape Bathurst, yet the ships could be only embayed fifty-seven miles, in a place having an entrance one hundred and twenty miles wide; and if we measure off eighty miles to the eastward upon the general map from the places where the ships tacked, we shall find that it is a situation having above a semicircle clear of land for a distance of four hundred leagues.—Hence the circumstance of being eighty miles embayed must be a mistake, probably introduced into the work by the hurry of a very rapid publication. The supposition of ice stretching from side to side was unfounded, there being no possibility of seeing ice half way to the shore on one side, and not above two thirds on the other. And the conclusion, that the land was seen terminating the inlet to the westward, was drawn without sufficient evidence; because an opening in either corner of the supposed head of the bay, though twenty miles broad, having a turn of four points of the compass out of the main direction of the bay, would have been altogether concealed. There, however, may be a doubt that the land *was seen* all round; for it is well known by Greenlandmen, that the most experienced navigators may be deceived. The clouds rise on the horizon so like the land, in peaks and white patches, that in some cases no one can say whether it is or is not land. Indeed, there is an instance in Captain Ross's book, where his master, first lieutenant, and seamen, are said to have seen land at the *immense distance* (as afterwards ascertained) of *one hundred and forty miles* (p. 100). This is attributed to unequal refraction. There, however, is another mistake; for we find, by measuring the distances upon the general map (frontispiece), that the nearest land to the westward must have been two hundred miles distant—a distance which, in an ordinary state of the atmosphere, would require land to have been about four and one-half miles high, to have been seen from a mast-head one hundred feet above the level of the sea. We trust these errors, and others of a mathematical nature, contained in the Appendix, particularly in p. civ, will be corrected in the second edition of this highly interesting work, which we understand is already called for by the public.

We are still decidedly of opinion that Captain Scoresby should have had the command. The fate of Captain Buchan's attempt, and the haste of Captain Ross in Sir James Lancaster's Sound, are to be attributed not to a deficiency of courage, or of naval skill, but to a want of that experience in the Greenland seas, which could only be acquired by the service of half a life time, and which is possessed in so eminent a degree by the distinguished and accomplished mariner we have just named. Another expedition to Baffin's Bay has been ordered by government. The command has been given to two skilful officers. Although we trust they will complete the geography of a bay which has immortalized the name of Baffin, we have little or no hope of a north-west passage. Indeed, we consider all the assertions that have been brought forward in proof of it as falsities, and the speculations in regard to it as mere idle fancies, unworthy of a moment's serious consideration.

LIEUTENANT KING'S SURVEY OF NEW HOLLAND.

HAVING in a former Number (Vol IV. p. 286), stated the information we had received as to the progress of the expedition of discovery on the coast of New Holland, we are glad to be able to add, that a letter has been received from Lieutenant King, mentioning his arrival in the Mermaid at Sidney Cove, from Timor, the latter end of July 1818; and that on the passage he had been enabled to determine the *insularity* of that part of the land, of which, in Freycinet's Atlas, Capes Poivre and Dupuy, form projecting points.

Lieutenant King had examined the North West Cape, the Rosemary Islands, and the Great Bay of Van Diemen. His distance from the shore had in few parts exceeded two miles, and he had completed, except in an inconsiderable distance, the survey of those parts of that extensive coast which had not been already examined.

After refitting his vessel and refreshing his crew at Sydney, the Lieutenant would proceed, with the least possible delay, to finish his undertaking.

No account had hitherto been received of the appearance of the French expedition which sailed for that quarter some months after Lieutenant King.

ON THE TEMPERATURE OF THE WATER OF COAL MINES IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

Newcastle, May 4. 1819.

MR EDITOR,

A very long and ably written article appeared in the Edinburgh Review, published in June 1818, on the subjects of polar ice, and a north-west passage. It was attributed, but I know not on whose authority, to Professor Lesslie, and seemed to be written as an answer to a Memoir printed a short time before in the Quarterly Review, and which was thought to proceed from the pen of Mr Barrow. The author of the first mentioned criticism, after detailing a number of curious experiments, observes, "we may conclude that the temperature of the ground is always the mean result of the impressions made at the surface during a series of years. The successive strata, therefore, at great depths, may be regarded as permanent records of the average state of the weather in distant ages. Perhaps the superficial influence will scarcely descend fifty feet in the lapse of a century. Copious springs which percolate the bowels of the earth, and rapidly convey the impressions of subterranean heat to the surface, will consequently furnish the most accurate reports of the natural register of the climate. These, if rightly chosen, differ not sensibly in their temperature at all seasons, and whether they have their depth at one hundred or five hundred feet, they affect the thermometor alike." p. 7. This theory appears at first sight very feasible, but from various experiments I procured to be made on springs of water issuing both into the shafts and working of some coal mines in this neighbourhood, the results prove that the deeper you penetrate into the earth, the higher is the temperature of the water which flows immediately from the rocky strata, as is evinced by the following facts.

Temperature of the water issuing into the shaft at Hebburn colliery,

At 48 fathoms...54°.
At 97 .....58°.
At 130.....60°.

Temperature of a spring in Pentop colliery,

At 63 fathoms...54°.

These in some measure agree with the experiments made by Mr M'Lean in the Cornish mines, (see Philosophical Magazine, December 1815,) but are at variance with the doctrine laid down by the writer before mentioned. For my own part, I do not pretend to account for a phenomenon, the cause of which is enveloped in great obscurity, but hope, through the medium of your Magazine, to obtain information on this mysterious subject from some of your scientific correspondents.—Your obedient servant, N. J. W.

REMARKS ON DARWIN'S BOTANIC GARDEN.

The ill-chosen plan of his work, and the chimerical notions there hazarded on subjects of science, have sunk Darwin's poetry almost into a state of premature oblivion. Nevertheless, he certainly was an admirable artist, and has painted some separate objects in a style never equalled either before or after him. But the nature of his talent was so limited and peculiar, that it is difficult to conceive any poetical undertaking, the successful execution of which, would not have required a greater variety of faculties than he possessed. He was utterly ignorant of the poetry of human nature; and nothing but external objects had any existence for him. His excellence lay in his exquisite manner of conceiving their qualities and appearances, and in the bright-coloured language which he applied to them. His maxim indeed was, that no expressions should be counted poetical, but those which suggested the conception of visible objects —a principle, by the adoption of which, poets would run the risk of excluding the movements of the mind, in a great measure, from the list of their materials; for it is not every feeling which can be conveniently expressed by metaphors presenting optical images. The fact of such a theory having been at that time maintained, shews how much the true sources of poetry had been lost sight of.

Darwin had the eye rather of a painter, than of a poet. He had a craving for images, which demanded that every thing should be clothed in a visible form. His best passages always suggest the idea of colours spread out upon a canvass; so vivid and palpable is every trait. Indeed, his manner of conceiving things has so close an affinity to works of art, that the subjects of many of his similes are taken from antique gems, bass-reliefs, &c. Ancient mythology supplied him with illustrations perfectly agreeable to his taste, and offered a world of bright appearances, not replete with more internal passion than he cared for. Probably Ovid was indebted to works of art for much of his inspiration; and Darwin, in his preface, seems to think with pleasure of having some affinity with him; but Darwin never describes more than one moment of a story, because he merely wants a graphical subject; and therefore he has none of the pathos that can be obtained by following out a succession of incidents. The nature of Darwin's talent adapted him rather to have succeeded as a poet, in ancient than in modern times; that is to say, he was suited to handle mythological subjects, by the species of imagination exhibited in his similies and illustrations; which are by far the best part of his poetry, and which have little to do with his chemistry, botany, or physiology.

Some part of his fine perceptiveness, and painted diction, he certainly learnt from Pope. The mechanism of his versification was also taken originally from the same writer, but divested of variety, and exaggerated into monotonous mannerism. But in his mode of conceiving visible objects, he goes far beyond his master, and clothes them with an exuberance of brilliant colours, and manages them with a classical gusto, which Pope, with all his superiority of other merits, never attained to.

The same style of diction and versification which, being applied by Darwin to cold scientific subjects, failed to command any permanent sympathy from the public, was afterwards rendered popular by Campbell, in the Pleasures of Hope, where it was used as the vehicle of ideas addressed to human passions and affections. Campbell, however, never equalled Darwin in his own line. The following passage from the latter is an instance of his consummate grace and felicity:—

" So in Sicilia's ever-blooming shade,
When playful Proserpine from Ceres strayed,
Led with unwary step her virgin trains
O'er Etna's steeps, and Enna's golden plains:
Plucked with fair hand the silver blossom'd
bower,
And purpled mead—herself a fairer flower;
Sudden, unseen, amid the twilight glade,
Rushed gloomy Dis, and seized the trembling
maid.
Her starting damsels sprung from mossy
seats,
Dropp'd from their gauzy laps the gather'd
sweets,
Clung round the struggling nymph, with
piercing cries,
Pursued the chariot, and invok'd the skies;
Pleased as he grasps her in his iron arms,
Frights with soft sighs, with tender words
alarms,

The wheels descending roll'd in smoky rings,
Infernal Cupids flapp'd their demon wings;
Earth, with deep yawn, received the fair,
amaz'd,
And far in night celestial beauty blaz'd."

Every thing here is fancied with perfect elegance; and no image introduced but what is either grateful to the mind from its own qualities, or full of style and character. Observe the third couplet from the end.

In the following passage, physiological details are rendered quite agreeable; and the complete animal at last comes forth from the plastic hands of the poet, full of life, and strength, and sublimity.

"So from his shell on Delta's showerless isle,
Bursts into life, the monster of the Nile;
First in translucent lymph, with cobweb threads
The brain's fine floating tissue swells, and spreads;
Nerve after nerve the glistening spire descends,
The red heart dances, the Aorta bends;
Through each new gland the purple current glides,
New veins meandering drink the refluent tides;
Edge over edge expands the hardening scale,
And sheaths his slimy skin in iron mail.
Erewhile, emerging from the brooding sand,
With tiger paw he prints the brineless strand,
High on the flood with speckled bosom swims,
Helm'd with broad tail, and oar'd with giant limbs;
Rolls his fierce eyeballs, clasps his iron claws,
And champs, with gnashing teeth, his massy jaws;
Old Nilus sighs along his cane-crown'd shores,
And swarthy Memphis trembles and adores."

What a power of language is here! We figure to ourselves the production of some of those huge animals with which nature seems to have teemed, at a remote era, in the history of the globe, and whose exuviæ, embedded in rocks, are all that remain of them. There is a grandeur in the strength of mere animal existence, and even human beings can sympathise with the exultation which some of the inferior animals must feel, in being so copiously embued with life. In the above quotation, the couplet beginning, "nerve after nerve," is peculiarly fine and sonorous. The two last lines, "old Nilus sighs, &c." conclude the passage emphatically, and give a strong impulse to the imagination.

Darwin has often been censured for the excessive and visible elaboration of his verses, and for his overloaded diction. In a poet who makes it his business to express passion, a natural and unaffected diction is one of the first requisites; because farfetched and studied combinations of language destroy our belief, that the passion is sincere; but in a descriptive poet like Darwin, the most studied forms of expression are allowable, because his object is not to mimic the language of feeling, but to employ words as a means of expressing the pictural conceptions which he has formed in his imagination. Nobody could tolerate Darwin's style of diction, if it were introduced in a tragical soliloquy; but, when used for the sole purpose of describing visible objects, it cannot justly be condemned as affected or disagreeable; for every person upon similar occasions employs whatever resources of expression he is master of. In the following passage, for instance, the utmost elaboration of words is used, with an agreeable effect.—

"First China's sons, with early art elate,
Formed the gay teapot, and the pictured plate;
Saw with illumined brow and dazzled eyes
In the red stove vitrescent colours rise;
Specked her tall beackers with enamel'd stars,
Her monster josses, and gigantic jars;
Smeared her huge dragons with metallic hues,
With golden purples, and cobaltic blues;
Bade on wide hills her porcelain castles glare,
And glazed Pagodas tremble in the air."

The true powers of Darwin's genius are seen when he gets hold of some beautiful mythological idea, round which to pour the splendours of his imagination. This description of Venus rising from the sea is an example—

"So young Dione nursed beneath the waves,
And rocked by Nereids in their coral caves,
Charmed the blue sisterhood with playful wiles,
Lisped her sweet tones, and tried her playful smiles.
Then on her beryl throne, by Tritons borne,
Bright rose the goddess like the star of morn;
When, with soft fires the milky dawn he leads,
And wakes to life and love the laughing meads;
With rosy fingers, as uncurled they hung
Round her fair brow, her golden locks she wrung;
O'er the smooth surge on silver sandals stood,
And looked enchantment on the dazzled flood.—

The immortal form enamoured nature hailed,
And beauty blazed to heaven and earth unveiled."

The carrying off of Europa by Jupiter is executed in a style equally beautiful. There is a well known landscape of Claude Lorrain, in which that subject is introduced, and the picture, and the verses, seem to reflect light on each other. The allegory of Cupid snatching the thunderbolt from Jupiter is treated as follows:—

"Thus when on wanton wing intrepid love
Snatched the raised lightning from the arm of Jove;
Quick o'er his knee the triple bolt he bent,
The clustered darts and forky arrows rent;
Snapped with illumined hands each flaming shaft,
His tingling fingers shook, and stamped, and laughed;
Bright o'er the floor the scattered fragments blazed,
And Gods retreating trembled as they gazed;
The immortal sire, indulgent to his child,
Bowed his ambrosial locks, and heaven relenting smiled."

Another striking passage is that where Venus visits the forge of Vulcan.

"Thus when of old, as mystic bards presume,
Huge Cyclops dwelt in Etna's rocky womb,
On thundering anvils rung their loud alarms,
And, leagued with Vulcan, forged immortal arms;
Descending Venus sought the dark abode,
And soothed the labours of the grisly God.
While frowning loves the threatening falchion wield,
And tithering graces peep behind the shield,
With jointed mail their fairy limbs o'erwhelm,
Or nod with pausing steps the plumed helm;
With radiant eye she viewed the boiling ore,
Heard undismayed the breathing bellows roar,
Admired their sinewy arms, and shoulders bare,
And ponderous hammers lifted high in air."

There is nothing in the above quotations to move the heart, or enchain the attention. Their merit consists altogether in their objective appearance. Darwin dwells on images for their own sake, and seldom fails to invest objects with the most radiant and glorious aspects. Pope had a similar power of painting; but he had not an imagination so *riant* and joyful, nor felt the same inclination to refine and exalt the qualities of objects into complete beauty. His reasoning and satire besides hurry him on, and demand his attention to different considerations. In contemplating Darwin, one is led to regret, that his poetical powers were not more various and extensive, and that the one talent he possessed should have been expended disadvantageously from the want of others to support it.

A LETTER ON HAPPINESS.

MR EDITOR,

One would naturally suppose that among the studies most diligently cultivated by a being so sensible to pleasure and pain, as Man, would be the study of his own happiness. But I am not able to find that this is the case.

I am aware that it is usual indeed for men to say that the pursuit of happiness is the use of existence; and that they will in general very readily profess themselves to be born and live to no other purpose. But I cannot find any good evidence warranting such allegations. I find no proof that they have really set their hearts upon being happy; at least if they have, it appears to me somewhat extraordinary, that their understandings should be so little in the secret. For I am not able to discover that it has at any time been in practice amongst mankind to occupy their reasoning faculties in ascertaining the means by which happiness in this world may be procured, their usual course, when their desire is very strongly set upon any particular object. But, with this notable word in great vogue amongst them, they have always to me the air of those persons of dubious credit, who, with the words liberty, or virtue, or religion, continually in their mouths, have always some underplot of their own which they are carrying on beneath the masque of a specious name; being commonly themselves the very deadliest enemies of the cause, under which they veil their machinations. I have detected that with all their protestations of entire devotion to this great idol of human hearts, their *conduct* has no drift whatever towards establishing the dominion of happi-

ness over their own life or that of others; but rather, as much as in them lies to its subversion. And, furthermore, as in the case of the patriots and zealots, I have spoken of, if any man, as it now and then happens, of real public spirit, of real morality, of real religion, stands up to vindicate the great cause to which he has vowed his adherence, it is precisely among these declaimers that he meets with the bitterest persecution of scorn, hate, and opposition:—So those few wise men, who from time to time in the world, applying themselves to the serious study of human happiness, have discovered important principles, and indeed infallible rules, for its attainment, have no sooner ventured to promulgate them, than they have found themselves assailed by the obloquy and enmity of all the professed votaries of happiness, and have, to this day, no other repute among them, than of being the enemies and tormentors of mankind.

Now, I must confess, it was not without a good deal of reluctance and difficulty, that I could bring myself to entertain a deliberate conviction that the ordinary scheme of men in this world, is to plot against their own happiness; because the idea appeared to me, at first, hardly capable of being expressed, except by means of a contradiction in terms. But as I considered the subject more and more, I became very well convinced at last, that this, and no other, is the real scope of their proceedings in life; and in a plurality of cases, the only one project which they bring to a very successful issue.

The manner in which I succeeded in convincing myself of the reality of this very singular phenomenon, was this: I took, and examined one by one, the rules of happiness, as they have been laid down by the ablest and best informed writers upon the subject. I tried them, not upon myself, which is a method of experiment commonly involving fallacy; but by very careful and exact courses of observation upon persons, in whom I had a perfect opportunity of verifying results. Having satisfied myself of the correctness of each rule, in the most scrupulous manner, I next proceeded to apply them to the conduct of mankind at large; and really it was at first a strange astonishment to me, and a most surprising spectacle, to see how vehemently they were carried, as it were, in express opposition to every single article; as though they had engaged themselves in an especial and deliberate purpose of setting the whole code at defiance.

Thus, when I had found it uniformly laid down by my authors, that a most material ingredient in our inferior happiness, is health, inasmuch as there are in our life a multitude of pleasures, which are addressed to the healthy senses, and else have no relish, I turned my eyes upon my species to observe what methods they pursued of cherishing this essential qualifier of happiness. Why, it immediately was visible to me that they had no other purpose among them, but to make away with it as fast as possible. I perceived that all deleterious processes, by which any of the great functions of life could be deranged, or the faculties of sense impaired, were in the highest request among them: And that in proportion, as any of them, from their peculiar condition in life, had liberty of person, leisure and means, by which they would have been enabled to bring health to greatest perfection, they were sure to be distinguished among the most active and pertinacious in ruining it.

If I found it clearly made out that an essential requisite to happiness is the government of our passions, inasmuch as, controlled, they are springs of enjoyment to life, and let loose, they drown it, I was immediately aware that it is the great study of men to obtain to their passions the utmost possible dominion over their minds. I discovered in them a sort of curious diligence to adapt the whole arrangement of life to the indulgent fostering of their continual growth; an art of soliciting them into preternatural vigour. So that I could hardly otherwise persuade myself, than that the men had, indeed, profoundly investigated the theory of passion; and were skilfully engaged in the processes of its most scientific cultivation.

Again, it was a leading principle in which all my authorities concurred—that seeing the events of this life are in no ways under our control, the searcher after happiness must, on no account, fix his strongest desires upon them; but must prudently direct the force of desire upon that good which

he can command, inasmuch as it lies within his own bosom. How then could I but admire to behold the vehement longings—the impetuous energy of desire with which men seemed to spring forth out of the secret haunts of their own bosoms, into the torrent of the world's tide? as if their purpose had been violently to relinquish the possessions they held, in order to take the chance of drowning themselves in grasping at those which were borne away from them. I could soon ascertain that they bestowed a great deal of pains, and made very toilsome exertions, to keep out their desires from flowing inward upon the treasures of their own hearts; and were very particular indeed, to direct them upon those objects of all others, which were most uncertain to have, and most precarious to hold. The case was past doubt.

I need not pursue the history of my observations through the whole course of violation of the rules of happiness, in which I found men engaged. Suffice it to say, that it was all a reiteration of one story. Grieved, but convinced by what my senses shewed me, I turned from the melancholy spectacle, and took up again the thread of my ratiocination.

These, said I, are reasoning creatures. They have the faculty of combining actions in adaptation to a purpose—of working through means to an end. Wheresoever I turn my eyes, I see marvellous achievements of their rational art. If they would traverse the waters, they build ships that ride the ocean in storm—they bring together the forest and the womb of the mountain to raise up their cities—they lay their hand on the earth, and she multiplies, a thousand fold, her fecundity—they turn the productions of nature to their use—they bow her powers to their rule. Whatever they are bent to do, they go wisely about it, and carry it into powerful execution. I cannot doubt that they are a race understanding the connexion of means and ends: and my demonstration is good, that the object of this people, in the life I have witnessed, is *not* the attainment of happiness. At the same time, I could not but feel that the conclusion was very extraordinary. I have attempted a solution of the difficulty; but must frankly own, that what has occurred to me to this effect, does not afford me entire satisfaction.

I have conceived then, that Man, being naturally a vicious and spiteful animal, is constrained, by the force of a malignant nature, to exercise his faculties of revenge, in preference to the gratification of any other propensity. I conceive further, that having imagined himself to discover, from some small unpleasant circumstances in his condition of natural life, that he had been very ill-used in being placed in it; he found himself compelled, as aforesaid, to contrive and prosecute revenge against that Nature to which he seemed to owe his being. And, I suppose, that perceiving the most excellent of her works to be himself, in body and mind, he has fancied that he could exercise no more effectual spite against her, than to set himself to work, to demolish, as fast as he can, all that is good in either. And this is the only *rationale* I am able to give of human life. I have said it does not entirely satisfy me: but in default of a better theory, I propose it for consideration.

SENEX.

NOSEOLOGY, A DISSERTATION ON THE INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES, AS MANIFESTED BY THE VARIOUS CONFIGURATIONS OF THE NOSE.

FROM the invariable expression of the emotions of the mind by the features, the face was at a very early period regarded as a mental index; but the Greeks first reduced their observations to rules, and studied them as a science, which they called physiognomy. Michael Scot of Kirkaldy, the Scottish friar Bacon, wrote a stupendous treatise on this subject in 1256; but the more recent labours of the celebrated Lavater, have accomplished whatever could have been expected from so desultory a science. For as the muscles of the face are flexible, and perfectly at the disposal of the owner, affected smiles and deceitful simpers speedily melt away the strong and rugged lines which mark the malignant passions, while those feelings continue

in full activity in the mind. From this contest between art and nature, there results an insipid vacancy of countenance, indicative of no moral feeling or passion. Thus, while the judgment is misled, we are obliged to confess the truth of the Roman adage, nulla fronti fides! Hence an age of dissimulation compels us to seek for manifestations of the mind less affected by secondary causes, and which, from their determinate nature, cannot be changed by artifice or hypocrisy; and this consideration first led to craniological researches. This science has acquired considerable reputation, as by the evidence of the sense of feeling we are enabled to form a correct opinion of the feelings of others, and we may be said to have the information we would seek at our fingers' ends. The eye also can determine on those parts submitted to its inspection. But while the present forms of politeness forbid the freedom of handling the skulls of others in search of the developement of their organs, the science of craniology must be very limited in its application; as nature has concealed the most interesting organs with hair, or art with a wig. Those which she has displayed in the forehead are equally obvious from every act of our life. With all possible deference for craniology, yet from the impossibility of its being reduced to practice, we are constrained to wish for some more apparent standard to judge of the modifications of the human mind. To the late Dr Geddes belongs the merit of having first written a treatise on noseology, but not having completed a conclusive system, he committed it to the flames a short time previous to his death, and no trace of its theory remains for our guidance. It will, therefore, be our humble endeavour to throw together a few indigested hints, to enable the erudite and sagacious scholar to pursue further this interesting subject. On the authority of the ancients we find, that they attributed various faculties of the mind to the nasal organ, and that they considered the sense of smelling as a very inferior and subordinate property of that wonderful feature. They termed the nostrils, nares quod per eas gnari possumus; Phædrus uses the expression to signify the most exalted faculty of the mind, judgment, Naris emunctæ senex; Martial, for rage and anger, fumans nasus ursi; Persius, in the same sense, ira cadat naso; Seneca, for wit, nasus atticus; Plautus, for sagacity, sagax nasum habet; Quintilius observes, naribus, derisus, contemptus, fastidium significari solet, and Persius, Horace, &c. use it in a similar sense, Rides—et minis uncis naribus indulges—naso suspendere adunco. The Greeks also have μυκτηρίζω, to mock, from μυκτηρ the nose, and ρεω, to deceive, from ρις. From νους the Latins derived their nasus, and applied it to indicate the former expression, thus, non cuique nasum habere contigit. It is not every one's fortune to possess νους. If then the superficial views of the ancients could detect all these faculties and feelings in the nasal organ, we may fairly assume the position, that a further investigation of the subject will enable us to determine, that the nose is the *index* of the mind, and here let me observe, that its shape is similar to the index or gnomon of a sun-dial. Since all nations agree in the sentiment of paying the highest respect to the nose, it is singular that its importance has not been the subject of philosophical disquisition at an earlier period. The conspicuous station which it holds in the centre of the face; its projective character confined to the human species; its being a tutamen, as well as "decus," must have combined to impress the idea, that so prominent a feature could not have been formed simply to convey the sense of smelling—a sense which we could at all times dispense with, and which is more frequently the source of disgust than delight: moreover, the various modulations and intonations of the sternitory organ, during the hour of repose (so diversified from the whiffling of a gnat to the croak of a bull-frog) must have been intended for some higher purpose than merely to tranquillize the partner of our bed during the lingering hours of a night spent in anxiety, and watchfulness. But science is progressive, and "pyramids are formed by the aggregation of single stories." That elegant writer, Henry Earl of Monmouth, in his "Advertisements from Parnassus," calls the nose "*the seat and proper place of reputation.*" Civilized nations have always considered it the greatest personal indignity to pull

the nose of another, while savages have devised various methods of ornamenting this distinguished ornament of the face. But we shall now proceed to demonstrate how the intellectual faculties are manifested by the various configuration of this important organ, and to lay down some data on which to erect the superstruction of this science.

We shall therefore assume, as our first proposition, that the quantity of νους is in a direct ratio to the quantity of nose; and that a deficiency in the capacity of the nose indicates a deficiency in the mental capacities. For the truth of this we can appeal to biography, as well as to actual observation, and, we may safely affirm, that no *great* man can have a *small* nose. Cicero, we are told, had a large nose, and an excrescence growing thereon. Ovid derived the appellation of Naso from the same circumstance. The busts of the most renowned of the Romans and Greeks are ample in their nasal dimensions; to which we may add a living example in the person of Sir Joseph Banks, and many others, *quos nunc perscribere longum est.* We shall assume this proposition, as granted, and go on to the *second*, that a strait nose is a negative characteristic, but that a convex apex is indicative of courage, and a concave formation of cowardice and timidity. The most fastidious mind will be satisfied of the truth of this proposition, by reflecting, that it was the model of a Roman nose in the plenitude of their dominion; if any argument were still wanting, an inspection of the heroes of the present day would be conclusive, among whom his Grace the Duke of Wellington is pre-eminently distinguished for the projective character of his nose, not less than for his personal valour. The truth of the latter part of this proposition is so obvious, and the instances that may be adduced so numerous, that it would be waste of time to select any particular one. But as a mistake has generally prevailed, that an illustrious statesman who quitted the army, (where certainly his courage might have been proved,) to serve his country in a more effective post, had this concave nasal formation; should any one, actuated by prejudice, and embracing this popular error, dare to asperse his high character with an imputation of cowardice, we denounce that man as an enemy to candid noseological disquisition; and devote his accursed head to the execrations of every loyal and patriotic Briton, challenging him to prove, that the illustrious personage alluded to had a nose of this configuration. In the meantime we rest assured, that he had not! By the third proposition we take upon ourselves to prove, that a nose forming a right angle at the base, is also a negative characteristic; but that an obtuse and acute angle are positive ones. The former indicating cupidity and curiosity, the latter denoting *qualities* the reverse of these. In elucidating the first part of this proposition, we shall adduce the analogies of various inquisitive animals. The fox prying in a hen roost, and the ferret in a rabbit's burrow, are animals of this form, combining curiosity with cupidity. The sharp-pointed noses in the inimitable picture of the Misers in Windsor Castle, strongly mark their avidity. This demonstration is so obvious, that we shall not dwell on the latter clause, but proceed to the fourth proposition, that the docility is in proportion to the nasal flexibility: and here we shall again draw our inferences from the brute creation. The extreme docility of the elephant can only be attributed to the wonderful flexibility of his proboscis, as the rhinoceros derives a character of stubbornness from his inflexible snout surmounted by a horn. The men of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, no doubt acquired that appellation from their obstinate and unyielding dispositions, as a person of contrary principle is said to be easily led by the nose. Innumerable other developements of the nasal organ might be adduced as manifestations of every intellectual feeling; but as it is only intended to give a hint to more subtle physiologists, we shall conclude these remarks by shewing, that some propensities are indicated by noseology, which we seek in vain from other systems. The wine-bibber is detected by his nose, which assumes the blushing purple of the ripe grape, while the various tinges from the orange tawny of Irish blackguard, to the sable hue of Macabar, denote a person addicted to snuffing. Weak eyes may be detected by the marks of the spectacles on the sides, and a tendency to surfeit by the spots which overspread its sur-

face. Thus having embodied a few practical rules, (avoiding fine-spun theories and *intangible* disquisitions,) we submit them, with all possible deference, to the calm investigation of the impartial reader, and the candid consideration of the man of taste, challenging no other merit than that of having first nosed the game, and leaving to those who may be blessed with a greater capacity of nasal sagacity—*to hunt it down!*

H. C. C.*****
Boulogne. Professor of Noseology.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER, WRITTEN AT PARIS, TO A COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.

I AM sure you will excuse my unusual silence when I tell you the cause of it. As a friend of the family, I have been obliged to perform *un triste devoir* for Madame Dessi, who is not unknown to you, nor the loss she has lately sustained in the death of a lovely daughter, whose beauty was highly flattering to her mother, as the resemblance between them was perfect. Another source of sorrow for Madame D. is, the idea of having neglected to vaccinate her child, which might have preserved both its life and beauty from the fatal ravages of the small pox, in the natural way. The serious indisposition, of which affection and self-accusations had been the cause, made it impossible for Madame D. to attend the funeral. She desired me to accompany the cortege on foot to the grave, and to prepare a tombstone of white marble, on which should be inscribed the name, age, and the nature of the malady, that had occasioned the premature death of her child. I did and said all in my power to turn her from this last injunction, but it was to no purpose. This act of self-accusation, she said, will be a warning to parents in future not to follow my example, and prevent them from the repetition of a fatal error, the baneful consequence of an inveterate prejudice; and close the gates of an early grave against other daughters, which have been, alas! too prematurely open to my unfortunate child.

I did not venture to oppose this humble confession of her fault, and could not but respect the wish she had to perpetuate the remembrance of her sorrow and repentence. On returning to execute the commission she had given me, I went without delay to consult a friend who had lately buried his wife, and learn from him the name of the person the most proper to conduct my business. He recommended me to Monsieur M. N. as the fashionable fabricator of epitaphs at Paris. I accordingly waited on him, and found him already at an early hour engaged with two persons who had only preceded me by a few minutes, and, of course, I was obliged to wait till they were served. I guessed, from their conversation, that their errand was like mine. I want, said the elder, a tomb-stone; for man or woman, asked the master of the shop? It is for a man of a certain age, replied the purchaser. Come with me, then, said M. N., who either did not notice my arrival, or supposed me to be one of the party, and I will conduct you into the magazin des hommes, where you will find, ready to your hands, every thing you can wish or want. We followed him, and he brought us to a large out-house or shed, furnished with stones of different forms, and various shapes, ranged and piled up, at intervals, one on another, and ticketed with capital letters. All that M. N. required, was the subject of the epitaphs. Was, he asked, addressing himself to his customer, the deceased married? Yes, Sir, and he has left a disconsolate widow. Well, then, this is the husband's side. His children too are inconsolable. Oh! he was the father of a family; that is quite another thing. The fathers of families are higher up. On saying this, he led us towards the upper end of the warehouse, where we saw a dozen stones of various sizes, of different dimensions. Whilst the workmen were displaying the stones, and shewing the inscriptions, I went up to the master, and complimented him on his luminous arrangement, and happy classification. The method you approve, he said, is not a bad one, and the preparatory disposition of my materials suits well with those who do me the honour to come to my magazine; and as they generally are pressed for time, and want to be served *à la minute*,

I have often felt the inconvenience of making them wait, since after having ordered an epitaph of their own composition, whilst the tear is standing in their eyes, it sometimes happens, that after the first burst of grief, they think the price they had agreed to give too much. The least defect in the execution, in their cooler moments, serves them not uncommonly for a pretext to discuss the question of an overcharge, which always ends to my disadvantage: and I have been more than once threatened to be paid with thanks for the extravagant praises of fathers, of which the heirs contested the justice. Grief is prodigal, but reflection nips it in the bud. In order to avoid these disagreeables, which cannot always be foreseen, because the most afflicted at the first visit, were oftentimes those who disputed with the most determined obstinacy at the second, I have come to a resolution to prepare the epitaphs before hand, with the wise precaution to engrave virtues for every class of society. I have good husbands, and excellent fathers of families of all prices, sincere friends of all sizes, and respectful sons, in black letters, or in gold, according to their fortunes; virtuous mothers cut in stone, faithful wives in marble, with or without emblems, according to the nature or caprice of the mourners; and, I thank God, my warehouse is well stocked.—I have something for every body, and my customers will find no difficulty but of choice. I take care to leave blanks for the names and surnames, for the convenience of those who wish to inscribe on their tombs the titles and dignities that die with them.—There is also room at the bottom for particular virtues and accomplishments. These, you will observe, are paid for by the letter.

Whilst we had been talking, the gentlemen that came in before me had made choice of two inscriptions of the same sort, one on marble and the other on stone. M. N. went up to them, complimented them on their good taste that had led them to choose the best article in his warehouse, the marble of the first quality would cost five hundred francs, and the stone only one hundred and fifty. M. N. added, that the wish he had to please his new customers, made him moderate in his charges. The letters, however, were not comprised in the *cost of the stone* and marble, and those which the gentlemen chose to have engraved, would be a franc a piece. The commissioners were, I suspected, very distant relations of the deceased, as they expressed great surprise at the high price of the epitaphs. I never overcharge, said M. N., who, unwilling to lose an opportunity of selling, and perceiving the alarm the high prices had given his dealers, endeavoured to draw their attention to cheaper articles. A marble tablet, and an inscription in letters of gold, added he, in pushing out his lips, and shaking his head, have, no doubt, great merit; but, in the eyes of a man of feeling, they contribute nothing to real sorrow; a monument in common stone is equally respectable. This, pointing with his finger, is just what you want. The inscription is modest, the best of fathers, the tenderest of husbands, is all that is required. The letters are large, well proportioned, and visible at a distance, and easily read as you pass, without being obliged to stop, which is no small advantage. I subscribe, said the elder of the two, to the fitness and propriety of the tomb-stone; but what I dislike, is the letters. The quantity of them which increase the names of the deceased, will double the price of the stone. Charged as I am to execute with religious exactness, the duties I owe to the deceased, and to watch over the interests of the widow and the orphan, I would wish to find out some method of reconciling the respect to the dead with the economy due to the living. I really think, says the younger of the two, we might leave out one of the two lines intended to put us in mind of the deceased's virtues; they are two long—the words, the best of fathers, is saying too much, for if we would speak the truth, paternal love was not his forte, which is proved by the ignorance of his children, of whose education he was not over careful. This being the case, exaggerated praise on that head would be little less than satirical. It is very true, rejoined the elder, and it was my intention to repress the words, the tenderest of husbands, to which the quarrels of the parties which ended in separation, gave a flat denial. It is not very decent to make a tomb-stone tell lies. Why, cried M. N., did you not say all this at first? I have the *affair* here in the corner. Here lies, *with a blank for the name*, a good fa-

ther, a good husband, no honest man can have less said of him.

After a long dispute on the size of the letters, it was agreed that they should be from one to two inches high, and the price one hundred francs; and as Mr M. N. attended them to the door, he said, it was not worth our while to part for such a trifle.

Our manufacturer came back immediately, and brought with him a man of about 50 years old, whose carriage had just driven up to the door. I followed them into the women's apartments, where there was as much order and elegance as in the men's. The tombs were decorated with exquisite taste, fancifully varied, and the virtues more numerous. There was hardly an epitaph that had not half a dozen. Every where fidelity, candour, prudence, modesty and discretion were in capitals. These qualities, Mr M. N. observed, do not always go together, but their union on a monument does no harm, and spoils nothing. We are fond of persuading others, that the object of our regret deserves the tears we shed for it, and the flattery of the dead is nothing more than the self-love of the survivor.

The last comer looked round scornfully on all the monuments within his ken, and found no one that described the qualities of the woman he had lost. Mr M. N. pointed out one to him which was just finished, in which every model of panegyric, and all the formalities of praise, were liberally exhausted. He was enchanted with it, and cried out, "That will do; add but three words to it, "by her inconsolable husband," and send it to me to-night, that I may find it when I come home from the opera; I am going to-morrow into the country, and shall be able to judge of the effect it will have in the place where it is to be set up. On saying this he took out his purse, and paid his money, without suspecting the presence of a third person. When we were alone I explained to Mr M. N. the nature of my visit; he confessed he had nothing of the kind ready, and, after having read the one I had given him, he said, well! the example of Madam D. is excellent: if we were to set forth on the grave-stone the cause of the death of him or her whom it covers, no doubt the publication would at least teach those discretion, who for the most part are divested of it; they would confess, for fear of being accused, he added, with the broad grin of a man who turns every thing to his own interest, and our epitaphs will then, at least, be the longer for this candid procedure.—Accept my humble services, ever at your disposal, L. B. H. SW.

TIME'S MAGIC LANTHERN.

No IX.

The DISSECTOR, BLASQUEZ, *and* SCHOLAR.

Doctor. This body is a good subject. It is lean, and therefore well calculated to shew the muscular system. Lay open the abdomen by two transverse incisions, but beware you do not injure the viscera. Now draw aside the outward integuments, and you will observe the position of the bowels. I shall demonstrate that in my lecture to-day.

Enter Duke of Alagon.

Duke. Mr Doctor, the King is in the hospital, and will probably visit your dissecting-room. I inform you of this, that you make the necessary preparations for his Majesty's reception.

Doctor. My Lord Duke, I humbly thank your Lordship for your condescension in giving me this notice. I shall pay every attention to your Lordship's intimation. [*Exit Duke.*

Doctor. Here, throw up the windows, and sprinkle the floor with camphor. Remove the putrid thigh of the old woman of which you are making a preparation. Cast a sheet over this body, and wipe these dissecting instruments with a towel. Now stand behind me and await the entrance of his Majesty.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. I am come to your apartment, Mr Dissector, because I am desirous of examining the great work of the Creator-*Man.* You will, therefore, briefly demonstrate to me the anatomy of the human frame.

Doctor. The honour conferred upon me by your Majesty, is one for which

I cannot be sufficiently grateful. But anatomy I fear is a study little calculated to afford pleasure to princes. It requires much labour and application, and is therefore better suited to an humble subject like myself, than a great King like your Majesty.

King. You seem an old man, and must therefore have long studied your profession.

Doctor. My hair is gray, your Majesty, less from age than intense study and the duties of my profession. I have lived amid disease and death, and laboured in poverty and distress. My life has been an obscure one, yet I trust not quite useless to my fellow-creatures. It has been———

King. Enough! you will now proceed to the demonstrations I require of you. The body I perceive is covered.

Doctor. Nothing can escape the penetration of your Majesty—I feared the sight might be too shocking, and I———

King. You are mistaken, let the covering be removed. Where did you procure this body?

Doctor. It is the body of a galley slave, who died without receiving extreme unction, and was therefore denied the rites of christian burial, and sent hither for dissection.

Duke. These are the features of Arguelles—I know them well—your Majesty may perhaps remember him. He was the chief of the traitorous Cortes, who betrayed your Majesty, and their country, during the unfortunate interregnum caused by the invasion of the French.

King. He never came to court, and I do not remember to have seen him; but I well know he was an enemy to our holy church, which he attempted to ruin by the overthrow of the inquisition. For this he was condemned to the galleys—a punishment only too lenient for such a crime. I had forgotten him, but I now wish to receive some further information with regard to him.

Duke. He was a man, your Majesty, of noble and various attainments. He possessed a grand and powerful eloquence, which even those who condemned his reasoning could not hear unmoved. His learning was extraordinary, though unprofitable, for he read the works of heritics who wrote on liberty and emancipation, and they wrought in his brain like madness. The absence of your Majesty, and the troubles of the kingdom unfortunately afforded him a theatre on which he was well qualified to act. He became a member of the Cortes, in which he found many enemies, but no rival. Yet even these were influenced by his talents, and with freedom on his lips, and revolution in his heart, he led the Cortes to betray their king, their country, and their religion. Time was, when I could not have borne to behold his body thus exposed, for he was my friend, and I loved him as a brother. But there is no feeling I would not sacrifice to my loyalty—the moment he became false to your Majesty, he became false to me, and I cast him off.

King. Your sentiments are those of every good subject. Inform me what became of his family.

Duke. His wife died young, and left him but one son, whom he loved with even more than a father's love, and to whose education he devoted much of his time. On this subject too, he had strange ideas, and would never suffer the boy to receive personal chastisement for his faults. He taught him, that a blow carried with it a degradation too dreadful to be endured. He accustomed him to reason, from his very cradle, and the boy became a man while yet in the years of childhood. On the return of your Majesty, it was found that he had become a convert to the doctrines, and a party to the schemes of his father; and he too, was sentenced by your Majesty to the galleys.

King. It was wisely done, for the breed of traitors and heretics must be extinguished before Spain can again be what she has been. Where milder arguments fail, a gibbet, or the galleys generally carry conviction; and, at all events, they prevent the spreading of the disease. I wish to know in what spirit Arguelles submitted to his punishment—and in what temper he died.

Duke. On these points I regret I cannot satisfy your Majesty's curiosity. But I saw the captain of the galleys in the court of the hospital, who can, no doubt, give your Majesty any information you may desire.

King. Let him be sent for.

[*Enter Captain of the galleys.*]

Duke. The King is desirous of be-

ing informed how Senor Arguelles and his son conducted themselves after their condemnation to the galleys. You will therefore state such circumstances with regard to them as fell within your observation.

Captain. It is now a year since Senor Arguelles and his son were brought, in consequence of the sentence of your Majesty, to labour at the galleys at Tarragona. They arrived, with some other prisoners, under an escort of the Walloon guards, and I immediately ordered them to be shackled, and dressed in such garments as are allotted to be worn by the galley slaves. Arguelles appeared tranquil, and submitted apparently without emotion; but when he turned and looked upon his son, and saw him in the garb of slavery, and the chains fastened to his feet, I thought for a moment that he wept, but I know not, for he passed his hand across his forehead, and when I looked again his face was calm, and I saw no tears. Although the grief of the other slaves was loud, yet I never heard Arguelles utter a murmur of complaint. He was a man of small stature, and of a delicate frame, yet the labour he performed was wonderful. I do not remember that he ever required the lash; and I have seen him, when his own task was done, and those about him were faint and weary, redouble his exertions to assist them in their labour. Of his food he eat but a small portion, and gave the rest to his companions who needed it, but he gave none to his son. That young man was less tractable than his father, and could not be brought to work like the other slaves. He often talked wildly, and imprecated blasphemous curses on your Majesty, which filled all who heard them with horror. For this crime he was publicly flogged, and he became insane and soon afterwards died. As he had never recanted his heresies, he was denied the rites of burial, and his father dug a pit with his own hands and laid his body in it. Arguelles, however, seemed little moved with his fate, indeed the only smile I ever saw on his face was when I told him of his son's death. He daily declined from the first, yet he still continued to labour better than the other slaves. I remember, on a sultry day, just after finishing his task, he sunk down on the ground, and was unable to rise. He was carried to the hospital, but he refused all medicines, and died in two days. When pressed by the priest to confess and receive absolution, he rejected it, nor would he declare in what faith he died. His religion, he said, was what only concerned himself, he had already confessed his sins to God, and in his mercy alone he trusted for absolution. His body, after death, was sent hither.

King. I have heard enough of him. Proceed Mr Dissector to cut him up.—

* * * * *

HIATUS.

THE LAST SPEECH OF ROBERT LYON, PRESBYTER AT PERTH, WHO WAS EXECUTED AT PENRITH, OCTOBER 28TH 1746.

THE death I am now to suffer by the hands of violence, the partial and unthinking world will, doubtless, be ready to imagine a sign of guilt, and a stain upon the sacred character with which I am invested. But would the hardship of a close confinement and time permit me, to explain and vindicate my principles, I am persuaded I would prove them just, and my conduct guiltless in the things for which I am to dye.

That I may not, however, leave a natural curiosity, on such occasions, quite ungratified; I shall briefly run over the principal passages of my past life, and represent my genuine sentiments in some material points; which, I hope, will have the greater effect and weight upon you, my dear fellow-subjects and beloved country-men, as I am just about to step into eternity, where, at the greatest tribunal in the last day, I know I must be judged according to the works I have already done.

And first, it will be very proper to inform you, that I have the honour to be more immediately descended from one of those Scottish clergymen who, unhappily, survived our flourishing church and prosperous nation, at the revolution; by which means it was my lot, by the wise providence of God, to be early trained up in the school of adversity: Forasmuch as he

underwent the common fate of our other spiritual pastors and dear fathers in Christ, who were, by merely secular, and, which is worse, unlawful force, thrust away from their charges, and deprived of that maintenance to which they had a general and divine right, as well as legal title by our constitution: And this, in many instances, was executed with the utmost rigour and severity, attended with very wicked and aggravating circumstances; and how could it be otherwise, when allowed to be done by an ungoverned mobb, distracted with enthusiasm and misguided zeal; but yet whose deed received its sanction, by some subsequent and pretended laws?

Into this once glorious, but now declining, part of the church catholick, I was, through the care and piety of my loving parents, entred by an holy baptizm; for which inestimable benefit, as my judgment ripened and my reason improved, I ever found great cause to bless the happy instruments, and to thank my God, as it clearly appeared, upon impartial inquiry, that this church, for purity of doctrine, orthodoxy in the faith, perfection in worship, and her apostolick government, equals, if not excells, any other church on earth. And therefore, I persisted, by the divine grace, an unworthy member in her faithfull communion; till, through various instances of the goodness and care of Heaven, manifested in the wonderfull support and preservation of our family, I received a liberal and pious education; that my father, wore out with suffering, lived not to see it half compleated: And at length I arrived at that age when, by the canons of the church, I could be admitted into holy orders; which I received at that time, when no earthly motives could induce me, but a sincere intention to serve God, and, to my power, to do good offices to men: Both which I, though unworthy of the sacred character, have honestly endeavoured, to the utmost of my weak ability; by enforcing and practising, as far as circumstances and my station in the church could permitt, that golden and glorious rule for the conduct of a Christian, and for every church whereby to reform herself, and moreover that alone which can unite the differing parts of Christendom,—I mean the Holy Scriptures, with their genuine and authentick comment, the universal doctrines and practices of Christ's church in her first three centurys;—which that it may again universally obtain, God Almighty grant, for his sake who privilaged the church with the effusion of his blood.

In perfect constancy with this catholick and noble rule, I declare upon this awful occasion, and on the word of a dying man—that I ever abhorred and detested, and do now solemnly disclaim, the many errors and corruptions of the church of Rome;—as I do, with equal zeal, the distinguishing principles of Presbyterians, and other dissenting sectarys among us,—who are void of every support in our country, but ignorance and usurping force,—and whom I always considered as the shame and reproach of the happy reformation, both alike uncatholick and dangerous to the soul of a Christian.

I must farther declare, that by the same method wherein I found out the absurditys of these two differing partys, I was soon determined, from rational and solid arguments, to embrace the doctrines of passive obedience, the divine right of kings, and (in particular) the indispensible and hereditary title of our own gracious sovereign, king James the 8th and 3d, and of his royal heirs, whom God preserve and restore. These, I am convinced, are doctrines founded on the best maxims of civil government, and on the word of God; and besides, are the very essence of our own constitution and municipal laws: And therefore, I could never view that convention, which pretended to depose king James the 7th our king's royal father, and dispose of his crown,—I could never, I say, view that unlawfull and packed assembly in any other light, but as traytors to their country and rebells to their king. And now, as our own injured king and his undoubted heirs, from time to time claimed their right and asserted their dominion; I am so far from thinking that the royal misfortunes loose the subjects from their obedience, that, I rather apprehend, they loudly call for a steadyer allegiance and more faithful duty.—In which sentiments I have been still more and more confirmed, by the lamentable consequences of the opposite opinion, and by that sad affliction and load of misery, which a long usurpation has brought upon my country, and which

'tis needless for me here to insist upon; as our numerous grievances, too heavy to be born, have been strongly, but alas! in vain represented, and loudly proclaimed, even to late pretended parliaments.

But what more naturally falls to my share to consider, and what, I fear, has been still less regarded, is the long persecuted state of my dear mother the church of Scotland; the church of which it is my greatest honour to be a member and a priest, tho' very unworthy of either;—a church national and independent of any other, and of every prince on earth;—happily governed by her own truly primitive bishops, as so many spiritual princes presiding in their different districts, and in them accountable to none but God, for administration of her discipline;—a church whose creeds demonstrate her soundness in the faith, and which is blessed with a liturgy (I mean the Scots liturgy) composed by her own bishops, nigher to the primitive model than any other church at this day can boast of,—excepting a small, but, I believe, very pure church in England, which, I am told, has lately reformed herself, in concert with the forementioned infallible rule;—In one word, a church very nearly resembling the purest ages:—And which, having now, more than half a century, groaned under persecution, and mourned in her own ashes, but all the while distinguishing herself, no less by forbearance and charity to her bitterest enemys, than by her steadyness to her principles and catholick unity,—is alas! now at last devoted, in the intention of her adversarys, to utter destruction, which I fervently pray God to prevent. Her oratorys have been prophaned and burnt, her holy altars discredited, her priests outrageously plundered and driven from their flocks, some of them imprisoned and treated with uncommon cruelty,—her faithfull members almost deprived of the ordinary means of their salvation;—and this mostly done without so much as a form of law, by hostile force, especially appointed by him who calls himself the Duke of Cumberland, and who (may God grant him timely repentance and forgive him) has occasioned the painfull and untimely death of many innocent and inoffensive persons;—and who, by wilfull fire and sword, by every mean of torment and distress, the barbarity exceeding Glenco-massacre itself, has brought a dreadfull destruction on my dear country: All which evidently shews, that there is nothing, however necessary and dear to mankind, however sacred and near allyed to Heaven, that must not give way to their resentment, and to the better establishing of their ill-gotten power; and that there is no lasting security, even to the present established church of England, from this ruinous and usurped government: And indeed the reigning impiety and flood of wickedness, which the kindly influence and encouragement of a corrupted court has drawn upon us, must speedily deface the very term of religion, and give the finishing stroke to virtue, tho' no hastyer methods were used by them: But may the gracious hand of Heaven interpose, and stop this wide destruction; may our church once more resume her antient lustre, her priests be cloathed with righteousness, and her saints yet sing with joyfullness;—may her members yet be multiplied, blessed with peace and felicity in the world, and crowned with immortality in that which is to come.

And now, my dear fellow subjects, ye cannot be at a loss to apprehend the reason of my appearance on this occasion, and of the death I am to suffer. For when our brave and natural-born prince, (a prince endued with every virtue proper to grace a throne, and a stranger to every vice which high life is most subject to,—in a word, a prince adorned with every quality that could attract the hearts of a wise people, and make a nation happy,—when he) generously hazarded his own valuable person to relieve us from slavery, and to retrieve his father's crown,—and when every steady patriot, who had courage to resolve to conquer or suffer in the way of duty according to the will of God, joined his royal standard; thither many, to whom I was attached by relation, friendship, and several other tyes, dutifully resorted; who kindly invited and earnestly intreated me to attend them as their priest, while they were laudably engadged in their king's and country's cause;—which, agreeably to my own professed principles, I consented to;—as I plainly forsaw, I could not discharge my function with more saifty in the congregation to which I have a spiritual and peculiar relation, where part of the

prince's forces alwise lay,—than in going with my friends to their glorious expedition.

And here I must declare, while I accompanied my brave countrymen in that noble enterprize, I saw a decency and order maintained among them, equal, if not superior, to any regular disciplined force; and if any hardship or severity were committed, I am fully perswaded it was unknown to, and very cross to the inclinations of, their merciful and royal leader: And in particular, I do believe, that the destruction of St. Ninian's was merely by accident, and without any order from his Royal Highness; and this is the more evident, since the person who had the fatal occasion of it, lost his own life in the conflagration: But it was most maliciously represented and put in the worst light, to vindicate the malicious procedure of the usurper's forces; whose conduct, let it be impartially compared with that of our king's army, and then ye may form as ready and just a judgment of the true and pretended father of the country, as Solomon, by a late experiment, did, of the true and pretended mother of the child. And for my own particular, I do solemnly affirm, that, during this expedition, I never bore arms, for this I thought inconsistent with my sacred character; I never prayed, in express terms, for any king, because, for many years, it has not been the practice of our church,—and to make such a change in her offices I thought incompetent for me, without the appointment, or at least the permission, of my superiours;—but I preached the plain truth of the gospel, without touching upon political subjects.

This confession, by surprize and the advice of my counsell, I was forced to make at the Barr: Upon which my pretended judges declared, and the jury found me, guilty of high-treason and levying war, for my barely accompanying the royal army as before mentioned. And this their rigorous procedure they founded on a pretended new Act of Parliament, made since I was personally engaged in the royal cause, and, for what I know, ce Insi was prisoner; which plainly shows that, whatever my private sentiments have been, my life has been greedily sought and unjustly taken away; inasmuch as they passed their sentence, without any other act of high-treason, even in their own sense, being proved against me.

But, in obedience to the precepts, and after the divine example, of my blessed master Jesus Christ, I heartily and chearfully forgive them; as I do all my adversarys of whatever kind;—particularly George Millar Clerk of Perth, who, I have reason to believe, has persecuted me to death, and whom, to my knowlege, I never injured, in thought, word or deed;—Lord grant him repentance, that he may obtain forgivenness of God:—And more particularly I forgive the Elector of Hanover, by virtue of whose unlawful commission I am brought to this violent and publick death, and whom as I consider as my greatest enemy, because the mortal enemy of my holy mother-church, of my king, and of my country.

I do here acknowlege publickly, with a strong and inward sense of my guilt, that thro' fear, human frailty, the perswasion of lawyers, and the promise and assurance of life, I was prevailed upon, contrary to the sentiments of my conscience and my openly professed principles, to address the Elector of Hanover for mercy and my life: which address or petition, or any thing of that kind I have signed, derogatory to the royal cause, or our undoubted lawful sovereign's right and title, I hereby retract—and with the sorrow and contrition of a dying penitent, I most humbly beg forgivenness of my heavenly father, for this my great offense,—God be merciful to me a sinner;—and I likewise beg forgivenness of all those good, religious, and loyal persons, to whom my inconsistent conduct, in this particular, has given just occasion of scandal and offenses. I humbly confess the justice of God, in bringing to nought the devices of men, when aimed at, or sought after, by undue means and unlawfull methods; but hereby the unmercifull disposition of the Hanoverian family appears the more evident. And the injustice and cruelty of the Elective counsell at law appears evident in this, that they indicted, arraigned, tryed and condemned William Baird, a person whom I had forced by a subpœna to attend my trial at Carlisle as an exculpatory witness; notwithstanding he had long before delivered himself up, in consequence of the pre-

tended Duke of Cumberland's proclamation, had obtained a protection and got a pass. This the more deeply concerns me, in case any of his friends should imagine I had any design against him, by forcing him to run such a hazard: But I here call God to witness, I esteemed the man; and as I thought him perfectly safe, I had no other view in bringing him the length but to do myself justice.

I farther acknowledge and humbly adore the justice of God's holy providence, the sovereign disposer of all things, in permitting the execution of the sentence of death upon me, considering, that he of his mercy and goodness, through the blood and mediation of his dear and only Son, will accept of this my suffering in the cause of truth and righteousness, and reward it with the joys of his eternal kingdom. I heartily thank him, for vouchsafing me the honour of dying for the sake of conscience; and of sealing with my blood, these heavenly truths I have mentioned, particularly that of loyalty to my king and prince.

And I do declare, upon this awful and solemn occasion, I feel no sting of conscience for the part I have acted in our civil discords: And I sincerely profess, before God and the world, that had he, of his infinite wisdom, thought fitt to prolong my life, I should have ever, by his powerfull aid and grace, steadily persisted in the same faith and principles, in the hearty and zealous belief and open profession of which I now dye, and with fervent charity to all men; imploring the forgivenness of all my sins, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, my crucifyed Saviour;—and earnestly exhorting you, my dearest fellow-subjects and most beloved countrymen, steadily to return to your duty in every point, and in particular, to that fidelity and diligence which ye owe to your only native and rightful sovereign.

Consider, I beseech you, consider the evils already felt, and the impending ruin of your country;—consider the crying injustice and indignity offered unto the best of princes;—above all, consider the guilt and high demerit, of violating God's laws and resisting his ordinance;—and let these powerful and prevailing motives excite you, quickly to amend your ways, to make a thorow change in your life and conduct,—and to continue firm and unbroken in your duty and subjection to the power ordained of God, not only for wrath but for conscience-sake: So shall ye arrest the vengeance and just wrath of heaven, which is gone out against you; ye shall be the happy instruments yet to preserve your sinking country, from ruin and destruction,—and shall save yourselves in the day of the Lord.

For which glorious and noble ends, do then, O God Almighty, by thy Holy Spirit, turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, the hearts of the parents to the children, and of the children to their parents—the hearts of kings and priests to their people, and of the people to their kings and priests,—the hearts of all to one another, and all to their God, through Christ Jesus.

I conclude, in the words of our holy mother, as she piously appoints for the office of this day, and on that of the proto-martyr Stephen:—O Almighty God, who has built thy Church upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the head corner-stone,—grant us to be joined together in unity of spirit, by their doctrine,——that we may be made an holy temple, acceptable unto Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord:—Grant, O Lord, that in all our sufferings here on earth, for the testimony of thy truth, we may stedfastly look up to Heaven, and by truth behold the glory that shall be revealed; and being filled with the Holy Ghost, may learn to love and bless our persecutors,—by the example of thy first Martyr St Stephen, who prayed for his murderers to the blessed Jesus, who stands at the right hand of God to favour all those that suffer for Thee, our only mediator and advocate.—Good Lord, lay not innocent blood to the charge of the people and nation: Lord Jesus receive my spirit.

Such are the genuine, dying sentiments, and fervent humble prayer of (sic subscribitur) Robert Lyon, A. M. Priest of the persecuted and afflicted Church of Scotland.

CHURCH MUSIC.

"That which is best administered is best."

While the zeal of our citizens in Scotland is at present directed to reform in the sets of their boroughs, that of our villagers and country people seems to be not a little occupied by reform in the music of their churches. Presbyterians are no doubt the more jealous of their right to join in the psalmody, because this is the only part of our public worship in which they are allowed a voice. Whatever renders the exercise of this right troublesome or expensive, many of our people are apt to consider as a grievance, and some of them to resent as an insult. Those of them who many years ago studied what was then called *the new singing* under Professor A, which was afterwards corrected and enlarged by Professor B, do not relish being sent back to school along with their children to acquire the swells and flourishes of Professor C, which may soon give place to the shakes and quavers of Professor D. But there is happily in every thing a *ne plus ultra;* and if a scientific retreat from the *last* mentioned mode of church music is not quickly sounded by Professor E, it must soon bring our country people once more round to those "wood notes wild," which, till the middle of last century, were chanted in our churches with much general satisfaction and complacency.

The music of a country church depends almost altogether upon the precentor. The promoters of alterations in psalmody ought therefore to take into their consideration, not only how the proposed reformation shall be introduced, but also, how it shall be carried on for several years to come. Till the latter part of the business is fully arranged and provided for, it is childish and hazardous to proceed in the former. Even after every proper precaution has been used, the ignorance and prejudices of country people point out the expediency of introducing alterations in their church music, as gradually and imperceptibly, and with as little fuss and fracas as possible. Now the least alarming, as well as the least expensive plan in such cases, seems to be, to employ, as teacher, the person who is to be precentor, even though the expense of his previous attendance upon the lessons of a singing-master or precentor of known character, should be defrayed by his employers. Were this plan adopted, it is presumed, that with much less inconvenience to any of the parties concerned, as much progress may be made by attending the lessons and practisings of the precentor, before and after public worship on the Sundays, for *twelve* months, as may be made by more frequent attendance upon the lessons of a singing-master brought from a distance for *three* months; and this too, with a more rational prospect of permanence as well as peace. Indeed, the introduction of an itinerant teacher of church-music, is often the same as sounding the tocsin; and the consequences of bringing the youth of both sexes together, twice or thrice a week, to his singing matches, where they meet under little restraint, and from which they must often find their way to their homes, in all directions, in twilight or the dark, need not be particularized.

If the schoolmaster is not qualified to act as precentor, (a case which must very frequently occur), he cannot grudge to transfer part of his salary as session-clerk, to the person chosen to supply his place in the desk. As to the remainder of the expense of introducing and supporting the proposed reformation, it is very desireable that it should be wholly provided for by the heritors and minister, and more respectable parishioners; together with a small sum from the parish funds, if absolutely necessary;—nothing being required or accepted from others, but their regular and discreet attendance upon the lessons of the teacher, who must have the power of receiving, rejecting, and dismissing pupils as he shall see cause. If the heritors are disposed to encourage the improvement of psalmody, they will also find means to set apart a few convenient pews for singers, to be placed and removed by the precentor.

In most country parishes, the greater part of the rising generation might be initiated in the rudiments of church-music before they leave school; and the

schoolmaster ought to discourage those who are deficient in any of the requisite capabilities from persevering. This rule ought to be sternly followed out by the precentor, in the admission of pupils to his lessons and practisings—but the reverse of this must be expected to take place when the emoluments of the teacher are made to depend upon the number of his scholars.

If these observations are in any measure just, we can be at no loss to discover the principal causes of that spirit of peevishness and turbulence which is so frequently excited by alterations in the psalmody of country churches. 1. Instead of gradual and moderate reformation by a well chosen precentor, a total revolution is at once undertaken by an itinerant jobber, who, either from a want of sense and knowledge, or from a desire to protract the job, and to render frequent repairs necessary, instead of confining himself to a moderate number of easy tunes, introduces, in endless variety, new and difficult ones, which he ought to know will be at best but bunglingly performed by his pupils, and very ill relished by the rest of the congregation; for they are not of Scotch extraction, and they recall none of those consecrated associations which render the tunes of our childhood and youth, venerable and pleasing. It is, perhaps, in some measure, owing to this that singing of all kinds is getting into disuse among our common people. 2. By permitting, and even soliciting those of the lowest ranks to purchase their tune books and tickets (to many of whom this expense appears no small sacrifice), a spirit of self-importance is engendered among persons, from all of whom, the discreet exercise of newly acquired consequence ought not to be expected, and liberty and equality become the order of the day.

So much real evil, (see Statistical Account of Scotland), and so little apparent good, have been found to result from frequent alterations of the psalmody of our country churches, that the admonitions of elders, and other friends of experience, are *now* generally sufficient to check the zeal of a young minister or schoolmaster, for farther innovation. The serious difficulty at present is, how ministers and kirk-sessions shall encounter that musical mania which vagrant singing-masters, and their emissaries, are often so woefully successful in exciting among our villagers and country people. If an act of the General Assembly of the Church, for uniformity of tunes, as well as of psalms and paraphrases, cannot be obtained, surely *presbyterial* concert and co-operation might be resorted to, in a matter in which the order of public worship, and the peace of the people under their charge, are so much concerned; and ministers and kirk-sessions might be inhibited from giving any countenance to alterations in the psalmody, until the state of the case shall be fully represented to the presbytery of the bounds, and the teacher proposed to be employed shall receive their approbation. This, it is presumed, is a regulation which clergymen would often wish they had it in their power to quote, and which would in fact, be the means of quashing many attempts at unnecessary and mischievous innovation.

These loose hints are addressed only to those promoters of the reformation of our church-music, who do not aim at "things too high for us"—who do not expect that the psalmody of our country congregation, especially without the aid of an organ, can ever be made gratifying to ears accustomed to correct musical performances; and who are not disposed to pursue the ideal perfectibility of vocal harmony, at the expense of "unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace."

As your Magazine is pretty generally read by ecclesiastical persons and others who take an interest in the decorum of public worship in our country churches, the insertion of this may produce communications upon the subject, more pertinent and edifying than the thoughts of

A Country Elder.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF WAGES ON THE RATE OF PROFITS.

MR EDITOR,

THE interest and importance that attach to questions connected with political economy, render it unnecessary to offer any apology for the following remarks, on a doctrine which has been lately advanced, and strongly insisted on in Mr Ricardo's work on that subject.

This doctrine is, that such a relation exists between the funds which supply the wages of labour, and those which constitute the profits of stock, that any increase in the one necessarily occasions, and is accompanied by, a diminution of the other; or, in other words, that whenever wages rise, the rate of profits must fall, and conversely, that when wages fall, profits rise. Upon this principle, if we hear that the circumstances of the farmer and manufacturer are flourishing, we may conclude that the peasantry are suffering by the prosperity of their masters; and, on the other hand, if the condition of the labouring classes improve, it can only be by the impoverishment of others. If this theory to its full extent be maintainable, a theory which teaches, that by the nature of human society, there is a constant and irremediable contrariety of interest between its different members, and that general amelioration, in which all should participate alike, is impossible,—we could only regret that such an obstacle to national harmony should exist, and that men should be constrained to repine at the good fortune of one another. A little consideration of the subject will however shew, that this opinion ought only to be admitted with several qualifications, and that it has probably arisen from too hastily generalizing the result of a particular inquiry, and extending a proposition partially true beyond the proper limits of its application.

The aggregate annual produce of the land and labour of a nation constitutes what may be termed the national income. It is from this fund that the income of every individual inhabitant is derived; for whatever may be each person's nominal wealth estimated in money, he is in fact richer or poorer according as he is able to command a greater or less quantity of the necessaries and comforts annually brought into being by the labour of the nation. This fund is distributed in certain proportions amongst the different classes of which the society is composed. One share becomes the property of the land-owners under the denomination of rent; another is devoted to the owners of capital, and forms the profits of stock; and the third goes to the working classes as the wages of their labour. The proportions which these shares bear to one another, and to the whole mass, will be liable to continual fluctuation, according to various causes which regulate them. Thus, at one time, rent will be higher, and wages lower, than at another; at another time wages may rise, and profits may fall; but the rent, profits, and wages together, must always be the same as the total amount of the national produce. This amount itself is seldom the same, in any one year, that it was in the preceding year, but generally experiences some increase or diminution, and these changes in the total amount will occasion corresponding changes in the shares allotted to each class, besides those changes which arise from the variations of their mutual proportions. We will examine separately the effects of some of these changes.

Let us first suppose that the whole amount of the annual produce, the number of labourers, and the quantity of capital in employment, remain unaltered. Under these circumstances, as the demand and the supply of labour would be the same, no natural cause would affect the rate of wages, and they would probably remain the same. But it would be possible, that by some legislative enactment, or by the liberality of their employers, the condition of the labourers might be improved, and they enabled to procure to themselves a greater portion of the necessaries and comforts of life. If such should happen to be the case, as the number of the labouring class is the same, and the receipts of each are increased, it is clear that the share of the national income which is devoted to that class is increased. We have supposed the amount of this income not to have been altered; and it follows, that the part which remains as the income of the owners of land

and capital must be diminished as much as the other part is increased. Hence, under the circumstances we have supposed, the rent of land and the profits of stock will fall.

If, on the other hand, from any opposite cause, the condition of the labourers be rendered inferior to what it was before, the part which they receive of the produce of the year becomes less, and rent and profits will be proportionally increased. We may observe, that here the rise or the fall of wages must be occasioned by some arbitrary cause, and not by the operation of any of those circumstances which usually and naturally influence them. If the labourer receive more, it is not because his labour is really of greater value, and the employer has to pay a higher price for that which yields to him only the same advantages, and is therefore unable to reimburse himself the additional expense, at which the labourer's services are procured. In such circumstances as these, the doctrine of Mr Ricardo may safely be trusted to. While the income of the nation remains the same, it is impossible for general improvement to take place, and any additional emolument given to one class must be taken from another.

Let us next suppose, that while the number of labourers, and the quantity of capital in employment remain the same, a new stimulus is given to commerce, the fertility of the soil is increased, or some improved modes of applying labour to agriculture or manufactures are devised. Any of these circumstances will render the labour that is employed more effective, and the quantity of its produce will increase. Thus the whole national income will be augmented, and each of the three classes into which society is divided, may, without injuring the others, receive for its share a greater portion of that income, a greater portion of the whole annual growth of necessaries and comforts than it enjoyed before. The labour of a man becomes more valuable from being more productive, and, although its price in money may not be altered, yet he receives, in return for it, a greater portion of those commodities, which have become more plentiful, and therefore cheaper. At the same time, the receipts of the owners of land, and of stock, though they will perhaps preserve the same proportion as before to the receipts of the labourers, will be increased in quantity, and thus every member of the society will be benefited.

If, on the contrary, by any unfortunate change of circumstances, the produce of the land and labour should become less, while the quantity of capital, and the number of labourers continued unaltered, the calamity would not be confined to one class, but would extend its influence to all alike. The labourer would suffer by the scarcity and consequent high price of every article, and by the slackened demand for his labour, which the stagnation of trade would occasion, while the farmer and the manufacturer would be equally impoverished, by the diminution of the quantity of the produce yielded by their capitals. It seems, then, that all the inhabitants of a country will profit, at the same time, by an extension of its powers of production; and, on the other hand, that they will all suffer by a contradiction of those powers. In changes of either nature, there is no opposition of interests among the different ranks of society, but it is for the advantage of all, and ought to be the object of all, to promote, as much as possible, the former, and to avert the latter.

Reasoning similar to that made use of above, may be applied to any other fluctuations of price occasioned by any other causes. If the labourer, while he does the same work as before, and while that work is not more productive, or of greater real value than before, nevertheless receives greater wages in return, his condition is improved, and the profits of his master are abridged, and, whenever this is the case, high wages will occasion low profits. But when, by any improvement in our system, the labour of an individual becomes more effective, or the actual produce of his labour becomes greater; then, if the increase of his wages only keep pace with the increase in the real value and utility of his services, what he gains is no more than a just share of the general profit that has accrued from the improvement, and a share which leaves sufficient to afford to his employer an equal participation.

The circumstances that have a tendency to increase the productive power of labour, and thus to occasion a simultaneous advance of wages and pro-

fits, are more numerous, and of more frequent occurrence, than might, at a first glance, be imagined. They comprize amongst them almost every thing that can contribute to the wealth and prosperity of a country, and will be found to exist wherever that prosperity is increasing.

Thus, if any article that is manufactured for exportation, experience an advance of price in the foreign market, the quantity of foreign produce that is received in exchange for it is increased. Thus foreign produce is acquired by the labour of those who are employed in the manufacture of the article in question, and the produce of that labour is therefore in fact increased. This increases, at the same time, the value of the labour, and the profits of the stock employed in that branch of trade; and, as such an increase in one branch necessarily communicates itself to others, the consequence will be a general rise of wages and profits, to an extent proportioned to the amount of the manufacture in which the advance of price had taken place, and to the amount of that advance.

If, by the application of improved machinery, the labour devoted either to agriculture, or to any species of manufacture, be enabled to effect more than it could before, the productive power of that labour is increased. It is not, however, in these two cases only, that the same effect takes place. Every new road or canal that is made, every wise legislative regulation, the institution of banks and post offices; and, in short, every conceivable domestic improvement, by saving labour, by encouraging enterprise and industry, and by quickening the circulation of capital, enables the nation to acquire, with the same expenditure of capital and labour, a greater income, and, therefore, affords a more liberal allowance both for wages and for profits.

The preceding remarks are sufficient to shew, that the cases in which profits and wages advance and fall together, are far too numerous, and too important to be left out of the calculation, in establishing a general rule. It would be difficult to decide, whether high or low profits are most frequently the concomitants of high wages; but it is clear, that there is no such necessary and invariable relation between them as has been imagined; and, that in a country where national industry is progressive, there is ample scope for the improvement of the condition of the labouring orders, without devoting to them so much as to impoverish the holders of capital, or to check the spirit of commercial enterprize.

POOR RATES.

It is one of the many bad results from a system thoroughly bad—that no exaggeration of its evils is held extravagant.—Upon a pure question of degrees there is nothing which can much stimulate the superficial observer to any accurate research; and there is a proportionable facility presented for misrepresentation—for disguise—and for wholesale exaggeration. The consciousness that the most favourable statement must terminate in confessing a very large amount of evil—encourages the ill-disposed to obtrude upon the public ear the grossest mis-statements; whilst the same consciousness disheartens the patriotic from stepping forward to rebut them.—From this cause it is that we find so many exaggerations of the evils connected with the Poor Laws. One part (and that unfortunately the greatest part) is indeed not susceptible of much exaggeration; the tendency of these laws to degrade the most numerous class of the English population—cannot be rated too high: but their direct action upon the national wealth, and more especially their pressure upon the landed interest, is doubtless very greatly overrated; indeed often *so* greatly that it is easy to read, in the expressions used, and in the numerical estimates assumed, a disposition to inflame and irritate the public mind as by a picture of oppression rather than to direct the attention and the cares of the enlightened upon a national misfortune.—With respect to the number of those who receive parish assistance, (that is to say, inclusive of those who receive the smallest occasional assistance no less than of those who derive their whole support from their parish) it is estimated, upon better warrant than any contradiction can claim, at nine hundred thousand persons. The amount of assistance given is estimated

pretty certainly at eight millions; of which sum one quarter is spent in law expenses and the expenses of removal. Now, since the main evil of the present system lies in its action upon the moral and social condition of the people, it is of far more importance towards a just comparison of our present state with our state in any former period—to determine the proportion of the population which receives support than the proportion of the national income which is received. Taking then the period of the revolution in 1688 for one term in the comparison and the present year as the other,—we shall find that in the former period there were, according to the calculation of Gregory King, (approved by Davenant and checked by a variety of collateral evidence,) four hundred thousand families in a state of pauperism: now, if we assign three persons and a quarter to each family (a remarkable low estimate) we shall obtain a total of thirteen hundred thousand for the number of those who at that day received parish assistance. To these are to be added a vagrant population estimated by King at thirty thousand; many of whom drew parish allowances, and all of whom (especially the gypsies) burdened the landed property more or less. The total number of paupers therefore in 1688, according to a low calculation, exceeded a million by three hundred and thirty thousand: the total number in 1818 fell short of a million by one hundred thousand. So much for the *absolute* number: now then for the *relative* number; that is, the number in relation to the whole population. It was in the reign of Charles the Second that the national attention was first excited to political arithmetic; and, if the speculations of that day are sometimes bottomed upon narrow principles, they are at any rate distinguished for accuracy of detail; and among them more especially was King so distinguished. Now this writer computes the English population in 1688, at one million three hundred and forty-nine thousand, five hundred and eighty-six *families*; that is, allowing an average of 4-one-thirteenth head to a family, five million, five hundred thousand, five hundred and twenty souls. England not being then united with Scotland, this estimate of course includes only England proper and the principality of Wales. In 1818 we deem it lawful to assume the population of the same parts of the island as full equal to eleven millions; i. e. as just double. With these totals of population compare their respective proportion of paupers; and it will appear that the paupers constituted not much less than a fourth part of the whole nation in 1688, and something less than a twelfth part in 1818. Deduct about one hundred and eighty thousand persons from the population in 1688, and the paupers will be just the fourth part. And on the population of 1818 there is a surplus of two hundred thousand towards reducing the proportion to a thirteenth. Taking however the present population at only ten millions, eight hundred thousand; then we may say that at this day every twelfth person receives parish assistance, whilst at the revolution nearly every fourth person received parish assistance. And be it observed that, if you transfer the question from persons to families, then the proportion becomes very considerably more than one-fourth, and nearer to one-third.—About eight twenty-sevenths is obviously the true proportion. With respect to the proportion of the national income which was employed at each period upon the support of paupers, we shall not here discuss that point; because in order to support our positions, we should find it necessary to anticipate some elaborate calculations which will be introduced more properly into a regular disquisition than into a slight notice such as this; moreover we have not at present space sufficient for the purpose. Generally, however, we shall remark that these four hundred thousand families drew their *chief* support from the poor rates, and from charitable funds; in short, they lived chiefly upon charity, the major part of which was drawn from the landed property. Now the yearly expense of the very poorest family (of 3¼ heads) was, at the Revolution, seven pounds six shillings and three pence (or forty-five shillings a-year for each person). Three hundred thousand pounds of the whole sum necessary for all the paupers was supposed to be raised by "the accidental charities in the streets and at doors." The sum so levied fell perhaps less upon the landed interest than any other: but this sum was no doubt all

absorbed by the more luxurious way of living common amongst street vagrants; even the rural vagrants were supposed to spend four pounds a head annually. Deduct however one-third of the money raised by casual almsgiving from the total sum necessary on account of paupers, and it may be safely affirmed that five-sixths of the remainder fell upon the landed property. In 1688, from every testimony, there is sufficient ground for assuming (with Davenant) the total landed rental of England to be fourteen millions; and the total aggregate income of England from all sources to be forty-four millions. We shall not hesitate to affirm that the aggregate income of Great Britain at this day is 6¾ times greater than the income of England in 1688. And, as to the territorial revenue of England (including all that properly comes under that name) as distinct from the commercial revenue, &c.,—it was valued at the end of the last century as high as 7 one-seventh times greater than the landed rental of 1688; and that too, exclusively of mines and forests. The sum of eight millions therefore, however large a sum absolutely, is no ways disproportionately large in relation to the fund from which it arises. In the first years of the reign of George I., a full century ago, the paupers were fifteen hundred thousand; and they were supposed to cost annually in direct poor-rates (including occasional charities) twenty shillings a head upon an average. The landed rental is now six times the amount of that in 1715—20. But the poor rates are certainly not six times the amount of the poor rates in 1715—20. That the poor rates bear heavily upon the landed property must be admitted: that they bear more heavily than in remote periods certainly does not appear. Moreover, two out of the eight millions raised are spent, not upon the poor, but in defending the rights and claims of parishes arising out of the law of settlement, &c.; or upon removal of paupers to remote parishes. This last expense is necessarily increased by our modern facilities for travelling, which encourage people to emigrate in connexion with the attractions held out by the manufacturing districts: and both this and the law expenses may increase, and have increased, without implying any proportionate increase in pauperism or in its causes.

MISSION FROM CAPE COAST CASTLE TO ASHANTEE.*

While we are so often called upon in this wordy age, to admire books more for the language than for the information they contain, it sometimes happens, that the interesting facts communicated greatly surpass both the style and the temper, which accompany their disclosure. This, indeed, is more especially and frequently the case in travels. Scholars are seldom found out of their own country, and the few that are active enough to peregrinate, may yet lack the needful courage of authorship. Mr Bowdich, on the contrary, has no such fears. He has no distrust whatever of his own cleverness. With little knowledge of composition, he is perpetually aiming at fine writing; and the very great interest we have felt in perusing his volume, has been most provokingly abated by his gaudy verbiage and eternal egotism. This vanity, ridiculous enough when confined to mere personal pretensions, becomes doubly offensive in assuming the tone of pompous and malevolent censure. We see no earthly reason why Mr James, the superior of the mission, should be held up by Mr Bowdich to public and most invidious remark. That the governor of Cape Coast Castle did not think meanly of Mr James's qualifications, is abundantly evident, from his letter of instructions to that gentleman, in which he says: "I have every reason to believe, that from your long experience in this country, and your knowledge of the manners and habits of the nations, it (the embassy) will terminate in a manner highly creditable to yourself, and eventually prove of the greatest importance to the commercial interest of Great Britain." Mr Bowdich, it appears from the same letter, was merely sent to make scientific observations. Scarcely, however, had they commenced their journey towards

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* Mission from Cape Coast Castle to Ashantee; with a Statistical Account of that Kingdom, and Geographical Notices of other parts of the Interior of Africa. By T. Edward Bowdich, Esq. Conductor, 4to. London, Murray. 1819.

Ashantee, before the ambition of Mr Bowdich breaks out in very captious complaints against Mr James. He is always accused of being last upon the route; and this is mentioned, not with the indifferent feeling which such a trivial matter might demand, but with angry and magisterial reprehension. Mr James may have deserved some portion of blame, and perhaps was really wanting in firmness in managing the palavers with these irritable and untractable Ashantees; but still, we cannot condemn him wholly without having his own statement of the case. At all events, we do not hesitate to pronounce Mr Bowdich's conduct arrogant and ungenerous to his fellow-envoy and superior officer. The narrative, moreover, did not need this obtrusion of personal squabbles. It was quite enough for the public to know, that Mr Bowdich superseded Mr James.

Here we shall dismiss the subject of the author, and proceed to a far more grateful task—the detail of the valuable and interesting information afforded us in his volume; not, however, without adding, that we think his arrangement very immethodical.

Bosman and Barbot mention the Ashantees as first heard of by Europeans, about the year 1700. In 1807, an Ashantee army reached the coast for the first time; again in 1811, and a third time in 1816. These invasions inflicted the greatest miseries on the Fantees. Famine followed these devastations, and even Cape Coast Castle was much endangered by the long blockade of the last inroad. The African committee authorized the local government to venture an embassy towards conciliating so powerful a monarch as the king of Ashantee. In consequence of which, the mission in question was despatched. It consisted of Mr James, conductor; Mr Bowdich; Mr Hutchison, writer; and Mr Tedlie, surgeon; accompanied with Ashantee guides, and other suitable attendants. The mission left Cape Coast Castle on the 22d of April 1817. The Fantee country, through which it first passed, is fruitful in its soil, and often picturesque in scenery, but still suffering and desolate from the depredations of its enemies. The face of the country, however, improved, when the mission left Mansue, the last of the Fantee towns. Prasus, the first town in the Assin territory, presented a wide and clean street of tolerably regular houses; the inhabitants, cheerful and clean, hospitably saluted the mission. The first Ashantee croom, (village) was Quesha; after quitting which, the party arrived at Fohmannee, once a very considerable town. The mission stopped there, at the request of a venerable old man, who regaled his guests with palm wine and fruit. His manners were pleasing. His life, however, was forfeited to some superstitious observance. He conversed cheerfully, congratulated himself with seeing white men before he died. His head arrived at Coomassie the day after the mission had reached that place! At Dadawasee there was a messenger from the king, expressing his regret that the mission had come up in the rainy season;—his majesty sent them a present of a sheep, forty yams, and two ounces of gold. The mission entered Coomassie, (capital of Ashantee,) on the 19th of May. It passed under a fetish, or sacrifice of a dead sheep, wrapped up in red silk, and suspended between two lofty poles. It was met by upwards of 5000 people, chiefly warriors, with the discordant din of horns, drums, rattles, and gong-gongs; an incessant discharge of musketry, and a confusion of flags, English, Dutch, and Danish. The dress of the captains was a war-cap, with gilded rams'-horns projecting in front, and the sides extended by immense plumes of eagle feathers. Their vest was of red cloth, covered with fetishes, or chains in gold and silver, intermixed with small brass bells, the horns and tails of animals, shells, and knives, long leopard tails hung down their backs. They wore loose cotton trowsers, with immense boots of dull red leather, and fastened by small chains to their cartouch or waist-belts. A small quiver of poisoned arrows hung from the right wrist, and they held a long iron chain between their teeth, with a scrap of Moorish writing affixed to the end of it. A small spear was in the left hand, covered with red cloth and silk tassels. Their black countenances heightened the strange effect of this attire, and completed a figure scarcely human.

The streets through which the mission passed towards the palace, were crammed with people, all impatient to behold white men for the first time

Caboceers (chief magistrates) passed by with their trains, and the bands of music, composed chiefly of horns and flutes, played with some degree of concert and wild melody. Large umbrellas, made to rise and sink from the jerkings of the banners, and fans waving around, refreshed the air, almost suffocating, from a burning sun and clouds of dust. A most inhuman spectacle then presented itself. It was a man whom they were tormenting previous to sacrifice. His hands were pinioned behind him, a knife was passed through his cheeks, to which his lips were noosed like a figure of 8; one ear was cut off and carried before him, the other hung to his head by a small bit of skin; there were several gashes in his back, and a knife was thrust under each shoulder-blade; he was led, with a cord passed through his nose, by men disfigured with immense caps of shaggy black skins. On the arrival of the mission to an audience of the king, massy gold ornaments glistened in every direction. More than an hundred bands burst forth at once, with the peculiar airs of their several chiefs. The umbrellas, or canopies, were made of the most shewy cloths and silks, and crowned at the top with crescents, pelicans, &c. The state hammocks were raised in the rear; the cushions and pillows were covered with crimson taffeta, and the richest cloths hung over the sides. The king's messengers, with golden breast-plates, made way for the mission, preceded by the canes and the English flag. The caboceers, with their principal attendants, wore Ashantie cloths of extravagant value, from the costly foreign silks, which had been unravelled to weave them into all the varieties of colour and pattern. They were large and heavy, and thrown over the shoulder like the Roman toga; a small silk fillet encircled their temples. Some wore necklaces of aggry beads, or of massy gold intricately wrought. A band of gold and beads encircled the knee, (knights of the garter, we presume!) small circles of gold, like guineas, rings, and casts of animals, were strung round their ancles; their sandals were of green, red, and delicately white leather; manillas and rude lumps of rich gold dangled from their left wrists, which were so heavily laden as to be supported on the head of some of their handsomest boys; golden and silver pipes and canes dazzled the eye in every direction; wolves and rams' heads, as large as life, and cast in gold, hung from their swords' handles, the blades of which were shaped like round bills, and were rusted in blood; their large drums were braced about with the thigh-bones of their enemies, and ornamented with their skulls. Behind the chairs of the chiefs stood their handsomest youths, habited much in the same costly style. Finely-grown girls stood behind the chairs of some, with silver basins. Their stools (laboriously carved, and with two large bells attached to them) were conspicuously placed on the heads of favourites; and crowds of younger boys were seated around flourishing elephant's tails, curiously mounted. The warriors sat on the ground close to these. Their caps were made of the skin of the pangolin and leopard, the tails hanging down behind; their cartouch belts (composed of small gourds) were embossed with red shells, with small brass bells hung to them; on their hips and shoulders was a cluster of knives. Iron chains and collars dignified the most daring, who were prouder of them than of gold. The sides of their faces, and also their arms, were curiously painted in long white streaks, having the appearance of armour. The sight of the Moors afforded the first general diversity of dress. There were seventeen superiors arranged in large cloaks of white satin, richly trimmed with spangled embroidery; their shirts and trowsers were of silk, and their large turbans of white muslin were studded with borders of variegated stones; their attendants wore red caps and turbans, and long white shirts, which hung over their trowsers. As the mission passed, they (the Moors) slowly, and with most malignant scowl, raised their eyes from the ground. In passing the principal officers of the king's household, the chamberlain, the gold-horn-blower, the captain of the messengers, the captain for royal executions, the captain of the market, the keeper of the royal burial ground, and the master of the band, sat, surrounded by a retinue and splendour, that bespoke the dignity and importance of their offices. Before the cook was displayed a large quantity of massy silver plate, punch-bowls, waiters, coffee-pots, tankards, and a very large vessel with

heavy handles and clawed feet, made apparently to hold incense. There was a Portuguese inscription on one piece, and the regalia seemed for the most part of that country's manufacture. The executioner, of gigantic size, wore a massy gold hatchet on his breast; and the execution-stool was held before him, clothed in blood, and partly covered with a caul of fat!! The king's four linguists were encircled with corresponding splendour, and their insignia, gold canes, were elevated in all directions tied in bundles like fasces. The blow-pan, boxes, scales, and weights of the keeper of the treasury, were of solid gold, and ostentatiously displayed. The manners of the king were majestic, yet courteous. He did not allow surprise to ruffle for a moment the composure of the monarch. He appeared to be about thirty-eight years of age, of a benevolent countenance, and inclined to corpulence. He wore a fillet of aggry beads about his temples, and had on a necklace of gold cock-spur shells strung by their largest ends, and over his right shoulder a red silk cord, suspending three sapphires cased in gold; his bracelets were the richest mixture of beads and gold, and his fingers were covered with rings; his cloth was of a dark-green silk; a pointed diadem was elegantly painted in white on his forehead, also a pattern resembling an epaulet on each shoulder, and an ornament like a full-blown rose, one leaf rising above another, till it covered the whole of his breast; his kneebands were of aggry beads, and his anclestrings of gold ornaments of the most delicate workmanship, small drums, sankos, stools, swords, guns, and birds clustered together; his sandals of a soft white leather, were embossed across the instep band, with small gold and silver cases of sapphires. He was seated on a low chair, richly ornamented with gold; he wore a pair of gold castanets on his finger and thumb, which he clapped to enforce silence. The belts of his guards behind his chair were cased in gold, and covered with small jaw-bones of the same metal. The elephants' tails, waving like a small cloud before him, were spangled with gold. His eunuch presided over these attendants, wearing only one massy piece of gold about his neck. The royal stool, entirely cased in gold, was displayed under a splendid umbrella, with drums, sankos, horns, and various musical instruments, cased in gold; large circles of gold hung by scarlet cloth from the swords of state, the sheaths, as well as the handles of which were also cased; hatchets of the same were also intermixed with them; the breasts of the ocrahs and various attendants were adorned with large stars, stools, crescents, and gossamer wings of solid gold. The mission paraded through this blazing scene, and was seated under a tree at some distance, to receive the compliments of the whole train. The chiefs dismounted when they arrived within thirty yards distance; their principal captains presented them with gold handed swords, a body of soldiers followed with their arms reversed; then came their bands and gold canes, pipes, and elephants' tails. The chief, with a small body-guard, under his umbrella, was generally supported around the waist by the hands of the favourite slave, while captains shouted close to his ear his warlike deeds and powerful epithets, (strong names,) which were reiterated with stentorian voice by the surrounding multitude. The young caboceers, many not more than five or six years of age, overweighed by ornaments, were carried in the same style. Amongst others, the grandson of Cheeboo was pointed out, whom the king had generously placed on the stool (throne or inheritance) of his perfidious enemy. A band of fetish men, or priests, wheeled round and round as they passed, with surprising velocity. Manner was as various as ornament. Some danced by with irresistible buffoonery, some with a gesture of defiance. One distinguished caboceer performed the war-dance before the mission with a large spear, which grazed them at every bound he made; but the greater number passed by with order and dignity, some slipping one sandal, some both, some turning round after having taken each of the mission by the hand; the attendants of others knelt before them, throwing dust upon their heads; and the Moors apparently vouchsafed a blessing. The king's messengers, with their long hair hanging in twists like a mop, used but little ceremony in hurrying by this transient procession, yet it was nearly eight o'clock before the king approached.

It was a beautiful star-light night,

and the torches displayed the splendour of his regalia. The skulls of three Banda caboceers, who had been the king's most obstinate enemies, adorned the largest drum: the vessels in which the boys dipped their torches were of gold. The king stopped to inquire the names of the mission a second time, and to wish good night; his address was mild and deliberate; he was followed by his aunts, sisters, and others of his family, all with rows of fine gold chains about their necks. The number of warriors appeared to be about 30,000.

We scarcely know how to give an account of the first palaver with the king, without introducing the angry and contentious tempers and expressions of Mr Bowdich. However, we shall confine our report rather to the result than the progress of his first official interview. The presents to the king were highly gratifying, being given in the name of his majesty the king of England. He was much delighted with the telescope and camera obscura; he said, "Englishmen know more than Dutchmen or Danes—black men know nothing."

The king desired Mr James to explain to him two notes written by the governor-in-chief, at the request of Amooney, king of Annamabooe, and Adakoo, chief of the Braffoes, making over to the king of Ashantee four ackies (6s. currency each,) a month of their company's pay as a pledge of their allegiance, and the termination of their hostilities. The king instantly imagined that this was the governor's individual act; his countenance became changed, and his counsellors highly enraged. "Tell the white men," said the king, through his interpreter, "that the English come to put shame upon my face; this breaks my heart too much. The English know, with my own powder, with my own shot, I drove the Fantees under their forts, I spread my sword over them; they were all killed; and the books from the fort are mine. I can do as much for the English as the Fantees; they know this well; they know I have only to send a captain to get all the heads of the Fantees. These white men cheat me, they think to make Shantee fool; they pretend to make friends with me, and they join with the Fantees to cheat me, to put shame upon my face; this makes the blood come from my heart." It appears that these notes or books were a certificate of a monthly pension of the African committee, paid in trade to the Fantee kings and chiefs in the neighbourhood of the British settlements, in consideration of their attachment, influence, and services, which books were claimed by the king of Ashantee, as his own by right of conquest. Of the extent of the governor's commission to Mr James we are not informed; nor can we therefore say, how far Mr James was authorized in supporting or abandoning the obligations of these notes. However this may be, Mr Bowdich took upon himself the management of the palaver. We shall pass over the letter that contains, in very pompous language, the account of Mr Bowdich's assumption of a power never formally committed to his hands, and shall content ourselves with saying, that the irritable suspicions and vanity of his black majesty were at length appeased.

The king's palace is an immense building, consisting of a variety of oblong courts and regular squares, the former with arcades along the one side, some of round arches symmetrically turned, having a skeleton of bamboo; the entablatures richly adorned with bold trellis and fanwork of Egyptian fashion. There is a suit of rooms over them, with small windows of wooden lattice, of intricate regular carved work, and some have frames cased with gold. The squares have a large apartment on each side, open in front, with two supporting pillars. They are lofty and regular. A drop curtain of curiously-plaited cane is suspended in front, and in each there were chairs and stools embossed with gold, and beds of silk. The residence of the women is the most ornamented part of the palace. The fronts of the apartments were closed (except two open door-ways) by pannels of curious open carving, resembling a Gothic screen; one was entirely closed, and had two curious doors of a low arch, and strengthened or battened with wood-work carved in high relief, and painted red. Within the inmost square is the council chamber. If there be much of European intrigue and knavery in the public palaces, there is much more popular honesty than would be found in more enlightened countries. We greatly doubt whether the following custom would

be so strictly observed in England. A man was beheaded for transgressing the law, by picking up gold which he had dropped in the public market-place, where all that falls is allowed to accumulate until the soil is washed on state emergencies.

Considerable difficulties and numerous palavers occurred between the king and the mission, respecting the three chief objects to be attained. The residency of a British envoy at the *court* of Ashantee—the education of the king's children at Cape Coast Castle—and lastly, and principally, the treaty. In the different palavers, the king and his privy council plead their cause with a diplomatic shrewdness not unworthy of an European congress. We shall not transcribe the letters which passed upon the subject, as we could have wished that Mr Bowdich had rather abstracted than detailed this portion of his volume. When Mr Bowdich paid his first visit to Baba, the chief Moor, he found him contemplating a curiously intricate figure like a horoscope—his MS. was filled with them; he laid his finger on it, and said, "if you have any hard palaver, this can make me settle it for you when no other person can; if you have any dear friend in England you wish to see, tell me the name, and this shall bring him to you." Some pens, paper, ink, and pencils were presented to him; the paper and pencils were much esteemed, but he preferred his own reed and vegetable ink. His disciples and pupils were writing on wooden boards, like those which Mr Park describes. When a charm was applied for, one of the oldest wrote the body of it and gave it to Baba, who added a sort of cubalistical mark, and gave it a mysterious fold; the credulous native eagerly snatched it, paid the gold, and hurried away to enclose it in the richest case he could afford. At Baba's house there was a Moor just come from Timbuctoo, who related the following account of what we conceive can only refer to the fate of poor Park: "Some years ago, a vessel with masts suddenly appeared on the Quolla or Niger, near Boussa, with three white men, and some black. The natives, encouraged by these strange men, took off provisions for sale, were well paid, and received presents besides: it seems the vessel had anchored. The next day, perceiving the vessel going on, the natives hurried after her (the Moor protested, from their anxiety to save her from some sunken rocks with which the Quolla abounds), but the white men mistaking, and thinking they pursued for a bad purpose, deterred them. The vessel soon after struck; the men jumped into the water and tried to swim, but could not from the current, and were drowned." Exactly the same account was also given by another Moor, who, however, had not been an eye-witness. These Moors always affected to deplore the ignorance of the Ashantees. Baba drew a map of the world, encircling one large continent with sea, bounded by a girdle of rocks. Old Odumata's notion of geography was equally strange; he mentioned, that when on the coast above Apollonia, he had an idea of walking to England: for he was informed he should reach Santanee (Portugal) in thirty days, and that after that the path was very good. Apukoo (another Moor) was constant in his visits, and was very facetious and full of anecdote. He was very desirous of learning tennis and sparring. He became very communicative of Ashantee politics, and asked, why the king of England did not send one of his own sons to the king of Ashantee with the presents, and why so great a king sent so small a force to Africa? The Spanish campaign was gone through again and again, and never tired him. He gave excellent and frequent dinners to the mission, as did Odumata. Both were extravagantly enraptured with the miniature of an English female, and called all their wives to look at it. We fear that the residence of such men as these Moors at the court of Ashantee will present most formidable difficulties against the efforts of Christian missionaries. When the English women were represented not only to possess the advantage of enjoying the sole affections of a husband, but the more amicable privilege of choosing that husband, the effect was truly comic. "The women sidled up to wipe the dust from our shoes; and, at the end of every sentence, brushed off an insect, or picked a burr from our trowsers; the husbands, suppressing their dislike in a laugh, would put their hands before our mouths, declaring they did not want to hear that palaver any more, abruptly change the subject to war, and order the women to the harem." The king was much delighted

when Mr Tedlie explained to him his surgical instruments and medicines. He could not help coveting the greater part of the medicines. He expressed the greatest astonishment at the botanical books. One of the king's sisters sent a message that she wanted to come and see the white gentlemen. After exchanging compliments, she complained to Mr Tedlie that her left hand pained her very much. Just after the fashion of many an English fair invalid, nothing material seemed the matter with it; and the courtesy of the white doctor, more than his skill, seemed the object of her invitation!

Many obstacles occurred in the discussion and decision of the treaty. On the terms being refused by the king, the mission threatened to quit Coorassie. At the moment of starting, a royal messenger ran up to say, the king was waiting to see the mission. On being admitted into the royal presence, the king demanded why the mission had determined to quit him so suddenly. On its being represented that he had trifled with the objects, and abused the liberality of the mission, he replied, that what was told him was true; he liked the treaty very well, but begged to be allowed a little longer till all his captains came. After much delay, the preliminaries were settled and signed. The mission was then invited by the king to visit Sallagha, the capital of the Inla country, the path to which was through a beautiful country, abounding in neat crooms, the sites spacious, and environed by extensive plantations. The path was wide, and so nearly direct, that the eye was always in advance, through beautiful vistas, varied by gentle risings. After some conversation, the mission was conducted to a house prepared for its reception, where a relish was served (sufficient for an army) of soups, stews, plaintains, yams, rice, &c. all excellently cooked, with wine, spirits, oranges, and other fruit. "Declining the offer of beds, we walked out in the town, and conversed and played drafts with the Moors, who were reclining under trees; the king joined us with cheerful affability, and seemed to forget his cares." About two o'clock dinner was announced. At the eastern side of the croom, a door of green reeds gave admittance through a short avenue to the king's garden, an arch equal to one of the largest squares in London. The breezes were strong and constant. In the centre, four large umbrellas of new scarlet cloth were fixed, under which was the king's dining-table (heightened for the occasion), and covered in the most imposing manner: his massy plate was well disposed; and silver forks, knives, and spoons (Colonel Torrane's) were plentifully laid. A large silver waiter supported a roasting pig in the centre; the other dishes of the table were roasted ducks, fowls, stews, pease-pudding, &c. On the ground, on one side of the table, were various soups, and every sort of vegetable; and on the other, oranges, pines, and other fruits, sugar-candy, Port and Madeira wine, spirits and Dutch cordials, with glasses. We have heard of no aldermen in Ashantee, but such proceedings as these must prove how fully worthy Ashantee appears to be both of a mansion-house and a corporation.

At length the wished for treaty was fully discussed, and formally sworn to by the king of Ashantee and the king of Dwabin. The king sent a handsome procession of flags, guns, and music, on the occasion, to conduct the mission to the palace. "The value of this treaty," says Mr Bowdich, "is enhanced by the reflection, that the justice, dignity, and spirit, of the British government have been preserved inviolate; and that it has been the result of the impression, and not of the abatement of these characteristics." The treaty consists of ten articles, the sum and substance of which is, that there shall be peace and commerce between the English government and the kings of Ashantee and and Dwabin; in the fifth article, the king of Ashantee agrees to permit a British officer to be resident at his capital. In the tenth article, the two kings promise that diligent inquiries shall be made respecting Major Peddie and Captain Campbell, (employed by the British government to proceed from Senegal into the interior to trace the source of the river Niger), and to oblige the neighbouring kingdoms to befriend them. No law, it appears, has ever been enacted in this kingdom with equal solemnity, or an oath so serious been submitted to by the king, or imposed on the captains. After this, the mission expressed their wish to return to Cape Coast Castle; the king, however, seemed very unwilling that they should depart. After many

delays, Mr Bowdich was determined to quit even without his majesty's permission: an escape was not so easy. Before they had proceeded fifty yards, the gong-gongs and drums beat to arms, and they were attacked by a crowd of swords and muskets, headed by their housemaster Aboidwee, who in the first rush seized the luggage and the flag. This was of course resisted. The Ashantees did not attempt to fire, but made their attack early with their heavy swords and large stones. "We kept our ground," says Mr Bowdich, "nearly a quarter of an hour, though our caps and belts were torn away, and we frequently fell. Mr Tedlie was stunned by a blow on the head, and as we were all much bruised we retired to the house, not expecting they would follow us; but they did so with a fury threating destruction. The captain, Aboidwee, mad with fury and liquor, made a cut at me as I held him from me, which would have been fatal but for the presence of mind of me and of the soldiers." The king wished it to appear that all this happened without his countenance of the outrage. He even offered to give the heads of all those who had led on this ruffian multitude. The king and the mission eventually parted very excellent friends. The king supplied them with bearers, he would not hear of pay for any of them, and persisted in appointing one of his captains to be an escort. The king and his captains were seated by torch-light, with all their insignia, without the palace, and the mission quitted the capital preceded by the king's banners, discharges of musketry, and every flattering distinction that could be thought of. His majesty has provided one of the best houses for Mr Hutchison as resident, and has anticipated every thing to make him comfortable and respected. Nothing could be more considerate or kind than his speech on taking leave. In his letter to the governor, after many expressions of friendship, the king adds, "I will thank you to impress on the king of England, that I have sworn not to renew the war with the Fantees, out of respect to him. I hope, therefore, he will in return consider if he cannot renew the slave trade, which will be good for me." Thus it is, that as long as other nations deal in this abominable traffic, there will always be a bar to English philanthropy. No reasoning of humanity—no prospect of future good will be found to avail against the greediness of present avarice. Owing to the swollen state of the rivers from the heavy rains that had fallen, the return of the mission to Cape Coast Castle was attended with many disasters. A dreadful storm overtook the party, which obliged them to separate, and spend the night in the woods. The remainder of the journey was more propitious. At length, concludes Mr Bowdich, "we climbed some very steep and rocky hills, apparently of iron stone, and descended into a flat country, continuing until a small rising about two miles from Cape Coast Castle opened the sea to our view; as delightful to our sight as land would have been after a prolonged and perilous voyage. The shouts and greetings of the natives were a grateful introduction to the more congenial congratulations of our countrymen." Thus happily terminated the mission to Ashantee.

We shall take another opportunity of presenting our readers with an abstract of the various and curious information contained in the second part of the volume. In the mean time, we cannot conclude without repeating our acknowledgement of the great delight we have felt in contemplating so singular an addition to our knowledge of African men and manners. We are perhaps the more gratified in having so recently perused so many journals of so different a complexion on the same subject. The narratives of Adams, Ridley, and even of Tuckey, have furnished very scanty additions to what was already known, while the personal sufferings which they underwent, force upon us the regret, that such information was purchased at so dear a cost. They present a picture only of wretchedness, ignorance, and barbarism. But in Ashantee we appear to revisit Mexico at its first invasion. We had intended indeed to compare the two nations, but our limited space forbids it. In one point of view this publication must be of singular use. It will tend to raise the character of the African negro so long and unjustly ranked and treated as a being incapable of improvement, and therefore unworthy of respect or sympathy. There is in-

deed one foul blot that marks the character of this people—human sacrifices and tortures. But their manual skill, their general courtesy, their regular government, their powerful armies, their immense treasures, and their splendid habitations, render it a phenomenon not easily to be explained, why it should be reserved for this late period of African adventure, to make known to Europe any specific notices of such a people not a week's journey from Cape Coast Castle.

To be continued.

EMMELINE.*

THERE is something so very affecting in the circumstances under which this little volume is given to the public, that had its merits been far less than they are, it must still have been received with a melancholy interest. All of us may perhaps have perused the former works of the same excellent person with some portion of that critical watchfulness, which, in this fastidious age of literature, most readers are but too apt to keep both over their own feelings and those of the author who may be instructing or delighting them. She was then a candidate for public favour,—and we believe that even the most ordinary mind, in such a case, withholds or bestows its praise, with a feeling not unallied to self-importance and pride. It is not enough that we read, and in our hearts approve; but we must take our part in the discussion which the appearance of a new book creates; and we all know how tempting a thing it is to hold ourselves up at an imaginary superiority—or at least, at the same level with the object of our applauses—so that, instead of publicly hailing a work of genius and power with that free and unrestrained delight which in solitude we experience, we too often join with surprising eagerness in all the little carpings of criticism, and talk almost with familiar indifference of the exertions of intellects far indeed beyond the utmost reach of our own. With such unreasonable and ungenial moods of mind in their readers, must all authors lay their account; and Mrs Brunton was, we dare say, exposed in some degree to their influence—though perhaps, from what we are about to remark, not to an equal degree with many of her contemporaries. All such feelings, however, are now gone for ever—a loftier lore is taught to us by the grave—and we see, and delight to see, free from all clouds or shadows of our own raising, the pure excellence of that spirit whose mortal garments are now laid in the dust.

We have said that the literary character of Mrs Brunton was perhaps not so much the object of critical discussion as that of many of her contemporaries. We may be mistaken, but we speak our own feelings respecting her, when we say, that she never was considered, by the Scottish public at least, entirely in the light of an author. Her writings were neither so numerous nor so splendid as to endow her with that character; nor did they so prevail over the minds of men, as wholly to sink the idea of her own private and living self in some abstraction of a great and creative genius. We saw in her an amiable and intelligent woman—walking with serenity the serene path of common life—discharging not only with scrupulous fidelity but generous devotion all Christian duties—not wishing to be distinguished in any way above those whose society she loved—and seeking rather to attach others to her by the warmth of her affections and the simplicity of her manners, than to dazzle them by her accomplishments, or subject them beneath the ascendancy of her intellect. It would appear, from what has been revealed to us of her personal history by a reverential hand, that she became an author almost insensibly—and that her clear and vigorous mind embodied its conceptions in written words, rather from the delight which it felt in such operation, than from any premeditated design of writing a book and giving it to the public. She seems never to have read that she might write—but from

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* Emmeline, with some other Pieces; by Mary Brunton, author of Self-Control, and Discipline: To which is prefixed, a Memoir of her Life, including some Extracts from her Correspondence. Manners & Miller, and Constable & Co. Edinburgh; and Murray, London, 1819.

the impulses of an active mind, happy temper, and benevolent disposition, to have gone on during calm years of domestic happiness, in the constant but almost unconscious cultivation of those powers with which nature had so richly endowed her. Accordingly the character and the charm of her writings is felt to be sound common sense, a quality, which however homely its name, is of the very highest power in all works that, like her's, treat of the feelings, the passions, and the events of human life. This faculty kept in subordination to itself both feeling and fancy—so that, at times, these latter qualities seem rather to be wanting in her works; but we believe that it is not so, and that they contain much of both, running along as an accompaniment to the graver "music of humanity," and not unfrequently breaking out, with a power the greater on account of their usual half-suppression, into very deep and overwhelming pathos.

But we are not now wishing to play the common part of a critic, but rather to join our voice—with somewhat of the privilege of that friendship which all hearts are entitled to claim with the good—to the praises and the regrets which all Scotland now bestows on the memory of her who is no more. We say all Scotland—for it was only in her native land where the full influence of her admirable character could be felt. Her talents and her genius will be acknowledged everywhere: but here, a charm will continue to hang over her name still more endearing, and still more sacred. There seems indeed to be no abiding place in this world for grief, except in the hearts of those who may have survived all they loved; for we every day witness the sudden extinction of youth, beauty, strength, virtue, genius, and wisdom. But though public grief, in its outward demonstrations, seems soon to disappear, it never wholly dies away for those who, like MARY BRUNTON, have truly deserved it; and many tears will be shed, by eyes not yet opened on the light, over the simple memoir in which an afflicted, but not a despairing husband, has drawn so beautiful a picture of a life of happiness and virtue.

"MARY BALFOUR was the only daughter of Colonel Thomas Balfour of Elwick, a cadet of one of the most respectable families in the county of Orkney. Her mother was Frances Ligonier, only daughter of Colonel Ligonier of the 13th dragoons.

"Mary was born in the Island of Burra, in Orkney, 1st of November 1778. Her early education was not conducted on any regular plan. Her father, himself a man of extraordinary talents and acquirements, had little leisure for superintending it, and was very often necessarily absent from his family. Her mother had early been left an orphan to the care of her uncle, Field-Marshal the Earl of Ligonier; and had been trained rather to the accomplishments which adorn a court, than to those which are useful in domestic life. She was, however, a person of great natural acuteness, and of very lively wit; and her conversation, original though desultory, had no doubt considerable influence in rousing her daughter's mind. She was assidous too, in conveying the accomplishments which she herself retained; and Mary became, under her mother's care, a considerable proficient in music, and an excellent French and Italian scholar. From these languages she was much accustomed to translate; and there is no other habit of her early life which tends, in any degree, to account for the great facility and correctness with which her subsequent compositions were written.

"When she passed the bounds of mere childhood, the defects, under which her early education must otherwise have laboured, were remedied partly by a short residence at school in Edinburgh, and, still more, by the affectionate care of her father's sisters; of whose kindness she entertained, through life, the most grateful recollection. But as a great part of her training was still left to herself, her love for reading spent itself on poetry and fiction. They helped to people for her that world of her own, which the day-dreams of youth called up in her solitude.

"At a very early age, the charge of her father's household devolved upon her; and the details of housekeeping in Orkney are of so exhausting a kind, that, from her sixteenth to her twentieth year, she could have had very little leisure for self-improvement.

"About this time, Viscountess Wentworth, (who had formerly been the wife of Mrs Balfour's brother, the second Earl Ligonier,) proposed that Mary, her god-daughter, should reside with her in London. What influence this alteration might have had on her after life, is left to be matter of conjecture. She preferred the quiet and privacy of a Scotch parsonage. We were married in her twentieth year; and went to reside at Bolton near Haddington.

"Her time was now much more at her own command. Her taste for reading returned in all its strength, and received rather a more methodical direction. Some hours of every forenoon were devoted by her to this employment; and, in the even-

ing, I was in the habit of reading aloud to her, books chiefly of criticism and Belles Lettres. Among other subjects of her attention, the philosophy of the human mind became a favourite study with her, and she read Dr Reid's works with uncommon pleasure. She renewed her acquaintance with our best historians. Her ear was peculiarly gratified with the music of Dr Robertson's style; and she used often to say, that she looked upon his account of the first voyage of Columbus, as the most attractive and finished narrative which she had ever perused.

"She added a little German to her acquisitions in language.

"She repeatedly began, but as often relinquished, the study of mathematics. Where the address to the intellect was direct and pure, she was interested and successful. But a single demonstration by means of the *reductio ad absurdum*, or of applying one figure to another in order to shew their identity, never failed to estrange her for a long time from the subject.

"Her reading was useful to her, rather as strengthening her general habits of attention, than as leading to marked proficiency in any one branch of study. Her memory, not having been systematically cultivated in early life, was less powerful than her other faculties. She retained the substance of what she read, less by remembering the words of the author, than by thinking over the subject for herself, with the aid of the new lights which he had opened to her mind.

"I do not know that, during her residence in East Lothian, she wrote any thing beyond an ordinary letter. Even her letters at this period were few. Indeed her correspondents were always very limited in number. To letter-writing, as either an employment in itself, or as a recreation, she had an utter dislike.

"East Lothian, in general, is not distinguished for landscape beauty. But the situation of the Manse of Bolton is pretty, and there is some fine scenery on the banks of the stream which washes it. These close and wooded banks formed a singular contrast to the bare flats, and the magnificent sea-prospects of Orkney;—a contrast which deepened the impression of both, and helped to form that habit of observing the varities and beauties of nature, which afterwards became so marked a feature of her mind. She now taught herself to draw; sufficiently at least, to sketch with facility and truth any object or scene which peculiarly pleased her.

"Her various employments were never allowed to interfere with each other. An arrangement of her time was made; to which, as far as is possible for the mistress of a family, she strickly adhered.

"Two East Indian wards of mine became inmates of the family while we resided in East Lothian. Her care of them was truly maternal. She took a deep interest especially in their religious education; and, in instilling into them the principles of their belief, she was led very carefully to re-examine her own. For this important work she had greater facilities now, than she had enjoyed at any former period; and she applied herself to it with all her charateristic ardour. Through the grace of God, it gradually led her both to the 'knowledge and to the love of the truth as it is in Christ;' to that 'anchor of the soul sure and stedfast;' on which her hope leaned through life, and was nobly sustained in the near prospect of dissolution. The Shorter Catechism of our Church was the form on which she grounded her instructions to her young pupils; and while with anxious and successful assiduity, she accommodated its language to their capacity, she never failed to speak in warm admiration, of the vigour and condensation of thought by which it is very peculiarly distinguished.

"Both in her own mind, and in the minds of her pupils, she was anxious to make religion an *active* principle, to carry its influence habitually into life. It mingled now with all her own pursuits. She sought knowledge, not merely for the sake of the pleasure which it bestowed, but from a strong sense of duty. She loved nature, not for its own beauty alone, but for the traces with which it abounds of the wisdom and the love of the Creator. Her religion was not a religion of gloom. It shed brightness and peace around her. It gladdened the heart which it purified and exalted.

"After six years, tranquilly and happily spent in East Lothian, she accompanied me to Edinburgh in Autumn 1803."

Soon after her arrival in Edinburgh she formed a friendship, which continued to the last to be one of the chief blessings of her life, with a lady beloved and respected by all who have ever had an opportunity of witnessing those accomplishments and virtues which adorn and dignify a life past in the shades of seclusion and retirement.

"But the circumstance which, more than any other beyond the range of her own domestic intercourse, tended both to develope her intellect, and to establish her character, was an intimacy which she formed, soon after her removal to Edinburgh, with a lady in her immediate neighbourhood. They were indeed so near, that it was easy for them to be much together. They read together—worked together—and talked over, with confidential freedom, their opinions, from minuter points to the most important of all. In their leading views of human life and human duty, they were fully agreed. But whether they agreed, or whether they differed, they benefited each other essentially—either mutually confirming each other in the truth, or mutually leading each other towards it.

"This intercourse continued for about six years, when it was interrupted by Mrs Izett's removal from Edinburgh. But it was not, and could not be suspended altogether; so far as letters could prolong it, it was continued to the last, by the only close and confidential correspondence, beyond the bounds of her own family, in which Mary ever engaged.

"In the literary pursuits which they carried on together, there were occasional blanks, caused by the avocations of either. It was chiefly for the employment of accidental intervals of leisure, occasioned by the more numerous engagements of her friend, that Mrs Brunton began the writing of Self-Control. At first its author had no design that it should meet the eye of the public. But as her manuscript swelled, this design, half unconsciously, began to mingle with her labours. Perhaps, too, a circumstance which I remember to have happened about this time, might have had more weight than she was aware of in prompting the attempt. She had often urged me to undertake some literary work; and once she appealed to an intimate friend who was present, whether he would not be my publisher. He consented readily; but added, that he would, at least as willingly, publish a book of her own writing. This seemed, at the time, to strike her as something the possibility of which had never occurred to her before: and she asked more than once, whether he was in earnest.

"A considerable part of the first volume of Self-Control was written before I knew any thing of its existence. When she brought it to me, my pleasure was certainly mingled with surprise. The beauty and correctness of the style—the acuteness of observation—and the loftiness of sentiment—were, each of them in its way, beyond what even I was prepared to expect from her. Any encouragement which my approbation could give her, (and *she* valued it at far more than it was worth,) she received in the fullest measure.

"From this time forward she tasked herself to write a certain quantity every day. The rule, of course, was often broken; but habit had taught her that a rule was useful. Every evening she read to me what had been written in the course of the day; and when larger portions were completed, she brought the manuscript to me for more accurate examination. I then made, in writing, such remarks as occurred to me; and left it to herself to decide upon them. Any little alteration on what had been recently written she was always willing to receive, if she thought it an improvement. But some changes which were suggested to her upon the earlier parts of the story, she declined adopting. She had what appeared to me an undue apprehension of the trouble which it might have cost her to assimilate the alterations to the remainder of the narrative. But she had little hope, from the first, of the *story* being very happily combined; and she was only the more unwilling to aggravate, by any sudden changes, the harshness of its construction. To its moral usefulness she uniformly paid much more regard than to its literary character."

Her life seems to have passed as quietly and happily along, from this time to its termination, as is often allowed to the lot of humanity; and though we could, with pleasure, dwell on "the short and simple annals of the *good*," we prefer giving the account of their melancholy close.

"Composition had now long ceased to be a voluntary employment. It had come to be looked upon as a task; and she rather sought reasons to justify to her own mind her desertion of her former habits, than opportunities of renewing them in their strength. During the summer of 1818, however, she had in a great measure conquered these feelings; and had it pleased Providence to spare her life, I am convinced that she would at this hour have been returning to her former occupations with all her former ardour.

"She was strongly impressed, indeed, with a belief that her confinement was to prove fatal; not on vague presentiment, but on grounds of which I could not entirely remove the force, though I obstinately refused to join in the inference which she drew from them. Under this belief she completed every the most minute preparation of her great change, with the same tranquillity as if she had been making arrangements for one of those short absences, which only endeared her home the more to her. The clothes in which she was laid in the grave had been selected by herself; she herself had chosen and labelled some tokens of remembrance for her more intimate friends; and the intimations of her death were sent round from a list in her own hand-writing. But these anticipations, though so deeply fixed, neither shook her fortitude, nor diminished her cheerfulness. They neither altered her wish to live, nor the ardour with which she prepared to meet the duties of returning health, if returning health were to be her portion.

"They seemed rather to animate her zeal the more in any thing by which she could promote the welfare of her fellow-creatures. To this great work she seemed the more anxious to devote herself, as her recollection became the deeper, that the 'night cometh in which no man can work.' 'Life,' she says, in one of the last letters which she ever wrote, and which contains no other trace of her own forebodings; 'life is too short and uncertain to admit of our trifling with even the lesser opportunities of testifying goodwill. The flower of the field must scatter its odours to-day. To-morrow it will be gone.'

"Her forbodings were not often the subject of her conversation with those around her, because she knew how painful the theme was to them. For the same reason, she mentioned it but slighty to her relations at a distance. But there is a striking mixture of fortitude and tenderness in the last letter which she addressed to her sister-in-law.

"TO MRS BALFOUR.

"*Frankfield, Oct.* 22, 1818.

* * * "If it please Almighty God to spare my infant's life and my own,—I trust I am 'made of sterner stuff,' than to shrink from a few hours of any pain which nature can support.—I suppose the trial will be made about three weeks hence. I hope not sooner; for even then I shall scarcely be ready. Ready! do I say! What time would be necessary to prepare me for the change which I must probably then undergo! But there is ONE with whom one day is as a thousand years! When I spoke of preparation, I merely meant that I had not 'set my house in order.'

"I wish, my dear Mary, that some of you would write very circumstantially about aunt Craigie; and soon, lest the letter be too late for me. If I am to be removed, I cannot regret that she is so soon to follow. But what a loss will she be to every member of your circle? Where is there a being, within the sphere of her influence, who does not owe to her many acts of kindness? It grieves me especially to think of her excellent sister, whose kind heart will feel her privation most deeply! Remember me most affectionately to them both, especially to aunt Mary, who was the first love of my heart—who was the first person whom I recollect as showing me kindness—and who, since the time when I remember her singing to sooth me, till this moment of my sending her my blessing and farewell, has never ceased to be kind and dear to me!

"May God bless my dear William and you, in your family, and in all your concerns; but chiefly in that great concern of making your conduct in this life a preparation for a better! I shall not write again. My husband will.——

"Her anticipations, however, had been only too well-founded. After giving birth to a still-born son, on the 7th of December, and recovering, for a few days, with a rapidity beyond the hopes of her medical friends, she was attacked with fever. It advanced with fatal violence, till it closed her earthly life on the morning of Saturday, December 19, 1818."

There are interspersed through the memoir of her life several extracts from letters written to her friends during a tour made through part of England; and also a good many letters on miscellaneous subjects composed during her abode in Edinburgh. The observations and remarks are chiefly memoranda of what passed before her eyes; but they are almost always judicious, and occasionally very lively and amusing. The following little descriptions are very vivid and graphic:

"Did you ever see Kirby Lonsdale? It is the most rural, pretty, interesting place imaginable. It is a true English village—English in its neatness—English in the handsomeness of its houses, (Scotch handsome houses are seldom built in villages)—and English, above all, in its church-yard—smooth as velvet—green as emeralds—clean, even to the exclusion of a fallen leaf from one of the tall trees that surround it! From this church-yard, situate on a high bank overhanging the river Loen, you command a fine view of Lonsdale, rising here and there into gentle swells—gay with woods and villas. The river is not very English; for it is a rapid, lively, transparent stream—not creeping sluggishly through rich meadows, but dancing gaily to the sun, or dashing against tiny rocks into Lilliputian waves. * * *

"*Nous voila* at Harrogate; and I believe there is no place in Britain to which you would not sooner accompany us. One hundred and forty people dine with us daily—all dressed as fine as Punch's wife in the puppet-show. Do but imagine the noise of so many tongues—the bouncing, banging, and driving of eighty waiting-men—the smell of meat sufficient, and more than sufficient, for a hundred and forty cormorants—and all this in the dog-days!!! * * *

"Harrogate itself is a straggling village, built on an ugly sandy common, surrounded with stunted black Scotch firs—the only thing in shape of tree or shrub that never can be an ornament to any possible place. From a hill above Harrogate, there is a view of prodigious extent, over the richest and largest plain which I have ever seen.—York, which is 22 miles distant, seems nearer than the middle of the landscape. Mrs I., who is an Englishwoman was in extacies. For my part, I must confess, that I think a little rising ground, or even a mountain, no bad feature in a landscape. A scene without a hill seems to me to be about as interesting as a face without a nose!

Mrs Brunton had not in her nature any very great share of poetical enthusiasm, at least she does not seem to have greatly encouraged or cultivated it; yet few poets could excel the following description:

TO MRS CRAIGIE.

"1810.

"Studley Royal is truly a noble place. Besides a park of 1100 acres, adorned with

timber of unequalled magnificence, there are 300 acres of pleasure ground, kept with a neatness of which I had no previous idea. The lawns are as smooth, and as equal in colour and texture, as green velvet; and though they, as well as the gravel-walks, are shaded by lofty trees, and embellished with an endless variety of flowering shrubs, not a fallen leaf—not a twig is suffered to derange their neatness.

"The place is laid out in the old-fashioned style, with circular pieces of water, statues, temples, cascades flowing over flights of steps, and banks made by rule and plummet. Nevertheless, the place is not only beautiful, but magnificent; the ground is naturally swelling and varied; the artificial river is so large, that you forget it is the work of man; the temples, though a little out of place, are still beautiful; and the smooth shaven lawns show to great advantage the dark majesty of the woods, that tower over them sometimes to the height of 120 feet.

"But, above all, Studley contains one charm which, so far as I know, is altogether matchless—the ruins of Fountain's Abbey. This noble pile—but how can I describe it to you? No words that I can use will give any idea of its beauty, or of the effect which it had upon me! Sometimes the very recollection of it fills my eyes with tears. I may convey to you some notion of the magnitude of the building, by telling you that it still covers two acres of ground, and that it once extended over ten; but to describe the effect of the whole is out of my power. Imagine the huge folding-doors thrown open, to usher you into a cathedral of prodigious extent. The roof is gone. The noble pillars, of more than Corinthian lightness, which once supported it, still spread here and there into broken arches, twisted with ivy; which clothes, but does not conceal their forms. Large trees, rising from the dismantled court, mingle their giant arms with the towers. The windows—but why should I attempt an impossibility? I protest I will never again try to give an idea of Fountain's Abbey! To crown all, I had scarcely heard the place mentioned, and had never read any account of it; so that it burst upon me at once in all its glory.

"My companion, who is an Englishwoman, maintained a long dispute with me on the comparative merits of Studley and Dunkeld; she, of course, preferring the beauties of her own country, and I, as in duty bound, upholding the honour of mine. The woods of Dunkeld are almost equal in magnificence. The river is superior; as all the works of its mighty Maker are to those of man. The mountains of Dunkeld are incomparable; but I confess that Scotland has no Fountain's Abbey.

Her kindness and warmth of heart thus beautifully burst forth on her return from this little tour to her beloved Scotland. One might almost think she had been banished from it for years by misfortune, instead of having been in search of delight and happiness in merry England.

"But no pleasure, which mere beauty can give, ever equalled that which I felt at this first distant glimpse of my home—my home, to which, wherever I travel, I always return as to the arms of a friend! Have we not reason to bless the goodness which has so ordained that many a home, possessing no other charm, yet charms us, because it *is* our home. But mine has many, many comforts. If I could share them with you, and two or three other persons dear to me, it would want none to make it complete to me. This cannot be! But I trust we shall meet in a home, which will, indeed, be complete to us all; and who knows whether our propensity to love the place with which we are familiar, may not be one means of endearing to us that better home throughout eternal ages."

We can only make room for one single letter to Mrs Izett, but we think it is a very characteristic one.

"*April* 10, 1810.

"It is even so! You are sixty miles distant from Edinburgh, and I have lost what probably no time will restore to me; that 'medicine of life,' which it is promised that they shall find who have received a title to yet higher rewards. Since you left me I have a hundred times determined to write. I need not assure you that forgetfulness has had no share in my silence. Levity itself would not forget a friend (if levity could have a friend) in one month—'one little month!' I am reminded of you by all my business and all my pleasures; for—which of my pleasures did not you heighten—and in what branch of duty did not you stimulate me? But all that is over! and I can only repent that I did not better use what might have been so eminently useful.

"I thank you heartily for your account of your rambles at Kinnaird—would that I were the companion of them! In return, you shall learn my methodical routine. I write part of every forenoon, and walk for an hour or two before dinner. I lounge over the fire with a book, or I sew and chat, all the evening.

"Your friend Laura proceeds with a slow but regular pace; a short step every day—no more! She has advanced sixty paces, alias pages, since you left her. She is at present very comfortably situate, if the foolish thing had the sense to think so; she is on a visit to Norwood, where she is to remain for a few days; and a very snug old-fashioned place it is! Though it should never be laid open to the public at large, you shall see the interior of it one day or other.

Last Thursday I paid a visit to a very
ent habitation—our chateau at St Leo-
; though nothing has as yet the least
of green, it did not look very ill. It
gay as ten thousand purple crocusses,
wice as many yellow ones can make it.
ll soon grow impatient to take posses-
and, if we can manage it, I believe we
revert to our old plan of going there
; if not, I must just console myself
my friend Laura in Edinburgh. I
I saw the end of her; but 'wilds im-
urably spread seem lengthening as I

If ever I undertake another lady, I
nanage her in a very different manner.
a is so decently kerchiefed, like our
lmothers, that to dress her is a work
e and pains. Her younger sister, if
ver have one, shall wear loose, floating,
obes, that will slip on in a minute. * *
As for ——'s new production, I be-
I never shall have any personal ac-
tance with it. It is an 'Historical
ance'—a sort of composition to which
e a strong dislike. Fiction disguises
mplicity, and destroys the usefulness
true history; and the recollection of
ue history deprives me of all interest
fiction. Besides, the foundation of
's tale is a history as well known as
f the deluge; and she professes to ad-
closely to truth, only dramatizing a

Now, this 'dramatizing' is an
taking too arduous for mortals. Shake-
e himself has, in some degree, failed in
s historical plays are, indeed, the most
ng of histories; perhaps, as far as
character is concerned, the most *faith-*
But he is sadly encumbered with the
and no part whatever of the interest
se plays arises from the plot; so, at
it appears to me. Now —— and all
Misses, must pardon me, if I think
ladies are more likely to make their
interesting by well imagined incident,
by masterly delineation of character.
s have, indeed, succeeded in delineat-
al life; a very few of them have done
ut it has been rather in pictures of
ers than of character. But —— has
r materials for a picture of manners;
t your theory of female genius forgive
r doubting her power of giving inte-
a story, the catastrophe of which is
be forgotten. * * *
We *old* folks make friends slowly—so
, that I believe life will be too short
nish me with another such as you;
ore I value you accordingly. I hope
all be near neighbours in another
; or, that if your place be, as it well
a higher one than mine, you will not
bidden to visit the meaner mansions of
ather's house. * *
I am going to visit the woman that is
to No 6. I believe I shall hate her;
ey say she is a pleasant person enough.
sits in the same place where you used
to work, I think I shall beat her. They say narrow-minded people always hate their successors; I must be the most illiberal of all creatures, for I hate the successors of my friends. * * You see my paper is done —so, of course, is my letter."

At the end of the volume there are extracts from the journal which she kept on her tour through England and Wales, from which we regret that it is impossible for us now to make any quotations. It is very plain, simple, acute, and unpretending.

"Emmeline" is a fragment of only 100 pages; but though only a fragment, we conceive that by it the author has sufficiently attained her object, and that the reader could scarcely have borne a long story of such misery and such guilt. We, therefore, cannot regret, that this sad tale of profligacy and wretchedness is abruptly broken off—and could even almost wish, that the pure and high soul of the author had never imposed on itself the penance of delineating the life of misery which an abandoned woman is sure of leading with the man who has seduced her affection from her husband.

We are loth to look, even with a hasty glance, on the face, however beautiful, of an adulteress—nor will our souls permit us even to be just in our estimation of her crime. Nature and religion themselves seem almost to debar her from the benefit, in human hearts at least, of the temptations by which she may have been assailed. But when the adulteress comes before us, as is the case of Emmeline, (and there have been many Emmelines in real life,) deserting, in hideous wickedness, the bosom of a noble-minded, generous, high-born, moral and religious husband, to whom she has born children yet living in their beauty and their innocence, and plunging herself, with hateful tears and trembling and convulsions, into the arms of a paramour possessing only personal charms and worldly accomplishments; and who, at the very moment of her monstrous sacrifice, she well knows, in the bitterness of her guilty passion, can love her only with such troubled love as for ever trembles on the brink of hatred, contempt, anger and despair,—when such a "white devil" rises before us, we wish to be relieved from the poisoned air of her loathsome beauty, and to keep our sympathies and our sorrows, in a wretched world like this, for suf-

ferings and for sins that imply not the utter abandonment of all that ever nature implanted in our hearts, and without reverencing which, we can scarcely hope to see the face of God at once in mercy and in judgment.

We are therefore happy, since such a tale as "Emmeline" was to be written at all, that it is but a broken fragment. Had the author prolonged the story of this adulteress, all hearts must either have inevitably been repelled by the detailed account of her agonies; or they must have been made to feel a fatal sympathy with them. We firmly believe that Mrs Brunton could not have finished such a tale. She has lifted up the veil from the secret spirit of the adulteress; and we are willing that it should drop for ever—for a short look suffices into that world of woe and wickedness.

One "moon" only of the married life is here described, and it, indeed, "disastrous twilight sheds." From the first scene in the church, where the adulteress mocks the holiest ordinance of God and nature by swearing to venerate those holy duties which she is even at that moment trampling beneath her feet;—a lowering and a thundrous atmosphere hangs over their hearts and troubles and confounds them. We are made to feel that contrition is not for them—that their faithful bosom friend is Remorse. They have done an act from whose "deep damnation" nothing can save even one little hour of their lives, whether waking or asleep; and we soon see in the wrathful desolation of his heart, and the pitiable helplessness of her's, what it is to be under the ban and excommunication of nature.

When this miserable pair are on their marriage-jaunt, a note is put into the hands of Emmeline—

"The envelope contained these words:

"'Mr Devereux cannot retain in his possession any thing which has ever belonged to Lady de Clifford. He incloses a deed, which restores to her the sum which he received three years ago. He has added the £10,000 which the law has lately allotted to him. In appointing Major Cecil trustee on this deed, Mr Devereux earnestly wishes, that an occasion may thus be offered of restoring Lady de Clifford's intercourse with a parent so justly respected and beloved.'

"De Clifford read this note without comment. He laid down the papers, and left the room without uttering a word.

"Emmeline sat gazing on them—tears streaming unheeded from her eyes—her slender form bent in dejection and abasement. She could not now lull her conscience with sophisms of 'hearts not formed to harmonize, which no ceremonies could unite;' or of 'consenting souls, by Heaven's own act made one.' She could not seek comfort in recollecting the stoical coldness, which was the only charge she could ever bring against Mr Devereux. She had done him fatal wrong, and she felt it. The heavier account of evil which lay against her, Emmeline did not indeed examine, for her compunction was not repentance. Her's were the deadly pangs of remorse—not that life-giving sorrow, which finds, even in its own anguish, a healing balm. The wronged Mr Devereux had bestowed on her a gift which his circumstances rendered truly generous; he had shewn, even amidst his just displeasure, a noble concern for her happiness—for her restoration to the love and protection of her father; and all the failings which imagination had magnified, and all the sophistries with which she had striven to beguile herself, vanished together from her mind. She saw, not an injured husband, supported by the first transports of resentment, venting anger which she need not fear, and could barely pity; but Mr Devereux, deserted, alone in his unsocial home, wounded by ingratitude, disappointed in confiding friendship! and she wondered where she had found the fatal courage to inflict such aggravated suffering. She saw him shed on his forsaken infants a tear, embittered by pity, grief, and shame; she heard them lisp the sacred name of mother, and break his heart with questions 'when she would return.' 'Wretch that I am!' she cried, 'I shall never return!—My boy! my boy! I shall never see thee more!' and she wrung her hands in bitterness. 'They are no longer accounted mine,' she cried—'they are not even named to me!'

"She took the deed, and eagerly cast her eye over it, in a vague hope of finding there the names of her children joined with her own; but they were not mentioned. The gift was to her alone, as if no living thing claimed kindred or inheritance with her. 'Oh! I have deserved this,' cried Emmeline, 'for I had the heart to leave them!'

"Who that had seen her as she sat on the ground,—the snowy arm, on which her face was half concealed, resting on the seat from whence she had sunk, her sunny ringlets wet with her tears, her bosom struggling with sobs that shook her whole frame,—would have known her for the same Emmeline who was wont to chase with feigned impatience her laughing boy upon the green—herself as playful and as innocent as he?

"A passing step at length roused Emmeline to the recollection of what De Clifford must feel, should he witness her distress. She rose from her abject posture, strove to repress the bursting sob, and wiped the

tears which yet would force their way. 'Dearest De Clifford!' said she, 'shall I ever give thee cause to think I regret making any sacrifice for thee? And yet—But if thou canst find thy happiness in poor humbled Emmeline—how much more may I find mine in thee, my noble—brave—affectionate De Clifford!'

"She had time to compose herself before the return of her husband. He was absent for hours. When he returned, the traces of suffering were seen in his bent brow and sallow cheek, but his manner was unchanged. He moved with his own firm and commanding step; he spoke in his own calm low tones.

"Had Emmeline known how those hours were spent—had she seen him fixing his unnoticing gaze on the pool where the big rain-drops were plashing, or resting his throbbing head against the cold rugged rock—had she seen him at last raise his face, rigid with desperate resolution, and heard the groan in which her name burst from his lips, where had been her vain hope that she was herself alone sufficient for his happiness? She was then doubly the cause of his suffering. It was for her that he had incurred this new and tormenting sense of inferiority, this remorse, this first venom of 'the worm that never dies.'

De Clifford carries his bride to the hereditary seat of his high and unstained ancestors—but another quotation, and we have done—

"The visit had been long unrepaid before Emmeline ventured to say, in a voice of timid inquiry, 'You think we ought not to return the Jenkinsons' visit?'

"'As you please, Emmeline,' was the reply.

"A stranger might have thought it intended to leave her judgment free. Emmeline understood it differently.

"'Perhaps, then,' said she, in the same tone, 'I had better write her a note to say, that I pay no visits at present.'

"'If you choose, my love,' was De Clifford's reply.

"Its words were of the same import as the last; its manner was so different, that Emmeline saw he approved her proposal.

"The note was dispatched with regret; for seven months of total seclusion—of that penal seclusion which mankind inflict, not in their forgetfulness, but in their scorn—had given value to any mark of human sympathy or respect. Respect! Emmeline became every hour more sensible that this sentiment she must never more hope to awaken. She had gradually learnt to watch for the expression of an opposite feeling. In her better days, the gentle feminine Emmeline had claimed no deference which all were not willing to bestow. But now a watchful jealousy was stealing upon her. She read contempt in many an indifferent look, and heard reproach in words which conveyed it to no other ear.

"De Clifford had nothing communicative in his temper. He was one of those persons, who can sit for hours in the company of the friend they love best, happy in the possibility of exchanging sentiments, without, perhaps, once taking advantage of that possibility. What he had no intention to conceal, he yet felt no temptation to communicate; and his thoughts and purposes were often to be gathered from some accidental expression, rather than deliberately unfolded. Yet to the inquiries of a friend, De Clifford was the most open of mankind. Any question which Emmeline could have asked him, would have been answered, concisely indeed, but with the most explicit frankness. Had she ventured to oppose his opinion or his will, he would have remained firm, indeed, but not without giving a reason for his firmness.

"But Emmeline ventured neither question nor opposition. That which was a general habit of her husband's mind, she often mistook for the expression of a peculiar feeling towards herself. 'Had he married a woman whom he respected,' she thought, 'to her he might have opened his whole heart. She might almost have been his friend. But I!—What am I but his toy?—only to be cared for in an idle hour—soon, perhaps, to be thrown aside for ever.—Oh! shall I live to see that day! No. I shall see its approach, and that will break my heart, before I have lost all!'

"It was not in her husband's conduct alone that Emmeline watched for tokens of disrespect. She dreaded even the presence of her servants. She could not venture to reprove their misconduct, or even to remark their omissions. Their insolence she dared not encounter; for she knew, and they knew, the vulnerable point, where the meanest hand could fix a poisoned dart. The impertinence which another would have answered with a smile of good-natured contempt, or a burst of idle indignation, wrung the heart of her whose conscience justified the scorn cast on her by the meanest of mankind. The encroachments, therefore, of her domestics were unresisted, their neglects passed without notice, their irregularities without reproof; and as they fully understood the reason of this laxity, endurance only increased the evil.

"De Clifford perceived that his household was disorderly, its economy ill arranged, his domestics turbulent and dissatisfied. He remembered, with a sigh, its easy, regular, and willing movement, while guided by the calm but determined spirit of his mother; and the respect of which Emmeline was so jealous, gained little by the contrast. The charms of his long-loved home were one by one decaying. His friends had forsaken it. The charities of relationship were fled. His still dear Emmeline was no longer the playful being

formed to banish gloom, or enliven ease to pleasure. Anxiety and care were setting their untimely stamp upon her youthful features. The smile which had once lighted them with gladdening sunshine, was now but the cold and short-lived spark that flashes in the troubled deep.

"She tried in vain to disguise the change from De Clifford. It met him in a thousand forms, each alternately inspiring him with pity, grief, or displeasure. 'Sweet frail thing!' he thought, 'alike unable to resist temptation, or to endure punishment! Why did I disquiet thy peaceful life?' So thought De Clifford, as unexpectedly entering his wife's apartment he surprised her in tears. She hastily concealed them, and he ventured not to inquire their cause; but sitting down by her, endeavoured to divert her melancholy.

"'You have not shewn me your portfolio for a long while, Emmeline. I doubt you have been very idle. Come, little trifler, let me inspect your proceedings.'

"'Oh! not to-day,' said Emmeline, laying her hand on the portfolio; 'not to-day! By to-morrow I hope to have something that will please you.'

"'But I am in the humour to-day,' insisted De Clifford, with good-natured obstinacy; 'and you know how your resistance always ends, Emmeline.'

"The fading rose in Emmeline's cheek deepened to crimson, and spread over her face and bosom. 'Alas! I know that too well!' she thought; 'but why must the reproach come from you?'

"De Clifford, unconscious that his words could insinuate reproach, was now examining some sketches which had never been meant for his eye. Two infant figures were repeated in every attitude of sport and of repose. Many of them were blotted with tears. Upon some the names were written again and again, as if the very names were dear; and sometimes they were joined with a short and melancholy sentence that sued for pity or forgiveness.

"While De Clifford hurried over h comfortless survey, Emmeline unresistin stood by and wept. In painful compassio he pressed her to his breast, but he did n speak, for he felt that this was a sorro which refuses to be comforted. He no heartily regretted the solitude which le her to the free indulgence of recollectio so dispiriting. He fervently wished th she had possessed one friend, or even com panion, to cheer her lonely hours. H thought of his mother, and for a moment h half purposed to forget his displeasure, an entreat that she would come to sooth th wounded spirit of his Emmeline; bu when a doubt arose of her compliance, h found it more easy to resolve upon under taking the task himself, and he determine to devote himself to its accomplishment And he would have kept his determination could it have been fulfilled at the expence of only fortune or life, for life and fortune were still light in his regard compared with his beloved Emmeline. But he forgot to take time into his account. He forgot the lengthened demands which the office o comforter would make upon his patience and upon that regular, continued, self-devo tion, which, if indeed it ever be a natura virtue, is not the virtue of masculine na ture.

"A few days served to make him weary of the confinement to which he subjected himself; and then he presently grew angry with Emmeline, as if she had compelled him to this unnatural constraint. He in wardly accused her of weakness and selfish ness, for not absolutely driving him from her to his accustomed exercises and em ployments. After the first week, every day subtracted something from the entireness of his self-devotion; and while he was secretly angry with himself for breaking his resolu tion, he was yet more angry with Emme line for making him feel that he ought to keep it."

LETTERS OF CURRAN TO THE REV. H. WESTON.*

Our readers need not fear from us, on the present occasion at least, any disquisition on the very interesting character of this celebrated man. We have something much better to present them with—namely, perhaps the earliest traces of Mr Curran's pen that exist—letters, as it is said in the Preface, which, while they record many agreeable feelings of his youth, are yet shaded with that melancholy which accompanied him through life, and at length wrapped his mind in the darkest folds of despondency and hopelessness. They were written on Mr Curran's first visit to London in 1773, and during the following year, when he was twenty-four years of age, and are addressed to a dear friend and college associate. They shew much simplicity in the style both of his feeling and expression, and are written in far bet-

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ter taste than we should have expected in early life from so ardent and so imaginative a character. They are full of heart; and if the writer be never quite brilliant, he often shews that he easily could be so, and that his wit, humour, and fancy are kept down, as it were, by that melancholy native in his temperament, and most natural in his then cheerless situation, as well as by that fervent affection for the friend to whom he writes, which scorns all display, and delights in its correspondence to use the most familiar and easy language, as if two friends were talking together at a meeting after long absence. What can be better than the following description?

"Full of these reflections, as I passed the gate I could not but turn and take a last lingering look of poor Alma Mater: it was the scene of many a boyish folly, and many an happy hour. I should have felt more confusion at part of the retrospect, had I not been relieved by the recollection of the valuable friendships I formed there, though I am far from thinking such a circumstance can justify past misconduct; yet I cannot call that time totally a blank, in which one has acquired the greatest blessing of humanity. It was with a melancholy kind of exultation I counted over the number of those I loved there, while my heart gave a sigh to every name in the catalogue; nay, even the Fellows whom I never loved, I forgave at that moment; the parting tear blotted out every injury, and I gave them as hearty a benediction as if they had really deserved it. As for my general acquaintance (for I could not but go the round), I packed their respective little sighs into one great one as I turned on my heel. My old friend and handmaid, Betty, perceiving me in motion, got her hip under the strong box with my seven shirts, which she had rested against the rails during the delay, and screwed up her face into rueful caricature, that might provoke a laugh at another time; while her young son, Denny, grasping his waistband in one hand, and a basket of sea provision in the other, took the lead in the procession: and so we journeyed on to George's Quay, where the ship was just ready to sail. When I entered, I found my fellow-passengers seated round a large table in the cabin—we were about fourteen. A young Highland lord had taken the head of the table and the conversation, and, with a modesty peculiar to his country, gave a history of his travels and his intimate connexions with the princes of the empire. An old debauched officer was complaining of the gout, while a woman who sat next him (good Heaven! what a tongue she had!) gave a long detail of what her father suffered by that disorder. To do them all justice, they exerted themselves most zealously for the common entertainment. As for my part, I had nothing to say, nor, if I had, was any one at leisure to listen to me; so I took possession of what the Captain called a bed, considering with Partridge, how they could play so many different tunes without putting each other out. I was expecting that the sea-sickness would soon give those restless mouths different employment. But in that I was disappointed: the sea was so calm, that one only was sick during the passage, and it was not my good fortune that the lot should fall on that devil that never ceased chattering. There was no cure but patience; accordingly I never stirred from my tabernacle, unless to visit my basket, till we arrived at Parkgate."

He gives, in the following passage, shortly but forcibly, that impression which the first entrance into London produces on all strangers; while the close of the letter shews us, that he never was an idler at any part of his life. Indeed, what great man ever was? A lounger in the world's eye may yet have uncounted hours of mysterious musing and of profound solitary thought.

"From Chester I set out that evening in the stage, slept about four hours at Coventry, and the following evening at five o'clock was in the view of near 120 spires, that are scattered from one end of the horizon to the other, and seem almost bewildered in the mist that perpetually covers this prodigious capital. It would be impossible for description to give any idea of the various objects that fill a stranger on his first arrival with surprise and astonishment. The magnificence of the churches, hospitals, and other public buildings, which every where present themselves, would alone be ample subject for admiration to a spectator, though he were not distracted by the gaudy display of wealth and dissipation, continually shifting before his eyes in the most extravagant forms of pride and ostentation; or by an hurry of business, that might make you think this the source from which life and motion are conveyed to the world. Besides, there are many places here not unworthy of particular inspection; but as my illness prevented me from seeing them on my first arrival, I shall suspend my curiosity till some future time; as I am determined to apply to reading this vacation with the utmost diligence, in order to attend the Courts with more advantage next winter. If I continue in my present mood, you will see a strange alteration in your poor friend. That cursed fever brought me down so much, and my spirits are so reduced, that, faith! I don't remember to have laughed these six weeks. Indeed, I never thought solitude could lean so heavily on me. I commonly rise in the morning between five and six, and read as much as my eyes will permit till dinner-

time; and then I go out and dine, and from that till bed-time I mope about between my lodgings and the Park. For God's sake, then, send me some news or other (for surely Newmarket cannot be barren in such things) that will teach me once more to laugh. Adieu, dear Harry."

The opening of the second letter is very pleasant.

"I well remember the promise I gave you before I left Ireland, of communicating every thing worth notice that should occur to me; and I own you may, with some appearance of justice, complain of my having broken it. Yet there may be something said in my vindication. A man setting out to a strange city, indeed almost a strange world, like this, expects to find nothing but novelty and surprise in every thing; and will scarcely entertain a doubt of being always furnished with materials for a tolerably entertaining correspondence. Yet he may find himself plaguily mistaken, especially if he has seen any other city. There are more houses, more gardens, and public places—more rogues and fools, in London than in Dublin. But you have all these things in miniature in the latter. What then becomes of this vast fund of intelligence? unless you would wish to receive comparative descriptions, and to be told that St Paul's steeple is a few feet higher than Patrick's, or that ten set out for Tyburn, for one that takes his flight from Stephen's Green. These, I fear, if dwelt upon, would make but a sorry figure on paper, and be as tiresome to you, as the writing them would be disagreeable to me. Then, as for political news, which is the universal subject here, the very abundance is worse than a scarcity. There is such a variety of inconsistence in every anecdote that transpires, that one knows not how to believe any thing; and your own newspapers are filled with as good lies as I could send you."

Is any thing known of the history of the Miss Hume, described below? We think she must have died old and unmarried. She beats the blue-stockings of the present day all to sticks; and what with a shrill voice, a hooked nose, and a bit of a beard, which no doubt she had, she must have been a delightful creature in the dark, where, we understand, all cats are of one colour.

"No doubt Keller has informed you of Schoole's exploit in the matrimonial way, with the daughter of the widow Craigan in Limerick. It seems the whole posse comitatus was hunting the fugitives for three or four days; but Schoole made a valiant running fight of it, and has the dear creature here in London. I have had the honour of being introduced as a particular friend of Mr Schoole's, though I fancy the desire of showing me the prize was the chief ground of the particularity. She is a curious little puppet, smart and chattering, and looks upon her good man as an oracle of taste and erudition. By her means I have got acquainted with a Miss Hume, who is also an original in her way. She is a relation of the celebrated David Hume; and I suppose, on the strength of the kindred, sets up for a politician as well as a sceptic: she has heard his Essays recommended, and shews her own discernment by pronouncing them unanswerable; and talks of the famous Burke, by the familiar appellation of Ned. Then she is so romantic, and so sentimental:—nothing for her but grots, and purling streams, and piping shepherds; and to crown all, it sings like a nightingale. As I have not the best command of my muscles, I always propose putting out the candles, before the song begins, for the greater romanticality of the thing. This is an expedient I used to have recourse to in the College, when I had the honour of teaching Nixon to sing. 'Tis a miserable thing when a poor girl is so mistaken in her qualifications, as to display only her absurdities, and studiously conceal every thing that she ought not to be ashamed of. Even this being wants not common sense, if she would but use it. But what have you or I to do with the text or comment?

After drawing rather an unfavourable character of the English Boor, he thus breaks off into a panegyric on his own countrymen, which has not perhaps been surpassed even in these later days so pregnant with lamentations over the degraded state of one of the finest people on the earth.

"Their fondness for genealogy, so much despised here, and not without reason, yet gives them an advantage they could derive from no other source. When each poor individual is supposed to contain in his own person the accumulated honours of many generations, they are led to treat each other with a politeness and respect proportioned to this imaginary merit, and to cultivate a friendly intercourse that contributes not a little to reclaim, and even to refine the sentiments of the illiterate; and I have often thought, their manner of lamenting over their dead, co-operates strongly to preserve and improve this untutored sort of politeness, by keeping alive something like a taste for composition in a language, that wants neither expression nor extent, and by preventing that language from a decay, into which it must otherwise have fallen: and to these you add the severe political grievances, and the still more cruel miserable inducement to a strict association, the community of affliction and wretchedness, more than can be found in either France or Germany, and yet fostered in the bosom of a constitution boasted to be free. You will smile, no doubt, at these observations as being unseasonable as well as exaggerated.

To the first I must plead guilty: but for the latter, there certainly is some truth in it, would to Heaven there was not so much!"

The account of his visit to Hampton-Court is full of life, spirit, and ingenuity.

"The servant who showed us the apartments, which were very splendid, gave us a circumstantial detail of the pictures, and the judgments passed upon them by different connoisseurs: he seemed to be a good deal pleased with his manner of explaining a suite of tapestry, representing the Persian war of Alexander: though a simple fellow, he had his lesson well by rote, and ran over the battles of Issus and Arbela, &c. with a surprising flippancy. 'But where is Alexander?' cries Apjohn. 'There, Sir, at the door of Darius's tent, with the ladies at his feet.'—'Surely,' said I, 'that must be Hephestion, for he was mistaken by the Queen for Alexander.'——'Pardon me, Sir: I hope I know Alexander better than that:' and he shook his head in confirmation of his opinion, while I paid myself the same compliment. 'But which of the two do you really think the greater man?'—'Greater! Bless your soul, Sir, they are both dead this hundred years.' O Harry! what a comment on human vanity! By my soul, there was the marrow of a thousand folios in the answer. I could not help thinking, at the instant, what a puzzle that mighty man would be in, should he appear before a committee from the Temple of Fame, to claim those laurels he thought so much of, and be opposed in his demand, though his competitors were Thersites, or the fellow who rubbed Bucephalus's heels. How would his identity be ascertained? Chærilus, stand forth; but should Mævius contest the bays with Chærilus, would a million of critics decide the difference? What then must be the sentence? Why, since the conqueror cannot be distinguished from the slave, let the chaplet be divided between them, et curru servus portetur eodem. Thus, in a few years, may my dear Harry be a Tillotson, and his friend as much Cicero as Cicero himself."

It was in the following manner that he spent his time in London. What a happy kind of life, what a blessed blending of mirth and meditation—sport and study—fun and philosophy—purl and politics! What a treat it must have been to have frolicked with Curran in such scenes; melancholy as he was, he must have been the life—the soul of them all.

"I happened at first to be rather unlucky in my lodgings; I was not aware of their being situated exactly under the bells of St Martin, and that I was to be eternally stunned with the noise of praying bells, rejoining bells, and passing bells. I had the additional inconvenience of being exposed to the conversation of a man, no ways agreeable to me, a dull, good-natured, generous, unexperienced, opinionated, deep-read, unlearned, disputative sort of a character, still more offensive to me than my other neighbour, the steeple; for I had learned to endure unpleasing sounds, but I never had an opportunity of learning to bear with a troublesome companion. So I changed my tabernacle not a little to my satisfaction. Besides being disengaged from the nuisances that infected me before, I have procured much better accommodations on more reasonable terms. For the future, you will direct to me, No 9, Orange Street, Leicester Fields.

"Notwithstanding a fit of illness, which somewhat retarded my application in the beginning, I have exerted a degree of assiduity, of which I once thought myself incapable. For the first five months I was almost totally a recluse, indeed, too much so. When we seclude ourselves entirely from all intercourse with the world, our affections will soon grow impatient of the restraint, and strongly convince us that much of our happiness must be drawn from society; and if we exert too much rigour, however philosophical it may appear at the time, to suppress these struggles, the temper is apt to fall into a gloomy kind of apathy. This I found to be my case, and I accordingly resolved to soften the severity of the discipline I had over-zealously adopted, and to that end made some additions to my wardrobe, and purchased a fiddle, which I had till then denied myself. Do not think, however, from my mentioning those indulgences, that I have diminished my hours of reading; all I have done by the change is, employing the time that must otherwise be vacant, in amusement instead of solitude. I still continue to read ten hours every day, seven at law, and three at history, or the general principles of politics: and that I may have time enough, I rise at half after four. I have contrived a machine after the manner of an hour glass, which perhaps you may be curious to know, which wakens me regularly at that hour. Exactly over my head I have suspended two vessels of tin, one above the other: when I go to bed, which is always at ten, I pour a bottle of water into the upper vessel, in the bottom of which is a hole of such a size, as to let the water pass through, so as to make the inferior reservoir overflow in six hours and a half. I have had no small trouble in proportioning those vessels; and I was still more puzzled for a while how to confine my head, so as to receive the drop, but I have at length succeeded.

* * * *

"You will perhaps be at some loss to guess what kind of amusement I allow myself: why, I'll tell you. I spend a couple of hours every night at a coffee-house, where I am not a little entertained with a group of old politicians, who meet in order to de-

bate on the reports of the day, or to invent some for the next, with the other business of the nation. Though I don't know that sociability is the characteristic of this people, yet politics is a certain introduction to the closest intimacy of coffee-house acquaintance. One meets with a great deal of amusement from this sort of conversation, and I think it can scarcely be devoid of improvement. Six or seven old fellows who have spent the early part of their lives in a variety of adventures, and are united at last by no other principle than a common vacancy, which makes it necessary for them to fill up their time by meddling in other people's business, since they have none of their own, is certainly a miscellany not unworthy a perusal; it gives a facility at least of discerning characters, and what is no less useful, enures us to a toleration, that must make our passage through life more easy. I also visit a variety of ordinaries and eating-houses, and they are equally fertile in game for a character-hunter. I think I have found out the cellar where Roderick Random ate shin of beef for three-pence, and actually drank out of the identical quart, which the drummer squeezed together when poor Strap spilt the broth on his legs."

The third letter was written at Bristol on his way back to Ireland, and contains an exquisite description of a coach scene, quite worthy of Smollet himself.

"The evening before last I set out from London in company with Morris, one of my companions in the Windsor excursion. The other side of the coach was occupied by a little, contemptible, cockaded thing in the land pay, and which looked still more despicable by being placed near a laughing, weather-beaten fellow, who belonged to the sea-service. Had master Jupiter cuckolded Tindarus in the form of a turkey-cock, instead of a gander, I should be tempted to trace my pedigree from Leda herself; for no one more heartily hates a red coat, or the wearer of it. If, therefore, you have a spark of ill-nature in your composition, you will rejoice in the pleasure I received from the contrast. The Captain, like the rest of his fellow-servants, seemed enamoured of his livery, was shallow, ignorant, even in his own little depth; and you might see by one eye that elevated his brow that he would be most arrogant, had he a body to support such pretensions, or if the other eye did not show him a companion, who was likely to defeat any attempts in that way. The sailor seemed well acquainted with the affairs of this country, particularly of the last war, in part of which he had some share; and to this he added a ferocious sort of unconsciousness of his personal strength, with a little ostentation of his superior endowments, that I readily excused, as it made him more eager to push the triumph over his poor adversary. The conversation turned a while on the military and navy. The smell of tar seemed to offend the captain's nose, perhaps as much as powder would; but he had mistaken his man, as well as the element they were engaged on. The Commodore soon obliged him to strike, nor did he make amends for his fruitless attack on the navy, by his defence of the standing army, which the sailor assailed in his turn, and routed with a volley of sarcasms, which were as effectual as if they had been more extemporary. It must, however be observed in his favour, that a perpetual habit of antipathy, and as constant an indulgence of it, might naturally make it impossible for him to speak on such a subject with much originality. As the Captain did not seem to have sufficient strength to support himself through a good roasting, I undertook the part of a stake for him in his martyrdom; but the Commodore, either perceiving my opposition to be only pretended, or satisfied with having overthrown it, was so reconciled as to propose our supping together on our arrival at Bristol."

One sees nothing in these extracts of the melancholy spoken of, as characteristic, even in youth, of Curran's sensitive nature. Many indications of it ran through other parts of the letters. The last one of the collection we quote as being altogether illustrative of that peculiarity in his character. It is perhaps a little formal—but unquestionably displays considerable vigour of thought, feeling, and expression.

"My not writing to you since I came to England, proceeding wholly from a scarcity of any thing worth communicating, I might justify a continuance of silence from the same cause. But yet I know not well how it happens, there is something in the first day of the new year, that seems peculiarly to demand the tribute of remembrance: I could not let it pass without apprizing you that I am still in the land of the living: "*vivo equidem.*" These anniversary days serve like light-houses on the great ocean of time, by which we direct and compute our courses. They alarm us to a momentary recollection of the tempests we have weathered, the quicksands we have escaped, or the fortunate gales we have enjoyed. If any of the stars of heaven have shone with propitious influence, we adore them for their benevolent regards, and endeavour to engage their superintendence for the remainder of our voyage.

"As Young says—

'We take no heed of time but by its loss;'

the moments slide unperceived away, we think it still in our possession, still in being, till the knell of our departed hours startles us into a perception of its decease. These returning periods are not then without their advantage. They admonish us,

at least, to dedicate one day in the year to a little reflection. The incidents of our life crowd in upon our thoughts, the pleasures we have found, the anxious moments we have spent:—and Reason, elated with the temporary submission to her authority, makes a merit of passing an impartial sentence, and of changing for an instant, from the venal advocate to the upright judge of our passions or our follies. Then, too, the heart counts over its attachments; and if Fate has blotted out any name of the catalogue, we fix our expectations with a more anxious solicitude on the survivors. When any of our fortresses against the outrages of fortune have sunk into ruin, we are doubly bound to attend to the preservation of those that remain, lest we should be found totally defenceless in the day of danger.

"Thus have I in some sort accounted for my troubling you with a letter at this particular time, as well as for the melancholy mood in which I sit down to write: in truth, I do not remember to have been much more dejected. To you, my dear Harry, I hope this merry season has been more favourable. And yet, situated as you are, you can scarcely avoid sometimes feeling the heaviness of time, especially now when Newmarket has lost so many who might contribute to enliven it. As for my part, you can neither envy nor congratulate my situation with half the reason that I may your's. I once thought that solitude amidst thousands was no better than a paradox; but now I find it effectually verified. It is indeed the most dreary of all solitudes, to walk abroad amongst millions, to read the most legible of all characters, those written by fortune or affliction in every face you meet; to feel your heart elated or depressed by every story, and with the most disinterested solicitude, acknowledging the object for its fellow-creature;—to have all these exquisitely respondent sympathies for which nature has so finely formed the bosoms of her children, unobserved and unavailing. * * * *

A FEW MORE REMARKS ON THE NEW WHIG GUIDE.

We sometimes enjoy a very hearty laugh at Ambrose's (over our usual nocturnal indulgence of a few scolloped oysters, and a glass of mulled sherry), when we reflect on the strange reputation which we have, even among our friends, of being the greatest quizzers in the world. It is all one what we say at the top or at the bottom of a page—it is all one in what style of typography we present our lucubrations to the eye of the Lector Benevolus. There is no faith in our italics—our small type does not confer the air of quotation. Our friends, good worthy people, are determined to think full surely that we print nobody's wit but our own.

Not contented with ascribing to some ingenious co-operator of our divan, the manufacture of those brilliant extracts we have given from one of the most interesting and original books of travels, which this age of travelling, and of travelling books, has produced—we allude to "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,"—the rash and ignorant reading public of Edinburgh has, we observe, saddled with equal pertinacity upon some other brethren of our tuneful choir, the "Trial of Henry Brougham, M. P. for Mutiny," the "Sonnet on Myself," by the great Homer of Cockaigne, and the whole Parnassus of Odoherty. As we, of all men living, have the least inclination, or, indeed, the least occasion, to plume ourselves on borrowed feathers, we really feel very much displeased with this liberality of our unquestioning lovers. We would rather stand upon our own legs, such as they are, than be perked up to the gaze of a lauding multitude, on the shoulders even of a Morris, or an Odoherty—to say nothing of a Hunt. In the meantime, however, we are very sorry to say, we have not yet been able to hit upon any effectual and decisive method of giving light on these subjects, to a set of persons who seem mightily inclined to be sand-blind. We thought at one time of having all our quizzes printed in blue ink, in order to distinguish them at once, as it were, and *toto cælo* from pieces of genuine character, that really are what they profess to be. But on consulting with Messrs Oliver and Boyd, our clever and indefatigable typographers, we find that the expense of this plan would be such, as to cause a very serious diminution from the at present flourishing profits of our great national Miscellany. Red ink would be cheaper, but then as we are *bona fide* inclined to be at peace with the world, would the world allow us to be at peace with them, we cannot make up our mind to scare the eyes of the innocent and unsuspecting passenger with such a broad and resolute hanging out of the scarlet flag of defiance. We wish it were possible that some one of our ingenious correspond-

ents could suggest something more feasible.

In the mean time we must proceed with the facilities and faculties already in our power—and already, if we may be permitted to hazard such a remark —so well exemplified in our practice. Once more, then, we claim, and desire to claim no honour to ourselves for any thing printed in these pages, otherwise than in the same plain legible Bourgeois, over which the eye of the reader is at this moment gliding with delight.

We promised in our last to make a few more quotations from that ingenious satirical work, the New Whig Guide, a work which we lament to observe does not make its appearance as it ought to do, either expanded in propriâ personâ behind the glass of our bibliopolic windows, or even as Wastle expresses it,

Advertised proudly o'er the shops and stalls,
In German-text, red ink, and capitals.

The tyranny of the Whigs in this place totters to its fall; but the sulky tyrants are resolved to display all the vigour they can muster even in the agonies of their last convulsion, and behold the effect. We promise them they shall not long continue to hug themselves on the success of this desperate and clinging violence. Ere long *they* shall all "die,"—as they are at present compelling the poor Tories to write print and publish,—and "make no sign."

The favourite butts of the author of "The New Whig Guide," are Mr Henry Brougham, Mr Paul Methuen, and Mr Frederick Douglas. These are the only individuals of all those whom he lashes, for whom he seems to entertain no shadow of redeeming respect. He despises Mr Tierney for his ratting and his affectation of a plainness that forms no part of his character; but he refuses not some share of due acknowledgment to the sagacity and shrewdness of intellect, which all who ever heard Mr Tierney speak, must be sensible that accomplished debater possesses. He appreciates Mr Ponsonby's dulness, but he also appreciates his honesty. But for the three we have mentioned, he reserves the pungent and corroding droppings of the sole unmingled vial of his wrath.

There is only one other member of the Opposition who makes any near approach to the same high station in his displeasure, and this is no less a person than our own illustrious countryman Sir James Mackintosh.

We think, upon the whole, he is rather too hard upon Sir James; or, as he calls him somewhere in the true style of southern ignorance,

"The bra' bairn,
Who of old herded swine in the county of Nairne."

And yet we must say we feel some satisfaction in observing the skill with which he plants some of his blows in the many weak sides of the learned knight's character. No man enjoys at this moment a greater reputation, built upon a more slender and inadequate foundation of merit, than Sir James Mackintosh. We well remember when he chose to desert his friends, the Whigs, for the sake of a snug appointment from Lord Sidmouth—with what keen and bitter daggers those friends turned round to stab and lacerate a reputation which they had so long, and so successfully, been doing every thing in their power to support and increase. Here, in this city, where he was educated, and where he is still best known, things were said of him by Whigs of no trivial importance, which no Tory would believe, far less think of repeating, now that Sir James has deserted the Tories, and has hushed the clamours of his calumniators the Whigs, by putting his sop of *words* once more into *their* mouths. But without at all condescending to touch for a moment upon topics of which these did not scruple to preach upon the house-tops, we think there is no harm in saying, that Sir James has really lived quite long enough upon the remembered sweet sayings of Madame de Stael, and the eternal advertisement of that eternal work, his history of Great Britain. From all that we have ever seen, read, or heard, of this clever Rhetorician, we have no hesitation in saying, that he is one of the last men of letters in Europe, from whom we should think of expecting a truly great historical work on any subject; and when we consider what an union of knowledge and wisdom it would require, to enable any man to write a good history of Great Britain, we do think Sir James is a most courageous knight in promising to achieve any such glorious triumph. What has Sir James ever

done or said, that should lead any man to believe him, primâ facie, a fit person to tread upon that ground which has been barred for ever from all but the most exquisite of geniuses, or the most audacious of quacks, by the inimitable march of Hume? But it would take us into too wide an excursion, were we to attempt enlarging upon this.

One of the best pieces in the volume is a poem entitled "The Choice of the Leader." The principal members of Opposition are supposed to have met together to select a chief, under whose auspices their campaign in the House of Commons may be conducted. After a variety of confident candidates have been dismissed with more or less measure of respect, our celebrated countryman thus makes his appearance:

"On t'other hand, MACKINTOSH strives to unite
The grave and the gay, the profound and polite:
And piques himself much that the ladies should say,
How well Scottish strength softens down in Bombay;
Frequents the assembly, the supper, the ball,
The *philosophe-beau* of unloveable STAEL;*
Affects to talk French in his hoarse Highland note,
And gargles Italian half way down his throat;
His gait is a shuffle, his smile is a leer,
His converse is quaint, his civility queer;
In short,—to all grace and deportment a rebel,—
At best, he is but a half-polish'd Scotch pebble."

He has some difficulty in gaining the ear of the Committee, but at last his time comes.

"With clumsy alacrity MACKINTOSH rose,
Removed his old hat from the bridge of his nose,
Uncover'd his eyes to the light of the day,
And show'd his dark locks lightly sprinkled with grey—
Those *patriot* locks, which at liberty roam,
Untarnish'd by powder, untamed by the comb;
Which, wild and erect on his forehead, are seen,
True types of the freedom that harbours within.
"He spoke, but to copy his idiom and tones
The muse her despair very candidly owns;
The sound was as Virgil describes of the croak
Of ravens, that sit on the sinister oak,—
The language, where flourish and flimsiness join,
Resembles good English, as counters do coin.
"'With ample respect for the erudite, great,
And eminent men who adorn this debate,
With deference deep and profound to the chair,
Or rather to those whom I see sitting there,
I humbly beg leave to express my surprise
On a question so plain how a doubt can arise;
And that it should not be allowed on all hands
What views and what talents the crisis demands.
"'Is this a fit season our notice to draw
To quiddits and quirks of the Old Bailey law;
The rise of a duty, the fall of a loan;
Or drunken affrays of Maccallopmahone?
When Europe (I love great examples to quote)
Is like the head dish at a Spa *table d'hote*;
Where men of all nations, with stomachs not nice,
Are anxious to seize the best spoonful and slice.
"'When tyrants are basely colleaguing to trench
On the rights of that innocent people the French;
I gave to their efforts in Liberty's cause
My first, and shall still give my latest applause;
You all must remember my earliest work,
To *vindicate Gaul*† from the slanders of BURKE;
I ventured the banners of freedom to wave
In the face of that pensioner, bigot, and slave:
And, sanguine in hope, with sublime elocution,
Applauded the march of the French revolution;
Defended—of mortals the wisest and best—
MIRABEAU, CONDORCET, PETION, and the rest,
By whose keen active minds and stout hands were o'erthrown
Of priestcraft the altars—of despots the throne—
Precursors and guides in their brilliant career,
Of HE'BERT, MARAT, and the great ROBESPIERRE—
"'We saw, by their efforts, the limits of France
In rapid progression o'er Europe advance,
Before her, Kings, Princes, and Commonwealths fall,
On the Po, the Tessino, the Rhine and the Waal!
And who can behold, without sorrow and pain,
This flourishing Empire *dismember'd* again?
Her standards repell'd from the Sarre and the Dyle,
All the way to the out-works of Verdun and Lille:
The friends of political freedom will mourn
On *this* side the Rhine to see Germans return;

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* During Mad. de Stael's residence in England, she was much attended by Sir J. Mackintosh.—E.

† Vindiciæ Gallicæ, by James Mackintosh.

And, even the cruelest heart it must touch,
That Holland is basely transferred to the Dutch!
" 'But this is not all—the complaints of the Poles
Should ring in our ears, and sink deep in our souls!
That nation, once happy, *united*, and free,
Near forty years since was divided in three!
Before that atrocious event, 'tis confest,
No people was ever more *tranquil*, more blest;
Except once a year, when a question might rise
Between two great parties—the *sko's* and the *ski's*,
And diets and councils of state came to blows
To determine the claims of the *ski's* and the *sko's*.
And shall not Great Britain (of justice the pattern)
Redress the oppressions of FRED'RICK and CATH'RINE!
And reclaim, for the Poles, by our voices and votes,
Their national birth-right—to cut their own throats?
" 'But scarcely less vile than the seizure of Poland
Has been our base conduct to poor Heligoland;
That innocent isle we have stolen from the Danes,
And it groans with the weight of our trade and our chains.
On that happy strand, not two lustres ago,
The thistle was free in luxuriance to grow;
The people at liberty starv'd, and enjoy'd
Their natural freedom, by riches uncloy'd.
But, now, all this primitive virtue is fled;
Rum, sugar, tobacco, are come in its stead;
And, debauch'd by our profligate commerce, we see
This much-injur'd race drinking porter and tea,
And damning, half-fuddled (I tell it with pain)
Their true and legitimate master—the Dane!
" 'The Dane!—Oh what thoughts at that word must arise!
A Monarch so good, unambitious and wise;
Who firm and devoted by BONAPART stood,
And ne'er injur'd England—except when he could!
Yet this worthy Prince, we, by treaties despoil,
At first of his ships, and at length of his soil.
" 'Akin to this crime, are the allied attacks on
The royal, revered, and respectable Saxon!
Good heav'ns, with what colours, what words can I paint
The trials and woes of this suffering saint!
At Dresden so bold, and at Leipsic so true,
To the aid of the French all his forces he drew,
And, from their united success he afar saw
A richer reward than the Duchy of Warsaw.
Had fortune not frown'd on NAPOLEON the Great,
How different, to-day, were AUGUSTUS's fate!
The Niemen, the Rhine, then, had bounded his reign,
And Stralsund display'd his gay flag o'er the main;
In Prague he, perhaps, had exalted his seat,
And Hamburgh and Dantzig had crouch'd at his feet;
Then Prussia's proud King (if the French spared his head)
Had begg'd through the world for a morsel of bread,
And the Elbe and the Danube, the Oder and Weser,
Had giv'n to Augustus the title of Cæsar.
" 'Though Germany, England, France, Sweden and Spain,
Russia, Prussia, and Portugal join to maintain
These crimes, I assert, without fear of receding,
Unanimous EUROPE condemns the proceeding;—
I have lately in Switzerland been, and declare
The *crowds* which I met in the *solitudes* there,
Men, women, and children, the goatherds, and goats—.'
" But here a loud laugh quell'd the orator's notes;
And glad to extinguish a preacher so dull,
The Meeting unanimous bellowed 'a bull!!'
Save MATHEW alone, who, in accents of thunder
And great indignation, roar'd out 'a *Scotch blunder!*'
" In vain poor Sir JAMES, in a treble-pitch'd screech,
Endeavour'd to follow the thread of his speech;
Coughs, sneezes, and laughs, pealing loud thro' the room,
Pronounc'd, in a tempest, the candidate's doom;
And ev'n of the Judges' decision no more
Than a word here and there could be heard in the roar,
As—'SIDMOUTH*'—'apostate'—'suspicion'—'not clear'—
'Vindiciæ'—'BURKE'—'pension'—'two thousand a year'—
'Scott'—'both sides'—'best bidder'—'though never so clever'—
'A Jacobin once, and a Jacobin ever'!!!
* * * * * *

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* Lord Sidmouth had in his administration made Mr Mackintosh Recorder of Bombay.—E.

We have no small difficulty in making our selections, now that we have got into the poetical part of this production. We would gladly quote the whole of the lyrical pieces in particular, in order to furnish the few faint-hearted young Tories of this place with a manual of merry staves, by which they might chaunt their courage into a flame, when two or three of them are gathered together over that private bowl of hot punch which commonly follows the judges' claret at a circuit dinner. But we refer them to the work itself, and shall merely give them a slight specimen; we venture to say that the following *Medley* has great merit:

I.

Oh! the time is past, when *Quarter-day*
My cares would chase,
When all in life that made me gay
Was place—still place;
New hopes may bloom,
New offers come,
Of surer, higher pay—
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As *Quarter-day!*
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As *Quarter-day.*

II.

Tho' I sit and vote with *Peter Moore*,
Since all hope's past;
Tho' I win from those who *cough'd* before,
A *cheer* at last;
So sweet a cheer
I ne'er shall hear
From *Opposition* throats,
As when first I caught the Speaker's eye,
And big with notes,
Moved the Committee of Supply,
On *Ordnance votes!**

III.

Oh! never shall from memory fleet
Dear Palace-yard!†
Still fancy haunts the envied seat
Of *Robert Ward.*‡
I triumph'd there
But *half-a-year*
And touch'd but *half the pay!*
But oh!—I ne'er may touch it more
For half a-day;
Alas! I ne'er may touch it more
For half a-day!

Of the following it would be folly to say one word. The wit in the last line is perhaps as good as possible.

Song.—By T. M. Esq.

I.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms
Like fairy-gifts, fading away!
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

II.

It is not, while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

Imitated.—To P. M—, M. P.

I.

Believe me, when all those ridiculous airs,
Which you practise so pretty to-day,
Shall vanish by age, and thy well twisted hairs,
Like my own, be both scanty and grey,
Thou wilt still be a goose, as a goose thou hast been,
(Tho' a fop and a fribble no more)
And the world which has laugh'd at the fool of *eighteen*
Will laugh at the fool of *three-score.*

II.

'Tis not, while you wear a short coat of light brown,
Tight breeches and neckcloth so full,
That the *absolute blank* of a mind can be shown,
Which time will but render more dull;
Oh! the fool, who is truly so, never forgets,
But still fools it on to the close;
As PONSONBY leaves the debate, when he sets,
Just as dark as it was when he rose.

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* "Mr Calcraft was Clerk of the Ordnance in the Talents' administration, and moved the Ordnance estimates.—E."

† "The Ordnance Office in *Palace-yard.*"

‡ "R. Ward, Esq. M. P. for Haslemere, and now Clerk of the Ordnance.—E."

He does not succeed quite so well in Scotch as in English; however, we must give one specimen of this. We shall also give the prefatory note of the author himself.

"We doubted whether we ought to publish the following Song under the title of an *English* Melody; but the author, the elegant and erudite Member for Glasgow, the *Roscoe* indeed we may say, of Greenock, assures us, that it is as good English as he ever spoke in his life.

"After this testimony, we cannot hesitate to lay before our readers the following English Melody.

THE BLACK BROOM.

A Scotch Sang English'd; by K. F.* Esq. M. P.

To the tune of "The Deil came fiddling through the town."

I.

The Broom† cam capouring doon to the Hoose,
Wi' a *mossion* about an Excisemon;
It sims the Exchequer can loosen a noose
Whech the law too cruelly teis, mon;
So Looshington cried, "ye've foond a mare's nest,
"We weesh ye much joy o' the prize, mon;
"Tes a vera new grievance, but ane o' the best,
"Whan the Trasury snubs the Excisemon."

II.

The Broom is commonly pawkie enoo;
Boot was, faith, ilkna night, not a wise mon,
Ef he thought, in the coontry, to make a hubboo,
Wi' a mossion about an Excisemon;
For the Trasury cried, ye've foond a mare's nest,
We weesh ye much luck o' the prize, mon;
'Tis a very new grievance, boot ane o' the best,
Whan the Trasury snubs the Excisemon.

III.

The Exciseman is keen, *like a Wheg*, at a faut:
Like a Wheg too, he staps at no lies, mon,
And so, 'gainst the honest plain dealer is maut,
Black Broom would support the Excisemon;
Then the Hoose all cried oot, ye've foond a mare's nest,
We weesh ye much luck o' the prize, mon;
'Tes a vara new grievance, but ane o' the best,
Whan the Trasury snubs the Excisemon.

IV.

There are *vots* on the Airmy, and *vots* on the Naivy.
For Aistimats aw' to revise, mon;
Boot, aye, the best *mossion*, (and fair it, God saive ye)
Was the Broom's just about the Excisemon:
For the coontry craid oot, ye've foond a mare's nest,
We weesh you much luck o' the prize, mon;
'Tis a vara new grievance, but ane o' the best,
Whan the Trasury snubs the Excisemon.

But our poet is no less successful in originals than he is in imitations.—Witness the following:

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

To the tune of "A Cobler there was, and he lived in a Stall."

Ye noisy Reformers who rant and who bawl,
Come listen to me, while I sing you of Paul;‡
Not him § who, at Putney, gave Burdett a fall,
But the worthy successor of Westminster Paul.

Ye Billingsgate muses, ye dames of the Hall,
Come sing from my ballad the praises of Paul;
We Poets of Grub-street, who write for the stall,
Had never a fitter Mæcenas than Paul.

---

* "Kirkman Finlay, Esq. M. P. for Glasgow.

† "See Mr Brougham's motion, on the 2d April, 1816, relative to the remission of excise penalties.

‡ "Evidently Paul Methuen, Esq.

§ "James Paul, Esq. (since deceased) wounded Sir F. Burdett, in a duel on Putney Heath.—E."

If the air of a 'prentice, the face of a doll,
Were beauties, how lovely a creature were Paul;
If a wig-block, well painted, the heart could enthrall,
Even Freemantle's self could scarce rival our Paul.*
If a west-country tone, twixt a stutter and drawl,
Were eloquence, Lord, what a speaker were Paul;
If a model, with no more brains than a ball,
Were a head-piece, Oh dear, what a Statesman were Paul.
You'd swear he was bred up at Coach-makers' Hall,
Such a *spouting* and *four-in-hand* Dandy is Paul;†
Had you seen him, when last he *enacted the Wall!*
Even *Moonshine* grew pale, and knocked under to Paul.
He swears he belongs to no party at all,
And truly no party acknowledges Paul;
But, just as the Lion employs a Jackall,
The Whigs are so good as to tolerate Paul.
He had heard of the sudden conversion of Saul,
And thought changing sides was befitting a Paul;
But the Hebrew got reason and light by *his* fall,
But dulness and darkness still stick to *our* Paul.
His like we shall ne'er see again, all in all,
If any thing ever should happen to Paul;
And now should the sense of my Song appear small,
I beseech you remember, my subject is Paul.

I.

While every tongue,
Both old and young,
From Penzance to Penrith,
Is hymning PAUL,
Will no one call
Their thoughts to *Handsome* SMITH.

II.

Taste, wit, and sense—
Without pretence—
Though PAUL be furnished with;
They scarcely are
Above the par
Of those of *Handsome* SMITH.

III.

Wise Nature chalks
Then different walks;
Through Piccadilly's width
Though PAUL may stride,
Yet gay Cheapside
Exults in *Handsome* SMITH.

IV.

Tho' FLOOD's the pride
Of *Slaney's* tide,
And FINLAY of the *Nith;*
Old Father Thames
A triumph claims
O'er both, in *Handsome* SMITH.

V.

With blooming grace
He decks his face,
And smiles to shew his teeth;
And old threescore
Ne'er saw before
A Beau like *Handsome* SMITH.

VI.

Surpassing, sure,
Both MONK and MOORE,
In eloquence and pith;
The charms combin'd,
Of form and mind,
Unite in *Handsome* SMITH.

VII.

Then Britain—round
From Plymouth Sound,
Even up to Pentland Frith,
Her voice should raise,
And sing the praise
Of *Wise* and *Handsome* SMITH.

There is an ingenuity in this little *morceau*, which might have done honour to our friend the Rector himself.

Political Alphabet; or, the Young Member's A. B. C.

A, was an ALTHORPE, as dull as a hog;
B, was black BROUGHAM, a surly cur dog;
C, was a COCHRANE, all stripp'd of his lace;
D, was a DOUGLAS, who wanted a place;
E, was an EBRINGTON, dismal and dumb;
F, was a FINLAY, a hogshead of scum;
G, was a GORDON's *preposterous* phiz;
H, was a HERON, a damnable quiz;
J, was a JOE JEKYL, whose law is a jest;
K, was a KNOX, in a *sinecure-nest;*
L, was a LAMBTON, sour, saucy, and sad;
M, was PAUL METHUEN!—a Dandy gone mad;

---

* "These seem to allude to Mr Freemantle, Secretary of the Treasury in the Talents' Administration, who certainly wears a wig, but whether he deserves the imputation which the rest of the line conveys is not so clear.—E."

† "Mr Methuen was famous in private theatricals; it is presumed that he also belonged to the four-in-hand club."

N, was big NUGENT, who " Portugal" writ!!!
O, was an OSSULSTON, small as his wit;
P, was poor PRESTON, stark mad about oats;
Q, was a QUIN, who with neither side votes;
R, was dark ROMILLY's hypocrite look;
S, was a SEFTON,—Lord, coachman and cook;
T, was TOM THOMPSON, a tinker from *Hool*;
V, was a VERNON an * *asphaltic* fool;
W, was a WARRE, 'wixt a wasp and a worm;
But X, Y, and Zed, are not found in this form,
Unless MOORE, MARTIN and CREEVY be said,
(As the *last* of mankind) to be X, Y and Zed.

Our extracts have swelled to such an extent, that we are almost ashamed to add any thing more to them; but our readers will be delighted with the last of our trespasses. The volume concludes with a very ingenious " account of a parliamentary debate," the wit of which lies in shewing what strange results might be produced among men, could the cranioscopial system be fully reduced to the certainty of a science, and did the constitution of our corporeal fabrics permit of our making little exchanges among ourselves of different parts of our respective skulls. Among others, the author supposes that Mr Henry Brougham, and the late excellent Mr Horner, had undergone an operation by which their respective *organizations* had changed places. We have a sincere pleasure in observing, that in spite of all his levity, this WIT even when *a cheval, et en pleine galoppe,* retains sufficient use of his judgment to make him pay due honour even to his adversaries. The character of Mr Horner did not admit of being sported with. There was that about him which made friends and opponents alike rejoice in the contemplation of his worth. The modesty and calmness of his manner sat so gracefully upon the clear and commanding power of his mind, and the gentleness of his humane heart was so conspicuous even in the most purely intellectual of his exertions, that it was no wonder he lived without a foe, and died without a slander.

" I was much surprised to see that the next two Gentlemen who presented themselves both came from the same side of the House; but when I recognised Mr HORNER and BROUGHAM, I felt that the arrangement was quite proper; as no two persons could be more opposed to one another in manners, character, and principles, than they, and that an union between them would be absolutely necessary to the establishing a general harmony.

" The operation had scarcely been finished on these Gentlemen, when Mr HORNER started up in the most impudent manner, and began a *lengthy*, violent, and coarse attack upon all mankind, from the Prince Regent down to Mr Abbot a brewer of Canterbury. He called every body by the grossest names, and when Mr PONSONBY rose to endeavour, as it seemed, to moderate his fury, he lent him such a box on the ear, as knocked the silver spectacles which he wore on his forehead into Mr PETER GRANT'S right eye, and nearly prostrated the reverend leader himself on the floor—but what most surprised me was, the diarrhœa or flux which now flowed from Mr HORNER'S lips, and the eternal repetitions of the same thought in all the various words and forms which the vocabulary of the vulgar tongue could supply; indeed there seemed no reason why he might not have gone on, stringing words, like beads, on one thread, for the whole night long; but a look of general despair, and a loud cry of question, confounded him, and obliged him to sit down; upon which I observed that Lord MILTON and Mr CHARLES WYNNE, between whom Mr HORNER had been before sitting, changed their places, and Sir FRANCIS BURDETT and Lord COCHRANE went up and shook hands with him.

" Mr BROUGHAM, on the contrary, had acquired, by the change, a sedate, solemn, and gentlemanly manner; he did not speak long, but he spoke well; he expressed a proper indignation against Jacobins, a manly contempt of Mountebanks, and the greatest abhorrence of bluster, quibble, evasion, and pettifogging; he picked up Mr PONSONBY'S spectacles, and presented them to him with a compassionate smile; he endeavoured to give a kind turn to the absurdities which Mr HORNER had uttered, and took his seat near Mr WILLIAM ELLIOT, with whom he continued in close and friendly conversation for the rest of the evening."

* One of Mr V——'s was laughed at for a metaphor about the fruits of the Asphaltic Lake.

SONNET.

On seeing a Spark fall from Mr Hogg's *Pipe.*

Hush'd were the scenes around;—a slumbrous dream
Reign'd like the stillness of an autumn day;—
Each man had yielded to the tranquil sway
Of silent thought;—when, with a yellow gleam
Like that of an October morn, a stream
Of living fire, with supernatural ray,
Flow'd from the Shepherd's Pipe—one spark did seem
A wandering comet, ere it died away.
And, like that spark, my feeble morbid spirit
Lingers upon oblivion's dusky shore;—
But thou, my friend, by nature didst inherit
The robe that Shakspeare, Burns, and Spenser wore!—
Learn to write Sonnets, Hogg, and thou shalt merit
Applause, with deathless Petrarch evermore!

April 1, 1819. R. P. Gillies.

SONNET.

To the beautiful Miss Lucy Forman.

On seeing her shaking Canaster from one Bag into another.

Albeit no narrowness lie in my creed,
But zeal impartial in all pleasures slaking
Its thirst, which men draw from the Pœtian weed,
As phantasy by mouth or nose may lead,
Of smoking and of chewing and snuff-taking;
And albeit to my nostril doth proceed
No perfume from these bags which thou art shaking,
Such as might shock my nerve or horror breed
Repulsive; yet, oh yet my soul doth bleed,
When I behold thee thus: my heart is aching.
Fingers like these, sweet maid, o'er that fair mead
Of Enna strayed, a virgin garland-making,
When seized with swarthy coil and burning kiss,
As thee, Tobacco, Ceres' daughter Dis.

April 2, 1819. William Wastle.

POEMS BY A MILITARY AMATEUR.*

It would be mere affectation in us to pretend to entertain any doubts with regard to the author of the present volume. It bears the marks of his genius too strongly, and is too full of his characteristic beauties and defects, to allow us for a moment to hesitate in attributing it to the pen of the same distinguished writer, whose productions have so mainly contributed to the celebrity of this Miscellany. Before we had read two pages, indeed, we were quite satisfied of the fact, and could have exclaimed with as much certainty as Erasmus—"Aut Dohertiades aut Diabolus." For Mr Odoherty to maintain an incognito under any circumstances, is indeed no easy task. His style is so peculiarly his own—so widely different from that of any of the other great poets of the day, that we can scarcely fail to recognize him under any disguise. There is nothing in truth more admirable in his character as an author, than his complete originality. His genius is too prolific, and the stores of his own fine imagination are too copious to lay him under the necessity of either borrowing from his contemporaries, or of imitating the great poets of antiquity. When Mr Odoherty sings of war he has not the slightest resemblance to Homer; though he scatters his ordure with full as much grace as Virgil, yet his manner of doing so is very different from that of the stately Mantuan; and though his subjects frequently bear a strong analogy to those celebrated by Mr Wordsworth, yet the most sharp-eyed critic would perhaps be puzzled to discover any similitude in their productions.

The views of external nature which he delights to take, display strong marks of an original and powerful mind. He chiefly deals in that homely yet true philosophy which has less regard to causes than effects; and he betrays much more disposition to view things as they really are, than as they seem to be. His vision, it is true, does not extend very far, but then it is clear and distinct. He neither views nature through a microscope nor a quizzing-glass, but examines her with a good pair of gray eyes, which he finds to answer the purpose much better. Thus, in the mind of Mr Wordsworth, and probably in that of every other poet now extant, the sight of sheep browsing on the mountains—of lambkins sporting by the side of their dams—and the sound of the shepherd's pipe, would excite only ideas of innocence and beauty. The images, on the other hand, which such a prospect would suggest to Mr Odoherty, are those of flannel jackets and roast mutton. In his imagination the spectacle of the lordly ox is uniformly linked with the associations of a spit and of a smoke jack. Let him behold the horse with "his neck clothed in thunder," pawing the ground in his beauty and his pride, and he will think only on his price at Tattersalls, or what sort of figure he would cut in a buggy.

Another great charm of the poetry of Mr Odoherty is the utter absence of all affectation. We are delighted with the insight which he affords us to his own character, and charmed with the conviction which he forces upon us—that

"He is himself the great sublime he draws."

He is not indeed what Mr Hogg elegantly terms Mr Carnegie—

"The bard of tender tears and gentle sighs;"

for no man deals less in such ware than the standard-bearer. His aversion to all *sentiment* is quite as strong as that of Sir Peter Teazle, and he always scorns to appear any thing better than he really is. Thus while Lord Byron is continually guilty of the vile affectation of thrusting himself on the public under the masquerade character of Childe Harold, he takes an honest pride in never suffering his readers to forget that he is merely plain Morgan Odoherty, late ensign and adjutant of the 99th, or King's own Tipperary Regiment. When he issues from the press, he never takes the trouble of providing himself with a bag-wig and a gold-headed cane. He comes before us in complete dishabille, and we feel the same pleasure in beholding him that we should experience in contemplating the

* The Feast of Bellona, and other Poems, by a Military Amateur.—London, Bullock and Badcock, 8vo. pp. 223. 1819.

Prince Regent without his Brutus, or Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington in his gown and slippers, with his nose in eclipse from the soapy fingers of a barber. This it is which lends a charm to his poetry, and snatches for it "a grace beyond the reach of art." On this pedestal has he built his fame, and on this it will securely rest, when the loftier erections of more aspiring bards shall have crumbled into dust.

We are inclined to think, however, that the present volume will add but little to Mr Odoherty's fame as an author. Of the longer poem in the collection, entitled "The Feast of Bellona," it would be difficult to say much in commendation. It is a sort of rambling-scrambling work, a sort of puffing of generals and of regiments, which owes at least as much to the Gazette extraordinary as to the fancy of the poet. That our army have always fought well, we have not the smallest doubt; and they have uniformly afforded us the least questionable proof of it, in beating the enemy. But it is really too much to make us march through the army-list, and read elaborate encomiums on every regiment, from the Royals to the Rifle Brigade. There is no man who can regard the triumphs of his country with a more partial and admiring eye than we ourselves. But we are not disposed to enter into the details of every battle, and feel so completely satisfied with the general result, as to think it matter of the merest moonshine by what portions of the army it was achieved. We therefore entertain a most perfect indifference whether the forty-second regiment fought on this hill or t'other valley; whether Captain M'Kirdy's brigade of artillery got up in time for action, or were left sticking in the mud; and care not one pin whether a certain regiment of heavy dragoons were ordered to charge the enemy, or remain with the baggage. To read all this interesting information in prose, were quite bad enough in all conscience; but to have it thrust upon us in verse, is utterly intolerable. We do not hesitate, therefore, to condemn Mr Odoherty as guilty of extreme bad taste, in lavishing his poetical talents on a subject so utterly unworthy of them. In fact, when we read in the "Feast of Bellona" long eulogiums on "the ever-glorious fifty-seventh," and the "never-to-be-forgotten triumphs of the hundred-and-third," we cannot help confessing this to be more in the style of puffing adopted by crimps and recruiting officers, than might have been expected from one of the first poets of the nineteenth century. Faulty, however, as this poem is, both in its conception and its execution, it cannot be denied, that it contains many spirited and powerful passages. The rays of the author's genius are continually breaking through the dim and cloudy atmosphere in which he has thought proper to involve it. We may, indeed, with confidence assert, even when his power is least conspicuous, that he has only failed where it was impossible to succeed. But the merits of detached portions, great as they may be, cannot redeem the poem. Its doom, we fear, is irrevocably sealed, and we must regret, that this poetical Phæton, instead of attempting to guide the chariot of the sun, should have thought proper to get himself bogged in a dung-cart; or that he who, like feathered Mercury, might have winged his way through realms of air and light, should have wilfully dirtied his pumps and flesh-coloured silk stockings, by wading through every pool and puddle in the parish.

Having said thus much, and we could not in conscience say less, we shall proceed to lay before our readers a few extracts from the volume. The most interesting, we think, will be found in that portion of it relating to the eighty-eighth regiment, who have rendered themselves so acceptable to the inhabitants of this metropolis, by their conciliating manners and peaceable demeanour. It commences with the following fine poetry:—

CXIX.

Bless thee, Green Connaught! nurse of noble men,
Well mayest thou gaze with pride upon thy sons
Who leave thee as the lion leaves his den,
But to go forth and conquer! Well the Dons,
The Crapoes better still, remember when
At Badajos, amid the roaring guns,
And blood and death, to dastard fears all strangers,
They taught the foe to shrink before the Connaught Rangers.

CXX.

Oh lesson oft repeated! bravely taught
In many a siege and many a crimsoned field,

Lesson, at length by sad experience bought,
The hardest, harshest lesson—how to yield.
Such, such, oh France, &c. &c.

* * * * *

He then proceeds in the following lighter, though still elevated strain.

CXXI.

How towered your daring souls, when on the *breach*
The frog devouring Frenchman's *breech* ye trod!
Loud was the cry of war, and loud the screech
Of dying men amid that scene of blood,
That called for mercy. Well ye knew to teach
The foe to shew some bowels. Mid the flood
That drenched the walls, it seemed as if the men,
Who were but rogues before, were *bloody* rascals then.

CXXII.

Thousands slept there in death. The rising sun
Shone brightly on the pale and livid face
Of friend and foe, but now their day was done,
And their eyes saw him not. Oh could the race
Of resurrection men behold such fun,
Or dwelt our Pattisons in such a place,
They might dissect their fill without reproach,
Nor steal, nor get dead bodies by the coach.

CXXIII.

'Twere sweet to sing of triumphs! Sweet to tell
How oft their laurels from the foe they tore;
And at the fights of Orthes and Nivelle,
Toulouse, Vittoria, and Fuentes d'Honore,
Not amid airs from heaven, but blasts from hell,
They rushed upon their prey. The trophied shore
Bears monuments of glory. Glory not
Forgotten, no, nor yet to be forgot,

CXXIV.

While England's pride remains; or Connaught's bards
To the wild bagpipe's shrilling notes shall sing
The triumphs of her sons. The sweet regards
Of female beauty, all her smiles can bring,
When with a blush she from her waist discards
The circling zone, and prudery takes wing
And leaves but love behind. Such sons of Mars,
Such the sweet recompence of all your scars.

CXXV.

Rest, brave Hibernians, in the circling arms
Of youthful love and blooming beauty, rest,
Safe from the dangers and the dire alarms
Of trumpet-sounding war. Love gives a zest
To every toil. * * *

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Our next extract will, we think, afford still greater pleasure to our readers, though its poetical merits are perhaps of a less lofty character. It is, in fact, a most graphic and accurate description of the habits and enjoyments of half-pay officers—such as generally frequent Prince's Street in the forenoon, and Ben Waters' in the evening. It is no slight praise to assert, that the following stanzas are such as Wastle need not have blushed to own, nor the author of Beppo to have written.

CLXVI.

Ye brave unfortunates, whom harsher stars
Have doomed to pine upon the half-pay list,
Returning hoary-headed from the wars,
To starve on chaff, while others get the grist,
Wounds all your wealth, and all your badges scars!
By you no maiden presses to be kist,
For you no beauty smiles, no eye looks gay,
For why? because ye are upon *half*-pay.

CLXVII.

Oh peace be with you, whether ye be found
In the Lawnmarket, up nine pair of stairs,
Or blooming in a cellar under ground,
Where shirtless embryo Doctors sleep in pairs,
Then run to hear Monro. Alas! the sound
Of five o'clock to you no image bears,
Of a hot dinner smoking on the board,
Good broth and mutton that might feast a lord.

CLXVIII.

How often in your anguish do ye cry
To your starved bowels, "peace my clamorous friends."
How oft, in passing Davidson's, ye sigh,
As the hot mutton pie its odour sends
To your sharp nostrils. * * *

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* * * *
* * * *

These stanzas, and several others which follow them, but which we have not room to quote, are, we think, executed with great spirit. Those addressed to Sir Gregor M'Gregor, commencing,

Had I a throat of brass, a Stentor's tongue,
Then valiant Celt great scion of M'Gregor,
Thy glories had not thus remained unsung;
But every lip like mine, from prince to beggar,
Had lisped thy praises. Oh, if yet unhung
By grim Morillo, &c. &c.

appear to us extremely fine, and we would strongly recommend them to the perusal of the reader. Although the complexion of the poem is in general laudatory, yet Mr Odoherty thinks proper, occasionally, to indulge himself (with what justice we know not) in severe observations on several distinguished characters. Marshal Beresford, for instance, seems to afford him a fair opening for the exercise of his vituperative powers, and we are accordingly favoured with three whole pages of abuse of the Lusitanian chieftain. Who the person alluded to, in the stanzas commencing,

"Both saint and sinner, soldier and divine,
Knight, preacher, methodist," &c.

may be, we pretend not to know.—In fact, the character appears to us too absurd to be real, and we therefore conceive it to have been much indebted to the imagination of the poet. More especially when he goes on to inform us, that,

To prayer and punch, to godliness and wine,
Fervent by turns he does his soul devote.

And also, that he

Invents fresh fables of his last campaign,
Then turns to study holy writ again.

We cannot possibly bring ourselves to admit the existence of so ridiculous a personage. Be this, however, as it may, we now dismiss the poem with a reiteration of our former sentence of condemnation, and the expression of our sincere hopes, that he who is so well qualified to shine in the very highest walks of poetry, will select in future, for the exercise of his powers, only such subjects as are worthy of himself and his genius.

After all, we are intimately persuaded, that it is chiefly on his smaller pieces that the fame of Odoherty must ultimately depend. Those contained in the present volume, are distinguished by the same naiveté and vividness of colouring, the same embodying as it were of his own person and feelings, in the very tissue of his verse which we have already pointed out to the admiration of our readers. He is, in fact, the Teniers of poetry, and though, like that great artist, he has been surpassed by many, in grace, majesty, and elegance of design, yet none can be more true to nature, nor pourtray with greater fidelity, those feelings, characters, and incidents, which he thinks proper to represent. His convivial songs breathe the very soul of conviviality, and inspire even his readers with feelings of mirth and jollity. On perusing the following extempore, we can scarcely forbear imagining ourselves transported to a tap-room, and listening to the honied accents of the facetious Ensign.

Extempore, on the Intrusive Preaching of a Parson at a Convivial Meeting in a celebrated Oyster-house.

I.

Cease your vile methodistical jabber,
We're sick of your prosing morality;
You either must stop up your gab, or
Adieu to all conviviality.
For that is a sensitive plant,
Whose blossoms encircle the bowl;
But, which shrinks from the touch and the cant
Of a vile puritanical soul.
Then, tear away, swear away,
Lacrimæ roarem,
Joke away, smoke away,
Tipple the jorum.

II.

Our gin is right Amsterdam twist,
Our tobacco the real canaster;
Say, then, does not reason insist
We should smoke it and drink it the faster?
The Parson our lives may rebuke at,
Do we care for his preaching? No, no!
For tho' we are rum ones to look at,
We'll prove ourselves rare ones to go.
Then, teach away, preach away,
Lacrimæ roarem,
We'll joke away, smoke away,
Tipple the jorum.

III.

To-night's Mrs Muggerland's rout,
You know I detest all such rank hums;
Does she think, for her scurvy blow out,
I'd be troubled to put on my trancums.
They may squall like a pig in the gripes,
To some rumbling piano or organ;
But give me tobacco and swipes,
Och! its them that gives pleasure to Morgan,
Then, squall away, bawl away,
Lacrimæ roarem,
We'll joke away, smoke away,
Tipple the jorum.

IV.

I can't sup as your Dandies can do,
On a little blancmange or some jelly:
No! commend me to old Mother Dow,
Where I get the free run of my belly.
Where I can be merry and boisterous,
And, with ale, gin, and oysters be crammed;
Oh! the man that enjoys not an oyster-house,
Let him—sneak home and be ——!
Then, score away, roar away,
Lacrimæ roarem,
Smoke away, joke away,
Tipple the jorum.

There are likewise some stanzas addressed by the late Mrs Odoherty to her husband, commencing,

"I have left Philadelphy, dear Morgan, for thee,
But wherever thou art's Philadelphy to me,"

which appear to us extraordinarily beautiful. We even venture to assert, that a more natural and affecting appeal to parental feelings, than that contained in the following extract, will, with difficulty, be found in the whole circle of English poetry. Talking of his abrupt departure from America, and the abstraction of her money, she thus elegantly observes:

"By St Patrick you gave me a cruel squabash,
When you sneaked on board ship with my goods and my cash;
I remember the day, and I ever shall mourn it, sure,
For it forced me, by auction, to sell all my furniture.
And didst thou then think to revisit me never?
Thine own wedded wife to forsake her for ever;
Like tobacco to chew her, then from thee to squirt her,
Ah! what treatment was this for poor Mrs M'Whirter!
Look, look at thy son, he is now at the nipple,
Ah! how soon he has learned, like his father, to tipple!
How the little rogue sucks, his lips could not be moister well,
Sure he buds in my arms like a pearl in an oyster-shell.

This, it must be confessed, is high poetry, and we own we little envy that man's feelings, who can read it without emotion. Mr Odoherty's monody on the death of his wife, at page 173, likewise affords a fine proof of his powers in the pathetic. Composed of stern stuff, and "men of iron mould" though we be, yet we are not ashamed to confess, that the perusal of it made us blubber like school-boys. We are the more anxious to recommend it to the attention of our readers, as we have not previously done justice to his powers in this department of poetry, and by no means anticipated for him so triumphant a success. Unlike the rest of Mr Odoherty's productions, it is less calculated for the tap-room than the bondoir, less for the oyster-house than the library. His epistle to Dr Scott the dentist, is, as might be anticipated from the facetious character of that distinguished friend to mastication, of an humourous and slight description, and pregnant with indications of the same warm heart and jovial disposition, which had already secured to him the firm and devoted attachment of the worthy Doctor. Unfortunately, like some teeth the Doctor has probably encountered, it is rather too long for extraction. We think the "Ode to a Glasgow Bailie" would afford much pleasure to our readers, and we only forbear extracting it, from the dread of giving offence to the very thin skinned and sensitive population of that refined city.

On the whole, we close the present volume with very high feelings of respect and admiration for the genius of its author. We are quite sure he has too much good sense to be offended at the censures which we have perhaps with too much temerity, ventured to promulge. He has already gone forth like a giant, conquering and to conquer, and we trust, he will still pursue the same high career he has so happily begun. He need entertain no fears of success, and we doubt not we shall soon have it in our power to say of him, as of the great hero of antiquity,

INVIDIAM GLORIA SUPERAVIT.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

(Continued from p. 75.)

"That night a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand."

On reaching home, I found our women folk sitting in woful plight. It is well known how wonderfully acute they generally are, either at raising up imaginary evils, or magnifying those that exist; and our's had made out a theory so fraught with misery and distress, that the poor things were quite overwhelmed with grief. "There were none of us ever to see the house again *in life*. There was no possibility of the thing happening, all circum-

stances considered. There was not a sheep in the country to be saved, nor a single shepherd left alive—nothing but *women!* and there they were left, three poor helpless creatures, and the men lying dead out among the snow, and none to bring them home. Lord help them, what was to become of them!" They perfectly agreed in all this; there was no dissenting voice; and their prospects still continuing to darken with the fall of night, they had no other resource left them, long before my arrival, but to lift up their voices and weep. The group consisted of a young lady, our master's niece, and two servant girls, all of the same age, and beautiful as three spring days, every one of which are mild and sweet, but differ only a little in brightness. No sooner had I entered, than every tongue and every hand was put in motion, the former to pour forth queries faster than six tongues of men could answer them with any degree of precision, and the latter to rid me of the incumbrances of snow and ice with which I was loaded. One slit up the sewing of my frozen plaid, another brushed the icicles from my locks, and a third unloosed my clotted snow boots; we all arrived within a few minutes of each other, and all shared the same kind offices, and heard the same kind inquiries, and long string of perplexities narrated; even our dogs shared of their caresses and ready assistance in ridding them of the frozen snow, and the dear consistent creatures were six times happier than if no storm or danger had existed. Let no one suppose that, even amid toils and perils, the shepherd's life is destitute of enjoyment.

Borthwick had found his way home without losing his aim in the least. I had deviated but little, save that I lost the river, and remained a short time in the country of the fairies; but the other two had a hard struggle for life. They went off, as I said formerly, in search of seventeen scores of my flock that had been left in a place not far from the house, but being unable to find one of them, in searching for these they lost themselves, while it was yet early in the afternoon. They supposed that they had gone by the house very near to it, for they had toiled till dark among deep snow in the burn below; and if *John Burnet, a neighbouring shepherd, had not* heard them calling, and found and conducted them home, it would have stood hard with them indeed, for none of us would have looked for them in that direction. They were both very much exhausted, and the goodman could not speak above his breath that night.

Next morning the sky was clear, but a cold intemperate wind still blew from the north. The face of the country was entirely altered. The form of every hill was changed, and new mountains leaned over every valley. All traces of burns, rivers, and lakes, were obliterated, for the frost had been commensurate with the storm, and such as had never been witnessed in Scotland. Some registers that I have seen, place this storm on the 24th of December, a month too early, but that day was one of the finest winter days I ever saw.

There having been 340 of my flock that had never been found at all during the preceding day, as soon as the morning dawned we set all out to look after them. It was a hideous looking scene—no one could cast his eyes around him and entertain any conception of sheep being saved. It was one picture of desolation. There is a deep glen lies between Blackhouse and Dryhope, called the Hawkshaw Cleuch, which is full of trees. There was not the top of one of them to be seen. This may convey some idea how the country looked; and no one can suspect that I would state circumstances otherwise than they were, when there is so many living that could confute me.

When we came to the ground where these sheep should have been, there was not one of them above the snow. Here and there, at a great distance from each other, we could perceive the head or horns of stragglers appearing, and these were easily got out; but when we had collected these few, we could find no more. They had been lying all abroad in a scattered state when the storm came on, and were covered over just as they had been lying. It was on a kind of slanting ground, that lay half beneath the wind, and the snow was uniformly from six to eight feet deep. Under this the hogs were lying scattered over at least 100 acres of heathery ground. It was a very ill looking concern. We went about boring with our long poles, and often did not find one hog in a quarter of an hour. But at length a white shaggy

colley, named Sparkie, that belonged to the cow-herd boy, seemed to have comprehended something of our perplexity, for we observed him plying and scraping in the snow with great violence and always looking over his shoulder to us. On going to the spot, we found that he had marked straight above a sheep. From that he flew to another, and so on to another, as fast as we could dig them out, and ten times faster, for he sometimes had twenty or thirty holes marked before hand.

We got out three hundred of that division before night, and about half as many on the other parts of the farm, in addition to those we had rescued the day before; and the greater part of these would have been lost had it not been for the voluntary exertions of Sparkie. Before the snow went away (which lay only eight days) we had got every sheep on the farm out, either dead or alive, except four; and that these were not found was not Sparkie's blame, for though they were buried below a mountain of snow at least fifty feet deep, he had again and again marked on the top of it above them. The sheep were all living when we found them, but those that were buried in the snow to a certain depth, being I suppose in a warm, half suffocated state, though on being taken out they bounded away like roes, yet the sudden change of atmosphere instantly paralized them, and they fell down deprived of all power in their limbs. We had great numbers of these to carry home and feed with the hand, but others that very were deep buried, died outright in a few minutes. We did not however lose above sixty in all, but I am certain Sparkie saved us at least two hundred.

We were for several days utterly ignorant how affairs stood with the country around us, all communication between farms being cut off, at least all communication with such a wild place as that in which I lived; but John Burnet, a neighbouring shepherd on another farm, was remarkably good at picking up the rumours that were afloat in the country, which he delighted to circulate without abatement. Many people tell their stories by halves, and in a manner so cold and indifferent, that the purport can scarcely be discerned, and if it is, cannot be believed; but that was not the case with John; he gave them with *interest*, and we were very much indebted to him for the intelligence that we daily received that week; for no sooner was the first brunt of the tempest got over, than John made a point of going off at a tangent every day, to learn and bring us word what was going on. The accounts were most dismal; the country was a charnel-house. The first day he brought us tidings of the loss of thousands of sheep, and likewise of the death of Robert Armstrong, a neighbour shepherd, one whom we all well knew, he having but lately left the Blackhouse to herd on another farm. He died not above three hundred paces from a farm-house, while at the same time it was known to them all that he was there. His companion left him at a dike-side, and went in to procure assistance; yet, nigh as it was, they could not reach him, though they attempted it again and again; and at length they were obliged to return, and suffer him to perish at the side of the dike. There were three of my own intimate acquaintances perished that night. There was another shepherd named Watt, the circumstances of whose death were peculiarly affecting. He had been to see his sweetheart on the night before, with whom he had finally agreed and settled every thing about their marriage; but it so happened, in the inscrutable awards of Providence, that at the very time when the banns of his marriage were proclaimed in the church of Moffat, his companions were carrying him home a corpse from the hill.

It may not be amiss here to remark, that it was a received opinion all over the country, that sundry lives were lost, and a great many more endangered, by the administering of ardent spirits to the sufferers while in a state of exhaustion. It was a practice against which I entered my vehement protest, nevertheless the voice of the multitude should never be disregarded. A little bread and sweet milk, or even a little bread and cold water, it was said, proved a much safer restorative in the fields. There is no denying, that there were some who took a glass of spirits that night that never spoke another word, even though they were continuing to walk and converse when their friends found them.

On the other hand, there was one wo-

man who left her children, and followed her husband's dog, who brought her to his master lying in a state of insensibility. He had fallen down bareheaded among the snow, and was all covered over, save one corner of his plaid. She had nothing better to take with her, when she set out, than a bottle of sweet milk and a little oatmeal cake, and yet, with the help of these, she so far recruited his spirits as to get him safe home, though not without long and active perseverance. She took two little vials with her, and in these she heated the milk in her bosom. That man would not be disposed to laugh at the silliness of the fair sex for some time.

It is perfectly unaccountable how easily people died that night. The frost must certainly have been prodigious; so intense as to have seized momentarily on the vitals of those that overheated themselves by wading and toiling too impatiently among the snow, a thing that is very aptly done. I have conversed with five or six that were carried home in a state of insensibility that night, who never would again have moved from the spot where they lay, and were only brought to life by rubbing and warm applications; and they uniformly declared, that they felt no kind of pain or debility, farther than an irresistable desire to sleep. Many fell down while walking and speaking, in a sleep so sound as to resemble torpidity; and there is little doubt that those who perished slept away in the same manner. I knew a man well, whose name was Andrew Murray, that perished in the snow on Minchmoor; and he had taken it so deliberately, that he had buttoned his coat and folded his plaid, which he had laid beneath his head for a bolster.

But it is now time to return to my notable literary society. In spite of the hideous appearances that presented themselves, the fellows actually met, all save myself, in that solitary shieling before mentioned. It is easy to conceive how they were confounded and taken by surprise, when the storm burst forth on them in the middle of the night, while they were in the heat of sublime disputation. There can be little doubt that there was part of loss sustained in their respective flocks, by reason of that meeting; but this was nothing, compared with the obloquy to which they were subjected on another account, and one which will scarcely be believed, even though the most part of the members be yet alive to bear testimony to it.

The storm was altogether an unusual convulsion of nature. Nothing like it had ever been seen or heard of among us before; and it was enough of itself to arouse every spark of superstition that lingered among these mountains. It did so. It was universally viewed as a judgment sent by God for the punishment of some heinous offence, but what that offence was, could not for a while be ascertained; but when it came out, that so many men had been assembled in a lone unfrequented place, and busily engaged in some mysterious work at the very instant that the blast came on, no doubts were entertained that all had not been right there, and that some horrible rite, or correspondence with the powers of darkness, had been going on. It so happened, too, that this shieling of Entertrony was situated in the very vortex of the storm; the devastations made by it extended all around that to a certain extent, and no farther on any one quarter than another. This was easily and soon remarked; and, upon the whole, the first view of the matter had rather an equivocal appearance to those around who had suffered so severely by it.

But still as the rumour grew, the certainty of the event gained ground —new corroborative circumstances were every day divulged, till the whole district was in an uproar, and several of the members began to meditate a speedy retreat from the country; some of them, I know, would have fled, if it had not been for the advice of the late worthy and judicious Mr Bryden of Crosslee. The first intimation that I had of it was from my friend John Burnet, who gave it me with his accustomed energy and full assurance. He came over one evening, and I saw by his face he had some great news. I think I remember, as I well may, every word that past between us on the subject.

"Weel chap," said he to me, "we hae fund out what has been the cause of a' this mischief now."

"What do you mean, John?"

"What do I mean?—It seems that a great squad o' birkies that ye are conneckit wi', had met that night

at the herd's house o' Everphaup, an' had raised the deil amang them."

Every countenance in the kitchen changed; the women gazed at John, and then at me, and their lips grew white. These kind of feelings are infectious, people may say what they will; fear begets fear as naturally as light springs from reflection. I reasoned stoutly at first against the veracity of the report, observing that it was utter absurdity, and a shame and disgrace for the country to cherish such a ridiculous lie.

"Lie!" said John, "It's nae lie; they had him up amang them like a great rough dog at the very time that the tempest began, and were glad to draw cuts, and gie him ane o' their number to get quit o' him again." Lord, how every hair of my head, and inch of my frame crept at hearing this sentence; for I had a dearly loved brother who was of the number, several full cousins and intimate acquaintances; indeed, I looked upon the whole fraternity as my brethren, and considered myself involved in all their transactions. I could say no more in defence of the society's proceedings; for, to tell the truth, though I am ashamed to acknowledge it, I suspected that the allegation might be too true.

"Has the deil actually ta'en awa ane o' them bodily?" said Jean. "He has that," returned John, "an' it's thought the skaith wadna hae been grit, had he ta'en twa or three mae o' them. Base villains! that the hale country should hae to suffer for their pranks! But, however, the law's to tak its course on them, an' they'll find, ere a' the play be played, that he has need of a lang spoon that sups wi' the deil."

The next day John brought us word, that it was *only* the servant maid that the *ill thief* had ta'en away; and the next again, that it was actually Bryden of Glenkerry; but, finally, he was obliged to inform us, "That a' was exactly true, as it was first tauld, but only that Jamie Bryden, after being a-wanting for some days, had casten up again."

There has been nothing since that time that has caused such a ferment in the country—nought else could be talked of; and grievous was the blame attached to those who had the temerity to raise up the devil to waste the land. If the effects produced by the Chaldee Manuscript had not been fresh in the minds of the present generation, they could have no right conception of the rancour that prevailed against these few individuals; but the two scenes greatly resembled each other, for in that case, as well as the latter one, legal proceedings, it is said, were meditated, and attempted; but lucky it was for the shepherds that they agreed to no reference, for such were the feelings of the country, and the opprobrium in which the act was held, that it is likely it would have fared very ill with them;—at all events, it would have required an arbiter of some decision and uprightness to have dared to oppose them. Two men were sent to come to the house as by chance, and endeavour to learn from the shepherd, and particularly from the servant-maid, what grounds there were for inflicting legal punishments; but before that happened I had the good luck to hear her examined myself, and that in a way by which all suspicions were put to rest, and simplicity and truth left to war with superstition alone. I deemed it very curious at the time, and shall give it verbatim, as nearly as I can recollect.

Being all impatience to learn particulars, as soon as the waters abated, so as to become fordable, I hasted over to Ettrick, and the day being fine, I found numbers of people astir on the same errand with myself,—the valley was moving with people, gathered in from the glens around, to hear and relate the dangers and difficulties that were just overpast. Among others, the identical girl who served with the shepherd in whose house the scene of the meeting took place, had come down to Ettrick school-house to see her parents. Her name was Mary Beattie, a beautiful sprightly lass, about twenty years of age; and if the devil had taken her in preference to any one of the shepherds, his good taste could scarcely have been disputed. The first person I met was my friend, the late Mr James Anderson, who was as anxious to hear what had passed at the meeting as I was, so we two contrived a scheme whereby we thought we would hear every thing from the girl's own mouth.

We sent word to the school-house for Mary, to call at my father's house on her return up the water, as there

was a parcel to go to Phawhope. She came accordingly, and when we saw her approaching, we went into a little sleeping apartment, where we could hear every thing that passed, leaving directions with my mother how to manage the affair. My mother herself was in perfect horrors about the business, and believed it all; as for my father, he did not say much either the one way or the other, but bit his lip, and remarked, that "fo'k would find it was an ill thing to hae to do wi' *the enemy*."

My mother would have managed extremely well, had her own early prejudices in favour of the doctrine of all kinds of apparitions not got the better of her. She was very kind to the girl, and talked with her about the storm, and the events that had occurred, till she brought the subject of the meeting forward herself, on which the following dialogue commenced:—

"But dear Mary, my woman, what were the chiels a' met about that night?"

"O, they were just gaun through their papers an' arguing."

"Arguing! what were they arguing about?"

"I have often thought about it sin' syne, but really I canna tell precisely what they were arguing about."

"Were you wi' them a' the time?"

"Yes, a' the time, but the wee while I was milkin' the cow."

"An' did they never bid ye gang out?"

"Oo no; they never heedit whether I gaed out or in."

"It's queer that ye canna mind ought ava;—can ye no tell me ae word that ye heard them say?"

"I heard them sayin' something about the fitness o' things."

"Aye, that was a braw subject for them! But, Mary, did ye no hear them sayin nae ill words?"

"No."

"Did ye no hear them speaking naething about the deil?"

"Very little."

"What were they saying about *him*?"

"I thought I ainee heard Jamie Fletcher saying there was nae deil ava."

"Ah! the unwordy rascal! How durst he for the life o' him! I wonder he didna think shame."

"I fear aye he's something regardless, Jamie."

"I hope nane that belangs to me will ever join him in sic wickedness! But tell me, Mary, my woman, did ye no see nor hear naething uncanny about the house yoursel' that night?"

"There was something like a plover cried twice i' the peat-neuk, in at the side o' Will's bed.

"A plover! His presence be about us! There was never a plover at this time o' the year. And in the house too! Ah, Mary, I'm feared and concerned about that night's wark! What thought ye it was that cried?"

"I didna ken what it was, it cried just like a plover."

"Did the callans look as they war fear'd when they heard it?"

"They lookit gay an' queer."

"What did they say?"

"Ane cried, 'What is that?' an' another said, 'What can it mean.' 'Hout,' quo Jamie Fletcher, 'it's just some bit stray bird that has lost itsel.' 'I dinna ken,' quo your Will, 'I dinna like it unco weel.'

"Think ye, did nane o' the rest see any thing?"

"I believe there was something seen.

"What was't?" (in a half whisper with manifest alarm.)

"When Will gaed out to try if he could gang to the sheep, he met wi' a great big rough dog, that had very near worn him into a lin in the water."

My mother was now deeply affected, and after two or three smothered exclamations, she fell a whispering; the other followed her example, and shortly after they rose and went out, leaving my friend and me very little wiser than we were, for we had heard both these incidents before with little variation. I accompanied Mary to Phawhope, and met with my brother, who soon convinced me of the falsehood and absurdity of the whole report; but I was grieved to find him so much cast down and distressed about it. None of them durst well shew their faces at either kirk or market for a whole year, and more. The weather continuing fine, we two went together and perambulated Eskdale moor, visiting the principal scenes of carnage among the flocks, where we saw multitudes of

men skinning and burying whole droves of sheep, taking with them only the skins and tallow.

I shall now conclude this long account of the storm, and its consequences, by an extract from a poet for whose works I always feel disposed to have a great partiality; and who ever reads the above will not doubt on what incident the description is founded, nor yet deem it greatly overcharged.

* * * * * *

"Who was it reared these whelming waves?
Who scalp'd the brows of old Cairn Gorm,
And scoop'd these ever-yawning caves?
'Twas I, the Spirit of the Storm!"

He waved his sceptre north away,
The arctic ring was rift asunder;
And through the heaven the startling bray
Burst louder than the loudest thunder.

The feathery clouds, condensed and furled,
In columns swept the quaking glen;
Destruction down the dale was hurled,
O'er bleating flocks and wondering men.

The Grampians groan'd beneath the storm;
New mountains o'er the correi lean'd;
Ben Nevis shook his shaggy form,
And wonder'd what his Sovereign mean'd.

Even far on Yarrow's fairy dale,
The shepherd paused in dumb dismay;
And cries of spirits in the gale
Lured many a pitying hind away.

The Lowthers felt the tyrant's wrath;
Proud Hartfell quaked beneath his brand;
And Cheviot heard the cries of death,
Guarding his loved Northumberland.

But O, as fell that fateful night,
What horrors Avin wilds deform,
And choak the ghastly lingering light!
There whirled the vortex of the storm.

Ere morn the wind grew deadly still,
And dawning in the air updrew
From many a shelve and shining hill,
Her folding robe of fairy blue.

Then what a smooth and wonderous scene
Hung o'er Loch Avin's lovely breast!
Not top of tallest pine was seen,
On which the dazzled eye could rest;

But mitred cliff, and crested fell,
In lucid curls her brows adorn;
Aloft the radiant crescents swell,
All pure as robes by angels worn.

Sound sleeps our seer, far from the day,
Beneath yon sleek and writhed cone;
His spirit steals, unmiss'd, away,
And dreams across the desart lone.

Sound sleeps our seer!—the tempests rave,
And cold sheets o'er his bosom fling;
The moldwarp digs his mossy grave;
His requiem Avin eagles sing.

* * * * * *

JAMES HOGG.

Eltrive, April 14th, 1819.

IMITATION OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S DESPAIRING LOVER.

I.

Why so sad, and pale, fond lover?
Pr'ythee, why so dull?
How can tears the cause discover
Why these eyes are full?
Pr'ythee why so dull?
Shall a hopeful maiden take
A baby to her arms?
Oh, prove a man, and for her sake,
Caress, not grieve her charms.

II.

Thou hast no heart, fearful wooer,
And love ye give, not gain;
Then, with the heart that ye gave to her,
Why give her not its pain?
Cease to murmur, hapless whiner,
Sigh that sob away,
Think, if caring much wont win her,
Caring little may;
Then scorn, with scorning pay.

R. J.

OBSERVATIONS ON MR CAMPBELL'S ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY, &c.

(Continued from No XXIV. *page* 708.*)*

THE dramatists of the age of Elizabeth, with their immediate successors, form a body of writers requiring distinct and very peculiar mention in the history of English Poetry. In their works lies the English drama—a distinct, characteristic, national drama—altogether unlike that of any other people—entire in itself, and constituting, both by its extent and the high genius involved in it, a very important part of our whole Literature. To the greater part of the readers and lovers of English poetry, indeed, its whole drama is comprised under the single name of Shakspeare. Of the many excellent works of other dramatists of the same period, nothing, strictly speaking, seems to have become popular—for nothing has established itself in the daily thoughts and recollections of the people. Many meritorious attempts have lately been made by the lovers of our elder literature to bring this part of poetry in some way or other to the knowledge, admiration, and delight of the common readers of these later times. But, in truth, there is a gulf of separation, which is hard to pass. The language itself, with the whole cast of thought and feeling—the whole character of mind—estranges these works from the passionate sympathies of the general reader. For the poetical feelings of men in general, or their pleasure in poetry, are so intensely blended with passion in their minds, that they cannot bear another language than that which, spoken by themselves, glows in their hearts with all the vivid associations of life. He must be a student of poetry—in some measure a learned reader—who has acquired the power of going out of this living language, and of carrying his affections into another speech, among men whose garb and aspect is not of his generation. Shakspeare alone is of no age. He speaks a language which thrills in our blood, in spite of the separation of two hundred years. His thoughts, passions, feelings, strains of fancy, all are of this day, as they were of his own—and his genius may be contemporary with the mind of every generation for a thousand years to come. But to the student of English literature, the genius of Shakspeare, though unrivalled, is not alone. He is one of a great body—the chief of a mighty band. And especially to the thoughtful reader who considers our poetry in connexion with the history of the country, he is only one among the authors of a vast multitude of writings, which not only reflect great splendour on a particular era of our literature, but which characterize, in an extraordinary manner, the genius of one age of the people,—and indeed the genius and spirit of the whole nation, as far as it is identical, through a succession of ages. The drama of this period—(the English drama we shall venture to call it, for what comes down from the civil wars to our own time is an imitative, not a national drama)—is distinguished in its purpose and character from that of every other people who have had a theatre. That of every other people, as it appears to us, has a purpose and a character fashioned by peculiar circumstances of the people—belonging, it may be said, to the external circumstances of their condition. But this is derived not from circumstances accidental and inessential, but from the very mind, heart, soul, and genius of the people. It is a drama not seeking to adapt itself to particular courses of thought or sentiment—to reflect manners—or to attach itself, as to a second nature, to deep-rooted associations. But it has a simple and a single purpose, which should be the essential purpose of all great poetry—namely, to represent man as he appears to imaginative and impassioned thought. It will be difficult, we think, to assign to the English drama of this period any other general design; and as difficult, we also think, to point out any play of much character among the multitude of that prolific and teeming time, of which the purpose may not be comprehended under this description. It is distinguished from all others by this—that it is Genius conceiving of Human Life. The Greek Tragedy was a splendid representation of mythological or historic national fable, hallowed by religious awe, and dignified by ances-

tral glory. The French Tragedy is a beautiful work of art, taking, wherever it can find it most suitable, the matter of its ingenious and delicate skill,—but afraid, as it were, to look into the depths of the human heart, lest agencies should rise up, not to be controlled within its limits, and the stormier spectacle of real life break down the more manageable machinery of regulated and fictitious passion. The wild Drama of Spain is a love story or a romance acted on the stage, with all the engaging wonders and adventures which fancy, in the dream of solitude, can bring together from the traditions or the records of a chivalrous land. The Indian Drama—which, remote as it is from our own literature, may yet be mentioned, and the rather on that account, as it helps to shew the origin of tragic composition—is the impersonation, in human form, of an allegorical mythology, and is therefore akin to the Grecian Tragedy, and the Mysteries of modern Europe. Of the German Drama, it would be difficult to speak, for, late as it has sprung up, it is hard to know whether it be native or not. It derives a peculiar character, certainly, from the temper of their genius, and seems to blend often, in a very striking way, the tumultous energies of passion, as they are seen in our best English plays, with a wild kind of metaphysics, that, in some states and moods of mind, are felt to increase that power of passion which one might think could not tolerate so strange an union. Its purposes are, no doubt, those of our English Tragedy, from which, it is rather for them than us to say, whether or not it may be imitated. The English Drama, then, unlike that of all others, except such as have been derived from it, if it could survive a wreck of nations, would be a record of men.

This character, which we assign to the whole of the elder dramatists, has, by Mr Campbell, been described of Shakspeare alone, in a few comprehensive words, "He was the Poet of the world." The extraordinary power of his genius has made that in him splendidly conspicuous, and, to appearance, singly characteristic, which is true, in measure, of all who wrote for the same stage. We may mention some of the remarkable features of this drama, in reference to the great principle, which explains, pervades, and determines all its works. In the *first* place, the singular variety of its subjects: from all histories of all nations—from all conditions and persons of society—from all manner of human transactions, these subjects are taken,—while the pictures are filled up from all varieties of our human life without,—from all varieties of our human heart within,—and then, beyond life, from all varieties of imaginary existence with which man has peopled his own world, and with the wild imaginary thoughts and moods which he has conceived of those unreal Beings. So that this drama, more than any other, is the mirror of man's existence. It brings up again, in changeful procession before the eyes of fancy, all that has lived on the earth—all that has passed away from it. It restores, in unsubstantial existence, the departed generations of mankind, enveloped once more in the breathing and living atmosphere of passion. In the *second* place, its rejection of the unities—for what are they, or where do they exist in the dream of human life?—In the *third* place, the careless, unconcerted structure of its plots, in which incidents and events seem all hurrying on as we see them in real life, not in a staid, solemn, and arrayed procession, but often contrary to all anticipations of foresight, and with something of a wild, capricious, fantastic, and perplexing fury, such as we often see driving headlong the destinies of living men. In the *fourth* place, the plenitude of vigorous and real existence, even to extreme individuality of character in the agents, and the circumstantial reality with which their persons and action are invested. And, in the *fifth* place, the intermixture in tragedy of that which is not tragic—of that which is even beneath the just comic character of homeliest life, and beneath even this again, of grossness and buffoonery, all acted together on the stage, as nature acts them in our living world.

There is, then, but one era of the English drama, that which concentres round Shakspeare—his immediate predecessors—his cotemporaries, and his immediate successors. The originality of that age, in composition, is shewn chiefly in the drama—and the body of poetry which should be comprised in volumes comprehending all the plays

of marked merit of that era, would, of itself, as a matter of history, characterize the genius of the people. It would seem to disclose to the inquirer a vast insight into the minds of men, as they then lived. Their greatest quality is what we have said, their depicturing of man. But there is among them all (with only one or two exceptions,) a great richness of description of external nature. They are full of beauty caught from the face of things; and whatever character or properties of external things they have to speak of, the language is ever full of very vivid and pointed expression. Their word gives the very image that is before their mind. They seem men who have prepared themselves for literature, not among books, but in a real world. Their acquaintance with men—with all parts and means of their artificial life—and with all their natural world, appears extensive and minute; so that whatever they describe or speak of, the purpose of their mind never seems restrained or baffled by imperfect knowledge. With them, nothing is dim—uncertain—said by rote—but all is vivid—definite—decisive—and all wearing the impress of original conception. It is not possible to conceive of them otherwise than as men who have constantly mingled with men—taking part in their pleasures and their pursuits—knowing what they did in highest and lowest—having insight into the most unwonted workings of their minds, and equally familiar with their daily and homely life. They are never lost or perplexed. If they place us among princes and noble warriors—among peasants and artists—or witches and spirits—if they paint high or frantic, or even polluted passion, they always seem at home, and to depicture from their own vivid and familiar knowledge. Thus, then, they seem to have had minds not moulded to a particular cast, not trained and fashioned, but free and large, open to all that life could bring before them—minds capacious in natural sympathy which made nothing alien to them that belongs to man. With such minds, living in the midst of free and vigorous life, as it was in those days, and yet sufficiently cultivated, it could not happen otherwise, than that their poetry would be full of such various wealth; especially, being that poetry which is most capable of containing the entire wealth of the poet's mind—dramatic. That out of this universal wealth and knowledge, the beauty of nature should yet seem so great a part as we think all students of our elder dramatists will allow, may perhaps in a great measure be ascribed to a peculiar quality in their minds which was very common among them, and which we would call tenderness of fancy. It is not simply such an eye for nature as would enable a painter to dazzle us with the tablature of splendid hues and imposing forms; but in all they borrow from nature, there mingles a strain of the poet's own—a breathing of his spirit's delight, or a low soft note of his own prevailing melancholy. It is sensibility stealing into the song of fancy. In their passions—moral sentiments—every thing—there is this same tenderness of fancy;—nor do we know of any collected poetry in which there is so much glad and pensive imagery from nature as in these elder dramatists of ours.

Perhaps, in speaking of their intimate and various knowledge, we ought to have spoken with still higher admiration of their language. In them, more than in any body of writers, is contained the richness and power of our English speech. No man knows English, who has not read them, and no writer may dare to believe that his own mind is fraught with the treasures of English expression, who does not intimately know them. They wrote when the language was free and unfettered—when it was far more vivid, forcible, significant in the common uses of life. Those dramatists shew also minds which, being richly stored with strong impressions of all kinds, had also studied profoundly the uses of language, so that they had exquisite skill in their free selection from its unbounded stores, to choose the aptest words for their impression, and to be satisfied with no other. Read a page of a modern maudlin tragedy, and then one of Ford's, or Massinger's—and you will at once feel, that independently of all other merits, those immortal spirits spoke a language more figurative—more intellectual—more impassioned—than seems now to have survived among us. There was no such drawling in those days of vigorous thought and of vivid speech.

We have been induced to speak somewhat more at large upon our dra-

matic writers, from a feeling of disappointment that more had not been said of them in Mr Campbell's Essay. It is possible that the peculiar character of his own poetical genius may lead him less into sympathy with the interests of the drama,—lying as they do, in the movements of passion, and the mimic presentation of realities,—than with that poetry which brings the fulness of its conceptions into the imaging words of language, and the harmonies of versification. Or it may be, that he conceives the matter of dramatic poetry rather as belonging to philosophy, than the criticism of literature. Or perhaps, it is more likely still, in the light and airy course with which he has traversed all the regions of our poetry, that he has not chosen to dwell with minute illustration upon the works of many writers, satisfied, as we before observed, with opening up views—with indications and glimpses of what he knows and feels—exhausting nothing—but rather in spiriting the reader, both by what he shews him, and what he leaves half-seen, or conjectured, to return and explore for himself. In fact, Mr Campbell is always satisfied, when, by a single touch he can express as much as might be conveniently said at large in a dozen lines; but the diligent reader, who is accustomed to have words more liberally dealt out to him, and to be treated even with satiety set out before him, is almost tantalized with his entertainment, when he finds that he has no more than enough.

The first of our elder dramatists after Shakspeare, of whom Mr Campbell speaks, is Ben Jonson, and we think that the following estimate of his genius is just:—

"The triumph of founding English classical comedy belonged exclusively to Jonson. In his tragedies it is remarkable that he freely dispenses with the unities, though in those tragedies he brings classical antiquity in the most distinct and learnedly authenticated traits before our eyes. The vindication of his great poetic memory forms an agreeable contrast in modern criticism with the bold bad things which used to be said of him in a former period; as when Young compared him to a blind Samson, who pulled down the ruins of antiquity on his head and buried his genius beneath them. Hurd, though he inveighed against the too abstract conception of his characters, pronounced them rather personified humours than natural beings, did him, nevertheless, the justice to quote one short and lovely passage from one of his masques, and the beauty of that passage probably turned the attention of many readers to his then neglected compositions. It is indeed but one of the many beauties which justify all that has been said of Jonson's lyrical powers. In that fanciful region of the drama (the masque) he stands as pre-eminent as in comedy; or if he can be said to be rivalled, it is only by Milton. And our surprise at the wildness and sweetness of his fancy in one walk of composition is increased by the stern and rigid (sometimes rugged) air of truth which he perserves in the other. In the regular drama he certainly holds up no romantic mirror to nature. His object was to exhibit human characters at once strongly comic and severely and instructively true; to nourish the understanding, while he feasted the sense of ridicule. He is more anxious for veri-similitude than even for comic effect. He understood the humours and peculiarities of his species scientifically, and brought them forward in their greatest contrast, and subtlest modifications. If Shakspeare carelessly scattered illusion, Jonson skilfully prepared it. This is speaking of Jonson in his happiest manner. There is a great deal of harsh and sour fruit in his miscellaneous poetry. It is acknowledged that in the drama he frequently overlabours his delineation of character, and wastes it tediously upon uninteresting humours and peculiarities. He is a moral painter, who delights over much to shew his knowledge of moral anatomy."

Mr Campbell then analyzes and criticises with much judgment "The Fox," "The Silent Woman," and "The Alchymist," and thus concludes his notice of old Ben.—

"The art of Jonson was not confined to the cold observations of the unities of place and time, but appears in the whole adaptation of his incidents and characters to the support of each other. Beneath his learning and art he moves with an activity which may be compared to the strength of a man who can leap and bound under the heaviest armour."

That Ben Jonson was a man of distinguished powers—rare acquirements—cultivated taste—acute discernment—and unbaffled sagacity, is felt by all capable of reading his works. But he stands, it may be said, almost alone—the great founder of a kind of drama which no one else has ventured to cultivate—a master without scholars. It is just as unlikely that any future writer will surpass him in his own walk as Shakspeare himself; but were such a person to rise among us, we scarcely feel that the world would be much the better or much the wiser of him. Were another, or greater Shakspeare

to arise, the whole earth would be gladdened by the apparition. Read Jonson's dramas as you will, and you will never find any thing like deep passion. Not that he is absolutely cold, for there is always about him the fiery activity of intellect,—and there is rarely a singular beauty, with almost a breathing of pathos in them,—in his touches of fancy. And yet it is pure fancy—without the impregnation of profound human feeling. There are strong delineations of character, no doubt; and yet it may be questioned, if there be one of his characters that remains a living image, as of a man, in the mind of the reader. His dramas are full of dramatic situations, and of observations illustrative of various shews of human existence. But notwithstanding all the art with which they are builded up, they are not structures that hang steadily before the eye—they have not the enduring character of a poet's high visions of life and nature. His was a strong, acute, restless, judging intellect, hovering over the field of human life, and marking all that it can discern for condemnation, or scorn, or confutation, or ridicule—making discovery, for its own entertainment, of the linking together of things that do not seem connected—devising causes and effects—ascertaining the inner structure of men's lives and minds—unriddling to his own fancy the mysterious and perplexing countenance of life, and yet seeking the solution not deep enough for the truth, not having capacity of greatness, natural sympathy, or deep grief, and therefore unable really to understand the life of man, though such parts of it as fall within his capacity of knowledge, he may discern shrewdly, and have very critical intelligence of them. A writer who turned away from passions to describe humours, does not deserve to be called great. He had, however, a most inventive mind—and as far as what Mr Campbell has well said leaves room for it—a dramatic one. Independently of these more radical defects, there is a stiffness in constructing the sentence and metre of his tragedies that cannot easily be got over, it is so utterly unlike the flow of human speech. In contradiction to the hardness and gravelly unsmoothness of the discomforting versification of his speeches, is the softness and sweetness of verse in some morsels of his poetry, of which the song quoted by Mr Campbell is perhaps the most exquisite specimen.*

Mr Campbell then skims over the field of poetry, just touching, as he flies, on Drayton and Daniel, Sir Philip Sydney, Lodge, Breton, Raleigh, Drummond, Hall, Donne, Corbet, Withers, Marston, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Warner, Browne, Chalkhill, Chapman, Phaer, Sylvester the Translator of Dubartas, Sir John Davies, &c. &c. and thus concludes the second part of his Essay—

"Such were some of the first and inferior luminaries of that brilliant era of our poetry, which, perhaps, in general terms, may be said to cover about the last quarter of the sixteenth, and the first quarter of the seventeenth century; and which, though commonly called the age of Elizabeth, comprehends many writers belonging to the reign of her successor. The romantic spirit, the generally unshackled style, and the fresh and fertile genius of that period, are not to be called in question. On the other hand, there are defects in the poetical character of the age, which, though they may disappear or be of little account, amidst the excellencies of its greatest writers, are glaringly conspicuous in the works of their minor contemporaries. In prolonged narrative and description, the writers of that age are peculiarly deficient in that charm, which is analogous to '*keeping*' in pictures. Their warm and cold colours are generally without the gradations which should make them harmonize. They fall precipitately from good to bad thoughts, from strength to imbecility. Certainly they are profuse in the detail of natural circumstances, and in the utterance of natural feelings. For this we love them, and we should love them still more, if they knew where to stop in description and sentiment. But they give out the dregs of their mind without reserve, till their fairest conceptions are overwhelmed by a rabble of mean associations. At no period is the mass of vulgar mediocrity in poetry marked by more formal gallantry, by grosser adulation, or by coarser satire. Our amatory strains in the time of Charles the Second, may be more dissolute; but those of Elizabeth's age often abound in studious and prolix licentiousness. Nor are examples of this solemn and sedate impurity to be found only in the minor poets: our reverence for Shakspeare himself need not

* We shall endeavour to delineate more fully the somewhat anomalous genius of Ben Jonson, when we come to him in our series of analytical essays on the old English drama. Above all, his "Sad Shepherd" requires an essay to itself.—REVIEWER.

make it necessary to disguise that he willingly adopted that style in his youth, when he wrote his Venus and Adonis.

"The fashion of the present day is to solicit public esteem, not only for the best and better, but for the humblest and meanest writers of the age of Elizabeth. It is a bad book which has not something good in it; and even some of the worst writers of that period have their twinkling beauties. In one point of view, the research among such obscure authors is undoubtedly useful. It tends to throw incidental lights on the great old poets, and on the manners, biography, and language of the country. So far all is well—but as a matter of taste, it is apt to produce illusion and disappointment. Men like to make the most of the slightest beauty, which they can discover in an obsolete versifier; and they quote perhaps the solitary good thought which is to be found in such a writer, omitting any mention of the dreary passages which surround it. Of course it becomes a lamentable reflection, that so valuable an old poet should have been forgotten. When the reader, however, repairs to him, he finds that there are only one or two grains of gold in all the sands of this imaginary Pactolus. But the display of neglected authors has not been even confined to glimmering beauties; it has been extended to the reprinting of large and heavy masses of dulness. Most wretched works have been praised in this enthusiasm for the obsolete; even the dullest works of the meanest contributors to the 'Mirror for Magistrates.' It seems to be taken for granted, that the inspiration of the good old times descended to the very lowest dregs of its versifiers; whereas the bad writers of Elizabeth's age are only more stiff and artificial than those of the preceding, and more prolix than those of the succeeding period.

"Yet there are men who, to all appearance, would wish to revive such authors—not for the mere use of the antiquary, to whom every volume *may* be useful, but as standards of manner, and objects of general admiration. Books, it is said, take up little room. In the library this may be the case; but it is not so in the minds and time of those who peruse them. Happily indeed, the task of pressing indifferent authors on the public attention is a fruitless one. They may be dug up from oblivion, but life cannot be put into their reputations. 'Can these bones live?' Nature will have her course, and dull books will be forgotten in spite of bibliographers."

The third part of the Essay commences with the following sound and judicious observations:—

"The pedantic character of James I. has been frequently represented as the cause of degeneracy in English taste and genius. It must be allowed that James was an indifferent author; and that neither the manners of his court nor the measures of his reign were calculated to excite romantic virtues in his subjects. But the opinion of his character having influenced the poetical spirit of the age unfavourably is not borne out by facts. He was friendly to the stage and to its best writers: he patronized Ben Jonson, and is said to have written a complimentary letter to Shakspeare with his own hand.* We may smile at the idea of James's praise being bestowed as an honour upon Shakspeare; the importance of the compliment, however, is not to be estimated by our present opinion of the monarch, but by the excessive reverence with which royalty was at that time invested in men's opinions. James's reign was rich in poetical names, some of which have been already enumerated. We may be reminded, indeed, that those poets had been educated under Elizabeth, and that their genius bore the high impress of her heroic times; but the same observation will also oblige us to recollect that Elizabeth's age had its traits of depraved fashion (witness its Euphuism),† and that the first examples of the worst taste which ever infected our poetry were given in her days, and not in those of her successor. Donne (for instance) the patriarch of the metaphysical generation, was thirty years of age at the date of James's accession; a time at which his taste and style were sufficiently formed to acquit his learned sovereign of all blame in having corrupted them. Indeed, if we were to make the memories of our kings accountable for the poetical faults of their respective reigns, we might reproach Charles I. among whose faults bad taste is certainly not to be reckoned with the chief disgrace of our metaphysical poetry; since that school never attained its unnatural perfection so completely as in the luxuriant ingenuity of Cowley's fancy, and the knotted deformity of Cleveland's. For a short time after the suppression of the theatres till the time of Milton, the metaphysical poets are forced upon our attention for want of better objects. But during James's reign there is no such scarcity of good writers as to oblige us to dwell on the school of elaborate conceit. Phineas Fletcher has been sometimes named as an instance of the vitiated taste which prevailed at this period. He, however, though musical and fanciful, is not to be admitted as a representative of the poetical character of those times, which included Jonson, Beaumont and John Fletcher, Ford, Massinger, and Shirley. Shakspeare was no more; but there were dramatic au-

* "This anecdote is given by Oldys on the authority of the Duke of Buckingham, who had it from Sir William Davenant."

† "An affected jargon of style, which was fashionable for some time at the court of Elizabeth, and so called from the work of Lyly, entitled *Euphues*."

thors of great and diversified ability. The romantic school of the drama continued to be more popular than the classical, though in the latter Ben Jonson lived to see imitators of his own manner, whom he was not ashamed to adopt as his poetical heirs. Of these Cartwright and Randolph were the most eminent. The originality of Cartwright's plots is always acknowledged; and Jonson used to say of him, '*My son Cartwright writes all like a man.*'"

Massinger is well drawn; but we beg leave to enter our protest against the disgust which Mr Campbell expresses of that play and character, of which the conception seems to us to place this writer in the very first ranks of genius.—

"Massinger is distinguished for the harmony and dignity of his dramatic eloquence. Many of his plots, it is true, are liable to heavy exceptions. The fiends and angels of his Virgin Martyr are unmanageable tragic machinery; and the incestuous passion of his Ancient Admiral excites our horror. The poet of love is driven to a frightful expedient, when he gives it the terrors of a maniac passion breaking down the most sacred pale of instinct and consanguinity. The ancient admiral is in love with his own daughter. Such a being, if we fancy him to exist, strikes us as no object of moral warning but as a man under the influence of insanity. In a general view, nevertheless, Massinger has more art and judgment in the serious drama than any of the other successors of Shakspeare. His incidents are less entangled than those of Fletcher, and the scene of his action is more clearly thrown open for the free evolution of character. Fletcher strikes the imagination with more vivacity, but more irregularly, and amidst embarrassing positions of his own choosing. Massinger puts forth his strength more collectively. Fletcher has more action and character in his drama, and leaves a greater variety of impressions upon the mind. His fancy is more volatile and surprising, but then he often blends disappointment with our surprise, and parts with the consisteney of his characters even to the occasionally apparent loss of their identity. This is not the case with Massinger. It is true that Massinger excels more in description and declamation, than in the forcible utterance of the heart, and in giving character the warm colouring of passion. Still, not to speak of his one distinguished hero* in comedy, he has delineated several tragic characters, with strong and interesting traits. They are chiefly proud spirits. Poor himself, and struggling under the rich man's contumely, we may conceive it to have been the solace of his neglected existence, to picture worth and magnanimity breaking through external disadvantages, and making their way to love and admiration. Hence his fine conception of Paris, the actor, exciting by the splendid endowments of his nature, the jealousy of the tyrant of the world; and Don John and Pisander, habited as slaves, wooing and winning their princely mistresses. He delighted to shew heroic virtue stripped of all adventitious circumstances, and tried, like a gem, by its shining through darkness."

"If the vehement passions were not Massinger's happiest element, he expresses fixed principle with an air of authority. To make us feel the elevation of genuine pride was the master-key which he knew how to touch in human sympathy; and his skill in it must have been derived from deep experience in his own bosom."

Of all the characters Massinger has drawn, which is equal in power to that of the incestuous, bloody, impious Malefort? In general there seems to us a constraint, and a sort of putting together and fabrication in his characters. But that one is drawn in the energy of power—living! And his death has a sort of horrible reality, like that of Alp, the Venetian renegade, and seems the only death by which the soul and the earth could instantly get rid of such a monster. The stage direction is, "He's killed by a flash of lightning." It is in the midst of an agony of incestuous passion and imprecation. It is as if the soul were driven visibly to hell—dashed out of the life that only withheld it from punishment—in less than an instant—when the full load of enormity is on his head—and the full terror of his guilt in our hearts—and by a death too, that seems as it were winged and missioned from outraged Heaven.

We wish it were possible for us to quote all that Mr Campbell says of Beaumont and Fletcher; but that cannot be. The following delightful sentences must suffice:

"The theatre of Beaumont and Fletcher contains all manner of good and evil. The respective shares of those dramatic partners, in the works collectively published with their names, have been stated in a different part of these volumes. Fletcher's share in them is by far the largest; and he is chargeable with the greatest number of faults, although at the same time his genius was more airy, prolific, and fanciful. There are such extremes of grossness and magnificence in their drama, so much sweetness and beauty interspersed with views of nature, either falsely romantic, or vulgar beyond reality; there is so much to animate and amuse us, and yet so much that we would willingly over-

* Sir Giles Overreach.

look, that I cannot help comparing the contrasted impressions which they make, to those which we receive from visiting some great and ancient city, picturesquely but irregularly built, glittering with spires, and surrounded with gardens, but exhibiting in many quarters, the lanes and hovels of wretchedness. They have scenes of wealthy and high life which remind us of courts and palaces frequented by elegant females and high-spirited gallants, whilst their noble old martial characters, with Caractacus in the midst of them, may inspire us with the same sort of regard which we pay to the rough-hewn magnificence of an ancient fortress.

"Unhappily, the same simile without being hunted down, will apply but too faithfully to the *nuisances* of their drama. Their language is often basely profligate. Shakespeare's and Jonson's indelicacies are but casual blots; whilst theirs are sometimes essential colours of their painting, and extend, in one or two instances, to entire and offensive scenes. This fault has deservedly injured their reputation; and, saving a very slight allowance for the fashion and taste of their age, admits of no sort of apology. Their drama, nevertheless, is a very wide one, and "*has ample room and verge enough*" to permit the attention to wander from these, and to fix on more inviting peculiarities—as on the great variety of their fables and personages, their spirited dialogue, their wit, pathos, and humour. Thickly sown as their blemishes are, their merit will bear great deductions, and still remain great. We never can forget such beautiful characters as their Cellide, their Aspatia and Bellario, or such humourous ones as their La Writ and Cacafogo. Awake they will always keep us, whether to quarrel or to be pleased with them. Their invention is fruitful; its beings are on the whole an active and sanguine generation, and their scenes are crowded to fulness with the warmth, agitation, and interest of life."

Beaumont and Fletcher are the *author* (for it is pleasant to speak of the brother bards as one,) of whom the thought always rises to our mind immediately after Shakspeare—though we verily believe that we can give no good reason for it. Their plots are most incongruous, and hardly one of their stories is perused with deep interest. There are, with most rare exceptions, no characters perfectly delineated; there is not much passion—not many fine speeches, and not a multitude of pieces of fine poetry. Their versification is rich and mellifluous, but has not any very peculiar or definite character. But they yet seem to have looked on human life in their power, and to delineate from it in freedom and joy of genius. One word certainly belongs to them in its best sense, they write with *spirit*. The amount of value of this word in fine poetry is not easily estimated, but it is more than the word seems to bear. It is pre-eminently a quality of Shakspeare's writing, and of Ariosto's—we had almost said of Homer's, if there was not a continual greatness in Homer's poetry, which puts the word out of the question. In Homer it can only be called freedom of power. Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have beheld, with delight and with admiration, the enchantment there is in life; to have looked upon men with love, and a sort of rejoicing sympathy. There is a grand martial spirit about them, and their gayety of heart is like the very mantling of wine. There is a *generous* spirit of life in their living world. They have caught from life incidents, situations, persons, states of affection, movements of feeling, which are all most captivating to the fancy. They seem as if their imagination had been much nurtured from love-romance, in which there is rather a masque of love, than the serious pathos of the passion, for the passion itself is tragic. They and Shakspeare have ever given us the historical idea, that there was, in those days, great joy of life in England.

Of Ford, Mr Campbell says—

"The memory of Ford has been deservedly revived as one of the ornaments of our ancient drama: though he has no great body of poetry, and has interested us in no other passion except that of love; but in that he displays a peculiar depth and delicacy of romantic feeling."

This, we think, is rather niggard praise of this great dramatist. Ford has, perhaps, next to Shakespeare, the deepest sense of beauty, and in it he luxuriates, revels, and banquets. He has far more than romantic feeling, for his soul has descended into, and barred itself within the darkest, deepest, and most woful dungeon of imaginable human distraction. That terrible Drama, the Brother and Sister, is unlike any other tale of unnatural guilt. He does not describe the progress of passion, but at once plunges his victims into its torrent. It is a tale of infatuation, not of seduction. There is no previous wickedness in either party; and such is the beauty of language and imagery throughout all the play; and such is even the innocence and purity of the hearts of

those who are yet so miserably lost, that we consider the whole tragical scene before us as the confusion of a bewildering dream, in which virtue and vice have become indistinguishably and inextricably blended, and in which the very elements of all our human passions have undergone a sudden transformation and change.

There are, we confess, several great names which Mr Campbell passes over with an air of too much indifference; but it would require far more space than we can now allow to ourselves, to shew in what he has been wanting. We wish that he had spoken with loftier praise of Marlowe. We have already given such specimens of him, in this Journal, as must have convinced all who read them, of the tragic might of his imagination. His spirit seems to have dwelt in the innermost motions of men's hearts. Not that he ever draws an entire passion, still less character, well; but he has got at some of the workings of passion in a way that is truly startling. In Titus Andronicus, the few lines that are actually good, seem to us like Marlowe, and most unlike Shakspeare. Marlowe's poetry is like that of a spirit shaken with the trance of passion, and not like that of genius painting in the calm of its enjoyment. The beauty of his words and images, it may be observed, is often exceeding; it seems as if there had been in him very impressible sense, which received the beautiful looks of things with deep, tender, and unchangeable impression, though they were frequently hidden from his soul, no less by the darkness of his genius, delighting much in disturbing conflicts of passion, than by the mists of error and vice that unfortunately too much obscured his moral disposition. There is, however, almost at all times, a character of sublimity about him. The darkness of fate overshadowing human life, and the fearful energies of wickedness in men's hearts, strongly possess his imagination. There are mysteries of sin known in familiar secrecy to his thoughts. Indeed there are several of our tragic writers, and this Marlowe at their head, in whose pourtrayings of the scenes of existence, there is a gloom that is quite oppressive to the soul. That is something of the genius too of Eschylus and of Schiller. But in these tragedians of ours, the gloom is quite unconforted, which is not the case with either the Grecian or German poet. They are not models, and cannot well be acted, but they are treasures of study—they are the wealth of the language.

The last dramatist of which Mr Campbell speaks, is Shirley, whose works have been lately edited by Mr Gifford—and of one of whose best plays, "The Traitor," we some months ago gave a full analysis and copious specimens.

"Shirley was the last of our good old dramatists. When his works shall be given to the public, they will undoubtedly enrich our popular literature. His language sparkles with the most exquisite images. Keeping some occasional pruriencies apart, the fault of his age rather than of himself, he speaks the most polished and refined dialect of the stage; and even some of his over-heightened scenes of voluptuousness are meant, though with a very mistaken judgment, to inculcate morality. I consider his genius, indeed, as rather brilliant and elegant than strong or lofty. His tragedies are defective in fire, grandeur, and passion; and we must *select* his comedies, to have any favourable idea of his humour. His finest poetry comes forth in situations rather more familiar than tragedy and more grave than comedy, which I should call sentimental comedy, if the name were not associated with ideas of modern insipidity. That he was capable, however, of pure and excellent comedy will be felt by those, who have yet in reserve the amusement of reading his Gamester, Hyde-park, and Lady of Pleasure. In the first and last of these there is a subtle ingenuity in producing comic effect and surprise, which might be termed attic, if it did not surpass any thing that is left us in Athenian comedy."

"I shall leave to others the more special enumeration of his faults, only observing, that the airy touches of his expression, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the beauty of his similes, are often found where the poet survives the dramatist, and where he has not power to transfuse life and strong individuality through the numerous characters of his voluminous drama. His style, to use a line of his own, is "studded like a frosty night with stars;" and a severe critic might say, that the stars often shine when the atmosphere is rather too frosty. In other words, there is more beauty of fancy than strength of feeling in his works. From this remark, however, a defender of his fame might justly appeal to exceptions in many of his pieces. From a general impression of his works I should not paint his Muse with the haughty form and features of inspiration, but with a countenance, in its happy moments, arch, lovely, and interesting both in smiles and in tears; crowned with

flowers, and not unindebted to ornament, but wearing the drapery and chaplet with a claim to them from natural beauty.

The civil wars put an end to this dynasty of our dramatic poets. Of the classical and metaphysical schools of poetry belonging to the reign of Charles I. the former containing Denham, Waller, and Carew; and the latter, Kenrick and Cowley, Mr Campbell treats slightly and hurriedly, as if he longed to breathe the airs of Paradise with Milton, and to soar with him into the heaven of heavens. We shall, in a future number, lay before our readers his view of the genius of Milton—perhaps the finest piece of criticism in our language; and also his sentiments and opinions of Dryden and Pope, where he treads on more debateable ground.

Having thus, along with Mr Campbell, taken a cursory survey of the old English Drama, we yet feel unwilling to conclude, before we have paid our homage once more to that unapproachable genius in whom the fulness of its strength and glory is all centered. Shakspeare, above all poets, looked upon men, and lived for mankind. His genius, universal in intellect and sympathy, could find, in no more bounded circumference, its proper sphere. It could not bear exclusion from any part of human existence. Whatever in nature and life was given to man, was given in contemplation and poetry to him also, and over the undimmed mirror of his mind passed all the shadows of our mortal world. Look through his plays, and tell what form of existence, what quality of spirit, he is most skilful to delineate? Which of all the manifold beings he has drawn, lives before our thoughts, our eyes, in most unpictured reality? Is it Othello, Shylock, Falstaff, Lear, the Wife of Macbeth, Imogen, Hamlet, Ariel? In none of the other great dramatists do we see any thing like a perfected art. In their works, every thing, it is true, exists in some shape or other, which can be required in a drama taking for its interest the absolute interest of human life and nature; but, after all, may not the very best of their works be looked on as sublime masses of chaotic confusion, through which the elements of our moral being appear? It was Shakspeare, the most unlearned of all our writers, who first exhibited on the stage perfect models, perfect images of all human characters, and of all human events. We cannot conceive any skill that could from his great characters remove any defect, or add to their perfect composition. Except in him, we look in vain for the entire fulness, the self-consistency, and self-completeness, of perfect art. All the rest of our drama may be regarded rather as a testimony of the state of genius—of the state of mind of the country, full of great poetical disposition, and great tragic capacity and power—than as a collection of the works of an art. Of Shakspeare and Homer alone it may be averred, that we miss in them nothing of the greatness of nature. In all other poets we do; we feel the measure of their power, and the restraint under which it is held; but in Shakspeare and in Homer, all is free and unbounded as in nature; and as we travel along with them, in a car drawn by celestial steeds, our view seems ever interminable as before, and still equally far off the glorious horizon.

If we may be permitted to exceed the measure of the occasion to speak so much of Shakspeare himself, may we presume yet further, and go from our purpose to speak of his individual works? Although there is no one of them that does not bear marks of his unequalled hand—scarcely one which is not remembered by the strong affection of love and delight towards some of its characters, yet to all his readers they seem marked by very different degrees of excellence, and a few are distinguished above all the rest. Perhaps the four that may be named, as those which have been to the popular feeling of his countrymen the principal plays of their great dramatist, and which would be recognised as his master-works by philosophical criticism, are Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet, and Lear. The first of these has the most entire tragic action of any of his plays. It has, throughout, one awful interest, which is begun, carried through, and concluded with the piece. This interest of the action is a perfect example of a most important dramatic unity, preserved entire. The matter of the interest is one which has always held a strong sway over human sympathy, though mingled with abhorrence, the rise and fall of ambition. Men look on the darings of

this passion with strong sympathy, because it is one of their strongest inherent feelings—the aspiring of the mind through its consciousness of power, shewn in the highest forms of human life. But it is decidedly a historical, not a poetical interest. Shakspeare has made it poetical by two things chiefly—not the character of Macbeth, which is itself historical—but by the preternatural agencies with which the whole course of the story is involved, and by the character of Lady Macbeth. The illusion of the dagger and the sleep-walking may be added as individual circumstances tending to give a character of imagination to the whole play. The human interest of the piece is the acting of the purpose of ambition, and the fate which attends it—the high capacities of blinded desire in the soul—and the moral retribution which overrules the affairs of men. But the poetry is the intermingling of preternatural agency with the transactions of life—threads of events spun by unearthly hands—the scene of the cave which blends unreality with real life—the preparation and circumstances of midnight murder—the superhuman calmness of guilt, in its elated strength, in a woman's soul—and the dreaminess of mind which is brought on those whose spirits have drunk the cup of their lust. The language of the whole is perhaps more purely tragic than that of any other of Shakspeare's plays—it is simple, chaste, and strong—rarely breaking out into fanciful expression, but a vein of imagination always running through. The language of Macbeth himself is often exceedingly beautiful. Perhaps something may be owing to national remembrances and associations; but we have observed, that in Scotland at least, Macbeth produces a deeper, a more breathless, and a more perturbing passion, in the audience, than any other drama.

If Macbeth is the most perfect in the tragic action of the story, the most perfect in tragic passion is Othello. There is nothing to determine unhappiness to the lives of the two principal persons. Their love begins auspiciously; and the renown, high favour, and high character of Othello seem to promise a stability of happiness to himself and the wife of his affections. But the blood which had been scorched in the veins of his race, under the suns of Africa, bears a poison that swells up to confound the peace of the Christian marriage-bed. He is jealous; and the dreadful overmastering passion, which disturbs the steadfastness of his own mind, overflows upon his life, and her's, and consumes them from the earth. The external action of the play is nothing—the causes of events are none, the whole interest of the story, the whole course of the action, the causes of all that happens, live all in the breast of Othello. The whole destiny of those who are to perish lies in his passion. Hence the high tragic character of the play—shewing one false illusory passion ruling and confounding all life. All that is below tragedy in the passion of love is taken away at once by the awful character of Othello, for such he seems to us to be designed to be. He appears never as a lover—but at once as a husband—and the relation of his love made dignified, as it is a husband's justification of his marriage, is also dignified as it is a soldier's relation of his stern and perilous life. It is a courted, not a wooing, at least unconsciously-wooing love, and though full of tenderness, yet is it but slightly expressed, as being solely the gentle affection of a strong mind, and in no wise a passion. "And I loved her that she did pity them." Indeed he is not represented as a man of passion, but of stern, sedate, immoveable mood. "I have seen the cannon, that, like the devil, from his very arm puffed his own brother—and can *he* be angry?" Montalto speaks with the same astonishment, calling him respected for wisdom and gravity. Therefore, it is no love story. His love itself, as long as it is happy, is perfectly calm and serene, the protecting tenderness of a husband. It is not till it is disordered that it appears as a passion. Then is shewn a power in contention with itself—a mighty being struck with death, and bringing up from all the depths of life convulsions and agonies. It is no exhibition of the power of the passion of love—but of the passion of life vitally wounded, and self-overmastering. What was his love? He had placed all his faith in good—all his imagination of purity, all his tenderness of nature upon one heart—and at once that heart seems to him—an ulcer. It is that recoiling agony that shakes his whole body—

that having confided with the whole power of his soul, he is utterly betrayed—that having departed from the pride and might of his life, which he held in his conquest and sovereignty over men, to rest himself upon a new and gracious affection, to build himself and his life upon one beloved heart, having found a blessed affection which he had passed through life without knowing, and having chosen in the just and pure goodness of his will to take that affection instead of all other hopes, desires, and passions, to live by, that at once he sees it sent out of existence, and a damned thing standing in its place. It is then that he feels a forfeiture of all power, and a blasting of all good. If Desdemona had been really guilty, the greatness would have been destroyed, because his love would have been unworthy—false. But she is good, and his love is most perfect, just, and good. That a man should place his perfect love on a wretched thing, is miserably debasing, and shocking to thought; but that, loving perfectly and well, he should, by hellish human circumvention, be brought to distrust, and dread, and abjure his own perfect love, is most mournful indeed—it is the infirmity of our good nature, wrestling in vain with the strong powers of evil. Moreover, he would, had Desdemona been false, have been the mere victim of fate; whereas, he is now in a manner his own victim. His happy love was heroic tenderness—his injured love is terrible passion—and disordered power engendered within itself to its own destruction, is the heighth of all tragedy. The character of Othello is perhaps the most greatly drawn, the most heroic of any of Shakspeare's actors, but it is, perhaps, that one also of which his reader last acquires the intelligence. The intellectual and warlike energy of his mind—his tenderness of affection—his loftiness of spirit—his frank generous magnanimity—impetuosity like a thunderbolt, and that dark fierce flood of boiling passion, polluting even his imagination, compose a character entirely original, most difficult to delineate, but perfectly delineated.

Hamlet might seem to be the intellectual offspring of Shakspeare's love. He alone, of all his offspring, has Shakspeare's own intellect. But he has given him a moral nature, that makes his character individual. Princely, gentle, and loving, full of natural gladness, but having a depth of sensibility which is no sooner touched by the harsh events of life, than it is jarred, and the mind for ever overcome with melancholy. For intellect and sensibility blended throughout, and commensurate, and both ideally exalted and pure, are not able to pass through the calamity and trial of life; unless they are guarded by some angel from its shock, they perish in it, or undergo a worse change. The play is a singular example of a piece of great length, resting its interest upon the delineation of one character. For Hamlet, his discourses, and the changes of his mind, are all the play. The other persons—even his father's ghost, are important through him. And in himself, it is the variation of his mind, and not the varying events of his life, that affords the interest. In the representation, his celebrated soliloquy is perhaps the part of the play that is most expected, even by the common audience. His interview with his mother, of which the interest is produced entirely from his mind—for about her we care nothing—is in like manner remarkable by the sympathy it excites in those, for whom the most intellectual of Shakspeare's works would scarcely seem to have been written. This play is perhaps superior to any other in existence for unity in the delineation of character.

We have yet to speak of the most pathetic of the plays of Shakspeare—Lear. A story unnatural and irrational in its foundation; but, at the same time, a natural favourite of tradition, has become, in the hands of Shakspeare, a tragedy of surpassing grandeur and interest. He has seized upon that germ of interest which had already made the story a favourite of popular tradition, and unfolded it into a work for the passionate sympathy of all—young, old, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, virtuous and depraved. The majestic form of the kingly-hearted old man—the reverend head of the broken-hearted father—"a head so old and white as this"—the royalty from which he is deposed, but of which he can never be divested—the father's heart which, rejected and trampled on by two children, and trampling on its one most young and duteous child, is, in the utmost de-

gree, a father's still—the two characters, father and king, so high to our imagination and love, blended in the reverend image of Lear—*both* in their destitution, yet *both* in their height of greatness—the spirit blighted and yet undepressed—the wits gone, and yet the moral wisdom of a good heart left unstained, almost unobscured—the wild raging of the elements, joined with human outrage and violence to persecute the helpless, unresisting, almost unoffending sufferer; and he himself in the midst of all imaginable misery and desolation, descanting upon himself, on the whirlwinds that drive around him—and then turning in tenderness to some of the wild motley association of sufferers among whom he stands—all this is not like what has been seen on any stage, perhaps in any reality, but it has made a world to our imagination about one single imaginary individual, such as draws the reverence and sympathy which should seem to belong properly only to living men. It is like the remembrance of some wild perturbed scene of real life. Every thing is perfectly woful in this world of wo. The very assumed madness of Edgar, which, if the story of Edgar stood alone, would be insufferable, and would utterly degrade him to us, seems, associated as he is with Lear, to come within the consecration of Lear's madness. It agrees with all that is brought together;—the night—the storms—the houselessness—Glo'ster with his eyes put out—the fool—the semblance of a madman, and Lear in his madness, are all bound together by a strange kind of sympathy, confusion in the elements of nature, of human society and the human soul. Throughout all the play, is there not sublimity felt amidst the continual presence of all kinds of disorder and confusion in the natural and moral world; a continual consciousness of eternal order, law, and good? This it is that so exalts it in our eyes. There is more justness of intellect in Lear's madness than in his right senses—as if the indestructible divinity of the spirit gleamed at times more brightly through the ruins of its earthly tabernacle. The death of Cordelia and the death of Lear* leave on our minds, at least, neither pain nor disappointment, like a common play ending ill—but, like all the rest, they shew us human life involved in darkness and conflicting with wild powers let loose to rage in the world;—a life which continually seeks peace, and which can only find its good in peace—tending ever to the depth of peace, but of which the peace is not here. The feeling of the play, to those who rightly consider it, is high and calm,—because we are made to know, from and through those very passions which seem there convulsed, and that very structure of life and happiness that seems there crushed,—even in the law of those passions and that life, this eternal Truth, that evil must not be, and that good must be. The only thing intolerable was, that Lear should, by the very truth of his daughter's love, be separated from her love: and his restoration to her love, and therewith to his own perfect mind, consummates all that was essentially to be desired—a consummation, after which the rage and horror of mere matter-disturbing death, seems vain and idle. In fact, Lear's killing the slave who was hanging Cordelia—bearing her in dead in his arms—and his heart bursting over her—are no more than the full consummation of their reunited love—and there father and daughter lie in final and imperturbable peace. Cordelia, whom we at last see lying dead before us, and over whom we shed such floods of loving and approving tears, scarcely speaks or acts in the play at all—she appears but at the beginning and the end—is absent from all the impressive and memorable scenes; and to what she does say, there is not much effect given;—yet, by some divine power of conception in Shakspeare's soul, she always seems to our memory one of the principal characters—and while we read the play, she is continually present to our imagination. In her sisters' ingratitude, her filial love is felt—in the hopelessness of the broken-hearted king, we are turned to that perfect hope that is reserved for him in her loving bosom—in the midst of darkness, confusion, and misery, her form is like a hovering angel, seen casting its radiance on the storm.

Turning from such noble creations

* For some admirable observations on this subject, see the Essays of Charles Lamb—a writer to whose generous and benign philosophy, English dramatic literature is greatly indebted.

as these, it is natural to ask ourselves, is the age of dramatic literature gone by, never to be restored? Certainly the whole history of our stage, from the extinction of that first great dynasty, down to this very day, shews rather a strong dramatic disposition, than a strong dramatic power; and the names of Rowe, Otway, Lee, and Lillo, are perhaps as far above the most favoured of this age, as they are beneath all those of the age of Elizabeth. It is not to be denied, that the whole mind of the country is lowered since those magnificent times; and that its intellectual character has become more external. With respect to the drama, the state of society was then more favourable to it, passing from the strong and turbulent life of early times, yet having much of their native vigour, and much of their pristine shape and growth. The reality of life is seldom shewn to our eyes; and each now sees, as it were, but a small part of the whole. He sees a little of one class. The dark study of the constitution of our life is no longer to our taste, nor within the measure of our capacity; and therein lies the causes of their hopelessness who believe that the tragic drama is no more. Some have thought that the vast number of standard plays is the cause why new plays are not produced. But genius does not work on a consideration of the supply in the market, of the stock on hand. In whatever way it has power to bring itself into sympathy with the heart of its people, so as to dwell in their love and delight, it will go to its work in obedience to such impulses; and surely there is always change enough from one generation to another to make a new field for dramatic composition, or for any kind of literature, so as to enable a mind of power to write more entirely to the passions of his contemporaries, than any one living before him has done.

It seems to us that the poetry of our days has not dealt enough with life and reality. They surely contain elements of poetry, if we had poets who were capable of bringing to use the more difficult materials of their art. Some critics have conceived, that the matter of poetry might become exhausted; but the opinion is not likely to gain much credit amongst us. The bolder opinion, that all conditions of human life, for ever, will contain the inexhaustible matter of that art, seems more suitable to our genius. There has been a decided tendency in our own days, to prove the capacity of some apparently unfavourable states of life. But it may be questioned, whether the experiment has yet found eminent success. What is wanting to poetry in ages like ours, seems to be rather the proper composition of the minds of poets, than a sufficiency of matter in the life from which they would have to paint. The minds of civilized men are too much unpoetical, because the natural play of sensitive imagination in their minds is, in early years, suppressed. They are cultivated with poetry indeed, but that is an unproductive cultivation. Every mind has, by nature, its own springs of poetry. And it may be conceived, that if nature were suffered to have a freer development in our minds, we should grow up, looking upon our own life with that kind of deep emotion, with which, in earlier ages, men look upon the face of society; with something like a continuance of those strange and strong feelings, with which, as children, we gazed upon the life even of our own generation. We begin in imagination; but we outgrow it. We pass into a state which is not of wisdom, but one in which imagination and natural passion are suppressed and extinct, and a sort of worldly temper and tone of mind, a substitute for wisdom, is adopted,—like it, only in its immunity from youthful illusions. But wisdom retains the generosity of youth without its dreams, whereas this worldly wit of ours parts with youth and generosity together; and yet, while it dispels those pardonable dreams, does not exempt us from deceptions of its own, and from passions which have the ardour, but not the beauty of youth.

What Poet of the present day is there, who, grasping resolutely with the reality of life, such as our own age brings it forth, has produced true, simple, and powerful poetry. Two have made approaches to this kind, Cowper and Wordsworth. But the poetry of Cowper wants power. And though Wordsworth has expressly applied himself to this part of poetry, yet the strongest passion of his own mind is the passion for nature; and his most

powerful poetry may be called almost contemplative. He is the poet of meditation. His sympathy with passions is very imperfect. And the poetry which he has drawn from present life, which, assuredly, he has much contemplated and studied, is more of a touching gentleness than of power. It is, moreover, human life blended, and almost lost in nature. It is nowhere the strength of life brought out to be the very being of poetry. Of those of our poetical writers, who, with some power indeed of glowing imagination, have wrought pictures of other scenes of the world, we hold it not necessary to speak. They have escaped from reality. Burns appears to us the only one, who, looking steadfastly upon the life to which he was born, has depictured it, and changed it into poetry.

This appears to us the true test of the mind which is born to poetry, and is faithful to its destination. It is not born to live in antecedent worlds, but in its own; in its own world, by its own power, to discover poetry; to discover, that is, to recognize and distinguish the materials of life which belong to imagination.

Imagination discovering materials of its own action in the life present around it, ennobles that life, and connects itself with the on-goings of the world; but escaping from that life, it seems to us to fly from its duty, and to desert its place of service.

The poetry which would be produced by imagination, conversing intimately with human life, would be that of tragedy. But we have no tragic poet. Schiller is, perhaps, the only great tragic poet who has lived in the same day with ourselves. And wild and portentous as his shapes of life often are, who is there that does not feel that the strange power by which they hold us is derived from the very motions of our blood, and that the breath by which we live, breathes in them? He has thrown back his scenes into other times of the world: but we find *ourselves* there. It is from real, present life, that he has borrowed that terrible spell of passion by which he shakes so inwardly the very seat of feeling and thought. The tragic poets of England, in the age of our dramatic literature, have shewn the same power; and they drew it from the same source; from imagination submitted to human life, and dwelling in the midst of it.

The whole character of our life and literature seems to us to shew in our cultivated classes, a disposition of imagination to separate itself from real life, and to go over into works of art. It may appear to some a matter of little consequence; and perhaps they will think that it is *then* beginning to confine itself to its right province. We think there are many who will not be so easily satisfied; and to whom it will appear, that such a separation, if it be indeed taking place, cannot be affected without grievous injury to the character of our minds. We think it possible, that the great overflow of poetry in this age may be in part from this cause.—And there seems to us already a great disappearance of imagination from the character of all our passions.

But life is still strong. And wherever men are assembled in societies, and are not swallowed up in sloth or most debasing passion, there the great elements of our nature are in action: and much as in this day, to look upon the face of life, it appears to be removed from all poetry, we cannot but believe, that in the very heart of our most civilized life—in our cities—in each great metropolis of commerce—in the midst of the most active concentration of all those relations of being which seem most at war with imagination—there the materials which imagination seeks in human life are yet to be found.

It were much to be wished, therefore, for the sake both of our literature and of our life, that imagination would again be content to dwell with life—that we had less of poetry, and that of more strength; and that imagination were again to be found as it used to be, one of the elements of life itself; a strong principle of our nature living in the midst of our affections and passions, blending with, kindling, invigorating, and exalting them all. Then might the spirit of dramatic literature be revived.

NOTICES.

SINCE our Review of Curran's Letters to the Rev. H. Weston was printed, we have seen the Life of Curran by his Son (published by Messrs Constable and Co.), a most interesting book, of which we shall give some account in our next Number.

We have many apologies to offer to the author of the article on Dr Clarke's last volume, containing the Narrative of his Tour in Lapland, &c. for having delayed its insertion once more. It shall certainly appear in our next. The same gentleman's Critique on Mitford's fifth volume, and the History of Alexander the Great, is already in types, and will probably appear at the same time.

Polito soon.

We are desired by our friend who wrote the Review of Bainbridge's complete Angler in this Number, to say, that he recommends most strenuously, to his angling friends, a work on the same subject, by Mr Carrol, published by Constable. In his note to us, he quotes the following lines from Sir Stephen Stanihurst:

> "Melodious and compacted strains,
> Delight the ears of Tuscan swains;
> For they are taught, and can well see
> Their beauty and hard-mastery:
> But simpler joys avail us well,
> In this our lonely northern dell;
> And shame, I say, on him would quarrel,
> With our own simple mountain carol.
> *Love's Divertisement, or a Long Line to a Deep Pool, Canto III.*"

We received, some months ago, a very pretty poem, entitled the Troutiad, and addressed to Mr Douglas, one of the Sub-Librarians in the Advocate's Library. We are sorry that this poem had fallen out of the way, as it might have been advantageously introduced as a sequel to the article with which we have baited the tip of our own hook for this month; but shall certainly insert it before the present season be over. Why, by the way, was Mr Douglas omitted by our learned friend, in his enumeration of the famous fly-buskers of Auld Reekie.

The article on Lewellyn has also fallen out of sight; but indeed we are afraid the time for inserting it has rather gone by. The reviewer must excuse us for once. As for the novel, although there is not much display of character in it, it abounds in ingenious incident, and must give much amusement to all those who are fond of marble covered literature: it is far above the common run.

Can any human credulity believe that we are serious in thinking meanly of the SUPPLEMENT? Not at all—quite the reverse. We only think Mr Napier no great shakes of an editor. We patronize the work itself, and wish it every success.

It is quite against the rule to review periodical publications; (by the way, why is Mr Waugh's Review so hard upon poor Colburn, about the innocent little quackery of the Vampire?) and therefore cannot think of inserting the review of Encyclopædia Edinensis, published by Peter Hill and Co. The license of a notice page may, however, allow us to say, that this is a very well executed work, and may perhaps, in the end, prove a very formidable rival to most of its more bulky predecessors and contemporaries. We patronize this also, and approve very much of the editor, Dr Millar, who is a man of sound sense, and sound information, and no pretension.

"The Devil on Two Sticks on the top of the Ram's-horn," is received. Our Glasgow friends may depend upon this before the Autumn Circuit.

"Et tu Brute," (unless you mend your manners) very soon.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Œrsted's Chemical Philosophy.—In the year 1812, Œrsted, a celebrated chemical philosopher, published at Berlin, a work entitled, "Ansicht der Chemischen Naturgesetze." Shortly after its publication we had an opportunity of reading it, and were struck with the beauty and originality of the general views it disclosed. We mentioned the delight we had experienced in the study of this beautiful work to one of our countrymen, who justly ranks amongst the most distinguished chemists in Europe, but found he had been prejudiced against it by erroneous representations in foreign journals. It is, therefore, with infinite satisfaction that we find it is now brought before the British public by Dr Thomson in a manner worthy its high merits. In the last number of the Annals of Philosophy, there is a luminous and most interesting view of Œrsted's work, but we regret the editor has not given the whole sketch in the same number. We trust that ere long it will appear in an English dress, not from the pen of a common translator, but under the eye, or from the hand, of Dr Thomson himself.

We are convinced that Œrsted's views will contribute, in a very eminent degree, to the advancement of chemical philosophy in Great Britain. And this, indeed, is an effect ardently to be wished for, as this very beautiful science is at present much disfigured by the dull and cloudy visions of heavy speculators, and the no less tiresome and unmeaning doings of the apparatus and per cent. hunters.*

Murray on Dew, and the Temperature of the Sea.—Mr Murray, the chemist, has published, in Dr Thomson's Annals of Philosophy, the following observations on dew and on the temperature of the sea:

On the 5th of last month, in crossing the Bochetta from Genoa to Turin, at half-past seven o'clock, A. M. with a still atmosphere and serene sky, I noted the following observation, which cannot, I think, be explained in any other way than upon the principles laid down by Dr Wells. The external atmosphere was 27° Fahr.; that within the coach 54°. The windows had been shut for a considerable time. The exterior surface of the glass was dry, the *inner* covered with a thin *crust of ice*, though exposed to this medium of 54° I lowered one of the side windows about *half* an inch; this had the effect of causing the ice to *disappear* very shortly. I explain the phenomenon in the following manner: The exterior surface of the glass radiated caloric to the heavens more promptly than it received the warm impressions from within, in consequence of which, the respirable vapour condensed upon the inner surface passed into the state of ice. On admitting the external air, a current was established, and the ice dissolved, though it lowered the temperature considerably. The ball of the thermometer *in contact with the ice* within, still supported a temperature of 54°. I should add to these, that no ice formed on the surface of the *front* windows, and these were overshadowed by the covert of the cabriolet. Now Dr Wells has clearly proved that a cloudy sky, or the prevalence of winds, are circumstances unfavourable to the formation of dew; and that an agitated atmosphere not only prevents the deposition of dew and the formation of hoar frost, ice, &c. but dissolves them as soon as formed.

Dr Davy's ingenious researches on the temperature of the sea will no doubt be appreciated by the navigator. By this account we are apprized of the approximation of shoals by a decrement of temperature. This may be the case in the ocean, but circumstances concur, I am persuaded, to modify this law as applied to the approach to land. I kept an exact register of the temperature of the sea on my passage from the Mull of Galloway to Liverpool, and on my voyage from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia; and think I have clearly proved *that there is an increase of temperature in the sea off the mouths of rivers.* The mean of 14 observations made in St George's Channel is 52·8°. On approaching N.W. buoy, the temperature was 55°, and successively to 60° Fahr. as we approached the river Mersey: here we were among *sand-banks.* Again: the temperature of the Mediterranean continued nearly uniform at 70·3° Fahr.; but off the river Ombrone, in Italy (even 10 miles at sea), the temperature rose to 71·5°. The experiments were made with care, and frequently repeated.

Death of Hornemann.—Baron von Zach has published an account of the death of Frederick Hornemann, a native of Hildesheim, in Lower Saxony, who was sent by the African Association, in 1797, to explore the interior of Africa. Many of our readers will recollect the interesting papers published by the African Association from this enterprising traveller, and the sanguine hopes that were entertained that he would be able to penetrate to Timbuctoo. These hopes

* The apparatus and per cent. hunters very much resemble, in many things, those gay and innocent beings who roam about in search of plants, and whose ecstasies on the *discovery* of a weed on a *particular dunghill*, where it had not before been seen *by any botanist*, are only equalled by the delight of the *chemist*, on his inventing a new bend for a tube, or a novel shaped cork for a bottle.

have been long extinct. The following is the account of his death, communicated to Baron von Zach by Captain W. H. Smith.

Captain Smith, having sojourned for some time at the court of the Dey of Tripoli, formed an acquaintance with the Bey of Fezzan, a man of much good sense, who had lately arrived from Mourzook. Among other interesting communications respecting the interior of Africa, he informed Capt. Smith that about 16 years ago he had travelled with Hornemann and his companion.* They wished to return from Tripoli to Fezzan with the design of making their way south as far as the Niger, and then to go along that river as far as Timbuctoo. But Hornemann was seized with a fever, in consequence of having drank stagnant water in too great abundance after a very fatiguing journey. He died soon after, and was buried at Aucalus. His companion continued his journey, but fell ill at *Housca*, where he stopped in the house of a Tripoli merchant. Attempting to proceed on his journey before being completely recovered, he had a relapse, and died at Timbuctoo.

Captain Smith adds, that he was informed by the Pasha that all the effects of Hornemann, consisting in books, manuscripts, instruments, clothes, and several large sealed letters, had been sent by the Dey of Fezzan to Tripoli to be deposited with the British consul. There is a possibility, therefore, that the researches of this enterprising but unfortunate traveller may yet be recovered. (Jour. de Phys. lxxxvii. 474.)

Wavellite.—The most active and most acute of modern chemists, Berzelius, has just published the following analysis of the mineral named Wavellite.

Alumina,	35·35
Phosphoric acid,	33·40
Fluoric acid,	2·06
Lime,	0·50
Oxides of iron and manganese,	1·25
Water,	26·90
	99·46

Euclase.—Berzelius has just published the following analysis of Euclase:

Silica,	43·32
Alumina,	30·56
Glucina,	21·78
Oxide of iron,	2·22
Oxide of tin,	0·70
	98·58

Crichtonite.—Some years ago, Count Bournon named a mineral in honour of Dr Crichton of Petersburgh. Berzelius finds it to be a variety of titanitic iron ore.

Starch-Sugar fermented.—Our readers know that sugar has been made artificially by the action of sulphuric acid on starch. Sugar thus made is found to be fermentable like any vegetable saccharine matter. Dissolved in water, boiled with hops, and treated like malt worts, it yields a light, brisk, and pleasant beverage, and of a strength proportioned to the solution employed.

Potato Sugar.—Late accounts from Sweden state, that in many parts of that kingdom, "they now extract sugar from potato starch. It is calculated that 240 pounds yield forty of Muscovado sugar.

Subterranean Garden and natural Hot-Bed.—A curious account of a subterraneous garden, formed at the bottom of the Percy Main Pit, Newcastle, by the furnace keeper, was communicated to the last General Quarterly Meeting of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, in a letter from Mr Bald, coal engineer of Alloa. The plants are formed in the bottom of the mine by the light and radiant heat of an open fire constantly maintained for the sake of ventilation.—The same letter contained an account of an extensive natural hot-bed near Dudley in Staffordshire, which is heated by means of the slow combustion of the coal at some depth below the surface. From this natural hot-bed a gardener raises annually crops of different kinds of culinary vegetables, which are earlier by some weeks than those in the surrounding gardens where the subterranean heat does not operate.

Voyages of Discovery.—The Russian government is fitting out two expeditions for scientific researches in remote seas. Each will consist of two ships; one of them is designed to make discoveries towards the North Pole. Above sixty officers of the Imperial Navy have applied to the Minister of the Marine requesting to be employed on this service.

Steam-Boat.—A trial was made at Milan on the 19th of February, with a boat on a new construction, which moves either with or against the stream, by means of machinery, without the aid of oars or steam, moved by the power of six men, carrying a load of one half its own weight, which is stated to have answered every expectation. We cannot, for want of sufficient data, make any proper estimate of the supposed advantages gained by this construction, being neither informed of the load moved, nor of the velocity, but of the power applied—six men.

New Acid of Sulphur.—Gay-Lussac and Welther have discovered a new acid combination of sulphur and oxygen intermediate between sulphurous and sulphuric acid, to which they have given the name of sulphuriu acid. If we consider sulphurous acid as a compound of four volumes sulphur and four volumes oxygen gas, sulphuric acid will be a compound of four volumes sulphur and six volumes oxygen. Hence it is probable, that this intermediate acid will be a compound of four volumes sulphur + five volumes oxygen.

* *Probably Joseph* Frendenbourg, a German Mahometan, whom Hornemann had *en into his service as an interpreter.*

The sulphurin acid is obtained by passing a current of sulphurous acid gas over the black oxide of manganese. A combination takes place; the excess of the oxide of manganese is separated by dissolving the sulphurinate of manganese in water. Caustic barytes precipitates the manganese, and forms with the sulphurin acid a very soluble salt, which chrystallizes regularly, like the nitrate or muriate of barytes. Sulphurinate of barytes being thus obtained, sulphuric acid is cautiously added to the solution, which throws down the barytes, and leaves the sulphurin acid in the water. This acid may be concentrated very considerably without any loss.

New compound of Oxygen and Hydrogen.—Thenard, in the course of his experiments on the oxygenized acids, &c. is stated to have placed beyond a doubt the existence of a new compound of oxygen and hydrogen, consisting of two atoms of oxygen and one of hydrogen. It is a fluid less volatile than water, and soluble in it in any proportion: hence it may be obtained nearly free from that liquid by placing the mixture under the receiver of an air-pump with sulphuric acid. When separated from water and concentrated as much as possible, its sp. gr. 1·417. It destroys or whitens all organic substances. When a drop of it is allowed to fall upon the oxide of silver, the oxide is decomposed, with explosion, and often with omission of light.

Germany.—A new Quarterly Journal is just commenced at Leipzic, under the title of "Hermes, or Critical Journal of Literature." The editor is Professor Krug. The following are mentioned as a few of the subjects discussed in the first number: The German Catholic Church, and its relations with the Court of Rome.—Upon the Union of the two Protestant Churches.—On the forms of the Armed Force of Germany, with particular reference to the Landwehr System.—On the Freedom of the Press, and the strongly expressed feeling of the age for Representative Constitutions.—On the New Translation of Shakspeare, by Voss.—Sir Robert Wilson on the Danger which threaten us from the power of Russia.—On the British Expedition to the North Pole.

Another Quarterly Journal, also published at Leipzic, by Dr Ascher, under the singular title of "The Hawk," (Der Falke) is now at its third number. Both these journals appear to be formed upon the plan of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews.

France.—Mr Charles Pougens, of the Institute, (Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres) has just published a specimen of two important Philological works, in the composition of which he has been occupied more than forty years; the first, *Tresor des Origines de la langue Française*, 6 vols folio, and an abridgment in 3 vols 4to; and the second, *Dictionaire Grammatical raisoronê de la langue Française*, 4 vols folio. The specimen which he has published comprises fifty articles in the first three letters of the Alphabet, and includes the following words, *Allemande*, *Alleu*, *Alouette*, *Amazone*, *Ambassadeur*, *Assassin*, *Bachalier*, *Barbacan*, *Barde*, *Beffroi*, *Boheme*, *Boussole*, *Carrousel*, *Cauchemar*, *Corvée*, *Cube*, *Cygne*, *Czar*, &c. It would be difficult to give an idea of the profundity of learning and variety of research, which this work displays, and which are only equalled by the author's extreme modesty. But there are circumstances in his personal history which are exceedingly interesting, and add another proof to those already in existence, that the deprivation of one of the senses, instead of depressing, has, to certain minds, the effect of invigorating the mental faculties. Mr Pougens is now in his sixty-fourth year. "Deprived," says he in his preface, "entirely of sight since I was twenty-three years of age, eighteen months after I had commenced at Rome, my *Tresor des origines de langue Française*, the difficulties which I had to overcome have not suspended my labours; I thought for means for surmounting them, which was better than giving way to them without a struggle. I will even confess, that in the midst of my philological researches, I composed several philosophical works, and others of pure amusement, which I shall some day publish. The calamities of the Revolution subsequently wore out a part of my life, obliging me to employ the greater part of my time in occupations disagreeable to a man of letters, who must consider every employment interfering with his habitual labours as a painful tax, an afflicting contrariety. Having overcome the first obstacles which destiny opposed to me, I was necessitated to triumph over the last also, and I have done so."—— "If the years which have rolled over my head, and my strength worn out by perseverance, and by my long and painful labours, should prevent me from putting the last letters of my two great works into a shape fit for publication, I have consolation for this involuntary interruption; for my labour would not suffer. Mr Theodore Lorin, member of several academies, my friend, and my best pupil, whom I have formed during twenty-four years, will supply my place to advantage. I know no man who, to mere modesty unites more sagacity of research, more real knowledge, and a better judgment: he has deeply studied a great number of languages, and is thoroughly imbued with my principles; to these advantages he joins the habit of labour; he will imitate me, and not be disheartened by difficulties."

French Drama.—In the course of the year 1818 there were brought out at Paris one hundred and thirty-four new pieces: the *Royal Academy of Music* gave two operas and three ballets; the *Theatre Français*, seven comedies; *Feydeau*, eleven comic-operas: *Favart*, twenty-two comedies; *Vaudeville*, twenty-two comedies, his-

torical tracts, vaudevilles, anecdotes, reviews, &c. &c.; the *Variétés*, twenty-five pieces of different descriptions; *Porte St Martin*, thirteen melodramas, comedies, or vaudeville; *La Gaieté*, fourteen; *L'Ambigu*, ten; and the Olympic Circus (shut a great part of the year) five pantomines.

Of these hundred and thirty-four novelties, not fifteen remain upon the repertory, and there are not four which deserve to remain there.

M. Belzoni.—This celebrated character, whose death has been announced in some of the newspapers, is, according to the latest accounts, at Thebes, with Lord Belmore, actively employed in assisting his Lordship in antiquarian researches. One hundred Arabs are constantly in the pay of Lord Belmore.

New Island.—A New Volcanic Island has been raised among the Alentian Islands, not far from Unalaschka. This phenomenon appeared in the midst of a storm, attended by flames and smoke. After the sea was calmed, a boat was sent from Unalaschka, with twenty Russian hunters, who landed on this island, June 1st, 1814. They found it full of crevices and precipices. The surface was cooled to the depth of a few yards, but below that depth it was still hot, No water was on any part of it. The vapours rising from it were not injurious, and the sea-lions had begun to take up their residence on it. Another visit was paid to it in 1815; its height was then diminished. It is about two miles in length; they have given it the name of Boguslaw.

Grass made into Ropes.—Experiments have been made at Portsmouth on the application of a grass, a common product of New Zealand, to the manufacture of large and small ropes, of which a favourable report has been given. The grass is strong, pliable, and very silky in its nature, and may be cut thrice a-year. It may be brought into this country at the estimated price of eight pounds per ton, or about one-seventh the price of hemp.

New Medicine.—The account in the fifth volume of the Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, of the efficacy of the Pyrola Umbellata, a plant which grows in the Perie woods of Canada, as a tonic and diuretic, has led to the importation of a considerable quantity. It has long been considered by the Indians as a valuable medicine, and is called in the Chippaway language, Weesaccabuk, or Wenescebuk Neebesh; meaning, medicine-leaves.

The Mammoth.—Accounts from the banks of the Mississippi state, that the Mammoth has actually been discovered in existence, in the western deserts of North America. According to the descriptions given of it, this colossus of the animal kingdom is not carnivorous; it lives on vegetables, but more particularly on a certain species of tree, of which it eats the leaves, the bark, and sometimes even the trunk. It never lies down, and sleeps, leaning for support, against a tree. It has rather the shape of a wild boar than of an elephant, and is fifteen feet high. His body is covered by a hairy skin, and he has no horn.—*Tilloch's Journal.*

By the latest estimate, the population of the Danish States is now 1,862,000 souls; viz. in Denmark, 1,100,000; in the Duchies of Heswick and Holstein, 680,000; in Lauenburg, 30,000; in Iceland and the Faroe Islands, 52,000.

Cow-pox.—The cow-pox has been long known in Persia by the Eliaats, or wandering tribes. A Mr Bruce made very particular inquiries among several different tribes who visit Bunshire in the winter to sell the produce of their flocks, such as carpets, rugs, butter, cheese, &c.; and every Eliaat, at least six or seven different tribes, uniformly told him, that the people who are employed to milk the cattle caught a disease, which, after once having had, they were perfectly safe from the small pox; that this disease was prevalent among the cows, and shewed itself particularly on the teats; but that it was more prevalent among, and more frequently caught from, the sheep.

Skin of the Rhinoceros.—It appears from some experiments made lately in India, that the skin of the Rhinoceros will resist a musket shot, though fired from a piece at a short distance only. These experiments were made on the body of an individual, which had been of great size, and very old. It was killed near Givalpara, on the borders of the Asam country. The number of them in those parts is immense. The Bouram-pouter is sometimes so covered by them that though nearly a league across, the smallest vessel cannot find room to pass.

Supplement to the number of books published in France during the year 1818. See our last Number, page 103.

Grammar,	57
Philology,	118
Criticism and Rhetoric,	12
Archeology and Coins,	23
Eloquence,	35
Dramatic Art and Poetry,	136
Miscellaneous Poetry,	233
Novels,	75
Literary Miscellanies.	
Select and Complete Works,	208
Literary History,	25
Bibliography,	136
Painting, Sculpture, Engraving, &c.	41
Architecture	14
Music,	7
	1120
To be added from page 103,	1783
Total,	2903

Linen from Nettles.—Some experiments on the preparation of linen and thread from the flos of nettles, have been made lately in Ireland. The thread, in colour, strength, and fineness, was equal, if not superior, to that obtained from flax, and the linen had the appearance of common gray linen.

New Acid.—A new vegetable acid, entitled Sorbic Acid, has been discovered, to which the above name has been given, in consequence of its being found in the greatest abundance in the mountain-ash, and, we presume, other varieties of sorbi. It differs very materially from the malic acid, but experiments have not sufficiently determined its peculiar properties.

Erratum in Last Number—In page 101, top of second column, line 1st, for *Magazine Library*, read *Mazarine Library*.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Sir W. Gell, whose classical and antiquarian attainments are well known, has for several years past been employed on a "Description of Greece," of which the highest expectations are formed. The author is at present at Naples, pursuing his laborious task with the most unwearied industry.

The fourth volume of Mr Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities, will appear on the 1st of June.

A Translation of Volney's Researches on Ancient History, Sacred and Profane, in two 8vo volumes. It is written in the manner of the "Ruins of Empires."

An octavo edition of Pictet's Theologia Christiana.

Walks in Ireland; by the late J. B. Trotter, Secretary to Mr Fox.

A Refutation will shortly be published of the claims of the late Sir Philip Francis, K. B. to be considered the author of the Letters of Junius; by Charles M. Chalmers, Esq. A. M.

The Entomologist's Pocket Companion, containing an introduction to the knowledge of British Insects, with the modern method of arranging the classes crustacea, myriapoda, spiders, mites, and insects, according to their affinities and structure, after the system of Dr Leach, and an explanation of the terms used in entomology; by George Lamouelle.

A New Version of some of the Epistles of St Paul, and of the Epistle of St James, in a cheap and unostentatious form.

Popular Observations on the diseases incident to literary and sedentary persons, with hints for their prevention and cure; by W. A. Pearkes, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Biographical Illustrations of the County of Worcester, written from original communications by Mr Chambers, author of the Histories of Malvern and Worcester.

A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in Normandy, France, and Germany; by the Rev. J. F. Dibdin, in three super-royal octavo volumes; to range with the Bibliographical Decameron; and to be published by subscription, and to be ready for delivery, in the latter end of 1820, or the spring of 1821. The Ædes Althorpianæ, it is expected, will appear about the same time.

First Impressions, in a Tour upon the Continent in the summer of 1818; by Marianne Baillie, 8vo.

An edition of Dr Zouch's works, in two vols 8vo, by the Rev. F. Wrangham.

The Court of England in 1626; being a translation of Marshal Bassompierre's Account of his Embassy to London, with notes and commentaries.

The late Mr John Gifford left nearly finished for press, an Abridgement of Blackstone's Commentaries, adapted to the use of public schools, and to the convenience of students in general, which is now preparing for publication.

A Translation of Chaussier on "Counter-poisons, rendered intelligible to those who have not studied the Curative Art," with numerous notes; by Mr John Murray.

Mr J. G. Mansford will shortly publish Researches into the Nature and Causes of Epilepsy, as connected with the physiology of animal life, and muscular motion, with cases, illustrative of a new and successful method of treatment.

A Splendid Credo of Sebastian Bach, a MS. never before printed, is preparing for press, under the superintendence of Mr Samuel Wesley.

Dr Busby has announced a General History of Music, from the earliest times to the present, in 2 vols 8vo.

Mr Richard Taylor is preparing for publication three Maps, upon a new plan, of the Sites of all the religious Houses, Colleges, Hospitals, &c. within the diocese of Norwich, previous to the dissolution of monasteries. They will be accompanied by a copious reference, and will contain arms of religious houses, and much additional information.

Mr O'Reilly, author of a work on Greenland and the Arctic Seas, is preparing some Observations on Colonization.

A novel, called the Mystery of the Abbey, or the Widow's Fireside.

An Epitome of Scripture History, or a brief narration of the principal facts and events recorded in the Scriptures of the Old

Testaments, with observations; to which will be added, historical questions, designed as exercises for young persons; by Joseph Ward.

The life of Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart.; by the Rev. James Baker, his nephew and executor.

A new edition, corrected throughout, of Grey's Memoria Technica; to which will be added, Lowe's Table of Mnemonics.

A Narrative of the Sufferings and Fate of the Expedition to the Rivers Orinoco, and Apure, in South America; by G. Hippisley, Esq. late Colonel of the first Venezuelan Hussars, with portraits and a map, 8vo.

Journal of an Expedition over part of the (hitherto) Terra incognita of Australasia; by John Oxley, Esq. with a map and plates, in 4to.

A Memoir and Notice of a Chart of Madagascar, by Lislet Geoffrey, 4to.

Nearly ready, Travels in Nubia, and the interior of North-Eastern Africa, by T. L. Burckhardt.

Memoirs of the Life, Ministry, and Religious Connexions of the late Rev. Benjamin Ingham of Aberford, in Yorkshire.

The first part of the second volume of Mr Dallaway's History of Western Sussex.

A Volume of Poems, founded on the Events of the War of the Peninsula, written during its progress and after its conclusion; by the Wife of an Officer (now on half pay) who served in its campaigns, will soon appear.

County Biography; or, the Lives of Eminent and Remarkable Characters, born or long resident in the counties of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, embellished with about 150 portraits, and intended to accompany the "Excursions" through those counties.

The First Number of a Continuation to Richardson's copies of rare Granger Portraits.

Sunday School, and other Anecdotes, Catechetical Exercises, &c. by George Russell.

A Letter to the Author of Junius, with his Vizor up, by a Cambridge Graduate.

A Critical Examination of that part of Mr Bentham's Church of Englandism which relates to the Church Catechism, by the Rev. H. J. Rose, A.B.

A Statistical Account; or, Parochial Survey of Ireland, by William Shaw Mason.

Earl Osric, a romance, from the pen of Mrs Isaacs, will shortly appear.

Tales of Night, in rhyme, will speedily be published; comprising Bothwell, Second Nuptials, the Exile, and the Devil on Shealsden Pike; by the Author of "Night," a descriptive poem.

It is proposed to publish by subscription, a work, called the Complete London Tradesman; or a Treatise on the Rationale of Trade and Commerce, as now carried on in the City and Port of London.

A Free Trade Essential to the Welfare of Great Britian; by Mr John Clay.

A Version of the Orlando, Furioso of Ariosto, by W. Stewart Rose, author of the Travels in the North of Italy, is in preparation.

London before the great Fire; with a Series of Egravings, with Historical and Topographical Descriptions.

Augustus and Adelina, or the Monk of St Bernardine, a romance, by C. D. Haynes.

Cesario Rosalba, or the Oath of Vengeance, a romance, by Ann of Swansea, 5 vols.

The Vestriad, a mock heroic poem, by the Author of the Banquet, a poem; and the Deserter, a poem; embellished with 4 highly finished engravings.

Thirty Views in Islington and Pentonville, engraved under the direction of Mr Charles Pye, from original drawings by Augustus Pugin; accompanied with Historical and Descriptive Sketches of each subject: by W. Brayley, author of the History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey.

The Rev. Mr Nolan's Polyglott Grammar, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriach, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Modern Greek.

Travels in various Countries of the East, being a Continuation of Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey; by Robert Walpole, M.A.

An Interesting Tale for Youth; by Mr Sullivan, entitled the Recluse, or the Hermit of Windermere.

Kenilworth Illustrated, or the History of the Castle, Priory, and Church of Kenilworth; containing Sir William Dugdale's Account of those Edifices; with additions, and a description of their present state from minute investigation; 1 vol. 4to.

Mr J. Goodwin, veterinary surgeon to the Prince Regent, will shortly publish an Account of the various Modes of Shoeing Horses, employed by different nations, in 8vo, with plates.

Sketches, descriptive of Italy in 1816 and 1817; with an Account of Travels in various parts of France and Switzerland, in 3 vols, foolscap 8vo.

A Journal to Persia, in the suite of the Imperial Russian Embassy in the year 1817; by Moritz de Kotzebue, is in the press.

Dr Bateman is preparing, Reports on the Weather and Diseases of London, from 1804 to 1816 inclusive; comprising practical remarks on their causes and treatment, and preceded by an historical view of the state of health and disease in the metropolis in former times; in which the extraordinary improvement in point of salubrity which it has undergone, the changes in the characters of the seasons in this respect, and the causes of these, are traced to the present time.

Hints to Mothers, on the education of their children in early age.

Iskander, or the Hero of Epirus; by A. Spencer.

Scenes from History; the Civil Wars of Grenada, &c. by the author of Modern Greece.

A Romance on the subject of Robin Hood.

Principles of Elocution; containing numerous Rules, Observations, and Exercises on pronunciation, pauses, inflections, and emphasis; also copious extracts in prose and verse, calculated to assist the teacher and improve the pupil in reading and recitation, 12mo.

An Essay on the Holy Eucharist, or a refutation of the Hoadlyan System of it; by the Rev. Henry Card.

Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek, written by himself.

Mr Perry, of the Museum, Leamington Spa, is preparing for publication, *Plantæ Parvicensis Selectæ*, or a Guide to the Habitats of remarkable Plants, natives of the county of Warwick. He requests communications relative to scarce plants or new habitats.

Mrs Hoffland intends publishing, by Subscription, a work of which only fifty copies will be printed, entitled, "A Descriptive Account of White Knights," a seat of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, to be illustrated by twenty-two Engravings, from pictures and drawings by T. C. Hoffland. Atlas 4to.

A Dictionary of Astrology, wherein every term belonging to the science will be minutely explained, and the various systems of the most approved authors collected and accurately defined.

In the Press, and speedily will be published, in One Volume, foolscap octavo, elegantly printed, Orient Harping, a Desultory Poem, in Two Parts; by John Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta. Contents.—Part I.—Prelude: The Vision: Night: Jagannatha: Ganga promised: Descent of Ganga: Heaven: Longing for Heaven: Immortality: Hell.—Part II.—Sabbath Morn: Sin: Sabbath Reflections: The Contrast: The Brahmin: The poor Bengalee: Death: Hope in Death. To which are added Notes, illustrative of several parts of the Poem. Also, the third edition of the Maniac, with other Poems, by the same Author.

M. Charles Pougens, member of the French Institute, and of the most distinguished Literary Societies in Europe, will shortly publish, in a quarto volume of 500 pages, a Specimen of his *Trésor des Origines*, and Grammaticæ *raisonné* Dictionary of the French Language. The author has been employed for more than forty years in this laborious work, which is expected to form a valuable accession to French Literature.

Mr Playfair, who, during his residence in France, wrote an answer to Lady Morgan's work, has prepared his MS. for press. It will appear in one or two 8vo. volumes.

The Translation of Paradise Lost into Welsh, in the same metre as the original; by W. Owen Pughe.

New Editions of Capper's Topographical Dictionary of the United Kingdom; and of Watkin's Biographical Dictionary.

EDINBURGH.

The Third Series of Tales of my Landlord, containing "The Bride of Lammermuir," and "A Legend of the Wars of Montrose," is announced to be published in the first week of June.

Observations and Facts, illustrative of a safe and successful mode of curing Toothache, without drawing, or in any way touching the tooth, however *curious*, and however exquisite the pain; by William Balfour, M.D.; author of Treatises on Rheumatism, and the Cure of Inflammation by Emetic Tartar, &c. &c.

The Rev. Dr William Brown is printing in two octavo volumes, Antiquities of the Jews, compiled from Authentic Sources, and their Customs illustrated from Modern Travels.

A new edition of the Picture of Edinburgh, by Mr Stark, with numerous engravings, will speedily appear. Besides an accurate account of every remarkable object in, or establishment connected with, the Scottish metropolis, this edition will contain a Description of the Environs,—the Natural History and Geological Appearances of the surrounding Country,—and a Guide to the Scenery to a considerable distance.

It is proposed to publish, in six weeks, at 6s. per copy, a limited number of a very Curious Genealogical History of the Family of Forbes, &c. written in 1580; by Mr Mathew Lumsden of Tullikerne, and continued in 1667, by Mr William Forbes, and to which will be added, a Family Narrative written in March 1702, by a gentleman of fortune of the name; with a Preface and Notes. Applications for Copies, per letter, post paid, may be made to Mr James Frazer, Inverness Journal Office, Inverness; or Mr Kenneth Treasurer, Terrace, Edinburgh.—If forty copies are not ordered, this very interesting print will not go on.—The subscribers' names will be printed, if not otherwise ordered.

Mr Lumsden's Glas. 1580.

"Now have I written this with my hand,
At John Maister of Forbes's command;
That thing he promised me I have wone;
A good hand bow or a long gunn;
Or forbears lord or knight,
With manhood and wisdom supported this right.
I pray to God to give us grace,
Ilk man according to his place,
To support the bruit our elders wane,
And end with honour as they begane.
This endeth Mr Mathew Lumsden."

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.

Communications to the Board of Agriculture on Subjects relative to the Husbandry and internal improvements of the Country. Vol. I. Part I. 4s.

An improved Method of Cultivating the Strawberry, Raspberry, and Gooseberry; by T. Haynes, of Oundle, 8vo. 7s. Second Edition.

A Treatise on the Culture of the Melon; by J. Smith, 12mo. 6s.

ANATOMY.

On the Mechanism and Motions of the Human Foot and Leg; by John Cross, M.D. 8vo. 5s.

ANTIQUITIES.

The Antiquities of Sicily, consisting of the most interesting Views, Plans, &c. with Descriptions; etched by Pinelli of Rome, from Drawings by John Goldicutt, architect, member of the academy of St Luke of Rome. Part I. folio. £1, 5s.

ARCHITECTURE.

Attempt to discriminate the Styles of English Architecture, from the Conquest to the Reformation, with Notices of Eight Hundred English Buildings; by Thomas Rickman. 8vo. 15s.

ARTS.

A new edition, with considerable additions, of Captain J. C. Laskey's Description of the Elgin and Phigalian Marbles, arranged conformably to the numbers as they are now placed in the British Museum; illustrated with a view of the two pediments of the Pantheon. Taken by Mons. Nointel, by order of the French King.

A Complete History of Lithography, from its origin down to the present time, by the inventor, Alois Senefelder. 4to. £1, 16s.

A Descriptive Catalogue of a Collection of Paintings by British Artists, in the possession of Sir John Flemming Leicester, Bart. By Wm. Carey, Esq. with occasional remarks, &c. by Sir Richard Coalt Hoare, Bart. Royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Desultory Exposition of an Anti-British System of Incendiary Publications, &c. intended to sacrifice the honour and interests of the British Institution, of the Royal Academy, and the whole body of the British Artists and their Patrons to the Passions, Quackeries, and Falsehoods of certain disappointed Candidates for Prizes at the British Gallery, and admission into the Royal Academy. Respectfully addressed to the British Institution, and Artists and Amateurs of the United Kingdom. By Wm. Carey. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Albin's General Catalogue of Books, together with some MSS. Paintings, Prints, Portraits, and Music. 2s.

Arch's Catalogue of a Miscellaneous Collection of Books, new and second hand. 2s.

Cuthell's Catalogue of Books in Theology, Classics, Philology, and Miscellaneous Literature; being Part I. for 1819.

Triphook's Catalogue for 1819. Part I. 1s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough, with his original Correspondence, collected from the family records at Blenheim and other sources. By Wm. Coxe, M.A. vol 3, 4to. £3, 3s.

The Biographical Magazine, No XIV. 2s 6d.

BOTANY.

A complete Course of Lectures on Botany, as delivered at the Botanical Garden at Lambeth; by the late William Curtis, F.L.S. No. I. 2s. 6d.

Juvenile Botany; being an easy introduction to that delightful Science, through the medium of familiar Conversations, by R. J. Thornton, M.D. with fifteen elegant Plates. 12mo. 8s. or coloured, 12s.

CHEMISTRY.

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Sugar. The demand for Sugar continues limited, the market heavy, and the prices depressed. In consequence of the continued decline of Muscovadoes, the refined goods continue to decline, and the market for them is in a very languid state. The stock of Sugar in this country is by no means large, but it has of late continued to increase, in consequence of the general stagnation of trade, and an evident decline in the quantity used for home consumpt, the deliveries from the warehouses for that purpose being much smaller than usual. The export of Sugar is now become very small from Britain to Continental Europe. It is chiefly supplied from other quarters, and, particularly from Cuba. The increase of the cultivation of this island is almost incredible. Not many years ago, it was without revenue, and a burden on the royal treasury of Spain. Last year, the royal revenues in that island amounted to 4,104,666 dollars, nearly one million sterling, which shews the prodigious extent of its cultivation and trade. The increase of revenue in 1818, was 894,471 dollars. As the supply of Sugars from the Colonies are now beginning to arrive, it is probable the market may continue depressed, unless a general revival of trade also give life to it. For some time to come, this is scarcely to be expected.—*Coffee.* The market for Coffee also remains in a depressed state, notwithstanding advices of a demand in some parts of the Continent. The quantity exported is considerable, as it was eagerly

bought up, at enormous prices, in foreign parts, particularly in Batavia, upon the accounts of very high prices in England. The importer must, in future, expect to suffer severely, particularly from the quarter particularly mentioned.—*Cotton.* The price of this article continues greatly depressed, and it is expected still to be lower. A considerable demand lately took place on speculation, owing to the price of Bengals being so exceedingly low—but low as it is, it must be a dangerous article to meddle with. The quantity arriving is still very great. It is supposed there is nearly 300,000 bales of East India Cotton in this country. From New Orleans, we learn that the increase of cultivation is so great in the south-western states of the union, that from that city, this year, they expect to export 200,000 bales, which weigh, on an average, above 4 cwts. Letters from Calcutta, lately received, boast, that in November last, there were not 20 bales of Cotton at that place. Probably it might prove no bad speculation to return them part of the enormous quantity they have sent here. Certainly it would have been better for the British importer, had there been 200,000 bags at Calcutta, in place of only 20. There is, however, plenty in India—plenty in other places.—Concerning the remaining articles usually enumerated in our Report, we can say nothing, but what has been observed for some months past. There is no variation worth mentioning, and, taking a general view of trade, internal and foreign, a few words may suffice to describe it; it is greatly and unusually depressed, and must, we fear, yet continue for some time in this state. The foreign market was completely overdone—every market was glutted, and goods selling every where at a loss, chiefly from ignorant and rash speculators, who injure the regular merchant, and ruin themselves, besides bringing great misery and distress upon thousands of our population employed in the manufacturing branches. A general alarm, also, and want of confidence in the commercial world, aggravates the evil. Things cannot, however, remain long in their present state; and the question of the circulating medium of the country being now for a considerable time set to rest, will remove part of the pressure, and tend gradually to restore commercial matters to their proper activity. Since the beginning of 1818, the loss upon Cotton imported into this country, cannot be less than four millions; and the loss on Grain, perhaps three millions more; a loss, the more severe, as nearly the whole amount of each goes out of this country in some shape or other, into the pockets of foreign nations. —We had hoped, in our present Number, to have been able to have given our readers an account of the important invention of the new system of navigating vessels by steam, &c. announced in a former Number. An accident, however, has prevented the trial for ascertaining the best way of applying the principle from succeeding to the extent required. This, therefore, renders a further delay necessary. But in a very short period we hope to satisfy out readers on this head. The principle, upon trial, has been found perfectly satisfactory and clear, and will be productive of even greater advantages than we formerly mentioned. Some of them we are not at liberty at present to mention, but we may observe, that one advantage of great importance is, that any vessel of a proportionate draught of water, may move in a canal with any velocity, and not injure its banks.

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Aqua, ...	7 4 7 6	— —	— —	15 6 —	
WINES,					B.S. tun. 143 18 0
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 — 64	— —	— —	£35 — 65 0	F.S. 148 4 6
Portugal Red, pipe.	48 — 54	— —	— —	54 — 60 0	B.S. 95 11 0
Spanish White, butt.	54 — 55	— —	— —	50 — 65 0	F.S. 98 16 6
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 — 35	— —	— —	25 — 38 0	
Madeira, . . .	60 — 70	— —	— —	50 — 65 0	B.S. 96 13 0
					F.S. 99 16 6
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£9 — —	7 0 7 7	7 0 —	7 15 8 0	
Honduras, . .	9 10 —	7 10 7 15	7 5 7 10	8 0 —	0 9 1½
Campeachy, . . .	10 — —	8 10 9 0	8 0 8 10	9 0 9 9	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	10 — 11	— — —	8 0 —	11 11 12 0	
Cuba, . . .	12 — 14	— — —	10 0 10 10	14 0 14 10	1 4 6½
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	8 6 9 6	8 0 8 9	10s 0d 10 6	0 0 4¾
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 4 2 6	— — —	2 6 2 8	— —	0 2 4½
Ditto Oak, . .	4 5 5 6	— — —	— — —	— —	0 5 6½
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 3 2 4	— — —	— — —	— —	
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 9	0 10 1 8	1 2¾ 1 6	1 5 1 6	50 c. f. ton. 3 16 0
St Domingo, ditto .	— —	1 2 3 0	1 6½ 2 0	1 6 1 10	8 14 2
TAR, American, . brl.	— — —	— —	12 6 16 6	20 —	B.S. 1 1 4½
					F.S. per 12 brls. 1 2 11½
Archangel, . .	22 — —	— —	16 6 17 6	16 —	— — —
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 — —	— —	— —	10 6 —	B.S. 1 8 6
					F.S. 1 10 1
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	68 — 70	68 — 70	72 — —	69 0 70	0 3 2
Home Melted, . .	68 — 70	— — —	— — —	— — —	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	51 — 52	50 — 52	— — —	£50 0 —	B.S. cwt. 0 9 1½
Petersburgh Clean, .	46 — 48	49 — 50	47 — 48	47 0 —	F.S. 0 10 0½
FLAX,					
Riga Thics. & Druj. Rak.	74 — —	— — —	— — —	80 0 —	
Dutch, ...	60 — 150	— — —	— — —	70 — 90	B.S. cwt. 0 0 4 7
Irish, . . .	55 — 62	— — —	— — —	— — —	F.S. 0 0 7¾
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	78 — 85	— — —	— — —	£4 5 4 10	B.S. 1 3 9
					F.S. 1 4 11½
BRISTLES,					B.S. 0 5 6½
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 0 16 0	— — —	— — —	14 10 —	F.S. 0 5 11½
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	40 — 42	— — —	— — —	40 — 42	B.S. 0 4 6½
					F.S. 0 6 —
Montreal ditto, . .	55 — 57	54 — 55	48 — —	40 — 56	0 1 7
Pot, . . .	42 — 45	42 — 44	39 — 41	42 — 43	
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	33 — —	35 — 36	36 — —	34 — —	
Cod. . . .	87 (p. brl.) —	— — —	38 — —	38 — —	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	9 — 9½	10 — 10½	0 6 0 8	0s 7d 0 8	
Middling, . . .	8 — 8½	9½ — 10	0 4¼ 0 5½	0 6 0 7	0 10
Inferior, . . .	7 — 8	7 — 8	0 3½ 0 4	— 5½ — 6	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— — —	1 1½ 1 3	0 11 1 1	1 1 1 3½	
Sea Island, fine,	— — —	2 5 2 9	2 3 2 6	1 9 2 6	
Good, . .	— — —	2 3 2 4	2 0 2 2	— —	per 100 lbs.
Middling, .	— — —	2 0 2 1	1 2 1 7	— —	B.S. 0 8 7
Demerara and Berbice,	— — —	1 3 1 6	1 2½ 1 6	1 4 1 7	F.S. 0 17 2
West India, . .	— — —	1 1 1 3	— —	1 4 1 6	
Pernambuco, . .	— — —	1 7½ 1 8	1 4½ 1 6½	1 7 1 9	
Maranham, .	— — —	1 5½ 1 7½	1 3½ 1 4½	1 5 1 6	

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th April 1819, extracted from the London Gazette.

Abraham, R. Liverpool, merchant
Aslat, A. White Lion, Lambeth, victualler
Acland, T. sen. Greenwich, butcher
Atherton, J. Warrington, Lancaster, cabinet-maker
Ainsworth, J. Bolholt, Lancashire, whitster
Bound, R. Sopley, Southampton, miller
Bensley, C. Stroud, mercer
Bentley, S. Horton, Yorkshire, worsted manufacturer
Buckley, H. Junction, Yorkshire, innkeeper
Bendall, G. H. Bristol, corn-factor
Brammer, C. Woodhouse, Yorkshire, mercer
Burcher, T. Mitchel Dean, Glocestershire, timber-dealer
Booth, T. Newark-upon-Trent, Nottinghamshire, and A. Booth, Nottingham, tallow-chandlers
Buchanan, D. S. M. Smith, and F. Ashley, Liverpool, merchants
Bartlett, J. Somersetshire, clothier
Bradshaw, J. Carlisle-street, Soho, tailor

Cottrell, E. M. and C. G. Vine-street, Liquorpond-street, bacon-merchants
Carr, C. Bridge-street, Westminster, jeweller
Chancy, W. Cornhill, provision-merchant
Cooper, J. Scholes, Yorkshire, slate-merchant
Cruse, T. Chatham, brewer
Cope, R. St Martin's, Worcester, victualler
Collinson, E. Crooked-lane, oil-merchant
Campbell, J. White Lion-court, Cornhill, merchant
Cooke, W. Birmingham, merchant
Chapman, J. Margate, baker
Dixon, J. Ivybridge, Devonshire, merchant
Davis, G. Tenby, merchant
Dolphin, E. Cheadle, Staffordshire, plumber
Douchatt, S. Liverpool, merchant
Dunderdale, H. London, and W. T. Dunderdale, Manchester, merchants
Daniell, H. Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, coach-maker
Dixon, J. Wellington, Shropshire, mercer
Deakin, T. and T. Dier, Birmingham, dealers
Davis, D. New Bond-street, jeweller
Dyer, W. Aldersgate-street, goldsmith
Elmer, G. Mistley, Essex, merchant
Edwards, W. Manchester, manufacturer
Ellerby, T. Poole, Dorset, linen-draper
Earl, T. Kingston-upon-Thames, barge-master
Fisher, T. Liverpool, master-mariner
French, J. jun. Bristol, clothier
Fisher, W. Union-place, Lambeth master-mariner
Fletcher, R. B. Blackburn, manufacturer
Forbes, A. B. Bristol, draper
Farmer, W. Walsall, Staffordshire, innholder
Fletcher, B. Burnley, Lancashire, plumber
Folder, J. Savage-gardens, Tower-hill, merchant
Gompertz, A. Lombard-street, merchant
Gilpin, W. Villiers-street, Strand, army clothier
Gillimore, W. Norbury, Derbyshire, tanner
Gowland, M. J. Whitby, porter-merchant
Griffiths, J. and R. Bristol, builders
Gunton, J. St James'-street, picture-dealer
Glover, E. and E. Warrington, brewers
Gray, J. Drury-lane, commission agent
Gerten, J. H. Gerten, J. Gerten, and W. Roberts, Tottington, Lancashire, cotton-spinners
Hancock, W. Bury, St Edmunds, cabinet-maker
Hawkins, S. Portsea, dealer
Howard, R. jun. Woolwich, brewer
Hurrell, S. Minories, corn-dealer
Hoyland, J. Knottingley, Yorkshire, grocer
Heal, W. Bradford, Wilts, innkeeper
Hull, C. Hoxton, New Town, ribbon-manufacturer
Holroyde, J. Halifax, factor
Hepke, T. and H. Otto Von Post, St Mary-hill, London, merchants
Harris, H. Bradford, Wilts, baker
Hunter, J. and J. Orr, Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, merchants
Holbrook, G. Fleet-market, poulterer
Harris, R. Wood-street, Spitalfields, stationer
Hodgson, R. Fleet-street, oilman
Isaac, J. Farham, Hampshire, currier
Illingworth, J. Leeds, merchant
Jones, R. Cheapside, woollen-draper
Jackson, M. Bolton, cotton-manufacturer
Jones, C. E. Kentish-Town, tanner
Jarman, W. jun. Knightsbridge, paper-hanger
Jordan, R. and J. Smith, Stratford, Essex, and J. Litchfield, Leadenhall-street, coach-proprietors
Jones, S. O. Prince-street, Lambeth, potter
Kilby, J. York, brewer
Kitchingman, J. Cateaton-street, merchant
Lewis, W. and J. A. Henderson, Little Tower-street, wine-merchants
Lavel, J. Lewer-row, Lambeth, grocer
Laing, C. Garford-street, Limehouse-hole, ship-chandler
Levet, W. Shadwell, grocer
Lough, R. Upper Ground-street, Blackfriars-road, brass-founder
Lloyd, J. Carnarvon, shopkeeper
Lawrence, R. Minety, Wiltshire, grocer
Milnes, R. Mirfield, Yorkshire, coal-merchant
Marks, J. Bath-place, New-road, china-man
Martin, J. St Philip and St Jacob, Gloucestershire, druggist
Messent, P. Quaker-street, Spitalfields, silk-weaver
Morton, R. M. Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, grocer
Messiter, R. Bristol, cloth-dealer
Moon, J. Acres-barn, Manchester, cotton-merchant
Meaden, W. Bath, coachmaker
Naylor, B. Skeyhouse, Yorkshire, tanner
Nightingale, J. and T. Byrno, George-street, Portman-square, tailors
Owen, J. and H. D. Great St Helens, merchants
Pickbourn, J. North-street, City-road, drug-grinder
Pearse, J. Plymouth-dock, saddler
Panton, S. Milton, Kent, miller
Pearson, J. Leicester, commission-agent
Pritchard, J. Bristol, grocer
Perkins, J. B. Carpenter's-hall, London-wall, iron monger
Parker, W. Bridgewater, maltster
Peers, R. Warrington, grocer
Pierce, R. Exeter, stone-mason
Penfold, J. Watling-street, warehouseman
Palmer, J. Wellingborough, Northampton, wine-merchant
Parsons, A. Montagu-mews, St Mary-le-Bone, horse-dealer
Paseley, J. Aldermanbury, carpenter
Rothwell, J. Arnold, Nottinghamshire, hosier
Richardson, S. Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, merchant
Rossiter, E. Wilts, clothier
Radford, E. Strand, tailor
Robinson, T. and T. H. Robinson, and R. Hancock, Manchester, cotton-merchants
Rees, W. Margham, Glamorganshire, grocer
Ridley, R. Basing-lane, carpenter
Ramsay, W. North Shields, ship-owner
Stevenson, T. Kingston-upon-Hull, ship-builder
Statham, J. and P. Ardwick, Lancaster, dyers
Summers, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, flour-dealer
Saxby, J. R. Hawkhurst, Kent, hop-merchant
Swainston, J. Kendal, morocco-leather manufacturer
Smith, B. Birmingham, steel-toy maker
Splatt, W. Dawlish, Devonshire, builder
Samuels, E. I. Great Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields, lapidary
Slade, J. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier
Smith, T. York, butter-factor
Self, R. H. Whitecross-street, grocer
Travers, J. Sandgate-wharf, Lambeth, coal-merchant
Thornley, S. and J. Beckton, Manchester
Turner, W. Llangollen, Denbighshire, and A. Comber, Manchester, cotton-spinners
Thomson, S. Redcross-street, Cripplegate, calenderer
Tupman, J. Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury, watch-maker
Taylor, T. Bristol, tobacco and snuff-seller
Turk, T. Rose-street, Newgate-market, butcher
Tusoro, J. Cannon-street-road, builder
Webb, A. Hammersmith, coal-proprietor
Wathen, C. Albany-road, Camberwell, merchant
Wroath, D. Truro, smith
Wainewright, W. Liverpool, merchant
Watt, J. J. Ratcliffe-highway, surgeon
Wood, E. Bolton, brazier
Whitton, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant
Wood, T. Nottingham, grocer
Williams, E. Birmingham, victualler
Wilson, T. John-street, carpenter
Watt, J. Preston, manufacturer
Wharton, W. and J. Wharton, Leominster, common carriers
Williams, W. G. Throgmorton-street, auctioneer
Wood, R. Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square, paper-hanger
Young, P. jun. and R. Anderson, Wapping, sail-makers
Yordall, E. Kingsland, coach-proprietor

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between 1st and 30th April 1819, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Arnot, George, merchant, Leith
Brown, Daniel, fish-merchant and spirit-dealer, Broomielaw, Glasgow
Bennet, W. merchant, Banff
Boyd, John, junior, corn-merchant, Leith
Cathie, George, merchant, Musselburgh
Dunlop, R. manufacturer and ship-owner, Irvine
Dobson, J. dry-salter, merchant, and dyer, Glasgow
Duff, R. weaver, manufacturer, and trader, Irvine
Elder, Alex, and Co. merchants, Kirkcaldy

Ferney, John, merchant, Leith
Fyffe, Charles, and Co. merchants, Aberdeen
Geddes, Andrew, straw-plait manufacturer, at Ashley, near Dornoch
Hood, John, and Co. merchants and agents in Glasgow
Hutton, John, chemist, Water of Leith
Hervey, R. and A. and Co. merchants and agents in Glasgow
Hislop, James, spirit-dealer, Edinburgh
Hill, James, merchant and seedsman, Lochside of Newmanswells, Montrose
Jamieson, David, and Co. merchants, Leith
Johnston, John, manufacturer, New Abbey, Kirkcudbright
Mitchells, R. and H. wood-merchants, Fisher-row
Montgomery, George, confectioner and grocer, Edinburgh
M'Millan, Richard, grocer, Maybole
M'Naughton, Peter, and Co. merchants, commission-agents, and dry-salters, Glasgow
Pattison and Connel, merchants, Edinburgh
Reith, James, and Co. merchants, Dundee
Scott, Wm, of Claywhatt, county of Perth
Stewart, John, merchant and general agent, Aberdeen
Sutherland, Thomas, haberdasher, South Bridge
Steele, John, manufacturer, Glasgow

DIVIDENDS.

Dunmore, Robert, of Ballindalloch, late merchant, Glasgow; by Arch. Wallace, merchant there
Dempster, Robert, merchant, Nairn; by John Forsyth, writer, Forres
Drummond, James, late cattle-dealer and farmer at Candy; by Robert Forbes, writer, Kinross
Galbraith, William, and Co. merchants, Greenock; by Dugald M'Tavish, W. S. Edinburgh
Gentleman, E. mason, Stirling; by Colin Dawson, writer there
Johnston, John, Glenlate, merchant, Dundee; by Patrick Anderson, merchant there, 19th May
Leslie, John, and Alex. merchants, Peterhead; by William Gumack, writer, Peterhead
Laing, John, late broker, Cowgate, Edinburgh; by Robinson and Paterson, 5s.
Milne, Margaret. merchant, Stonehaven; by Thomas Kinnear, writer there, 12s. on 19th June
O'Hara, Henry, late tacksman of the Ravelston quarries; by Peter M'Dowall, accountant, Edinburgh
Kerr and Penman, wrights and joiners at Mennock Bridge, parish of Sanquhar; by James Hunter, farmer, Cranehill, by Thornhill
Ritchie, Thomas, cattle-dealer, Glenahurich, near Strentian, Argyleshire: by William M'Kechnie, tacksman of Corrie, near Drymen

London, Corn Exchange, May 3.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, Red	50 to	56	Boilers	40 to	42
Fine	58 to	62	Small Beans	40 to	43
Superfine	64 to	68	Fine	46 to	48
White	50 to	58	Tick	35 to	40
Fine	60 to	68	Fine	40 to	42
Superfine	70 to	74	Feed Oats	16 to	19
Foreign	50 to	70	Fine	20 to	23
Rye	34 to	36	Poland do	21 to	24
Fine	38 to	40	Fine	25 to	28
Barley	26 to	32	Potato do.	24 to	26
Fine	32 to	36	Fine	28 to	30
Superfine	38 to	40	Flour, p, sack	55 to	60
Malt,	50 to	60	Seconds	50 to	55
Fine	62 to	66	North Country	50 to	55
Hog Pease	40 to	42	Pollard	20 to	28
Maple	42 to	45	Bran	15 to	17
White	36 to	38			

Seeds, &c.—April 30.

	l.	l.		s.	s.
Must. Brown,	12 to	21	Hempseed	60 to	—
—White	14 to	24	Linseed, crush.	56 to	65
Tares	16 to	—	New, for Seed	— to	—
Turnips	— to	—	Ryegrass,	10 to	46
—New	44 to	—	Clover, Red,	90 to	—
—Yellow	— to	—	—White	90 to	—
Carraway	66 to	—	Coriander	25 to	30
Canary	210 to	—	Trefoil	50 to	—

New Rapeseed, £44 to £—.

Liverpool, May 1.

Wheat, per 70 lbs.	s.	d.	s.	d.
English	11	0 to	0	0
Scotch	10	6 to	11	0
Welsh	11	0 to	0	0
Irish	9	6 to	10	6
Dantzic	10	9 to	11	0
Wismar	10	9 to	11	0
American	9	0 to	9	6
Quebec	9	0 to	0	0
Barley, per 60 lbs.				
English, grind.	4	6 to	5	0
Malting	6	0 to	6	6
Irish	3	9 to	4	0
Scotch	5	6 to	6	0
Foreign	4	0 to	4	3
Malt p. 9gls.	10	0 to	11	0
Rye, foreign	42 to 44			
Oats, per 45 lb.				
Eng. new	3	4 to	3	8
Scotch pota.	3	4 to	3	6
Welsh	3	4 to	3	6
Irish,	3	0 to	3	6
Common	3	0 to	3	4
Foreign	3	0 to	3	3
Beans, pr qr.				
English	40	0 to	46	0
Irish	42	0 to	44	0
Peasé, per quar.				
— Boiling	35	0 to	37	0

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Foreign,				
Rice, p. cwt.	25	0 to	26	0
Flour, English,				
p. 280lb. fine	56	0 to	57	0
—Seconds	50	0 to	0	0
Irishp. 240lb.	47	0 to	48	0
Ameri. p. bl.	34	0 to	36	0
—Sour do.	28	0 to	31	0
Clover-seed, p. bush.				
— White		0 to		0
— Red		0 to		0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
English	30	0 to	32	0
Scotch	24	0 to	26	0
Irish	26	0 to	28	0

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	s.
Butter, per cwt.		
Belfast	88 to	0
Newry	82 to	84
Drogheda	0 to	0
Cork, 3d	80 to	0
Pickled,	90 to	0
Beef, p. tierce	85 to	95
—— p. barrel	55 to	65
Pork, p. brl.	90 to	100
Hams, dry,	60 to	65
Bacon,		
Short middles	60 to	62
Long ——	58 to	60

Rapeseed, £44 to £46.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 24th April 1819.

Wheat, 74s. 5d.—Rye, 50s. 7d.—Barley, 49s. 7d.—Oats, 31s. 2d.—Beans, 54s. 4d.—Pease, 57s. 9d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 37s. 7d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th April 1819.

Wheat, 65s. 8d.—Rye, 45s. 8d.—Barley, 44s. 3d.—Oats, 27s. 4d.—Beans, 42s. 11d.—Pease, 44s. 3d.—Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 22s. 4d.

EDINBURGH.—April 28.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....0s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.
2d,.....34s. 0d.	2d,.....0s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.
3d,.....30s. 0d.	3d,.....0s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.

Tuesday, May 4.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d.	to 0s. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 9d.	to 1s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 6d.	to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 9d.	to 0s. 10d.
Lamb, per quarter	5s. 0d.	to 7s. 0d.	Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d.	to 1s. 8d.
Veal	0s. 6d.	to 0s. 9d.	Salt ditto,	1s. 2d.	to 1s. 4d.
Pork	0s. 6d.	to 0s. 7d.	Ditto, per stone	17s. 0d.	to 20s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	12s. 0d.	to 15s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 0d.	to 0s. 8d.

HADDINGTON.—May 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....37s. 0d.	1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....23s. 0d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 6d.
2d,.....34s. 0d.	2d,.....34s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.
3d,.....31s. 0d.	3d,.....30s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 12 : 8 : 7-12ths.

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

The mild weather that set in towards the end of March, continued during the first fortnight of April, the Thermometer ranging generally between 40 and 55, with a good deal of sunshine, and gentle though variable winds. The Barometer stood considerably above the average height, and the Hygrometer, especially about the 10th, indicated great dryness, owing chiefly to a brisk wind that blew for some days from the north west. On the 13th the wind shifted to the east, when a considerable reduction of temperature took place; the Barometer sunk, and a fall of rain commenced, which continued, with short intervals of fair weather, till the 21st. In the course of these nine days, there fell about 4 inches, a greater quantity than we ever before witnessed in the same time. From the time that the rain began, the Thermometer sunk, during the night, towards the freezing point, and continued to do so till the 28th, when the air recovered its former mildness. The last nine days of the month were still drier than the first fortnight had been, with a coldish east wind, and the Barometer higher. The mean temperature of the month is 4 degrees higher than that of April 1818, and spring water 3½ degrees higher. Of course, vegetation is much farther advanced than it was last year at this period. The mean point of deposition is 2 degrees lower than the mean minimum temperature, which is a smaller difference than usual for the month of April. The difference between the mean of the extreme temperatures, and that of 10 and 10, is considerably less than one-tenth of a degree, and the mean relative humidity is not half a degree more than that of March. The range of the Thermometer has been greater, and that of the Barometer less than usual. The month, upon the whole, has been favourable to the operations of the farmer, except where clay soils have been run together by the sudden transition from wet to dry; but the depression of temperature which accompanied the rain, tended to check vegetation, which is only beginning to recover.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25′, Elevation 185 feet.*

April 1819.

Means.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	51.0
.....cold,	37.9
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	46.5
..... 10 P. M.	42.3
..... of daily extremes,	44.5
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	44.4
..... 4 daily observations,	44.4
Whole range of thermometer,	593.5
Mean daily ditto,	15.1
..... temperature of spring water,	44.3

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 50)	29.666
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 50)	29.657
..... both, (temp. of mer. 50)	29.661
Whole range of barometer,	4.725
Mean ditto, during the day,	.157
..... night,	.073
..... in 24 hours,	.157

HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Rain in inches,	4.175
Evaporation in ditto,	1.840
Mean daily Evaporation,	.061
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	19.2
..... 10 P. M.	10.8
..... both,	15.0
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A. M.	36.0
..... 10 P. M.	35.7
..... both,	35.9
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A. M.	72.0
..... 10 P. M.	81.2
..... both,	76.6
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A. M.	.156
..... 10 P. M.	.155
..... both,	.156

Extremes.

THERMOMETER.		Degrees.
Maximum,	28th day,	58.0
Minimum,	26th	31.0
Lowest maximum,	21st	43.5
Highest minimum,	7th	44.0
Highest, 10 A. M.	10th	53.0
Lowest ditto,	21st	37.0
Highest, 10 P. M.	8th	48.0
Lowest ditto	23d	36.5
Greatest range in 24 hours,	5th	21.0
Least ditto,	15th	5.5

BAROMETER.		Inches.
Highest, 10 A. M.	26th	30.150
Lowest ditto,	17th	29.040
Highest, 10 P. M.	26th	30.148
Lowest ditto,	16th	28.935
Greatest range in 24 hours,	10th	.453
Least ditto,	4th	.005

HYGROMETER.		Degrees.
Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M.	30th	38.0
..... Lowest ditto,	21st	0.0
..... Highest, 10 P. M.	29th	33.0
..... Lowest ditto,	16th	0.0
Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A. M.	18th	45.6
..... Lowest ditto,	23d	26.8
..... Highest, 10 P. M.	7th	45.0
..... Lowest ditto,	29th	22.4
..... Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A. M.	21st	100.0
..... Least ditto,	28th	49.0
..... Greatest, 10 P. M.	16th	100.0
..... Least ditto,	29th	48.0
..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A. M.	18th	.211
..... Least ditto,	23d	.113
..... Greatest, 10 P. M.	7th	.207
..... Least ditto,	29th	.097

Fair days, 19; rainy days, 11. Wind west of meridian, 9; east of meridian, 21.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
April 1	M. 30	29.675	M. 52	S. W.	Clear.
	A. 43	.714	A. 52		
2	M. 47	.815	M. 52	Cble.	Do.
	A. 44	.793	A. 54		
3	M. 49	.793	M. 55	E.	Cloudy.
	A. 42	.795	A. 52		
4	M. 52	.830	M. 49	W.	Do. cold.
	A. 39½	.830	A. 49		
5	M. 43	.786	M. 48	W.	Clear mild.
	A. 51	.594	A. 49		
6	M. 49	.440	M. 50	Cble.	Do.
	A. 55	.376	A. 51		
7	M. 45	.461	M. 48	Cble.	Do.
	A. 39	.630	A. 52		
8	M. 48	.657	M. 55	W.	Do.
	A. 42	.795	A. 51		
9	M. 49	.752	M. 52	W.	Ditto, cold.
	A. 59	.515	A. 51		
10	M. 49	.165	M. 52	W.	Cloudy, do.
	A. 42	28.990	A. 50		
11	M. 44	.990	M. 50	W.	Showers of hail and rain
	A. 57	.991	A. 50		
12	M. 45	29.130	M. 49	S. E.	Clear, cold.
	A. 54	.255	A. 48		
13	M. 40	.172	M. 43	S. E.	Rainy.
	A. 58	.107	A. 44		
14	M. 42	.106	M. 45	Cble.	Cloudy. Showers.
	A. 39	.108	A. 47		
15	M. 43	.103	M. 45	Cble.	Clear, mild.
	A. 36½	.112	A. 46		
16	M. 45	28.998	M. 47	E.	Cloudy.
	A. 37	.815	A. 45		
Apr. 17	M. 44	.815	M. 47	Cble.	Rain foren. Clear after.
	A. 39	.998	A. 45		
18	M. 46	.998	M. 47	S. W.	Cloudy. Showers.
	A. 37	29.122	A. 46		
19	M. 46	.369	M. 49	Cble.	Clear.
	A. 37	.369	A. 48		
20	M. 44	.228	M. 48	E.	Showers. Some Hail.
	A. 38	.351	A. 45		
21	M. 35	.278	M. 41	N. E.	Rain & Snow
	A. 33	.654	A. 41		
22	M. 40	.705	M. 41	E.	Clear, cold.
	A. 33½	.779	A. 45		
23	M. 41	.707	M. 43	E.	Do.
	A. 35	.819	A. 42		
24	M. 44	.668	M. 47	E.	Do.
	A. 32½	.668	A. 44		
25	M. 42	.806	M. 45	E.	Do.
	A. 35½	.806	A. 45		
26	M. 32	.977	M. 47	E.	Do.
	A. 37	.977	A. 46		
27	M. 30	.942	M. 47	E.	Do.
	A. 45	.809	A. 50		
28	M. 33	.820	M. 47	S. W.	Do.
	A. 43	.795	A. 53		
29	M. 38	.758	M. 55	S.	Do.
	A. 45	.758	A. 52		
30	M. 36	.564	M. 53	S .	Clear.
	A. 48	.359	A. 52		

Average of Rain 3. inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

The Right Hon. George Earl of Morton has been appointed Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Matthew Fairless, Esq. is appointed Consul at Sunderland, for the kingdom of Hanover.

Mr Jacob Mark is appointed Consul at Cork, for the United States of America.

II. MILITARY.

1 Life G. Hon. W. L. L. F. de Roos to be Cornet and Sub-Lieut. vice Lambton, res. 29 March 1819

1 Dr. G. Acting Vet. Surg. G. Spencer to be Vet. Surg. vice Clarkson, ret. h. p. 25 do.

3 E. K. L. Bayard to be Cornet by purch. 1 April

5 Wm Harcourt do. 18 March

7 W. Bulkley do. vice Graham, dead 8 April

7 Dr. J. W. Phillipps to be Cornet by purch. vice Phillips, ret. do.

8 Lieut. T. W. Harrington to be Capt. vice Carter, dead 18 March

17 Cornet W. Potts to be Lieut. by purch. vice Cockburn, Qua.-Mast. 1 Dec. 1817

—— C. St J. Fancourt to be Cornet, vice *Potts* 8 April 1819

3D *Capt. J. F. Paterson to be Major by purch. vice Broome, ret.* 18 March

22 Dr. Cornet R. G. Davidson to be Lieut. vice Broomwich, dead 20 Jan. 1816

—— J. Bolland to be Lieut. vice Tristram, 13 Dr. 1 Sept. 1817

R. G. Davidson to be Cornet, vice Rolland 25 Dec. 1818

Cornet R. Swinhoe, from 25 Dr. to be Cornet, vice Davidson 1 Sept. 1816

24 Lieut. T. Macan to be Capt. vice Kearney, dead 27 April 1818

Cornet W. Alexander to be Lieut. by pur. vice Llewellyn, ret. 22 March

—— H. Shepherd to be Lieut. by purch. vice Macan 27 April

25 James Ralston to be Cornet, vice M'Dougall, prom. 14 Aug. 1817

20 F. Gent. Cadet D. Darroch to be Ensign, vice Dalrymple, 40 F. 25 March 1819

27 E. R. Rundel to be Ensign by purch. vice Cooper, ret. 11 do.

30 Paym. H. B. Wray, from h. p. to be Paymaster, vice Crulckshanks, dead 25 do.

34 Lieut. H. M. Straith to be Adjut. vice Ready, res. 1 April 1818

35 E. Wilmot to be Ensign, vice Dowson, prom. 11 March 1819

36 Ensign E. Macpherson to be Lieut. vice Charles, dead 1 April

W. J. Cross to be Ensign, vice Macpherson do.

40 Ensign M. Dalrymple, from 20 F. to be Ensign, vice Miller, dead 25 March

53 F. Lieut. W. Booth to be Adjut. vice Daly, res. 16 Feb. 1818
Assist. Surg. W. Pollock to be Surg. vice Papps, dead 11 March 1819
59 Ensign C. Hogan to be Lieut. vice Holmes, dead 23 July 1818
65 —— R. G. Wallace to be Lieut. vice White, dead 4 May 1816
—— A. G. Faden to be Lieut. 20 June 1818
R. G. Wallace to be Ensign, vice Faden, prom. 17 Dec. 1818
Ensign T. Coleman, from 56 F. to be Ensign, vice Wallace 20 Nov. 1816
69 Charles Stuart to be Ensign, vice Langson, prom. 1 Aug.
77 Capt. R. Place to be Major by purch. vice Westcott, ret. 11 March 1819
Lieut. St J. A. Clerke to be Capt. by pur. vice Place do.
Ensign J. D. Harris to be Lieut. by purch. vice Clerke do.
H. Hamilton to be Ensign by purch. vice Harris do.
93 Lieut. J. Pratt to be Capt. by purch. vice Tovy, prom. 24. Jan.
Ensign W. A. Cuningham to be Lieut. by purch. vice Pratt do.
G. Edwards to be Ensign by purch. vice Cuninghame 1 April
Rifle Brig. 2d Lieut. J. Hanny to be 1st Lieut. by purch. vice Brownrigg, cancelled 25 Dec. 1818
A. Dodd to be 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Hannay 11 March 1819
3 W.I.R. Ensign F. Macfarlane to be Lieut. vice Cuming, dead 6 Jan.
York Chas. Ensign C. Jessop to be Lieut. vice M'Murran, dead 26 Dec. 1818

Garrisons.

Colonel J. N. Smyth, h. p. 8 W. I. R. to be Lieut. Gov. of Scilly Island, vice Vigoureux, dead 1 April 1819
Ensign J. Hamilton, h. p. 4 W. I. R. to be Town Major of Galway, vice Pilot, dead do.

Royal Artillery.

M. Gen. F. Laye, from h. p. to be Colonel Comm. vice Trotter, dead 7 March 1819

Medical Staff.

Ass. Surg. Tho. Howell, from h. p. 6 Dr. to be Ass. Surg. to the Forces 25 Feb. 1819
———— J. H. Ludlow, from h. p. 35 F. to be Ass. Surg. to the Forces do.
———— J. W. Watson, M.D. from h. p. Staff C. of Cav. to be Ass. Surg. to the Forces do.
———— J. Farnden, from h. p. 70 F. to be Ass. Surg. to the Forces do.
———— J. Dempster, from h. p. 83 F. to be Ass. Surg. to the Forces do.
———— W. G. Watson, M.D. from h. p. 95 F. to be Ass. Surg. to the Forces do.
———— S. Hill, from h. p. 71 F. to be Ass. Surg. to the Forces 25 March
———— T. Napier, from h. p. Meuron's Regt. to be Ass. Surg. to the Forces do.
———— A. D. Anderson, from h. p. 49 F. to be Ass. Surg. to the Forces do.

Exchanges.

Brevet Lieut. Col. Watson, from 54 F. with Brevet Lieut. Col. Walker, 71 F.
———— Thomson, fm 74 F. with Capt. Wilson, h. p. 98 F.
Major Barrington, from 87 F. with Capt. Blair, 91 F.
Capt. W. Clarke, fm 1 F. with Capt. Cowell, h. p.
—— Robertson, from 78 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Lardy, h. p. Meuron's Regt.
—— Humfrey, from 46 F. with Capt. Edwards, 86 F.
—— Redding, from 59 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Gordon, h. p.
—— Anderson, from 19 F. with Capt. Cairnes, h. p. 60 F.
Capt. Reeves, from 54 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Grindley, h. p. 24 F.
—— Hook, from 74 F. with Capt Jones, h. York Rang.
Lieut. Boss, from 9 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Ferguson, h. p. 8 Dr.
—— Fallon, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Bayard, h. p. 25 Dr.
—— Beaufoy, from 27 F. with Lieut. Everett, 67 F.
—— Stopford, from 33 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Kerr, h. p. 33 F.
—— Mosse, from 18 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. French, h. p. 94 F.
—— Major, from 30 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Sutherland, h. p. 58 F.
—— Ready, fm 34 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. MacLeod, h. p.
—— Denison, from 35 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hart, h. p. 74 F.
—— Heatley, from 50 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Vinicombe, h. p. 103 F.
—— Maclean, from 59 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Howard, h. p.
—— Dickson, from 67 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Jones, h. p.
—— Battersby, from 84 F. with Lieut. Ottley, h. p. 30 F.
—— Lord Wallscourt, from 85 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Fox, h. p. W. I. Rang.
—— Burnet, fm 3 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. MacQueen, h. p. 25 Dr.
—— Dunkin, from 18 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Monckton, h. p. 1 F. G.
—— M'Dermott, from 8 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Miles, h. p. 36 F.
—— Colthurst, from 34 F. with Lieut. Ashhurst, h. p. 8 F.
—— Vavasour, from 64 F. rec. diff. with Lieut Montagu, h. p. 58 F.
—— Noble, from 89 F. with Lieut. Snow, h. p. 95 F.
—— Smith, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Lt. Gossett, h. p.
—— Chapman, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Lieut. Webb, h. p.
Cornet and Sub-Lt. Parry, from 1 Life G. rec. diff. with Cornet Burdett, h. p. 25 Dr.
Ensign Denny, fm 3 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Carmac, h. p. 83 F.
—— Macintire, from 33 F. with Ensign Lutyens, 45 F.
—— Milliken, from Staff Corps, with Ens. Robe, h. p.
—— Haydon, from 44 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Largent, h. p. 20 F.
—— Fraser, from 72 F. with Ensign Ryneweld, Cape Corpse
—— Schneider, from 92 F. with Ensign Mansell, h. p. 97 F.
—— Foskey, from 2 W. I R. with Ens. Williams, York Chass.
Ass. Surg. Dempster, from 93 F. with Ass. Surg. Raleigh, h. p. 81 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Broome, 22 Dr.
—— Westcott, 77 F.
Lieut. Llewellyn, 24 Dr.
Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Lambton, 1 F. G.
Cornet and Ensign T. J. Phillipps, 7 Dr.
———— Cooper, 27 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

1st Lieut. Brownrigg, Rifle Brigade

Deaths.

Colonel Fitzherbert, h. p. 98 F.
———— Herries, Lt. Horse Vol. 3 April 1819
Lieut.-Col. Vigoureux, Lt. Gov. of Scilly
———— West, late 3 R. V. Bn. 30 March 1819
———— Wardell, h. p. 66 F. 28 do.
Major Cumming, 31 F. 9 April 1819
—— Coxon, 1 Ceylon Reg. 27 Sept. 1818
Capt. Jenkins, late 4 Vet. Bn. 9 Feb. 1819
—— Sherrard, h. p. 99 F.
Lieut. Tomlinson, 25 Dr. 25 Sept. 1818
—— Hatherly, 19 F. 20 July
—— Charles, 36 F. 31 Jan. 1819

Lieut. Kendall, 47 F.	3 Oct. 1818
—— Sharpe, 65 F.	16 Sept.
—— Holmes, 73 F.	
—— Smith, 85 F.	3 Aug. 1818
—— Layton, 1 Ceylon Regt.	
—— Franchell, 2 do.	17 Sept. 1818
—— Pollington, h. p. 3 do.	
—— Finnan, late 6 Vet. Bn.	6 April 1819

Cornets, 2d Lieuts. and Ensigns.

Graham, 7 Dr. G.	April 1819
Henry Davis, 22 Dr.	26 Sept. 1818
Miller, 40 F.	
Savage, 70 F.	14 April 1819
M'Nab, 83 F.	

Barbier, 2 Ceylon Regt.	29 Sept. 1818
Paymaster Barrell, 22 Dr.	30 Oct.
———— Nagel, h. p. 1 Lt. Inf. k. G. L.	25 Feb. 1819
Assist. Surg. Considine, h. p. 11 F.	

Miscellaneous.

Ensign M'Donell, Town Major, Prince Edward's Island	30 Dec. 1818
Henry Pilot, Town Major of Galway	
John Weir, late Director Gen. Army Med. Depart.	9 April 1819
Dr Tice, Physician to the Forces	
John Boyd, Hosp. Mate at New Brunswick	27 Dec. 1818

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 21, 1818. At Mulleye, in the East Indies, the lady of Major Charles P. Hay, a son.

Feb. 25, 1819. At Celle, Hanover, the lady of Major-General Hugh Halkett, K.C.G. and C.B. a daughter.

March 19. At Barjarg, Mrs Hunter, a daughter.

20. At Trimby, near Bagshot, the lady of the honourable Alexander Murray, second son of the late Earl of Dunmore, a daughter.

22. At Montague-place, Russel-square, London, the lady of Captain Forrest, a son.

— The Countess Manvers, a daughter.

23. At Colinton, Mrs Burton, her 12th son.

24. At Edinburgh, Mrs Greig of Hallgreig, a daughter.

— At 65, George-street, Edinburgh, Mrs More, a daughter.

— At Greenside-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Wright, a daughter.

— At Wauchope, Roxburghshire, Mrs Scott of Wauchope, a son.

— At Aberdeen, the lady of Captain Mackay, 70th regiment, a daughter.

25. At Aberdeen, the lady of John Abercrombie, Esq. a daughter.

— At Newlands, the lady of Captain Scott, royal navy, a son.

— At Horton-Lodge, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel West, a daughter.

26. At Castle-Craig, the honourable lady Gibson Carmichael, a daughter.

— At West Kirk Manse, Mrs Dickson, a daughter.

27. At Inner Leven, Fife, Mrs Oliver, a daughter.

28. At Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, the lady of the honourable Lord Cringletie, a daughter.

29. At 40, Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, Mrs Fullerton, a daughter.

30. At Rutland-square, Dublin, her Grace the Duchess of Leinster, a son. The infant being the presumptive heir of the house of Leinster, takes the title of Marquis of Kildare.

— At Warriston-crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs Stevens, a son.

April 1. At Eskgrove, the lady of North Dalrymple, Esq. a son.

2. At Edinburgh, the lady of Sir George Sitwell of Renishaw, Bart. a daughter.

5. At Edinburgh, Mrs Orr, 18, Forth-street, a son.

— At Orchardhead, Mrs Walker, a daughter.

6. Mrs P. Gibson, a daughter.

7. At Struy, Strathglass, Mrs Maclcod, a daughter.

— At Harleyford-place, London, the lady of James Cowan, Esq. a daughter.

— At Herbetshire, the lady of Captain John Steadman Christie, a daughter.

— At Manchester, the lady of Dr Hardie, a daughter.

8. At Huntington, Mrs Campbell, a son.

9. At No 6, South Union-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Dr William Campbell, physician, a son.

— At Highgate, the lady of Captain Langslow, late of the Bengal army, a daughter, her fourth child; the eldest is a native of Africa, the second of Asia, the third of America; and all born within the last four years and a half.

13. At 24, Broughton-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Walter Cockburn, a son.

14. At Buccleugh-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Carmichael, a daughter.

19. At St Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, Mrs Hamilton, a daughter.

21. At 20, Great King-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Gibb, a son.

— At New-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Megget, a daughter.

22. At Caverhill, the lady of James Burnett, Esq. younger of Barns, of a still-born child.

23. At Melville-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Berkeley Buckingham Smyth Stafford of Mayne, Esq. a son and heir.

— At 1, Antigua-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Hope, a son.

25. At Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, the lady of Henry Petrie, Esq. a daughter, which survived only a few minutes.

Lately. At Devonshire-place, the lady of Colonel Carmichael Smyth, royal engineers, C.B.K.M.T. and Aid-de-camp to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, a son.

— The wife of a labouring man, named Joseph Richardson, of Cooksey, near Broomsgrove, Warwickshire, was delivered, last Tuesday week, of four children at one birth, all girls. They are likely to live, and the mother is going on well. The poor man's wages are 10s. per week, and he has three children in addition to the above.

MARRIAGES.

March 15. At Dumfries, John Allan, Esq. of Fountainblue, to Jane, daughter of John Allan, Esq. of Kirkhouse, Lancashire.

16. At Hampstead, Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq. of Bedford-square, London, to Miss Longman, daughter of Thomas Longman, Esq. of Mount-Grove.

18. At Cork, Alexander Tovey, Esq. paymaster, 20th foot, to Miss Ann Bolton, daughter of the late William Bolton of the county of Wexford, Esq.

20. Mr James Munro, comedian, to Miss Jane Ballantyne Nicoll, daughter of the late James Nicoll, Esq. merchant, Quebec, and grand-daughter of William Ballantyne, Esq. of Priesthope.

22. At Edinburgh, John Tait, Esq. younger of Pirn, W. S. to Harriet, eldest daughter of the late Archibald Hepburne Mitchelson of Middleton, Esq.

23. At the Cathedral, Bath, William Bowrin, Esq. of the island of Nevis, to Grace Eliza, second daughter of Captain Gourly, R. N.

25. At Humble, Hants, the honourable Frederick Lumley, second brother of the Earl of Scarborough, to Jane, second daughter of the late Admiral Bradley.

— At Barnton-house, A. Maitland Gibson, Esq. younger of Clifton-hall, advocate, to Susan, eldest daughter of the late George Ramsay, Esq. of Barnton.

27. At Dunglass, Henry Harvey, Esq. of the Madras army, to Lady de Lancy, widow of the late Sir William De Lancy, K.C.B. and eldest daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart.

— At London, Mr John Syme, merchant, Edinburgh, to Miss Jessie Weir.

29. At Leith, Mr Robert Oliphant, junior, Kirkcaldy, to Miss Peddie, only child of the late James Peddie, Esq. W. S. Edinburgh.

— At Brae-house, Captain Robert Campbell, of the honourable East India Company's service, to Jane Campbell, only child of the deceased Mr Archibald Campbell, writer in Edinburgh.

30. At Cupar, Mr James Hardie, merchant Kirkaldy, to Miss Rachel Coventry, youngest daughter of David Coventry, Esq. of Pittendreich.

— At Balhary, Alexander Whitson, Esq. of Parkhill, to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of the deceased John Smyth, Esq. of Balhary.

31. At Glasgow, Mr M. Macgoun, of Greenock, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Robert Park, Esq. Houston.

April 6. At Edinburgh, Mr John Bodeman, brassfounder, to Jessy, third daughter of the late Mr Robert Scott.

7. At Inverness, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Ross, of his Majesty's 4th, royal Irish regiment of dragoon guards, to Miss Caroline H. Macbean, only child of the late Æneas Macbean, Esq. of Tomatin, and island of St Thomas.

8. At Edinburgh, Patrick Robertson, Esq. advocate, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr Thomas Ross, minister of Kilmanivaig.

9. At Gifford, Mr Thomas Paterson, merchant, Edinburgh, to Ann, eldest daughter of Mr Alexander Swinton, Gifford.

10. At Guernsey, John Buchan Sydserff, Esq. of Ruchlaw, to Margaret, daughter of Thomas Oliver, Esq. of the island of Alderney.

13. At Dumfries, the Rev. John Johnston Carruthers, to Eliza Edgar, daughter of Thomas Sloan, Esq. Liverpool.

14. At the Manse of Kilmany, the Rev. John Muckersy, of West Calder, to Jean, eldest daughter of the late Professor Cook of St Andrew's.

15. At Moffat, the Rev. P. Proudfoot, minister of Arrocher, to Miss Jane Hislop, Moffat.

16. At Edinburgh, Hugh Hope, Esq. in the civil service of the Honourable East India Company, to Miss Isabella Gray Mackay, daughter of the late Æneas Mackay, Esq. of Scotston.

19. At Canal Bank, Mr Alexander Barlas, writer, Glasgow, to Catherine, second daughter of Daniel Macfarlane, Esq. distiller, Paisley.

20. At Stirling, the Rev. Benjamin Bailey, to Hamilton, the only daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop Gleig.

— At Edinburgh, Ebenezer Black, Esq. surgeon, to Christiana Coventry, daughter of the late James Grieve, Esq. merchant, Haddington.

21. At Edinburgh, Mr David Watt, seal-engraver, to Robina, second daughter of the late Mr James Christie, tobacconist.

23. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Boyd, printer, to Miss Jean Crombie, Canongate.

26. At Edinburgh, Duncan Ballantyne, Esq. merchant in Leith, to Eliza, daughter of Mr Charles Robertson, Gayfield-square.

— At Edinburgh, Alexander Hunter, Esq. W.S. to Maria, third daughter of Alexander Maclean of Coll, Esq.

— At West Barns Mains, near Dunbar, Mr James Scarrot of Edinburgh, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Thomas Mitchell, Esq. of Rose-Bank.

Lately. At London, David Latimer St Clair, Esq. captain in the royal navy, to Elizabeth Isabella, youngest daughter of the late John Farhill, Esq.

At Bombay, Colonel Baker, Commissary-General, to Matilda, youngest daughter of T. Norris, Esq. late of Lower Berkeley-street, London.

At Finnety, Mr Hogg, Leuchat's Beath, to Janet, eldest daughter of William Tod, Esq. of Finnety.

At Fulham, the Earl of Dundonald, father of Lord Cochrane, to Anne Maria, eldest daughter of Francis Plowden, Esq.

At London, Captain A. C. H. Lamy, of the 8th regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, to Augusta, daughter of C. G. Gray, Esq.

At Edinburgh, Mr William Roach, bookbinder, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr John Baillie, High-street.

DEATHS.

Nov. 4. At Chuppavah camp, in the Nagpore country, India, Lieut. William Napier Kellett, of the native cavalry, second son of William A. Kellett, Esq. Cork.

8. At Petrazavodsky, Russia, Adam Armstrong, Esq. director of the St Petersburgh, Cronstadt, and Olonetz Foundries. He also held the rank of Major-General in the Russian service.

Dec. 17. At Monte Video, Mr James Black, merchant there, son of the late Mr George Black, Sorbie, Wigtonshire. As a testimony of respect to his memory, his funeral was attended by all the British subjects in the place.

Jan. 15. At Tobago, Ensign Simon M'Intosh, eldest son of Mr M'Intosh, late 3d royal veteran battalion.

Feb. 31. At his house, Brook-Green, near London, Lieutenant-Colonel John West, late of the 3d royal veteran battalion.

March 2. At her house in George-square, Miss Anne Wauchope, eldest daughter of the late James Wauchope of Edmonstone, Esq.

9. At Vevay, in Switzerland, Dorothea Sophia, wife of Dr Mackie of Southampton.

12. At Campvale, near Glasgow, Dr R. Watt.

— At Content, near Ayr, Jane, wife of Captain Archibald Fullarton, and daughter of the Rev. Dr Peebles.

13. At Fairliecrievoch, Mrs Longmuir, wife of Gabriel Longmuir, Esq. of Fairliecrievoch.

— At Falside, Mr William Gosman, late farmer in Pitkierie, aged 76, who sustained a fair and unblameable character; was 70 years on that farm, and his ancestors for two centuries.

15. At Arbroath, James Bell, Esq. merchant

— At Mertoun-manse, Barbara, third daughter of the Rev. James Duncan.

16. At Stirling, Mr Alexander Maclaurin, teacher, in his 74th year.

— At Elgin, Lady Dunbar, wife of Sir Archibald Dunbar of Northfield Bart.

17. At Leith, Rachael Shiels, spouse of Thomas Shirreff.

— At Rose Terrace, Perth, Miss Agnes Ballingall.

— At Leith, William, the infant son of Mr William Patison.

19. Mr Alexander Ferguson, farmer at Gyle, parish of Corstorphine, aged 41.

— At Castle Fogarty, near Thurles, the Honourable Montague Mathew, representative in Parliament for the county of Tipperary.

— At Dundee, the Rev. Malcolm Colquhoun, minister of the Gaelic Chapel.

20. At Jersey, Sir John Dumaresq, late chief magistrate of the island.

— At her house, 2, Crichton-street, Mrs Smith.

— At Earl Stoke-Park, Joshua Smith, Esq. late member for Devizes, which borough he represented 30 years.

— At Forth-street, near Leith, George Barclay, Esq. late of the island of Barbadoes.

21. At Edinburgh, Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr James Gifford, Union-place.

— At Forthside, Mrs Mary Wallace, spouse to Robert Ogilvie, Esq.

22. Mary, infant daughter of Sir G. S. Mackenzie of Coul, Bart.

— At Ladykirk-manse, the Rev. George Todd.

— At Irvine, James Crichton, Esq. collector of the customs at that port.

23. At Kelso, Mr Adam Weir, merchant.

— At Edinburgh, at his father's house, Nelson-street, after a long and severe illness, Mr John Kerr, aged 20 years.

24. At Paris, aged 50, Elizabeth, Countess of Lucan, youngest daughter of the late Henry Earl of Fauconberg.

— At Edinburgh, Elizabeth, infant daughter of Mr John Renton, W.S.

25. In Baker-street, Portman-square, the right honourable Lady Elizabeth Drummond, widow of the late Henry Drummond, Esq. and aunt to the present Marquis of Northampton.

— At No 8, Castle-street, Miss Margaret Renny, daughter of Mr George Renny, Falkirk.

26. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Williamson, stationer.

27. At Glasgow, of typhus fever, contracted while on the zealous discharge of his duty at the hospital, Mr John Colquhoun, student of medicine, in his 18th year.

— At Edinburgh, Julia, the infant daughter of Dr Alexander Hamilton, St James' square.

28. At his house in New-street, Edinburgh, in the 85th year of his age, Mr James Lea, dentist.

— Mrs Blair of Garroch, relict of David Blair, Esq. late Provost of Dumfries.

— At London, Mr Alexander Alison, surgeon, younger son of Colin Alison, Esq. writer, Montrose.

— At Port-Glasgow, in his 81st year, David Beatton, Esq. late tanner there. Having no family, Mr Beatton, and his wife, in the year 1805, executed a joint will, bequeathing, after the payment of some small legacies, their whole property for the erection and endowment of a charity school in Port-Glasgow. Mrs Beatton died some years ago, and her husband, in conformity to their agreement, erected, in 1815, a school to be conducted on the Lancastrian plan, and vested its management in a committee, consisting of nine of the inhabitants, parish minister, magistrate, and town clerk, *ex officio*. By this well directed act of individual generosity, upwards of 100 poor children enjoy the important advantages of being taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and the principles of Christianity.

29. Mr Robert Bevin, of the Customs, Leith, eldest son of the late Captain-Adjutant Henry Bevin, of the Dumfries militia.

— At Pathstruie manse, the Rev. John Macara, minister of the gospel at Pathstruie, Perthshire, in the 72d year of his age, and 34th of his ministry.

— At her house in Weymouth-street, London, in the 66th year of her age, Ann, Dowager Marchioness Townshead, of Ramham-Hall, in the county of Norfolk.

31. At North Berwick, the Dowager Lady Hamilton Dalrymple.

— At Dundee, Miss Violet Ogilvy, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Ogilvy Bart. of Inverearity.

April 1. At the manse of St Mungo, of a few hours' illness, Robert C. F. Mohs, infant son of the Rev. Andrew Jameson.

— At Paris, the Right Honourable Charles Philip Sanhope, Lord Dormer, of Wenge-castle, in the county of Buckingham, Grove-Park, in the county of Warwick, and Petersly-castle, in the county of Southampton, a Roman Catholic Peer, and brother in-law to the Earl of Shrewsbury. The title and immense domains devolve to his brother, the Honourable S. Dormer, a Catholic, and son-in-law to the Marquis of Lothian.

2. At Edinburgh, Mr Richmond Gardiner Martin, printer, aged 65.

— At Edinburgh, Anna Louisa Livington, infant daughter of John Campbell, Esq. of Achalader.

3. At his father's house, George-street, Edinburgh, Joseph Hume, Esq. advocate.

— At Aberdeen, Major Gordon, of the late West India regiment.

— At Edinburgh, Margaret Penelope, infant daughter of William Robertson, Esq. Great King-street.

— At Edinburgh William Knox, second son of the Rev. John Johnston.

5. At Middleble, the Rev. William Hunter, minister of that parish.

— Jane, youngest daughter of Mr Graham, rector of the grammar school of Haddington.

6. At Easter Balgarvie, near Cupar-Fife, aged 75, Mr John Lawrie, farmer there.

— Mr George Thomson, farmer, Rosyth.

7. At Edinburgh, Alexander Robert Peterkin, of Grange and Grieveshop, eldest son of the late James Peterkin, Esq. of Grange.

— At Glasgow, Miss Mary Ann, second daughter of Mr John Davidson, Cassiefond, near Forres.

— Marjory, second daughter of Mr John Mitchell, Pitt-street, aged 18.

8. At her house in George-square, Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Don, widow of the late Francis Scott, Esq.

— At Carnwath-house, Norman, youngest son of Norman Lockhart, Esq.

10. At his house in Maitland-street, Edinburgh, Dr Peter Wright.

— At Cortachy Castle, in the 86th year of his age, the Right Hon. Walter Earl of Airly.

11. At his house, Somerville's-close, Canongate, Mr David Henderson, aged 87 years.

11. At Edinburgh, Miss Ann Lundin, daughter of the late Andrew Lundin, Esq. of Strathairly.

— At Carron Vale, Mrs Carnie, relict of Thomas Carnie, Esq. of Herbertshire Printfield.

— At Tain, Mr Thomas Suter, sheriff-clerk of Ross, aged 61.

12. At Edinburgh, Thomas Fairbairn, vintner and stabler, New Town.

13. At Stonehouse, near Edinburgh, Mr John Fleming, late of the North Back of Canongate, aged 81.

— At Greenend, near Edinburgh, the Rev. John Clunie, minister of Borthwick.

16. At Portobello, in the 62d year of his age, and 40th of his ministry, the Rev. Thomas Thomson, minister of the Relief Church, James'-place, Edinburgh.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Sinclair, relict of the late Patrick Honyman, Esq. of Graemsay, aged 74.

18. At his house in Duke-street, Edinburgh, Alexander Pitcairn, Esq.

— At Auchterarder, Mrs Janet Stirling, wife of Mr William Hutchison, schoolmaster there.

— Mrs Cutlar, widow of the late John Cutlar, Esq. of Argrennan.

— At Moss-side, Mrs Ann Tennent, relict of the late deceased Alexander Russell, Esq. of Moss-side.

19. At Stirling, Mrs Isabella Aird, widow of the deceased Dr John Aird, physician; and on the same day, her nephew, David Doig, only child of Dr Patrick Doig, physician in Stirling.

— In Glasgow Barracks, Mrs Lowrey, wife of Captain Lowrey, 40th regiment.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Adam Wilson, many years session-clerk of the city.

— At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lord Webb Seymour, son of his Grace Webb, late Duke of Somerset. His Lordship's remains were on Saturday interred in the Chapel-Royal, Holyroodhouse. His Grace, the present Duke of Somerset, was chief mourner.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs John Fergusson, of Trochraigue.

20. At Edinburgh, Margaret, infant daughter of Mr Ogilvy accountant.

— At Edinburgh, James Kay, printer, aged 67.

28. At Carlisle, Mrs Paley, widow of the Rev. William Paley, D.D.

Lately. At Hoxton-square, London, after a long and painful illness, Edith, wife of Francis Law of Laurieston, Esq. in the county of Mid-Lothian.

At Hastings, Colonel Herries. This gentleman has commanded the light horse volunteers near 40 years. Out of respect to their commander, the regiment determined to bury him in Westminster Abbey, with military honours, and to erect a monument to his memory.

Cæsar Colclouch Armett, Esq. Major in his Majesty's 35th regiment of foot, and a lieutenant-colonel in the army. He accompanied his regiment, in which he served upwards of twenty years, to Egypt, Sicily, France, and the Greek Islands, where he remained a considerable time, and was present at several engagements with that distinguished corps. His regiment being under orders for Canada, he, with his wife and four children, embarked on board the packet from Bristol to Cork, which unhappily foundered in a gale of wind, and thus, at the early age of 36 years, his country is deprived of a brave soldier, and society of six respected and amiable individuals.

A few days ago, Lieutenant-colonel David Roberts, formerly of the life guards, but last of the 51st regiment of infantry, in his 63d year, at Havre-de-Grace, in Normandy, whither he had retired in the hope of recruiting his health, shattered as was his frame by a long life of the severest military duty in various parts of the world, and by the many and dangerous hurts he had received in actual service.

At Peckham, Mrs Blackwood, relict of Shovel Blackwood, Esq. of Petreavie.

At Dumfries, Mary Ann, second daughter of the late William Carruthers, Esq. of Dormont.

At London, John Weir, Esq. late director-general of the army medical department.

At Jamaica, Mr William Grant, third son of the Rev. William Grant, Sandy, Orkney.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GREATER HISTORY OF MATTHEW PARIS, MONK OF ST ALBANS.

From the edition of Dr Wats, entitled, "Matthæi Paris Monachi Albanensis Angli Historia Major. Juxta exemplar Londinense, 1571, verbatim recusa. Et cum Rogeri Vendoveri, Willielmi Rishangeri, Authorisque Majori minorique Historiis Chronicisque MSS. In Bibliotheca Regia Coll. Corp. Christ. Cantab. Cottoniaque fideliter collata. Huic primam editioni accesserunt duorum Offarum Merciorum Regum, et viginti trium Abbatum S. Albani Vitæ; cum Libro Additamentorum per eundem authorem. Editore Willielmo Wats, S.T.D. Qui et variantes Lectiones, Adversaria, vocumque barbararum Glossarium, adjecit; simul cum Rerum, Nominumque, Indicibus locupletissimis. Londini, 1640."

The whole of this history goes under the name of Matthew Paris, beginning from the conquest, and passing slightly over the transactions of the first Norman reigns; but dwelling much more particularly on those of the reign of John, and with great minuteness on the most important events of the reign of Henry III. to the year 1259, about which period the author died. From 1259 to the end of the long reign of Henry, A.D. 1273, the history is continued in a very dry and concise manner, by another monk of the same convent, called William Rishanger.

But by far the longer period, although not the larger portion of the work, consists in little more than an enlarged edition of the chronicle of Roger Wendover, who was also a monk of St Albans, and some time prior of the cell of Belvoir, belonging to that monastery, and was the predecessor of Matthew Paris, in the office of historiographer. The labours of this last mentioned historian extend to the year 1235, so that the history of the 24 years, from that period to 1259, appears to be all that properly belongs to Matthew Paris as an original author. But this period comprehends more than half of the whole work.

Of Matthew Paris himself nothing is known, except from the passages of his history, in which his own name is casually introduced. From these it appears that he was an Englishman by birth, (notwithstanding his surname, Paris, or Parisiensis, which may possibly have reference to the place of his education), that he professed as monk of St Alban's on the 21st of January 1217—that he was nominated on account of his reputation for wisdom and sanctity, to the Norwegian mission, instituted by Pope Innocent in 1240, for the reform of monastic discipline in that kingdom—and that he was held in such high esteem by the sovereigns both of England and France, that the former frequently required his attendance, and even assisted him in the progress of his work, and that the latter (St Louis) sent him instructions as his ambassador at the court of Haco, king of Norway, on occasion of his coronation.

His style is regarded by Wats as more pure than that of any other ancient chronicler, excepting William of Malmesbury, Newbrigensis, and Eadmer. "Si Willielmos, Malmesburiensem Neubrigensemque, atque Eadmerium excipias, omnium historiographorum nostratium antiquiorum latinissimus (imo Coryphæus facile que princeps,) merito est censendus." The editor warns his readers, indeed, not to expect from him all the Ciceronian accuracy which is required in Latin authors of these

more polished days, and entreats the severer critics to pardon "quod turgidius aliquoties intumeseat, et post unam alteramve periodam, languidulè et sibi jam factus inæqualis, stylum demittat: immò, et quòd dictio ejus stribiliginem œtatis semibarbaræ aliquoties oleat;" these occasional vices, he adds, it is more candid to attribute to the age than to the writer.

But in points of higher importance, of much greater value at least when considered as recommending an English translation, he deserves more unqualified praise. "Ast utcunque erat hic noster in sententiis, in sensu tamen non adeò hebetem fuisse observabis; immo potiùs aciebus cuspideque trucem satis atque preacutum in omni ferè pagina experti sunt alii. Omnes enim secat, universos pungit; et si nulli omninò mortalium aut parcere, aut condonare, rigidissimè sibi proposuisset. Non episcopis, scilicet, non magnatibus, non Regibus, non Imperatoribus; immò nec ipsi Papæ, aut Abbati proprio. Ast tanquam furiosus quispiam in quadriviis, ex quâcunque plaga viator supervenerit, Tros sit Tyriusue, hospes an hostis, si illis non placuerit, flagris misellam adoritur, lorisque malè multatum procul arcet abigitque."

From this freedom of reflection and censure, so remarkable in that age, and which is hardly to be found in any other early historian in near an equal degree, Matthew Paris has been an author peculiarly obnoxious to all the ecclesiastical writers of Rome; but if they had considered that the same honest and independent spirit which urged him to condemn, in language the most open and unqualified, the extortions and violence of the Papal See, induced him at the same time to spare neither the ambition of the barons, nor the folly and imbecility of the English court, (although the king was his own peculiar patron,) when the interests of truth and justice seemed to require his censure, they would have viewed in him, a severe, no doubt, but an impartial judge, a man of stern and inflexible temper perhaps, but a sincere lover of his country, and firmly attached to the real interests of religion and morality.

Upon the whole, there is certainly not one of our ancient chronicles which deserves, on so many accounts, to be more generally read and appreciated, as the "Historia Major" of Matthew Paris; and as we think that a translation of it would meet with encouragement from an age so generally and laudably inquisitive as the present, we hope that Englishmen will not long rest satisfied with taking the ancient history of their country upon trust from compilations and abridgments, the accuracy of which is equally various and uncertain.

EXTRACTS FROM MATTHEW PARIS.

Prologue.

BEING about to discourse concerning Chronography, that is to say, the description of times, we shall, in the first place, make answer to invidious detractors, and such as esteem our labour vain, and afterwards to the benevolent readers, and such as expect or even demand it, at our hands, we shall briefly open and set forth the cause of events, in this our prologue. The detractors say, "To what purpose is it, to exhibit the lives and deaths of men, and the divers accidents of the world, and to perpetuate in writing the wonders of times past." Let these know what the philosopher will tell them. All men naturally desire knowledge. Man without learning, and the remembrance of things gone by, sinks into brutal stupidity, and his life is to be esteemed the sepulture of the living man. Moreover, if you despise the memory of the departed and those of other days, who will be mindful of you? It is an imprecation used by the psalmist; "let his memory perish from the earth;" his also is the blessing of adoption, "the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."—Therefore, to shun the steps of the ungodly, and to follow closely after those of the righteous, whose actions are described by us, herein consisteth the fruit of science; herein is the mirrour of man's estate. For this end (among others) Moses, the lawgiver of the old covenant, doth make manifest, and strive to perpetuate by his writings the innocency of Abel, the envy of Cain, the subtlety of Jacob, the carelessness of Esau, the simplicity of Job, the malice of the eleven sons of Israel, the goodness of his twelfth son, that is to say, Joseph, the punishment of the five cities, the repentance of the Ninevites; for this end, that we may imitate the good, and abhor the paths of

the wicked. Striving for the same end, the holy evangelists, and Fathers of the church, Josephus the Hebrew historian, Cyprian the bishop and martyr, Eusebius of Cæsarea, Jerome the priest, Sulpitius, Severus, Fortunatus, Bede the venerable Presbyter, and Prosper of Aquitain, have written the acts of God and of the men of old. So, to pass to the moderns, Marianus Scotus, monk of Fulda, and Sigibert, monk of Gemblay, and some others of sound minds, have published true chronicles. And here do we begin our chronicles of the English people, from William, duke of the Normans, who, provoked by Harold, the faithless and perjured king of England, drove him from the throne of his kingdom in recompence for his violation of treaty; the cause of which action I now proceed briefly to set forth.

This same Harold, while he was yet young, and aspiring to the crown of England, being on a voyage of pleasure, was driven, against his will, by a violent tempest, to the coast of Ponthieu, when he believed himself to have reached Flanders; and being made prisoner there, was presented by the Earl of Ponthieu to William, Duke of Normandy. He then asserted, that he had purposely come over to Normandy, in order to form a secret confederacy with the duke, and receive his daughter in marriage, which he swore, upon several reliques of saints, to perform within a certain limited period. He was thereupon received with so much the more honour, as his visit had been so secretly made; for before this they were enemies to each other. He swore moreover, that after the death of King Edward, who was already old, and without children, he would faithfully keep the kingdom for the duke, as having right thereto. After many days spent in great festivity, Harold returned to England, laden with choice gifts; but no sooner was he safe on shore, than he boasted of having escaped the snares of the enemy, making no account of his falsehood. The time being come and passed, within which all his promises ought to have been fulfilled, the duke sent to him fit messengers to learn the cause of his neglect in performing them, to whom Harold perfidiously and proudly denied all that has been above mentioned, and then sent them back with ignominy, having castrated their horses. The duke, deservedly provoked by this insult, excited the king of France, together with all his neighbours, relations, and friends, to avenge him on the aggressor; and so, by the help of God, as will shortly be made appear, he ultimately crushed his enemy, and effected the conquest of the whole kingdom.

Account of the Battle of Hastings.

In the year of grace 1066, the pacific King Edward, the glory of England, King Ethelred's son, having reigned four-and-twenty years, on the eve of the Lord's Epiphany, being the fifth day of the week, exchanged his temporal for an eternal kingdom. The next day he was buried at London in the church, which he built himself, by a new mode of composition, from which many afterwards took example, and emulated that work by many expensive establishments. With this monarch ended the line of the kings of England, which had continued 571 years, from Cerdic, the first king of the West Saxons, uninterrupted, except by a few Danish sovereigns, who were permitted to reign for the sins of the English nation. After the death of this most holy king, the nobles of the realm were uncertain whom to place for king over them. Some favoured the Norman duke, some Earl Harold, the son of Godwin, others again Edgar, the son of Edward, and grandson of Edmund Ironside, to whom the kingdom of right belonged; but Harold, a crafty and discerning man, understanding that "nocuit semper differre paratis" did, on the Epiphany, (the very day on which the deceased king was buried,) having extorted the fealty of the nobles, and placed on his own head the crown, without any authority from the church whatever, add to all his former acts of injustice that of assuming the kingdom; and by so doing made Pope Alexander, and all the prelates of the English church his enemies. Soon afterwards he conquered Harold, king of Norway, who invaded England with a thousand ships, and was so elated with his victory that he became an oppressor of his own people, and being thus converted from a king to a tyrant, he thought nothing about the agreement between himself and the

Duke of Normandy, though confirmed by oath. His security was further strengthened by the death of the duke's daughter, whom he had espoused while within the marriageable age; and having moreover heard, that the duke himself was entangled in wars with all the neighbouring princes, he flattered himself with hopes that his menaces could never take effect. He therefore asserted, that his oath, taken under circumstances of necessity, was not binding, especially inasmuch as it was not in his power to give away the crown while Edward was still alive, without his participation. But Harold thought one thing and William another. For he, as soon as he heard that Harold was invested with the diadem, sent messengers again to reproach him gently for his breach of faith, adding, that within the year he would exact payment of the debt. Harold, on the other hand, returned excuses by the same messengers, who, on their arrival in Normandy, addressed the duke in these words, "Harold, king of England, sends word to you, that truly he swore the kingdom of England to you when he espoused your daughter in Normandy, being compelled by necessity; but on the other hand he asserts, that a compulsory oath is not binding. For if a vow, or an oath taken by a virgin concerning the disposal of herself, while under her father's roof, even though knowingly taken, so it be without the consent of her parents, may be made void, much more ought the oath which he took while under allegiance to his sovereign, without that sovereign's knowledge, and by compulsion, to be of no effect. He moreover affirms, that it was too presumptuous of him to swear to you the inheritance which was not his own without the consent of the people; and he adds, that it is unjust to require him to abandon a throne which he has assumed with the favour of all the chief men of the nation."

The duke received this message with great indignation; but unwilling to injure a just cause by precipitation, he despatched messengers to the pope, in order to strengthen it by the apostolic authority. The pope, therefore, having considered the rights of both parties, sent to William a standard in token of sovereignty, which having received, he convened an assembly of his nobles at Lislebonne, and demanded the opinions of each respecting the business; and seeing that all present exhorted him to the enterprise with great promises of assistance, he dismissed them, with notice to meet him again, with their horses and arms, at Port St Valeri, the ensuing August. At the appointed time they all were there, but the wind was unfavourable to their voyage; whereupon the duke commanded the body of Saint Valeri to be brought out of doors, and placed in the open air, to obtain a prosperous gale, and the wished-for wind immediately filled their sails. Then all who were present embarked in the afternoon, and, after a very quick passage, landed on the opposite shore at Hastings. Duke William stumbled in alighting from his ship, which a soldier standing by converted into a good omen, saying, "Oh, duke, soon to be king, you now take possession of England."—The duke, on landing, prohibited his soldiers to pillage, saying, it behoved them to reverence what was shortly to be his own. Thus, for fifteen days together he remained idle, appearing to think of nothing less than war. However he caused a small fortress to be constructed on the spot in the interim. Meanwhile Harold, having heard, on his return from the war with the Norwegians, of the arrival of William, proceeded to Hastings with a very small army; for, except his hired soldiers, he had so few of the militia of the kingdom with him, that he would have been easily crushed by the invaders. However, he sent messengers before him to take some account of the force of the enemy; and these men being brought before the duke, were conducted by him all round his camp, and, after being amply feasted, sent back to Harold without injury. When Harold saw them, he asked what report they had to make; whereupon they related to him at length the magnificent confidence with which they had been received, but added seriously, that all the soldiers in his army appeared to be priests, for that they were shaven both on the upper and under lip. The king laughed at their folly, and told them, that those men were not indeed priests, but soldiers, valiant in mind, and unconquered in war. Upon this, Gurth, brother to

the king, a man of knowledge and virtue far beyond his years, took up his speech, saying, "Since you acknowledge these Normans to be so bold and strong, it appears to me, that you act unwisely in contending with them to whom you are inferior in right as well as in strength; for you cannot deny that you made oath to Duke William, either voluntarily or against your inclination, wherefore you would act more prudently in withdrawing yourself from the conflict, lest you incur either shameful flight or death, in fighting with the sin of perjury upon you. We, who have taken no oath, shall have justice on our side, in fighting for our country; if, then, we fight without you, your cause will be more likely of success, and you will be able to restore us if we are routed, and to revenge us if we are slain." The bravery of Harold would not however let him yield to these remonstrances, as esteeming it to be inglorious, and a foul reproach on all his past life, to shew his back to an enemy, be he who he might.

During this conference between the two brothers, there came a monk from Duke William, to propose three conditions on the part of the duke; either that Harold should abdicate the kingdom according to his oath, or that he should retain it under the sovereignty of the duke, or, lastly, that in sight of both their armies, they should put the question to the issue of a single combat. Harold, hearing these proposals, would neither look upon the messenger with complacency, nor answer him with mildness, but bade him depart with indignation, and called God to judge between himself and William. To this the monk boldly replied, that if he denied the right, the duke was ready to refer it either to the judgment of the apostolic See, or, if he preferred it, to the issue of a battle. To all this Harold would return no further answer, and thus were the Normans exasperated to the conflict.

Now both armies prepare for battle; but the English, who had wasted the whole night, without sleep, in songs and revelry, were still inebriated when in the morning they advanced with precipitation against the enemy, all on foot, armed with battle axes, drawn up in an impenetrable wedge, and covered by a tortoise of shields. This close array would have ensured their safety, had not the Normans, according to their custom, broken it by a pretended flight. The king stood close by his standard, together with his brothers; so that, where the danger was common and equal to all, nobody might entertain the thought of flight. On the other side, the Normans spent the night in confessing their sins, and in the morning, fortified by participation of the body and blood of Christ, awaited the attack of the enemy with courage. Their first line, which was on foot, the duke armed with bows and arrows; his cavalry he placed in the rear, and divided into two wings. The duke, with a serene countenance and with a clear voice, declared aloud, that God would be with him because his cause was just: he then called for his armour, and his servants having in their hurry put on his breast-plate with the inside upwards, he laughed at the blunder, and said, "Now will the strength of my duchy be converted into a kingdom." Then beginning the song of Roland to excite the spirits of the warriors, and calling aloud on God for assistance, they rushed to the battle. It was strenuously fought on both sides, without either giving way, till a late hour of the day, when the duke gave the signal to his men for their pretended retreat. The English army falling into the snare, broke their ranks in the pursuit, and ran headlong to their own destruction; for the Normans, as soon as they saw the success of their stratagem, turned back, and falling on them with fury, put them to real flight. They now took possession of a rising ground, and, as the Normans advanced too furiously, hoping to drive them from the eminence, received them with showers of arrows and stones, slew great numbers of them. In another place, the English forcibly made themselves masters of a broken ditch, and crushed so many Normans to death within it, that the heaps of the slain levelled it with the ground above. Such were the changes of fortune, now this side conquerors, and now that, as long as the soul of Harold remained in his body, who, not contented with exhorting others, performed himself all the duty of a valiant soldier; often coming to blows with the enemies who assailed him, and fight-

ing so desperately, that none came near him, whether on horse or foot, but he despatched him at a single stroke. On the other side, William rode up and down in the foremost rank, loudly exclaiming to his men, and restraining them from advancing to assault the enemy while they remained unbroken. While he thus rode about, exclaiming in his fury, he had three of his most chosen horses killed under him. The guards who were around his person, reproved him for exposing himself; but notwithstanding their reproofs, he persisted with unwearied vigour, until Harold, pierced through the brain by an arrow, fell, and yielded by his death the victory to the Normans. While the king lay on the ground, a soldier with his sword gashed his thigh, for which he was noted with infamy by the duke, and expelled from the army for committing so disgraceful an action. The flight of the English continued till night, which coming on, left the Normans in possession of an entire triumph. Without doubt the hand of God protected Duke William throughout this day, who, though often struck by the missile weapons of the enemy, lost not a drop of blood in the action. After it was over, he gave honourable burial to all his own soldiers who had fallen, and permitted the enemy to do the same by their dead without molestation. He sent the body of Harold to his mother, at her petition, unransomed, although she offered a great price for it by her messengers. She received it at Waltham, and buried it in the church there, which he had built at his own expense, in honour of the holy cross, and given to the secular canons.

This subversion of the kingdom and effusion of blood was foreshewn by a comet of great size, red and hairy, which made its appearance at the beginning of that year, as one has said,

Anno milleno sexageno, quoque seno
Anglorum metæ flammas sensere cometæ.

The battle was fought at Hastings, in the days of Pope Calistus, on the eve of the ides of October, (14th of October 1066.)

St Patrick's Purgatory.

A certain knight, Owen by name, who had served for the space of many years under King Stephen, obtained the king's license to pass over into Ireland, his native country, to visit his relations. After he had passed some time amongst them, he began to call to mind the flagitious life he had led; how he had, from his very cradle, abandoned himself to works of devastation and pillage; and, which was yet worse, had been a violator of churches, and an invader of ecclesiastical property, besides being guilty of many heinous secret offences. He was therefore led by repentance to make confession before a certain bishop, of that country, of all his sins, which, when he had detailed in order, the bishop censured him with great severity, asserting, that his offences were too weighty and numerous for divine mercy; whereby the knight was so much afflicted, that he thought with himself how to perform some penance worthy of his transgressions; and when the bishop was about to enjoin him such penance as to him appeared meet, the knight said to him, "Since, then, you assure me that my Creator is so grievously offended with me, I will undertake for myself a penance, the weightiest that is, and such as by virtue thereof I may merit the remission of my sins. I will enter into the purgatory of St Patrick."—Now of this purgatory, and of its origin, the ancient histories of Ireland do relate as follows:

The great Patrick, while he was preaching the word of God in Ireland, and there displayed many tokens of miraculous power, endeavoured to recall the brutish people of that country from the death of sin, by inspiring them with the terror of the torments of hell, and the desire of the joys of paradise. But they roundly affirmed, that they would not turn unto Christ unless ocular demonstration were first afforded them of the truth of his promises. Wherefore, while the blessed Patrick prayed earnestly to God, with fastings, watchings, and orisons, for the salvation of the people, the Son of God appearing unto him, led him into a desert place, and shewed him a cavern, round in form, and internally dark, saying to him, "Whosoever, being truly penitent, and constant in the faith, shall enter this cavern, and abide there for the space of one day and night, he shall be cleansed from all his sins by

which he may have offended God in the whole course of his life theretofore, and shall behold therein not only the torments of the damned, but, if he shall constantly persevere in the love of God, the joys of the blessed also." Then the Lord disappeared again, and St Patrick, rejoicing in the vision which had been vouchsafed unto him, hoped that he should be thereby enabled to work the conversion of the wretched people of Ireland to the Catholic faith; so he built an oratory immediately afterwards on the very spot, and walled round the cavern, which lies in the burying-ground in front of the church, and enclosed it with doors and bars, so that no man could enter without license first obtained. He founded regular canons in the place, and gave the keys of that cavern in trust to the prior to keep, having ordained, that whosoever might wish to enter his purgatory, must first obtain leave of the bishop of the diocese, and produce the bishop's letter for that purpose before the prior, who was then bound to let him enter within. Howbeit many persons entered that purgatory in the lifetime of Patrick, who, when they returned, bore witness that they had undergone dreadful torments, and beheld great and ineffable joys therein.

When the knight, therefore, of whom we have made mention, had so entreated of the bishop for leave to enter the cavern, that the bishop knew him to be inflexible in his purpose, he gave to him his letter to the prior of the place, commanding that he should deal with him according to the custom of those who had, in past times, made the same demand. The prior, as soon as he had read the letter, conducted the knight into the church, where he remained earnest at his devotions for the space of fifteen days, and then, after the prior had celebrated high mass, received the holy communion, and went with him to the door of the cavern. Here the prior sprinkled him with holy water, and then, having opened the door, exhorted him saying. "Behold, now mayst thou enter in the name of Jesus Christ; and when entered, thou shalt walk on through the depth of the cavern, till, coming out into an open field, thou shalt there discover a hall very curiously wrought; which when thou hast entered, thou shalt be met by messengers from God, who will point out to thee what further thou hast to do." Having thus spoken, this man, who truly possessed the spirit of a man, boldly sallied forth to the conflict of demons, and commending himself to the prayers of all present, and fortifying himself by marking his forehead with the sign of the holy cross, entered the cavern without fear or trembling, and shut the door after him. The prior, thereupon, with the rest of his attendants, returned to the church.

The knight pursuing his way through the cavern, was involved by little and little in entire darkness, but at last a small light appeared which conducted him to the field and hall which had been described to him. There was no more light in this place than we ordinarily enjoy in the evening here. The hall was supported by pillars, without walls, like the cloister of a monastery. He entered, and sitting down within it, cast his eyes attentively this way and that, admiring its fair construction; but when he had sat still a little space, behold, fifteen men, like monks, lately shaven, and clothed in white garments, entered the hall, and saluting him in the name of the Lord, sat themselves down likewise. Then, the others remaining silent, one of them spoke to him, saying, "Blessed be God almighty, who inspired thee with a good design to visit this purgatory for thy sins, yet unless thou bearest thyself with manly courage, now wilt thou perish both soul and body, utterly; as soon as we have left this place, a multitude of unclean spirits will assail thee, and inflict on thee many cruel torments, threatening thee with others yet more severe. If they can prevail with thee to return, they will promise to lead thee back to the door at which thou didst enter; but if, whether overcome by thy torments, or terrified by their menaces, or deceived by their promises, thou yieldest assent unto them, in body and in soul alike thou are lost! If, on the other hand, constant in the faith, thou shalt put all thy trust in God, so as thou dost not acquiesce either in their torments, their menaces, or their promises, but despisest them all with an entire heart, thou wilt be cleansed from all thy sins, and in the end admitted to behold the torments of the bad, and the repose of

the good. When, therefore, they shall torment thee, remember to call upon Jesus Christ, and, by invoking his name, thou shalt straightway be liberated from whatsoever torment they shall inflict upon thee. We can now remain with thee in this place no longer, but commend thee to the care of almighty God." Thus being left alone, the knight began to arm himself for this new sort of warfare, and, as he expected without trembling the arrival of the demons, he heard on the sudden a great tumult around the hall, as if all the men and all other animals which are in the whole world were shouting together. To this horrible noise succeeded a yet more dreadful sight; for now began on all sides an innumerable multitude of ugly demons to pour into the hall, and saluted the knight in mockery, saying, "Others who are our slaves do not seek our presence till after their deaths; but thou hast our society in so much honour that, living, thou wilt commend thyself unto us, both soul and body. Camest thou hither to undergo the punishment of thy sins? Thou shalt bear from us pressure and pain; howbeit, seeing that thou hast served us with diligence, if thou wilt return to the door by which thou didst enter, we will conduct thee thither unhurt, so that thou mayst live again in the world with joy, and not lose directly every thing which is sweet to thy senses." Thus said the demons, wishing to deceive him by terror and blandishments. But the soldier of Christ was neither shaken by terror, nor seduced by blandishment, but looking at them with a firm mind, answered not a word. Hereupon the demons, indignant at seeing themselves despised, lighted an immense fire in the midst of the hall, and thrust the knight into it, (after tying his hands and feet with iron hooks), pulling him about this way and that through the flames, but he, as soon as he felt the pain of the burning, invoked the name of the Lord, saying, "Christ Jesus! have mercy upon me!" At the sound of whose name, the fire was so utterly quenched that not a spark remained; which when the knight beheld, he strengthened his mind to fear nothing of what might be thereafter attempted by those whom he had already vanquished by invoking the assistance of Christ.

The demons then leaving the hall, dragged the knight through a vast desolate region, where the earth was black and surrounded with darkness; they dragged him along in a straight path towards the point at which the sun rises in summer; and as they turned towards it, he seemed to himself to hear the miserable lamentations of all people on the face of the earth. At last they brought him into a large field, full of misery and dolour, so long, that the termination of it could not be seen. It was crowded with persons of every age and sex, naked, and lying with their faces on the ground, whose bodies and limbs were miserably tortured by chains of red-hot iron fixed in the ground. Sometimes they would bite the earth from excessive pain, crying out and exclaiming, "Spare us, spare us! Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us!" When who should have mercy upon them was no where to be seen.—The demons also fell upon those miserable wretches, belabouring them with heavy scourges, and saying to the knight, "These torments which thou beholdest, thou wilt suffer thyself, unless thou yield obedience to us, and return to the door by which thou didst enter." But he, recalling to his mind how God had before delivered him, refused to hearken unto them. Then the demons turned him on the ground, and endeavoured to chain him down like the rest; but when he called on the name of Jesus, they were unable to do any thing further to him in that place. So they brought him into another field, where he saw in like manner many unhappy wretches chained to the earth, but as the former were laid on their faces, so these on their backs. Upon some of them fiery dragons sat gnawing their flesh with red-hot teeth; flaming serpents were turned around the necks, arms, and bodies of others, and darted their burning stings into their hearts.—Toads of immense magnitude and horrible form sat upon the stomachs of others endeavouring, with their hideous mouths, to suck out their inward parts; while others again were ridden by demons, who grievously tormented them with their sharp scourges, so that the poor afflicted wretches never ceased from their weeping and exclamations. From thence the demons brought him again into another field

of punishment, where he beheld so vast a multitude of people of all ages, sexes, and conditions, that it appeared to him to exceed the number of all the inhabitants of the earth. Here they were hung up in flames of sulphur, some by red-hot chains fastened to their feet and legs, with their heads falling downwards, others by their hands and arms, or by the hair of their heads. Others again were suspended on hooks of iron, red-hot, thrust through their eyes or nostrils, their ears, or jaws. And amidst all the shrieks and groans and howlings of these miserable creatures, the scourges of the demons were never silent. When, however, they attempted to inflict these torments, like the preceding, on their companion, he invoked the name of Christ, and so escaped unhurt. From that last place, the demons still urged the knight onward till they came to a wheel of burning iron, of which the spokes and the circumference were thickly studded all over with red-hot hooks of the same metal. On these hooks were many men suspended, who were dreadfully burnt by the flames of a black sulphureous fire arising from the earth; while the demons, with long staves of iron, made the wheel turn round with such celerity, that the beholder might not distinguish one from another of those who were suspended upon it, nor see any thing else than a great circle of fire. Nor were those afflicted with a less grievous torment, who were transfixed on spits and set before a great fire to roast, while the demons basted them with molten lead, who were burnt in ovens, or broiled on grid-irons. The knight saw, moreover, being still driven forward by the ministers of hell, a house full of innumerable cauldrons of boiling pitch and sulphur and divers liquid metals, in which also were men of every age and condition plunged, some entirely, others up to the eyes, to the mouth or throat, to the breast or thighs, others having only their legs and arms, or one arm, or one leg in the cauldrons, but all vociferating and miserably howling from the extremity of their torture. And when the demons began to dip our knight among the rest, into these boiling vessels, he invoked Christ's name, and was freed. Thence they drove him to the top of a high mountain where he beheld a vast multitude of all manner of people sitting naked, with their faces turned towards the north, looking as if they expected death in great terror. And lo! on the sudden, a furious whirlwind, arising in the north, caught them all, and the knight together with them, and hurled them to another part of the mountain, weeping and howling, into a cold and fœtid river, from whence, as they endeavoured to rise, the demons ran towards them, and plunged them all beneath the waves. The knight alone called upon the name of Christ, and immediately found himself on the opposite bank. Then the demons dragged him southward, and shewed him a black and noisome flame ascending from a pit, which emitted numbers of men, naked, and burning like so many sparks of fire, into the air above, till, the force of the flames subsiding, they fell back again into the fiery pit.—Then the demons said to him, "that pit is the entrance to hell, where is our habitation, and wherein because thou hast hitherto faithfully served us, thou shalt dwell for evermore.—Still, if thou wilt consent unto us, and return to the door at which thou didst enter, we will let thee go unhurt. But he, trusting in the assistance of God, who had so often already delivered him, despised all their exhortations. Then the demons being indignant, plunged themselves into the pit, dragging the knight after them, who, the deeper he descended, the wider he found the pit, and the more cruel he felt the torment within it. So dreadful and miserable was that torment that, for a long space, he remained forgetful of his helper; but God at length looking upon him in mercy, he called upon the name of Christ, and instantly the force of the flame drove him back again into the upper air, where he stood awhile confounded and out of his senses. Then other demons rushing forth from the opening of the pit, said to him, "and thou who standest in this place, to whom our companions have said, this is hell, know that it is not so, for it is our custom always to lie, and those whom we cannot deceive by the truth, to deceive by falsehood. This is not hell; but we will now lead thee to hell itself."

These his new hosts continued to pull the knight onwards, with a tumultuous noise, to the banks of a river

of noisome stench, very wide, covered all over its surface with sulphureous flames, and filled with a multitude of demons, who cried out to him, that under that river was situated the real hell. A bridge was extended across the river, in which appeared, as it were three impossibilities. *First*, the bridge was so slippery, that although it had been ever so broad, no man, or scarcely any, could stand with firm feet upon it. *Secondly*, it was so narrow, that no man could stand upon, much less walk across it. *Thirdly*, it was so high above the river, that it was horrible to cast the eyes below. "Now must thou walk over this bridge," exclaimed the demons; "and so the wind which served thee so well before will now blow thee into that river. Then shalt thou be taken by our companions who are in the river, and plunged into the depth of hell." Nevertheless, the knight, after invoking the name of Christ, ascended the bridge without fear; and the further he walked upon it, the wider he found it, till at last it became as broad as a great public street. The demons seeing him walk over the bridge so freely, shook the air with their profane cries in such manner that he was more astounded by that noise than he had been by all the torments which were previously inflicted upon him. Others of his enemies, who were in the water under the bridge, darted their long burning hooks of iron to seize him, but were unable to reach his body; and so he marched on his way securely, meeting with nothing to do him any harm.

Thus this unconquerable soldier, being at length freed from the vexation of the unclean spirits, saw before him a lofty wall whose height ascended even into the heavens, of admirable and unmatchable structure, appearing to have but one gate, and that closed, which shone with a magnificent splendour of metals and precious stones. When he approached towards it, he perceived the odour of waters so pleasant and refreshing which issued from it, that it renewed the strength of his body, and turned even the torments he had endured into gladness. Then the door opened, and there came forth to meet him an orderly procession, with crosses, tapers, and banners, and branches of palm glittering like gold, followed by crowds of both sexes, and all conditions of people, of whom some were archbishops, and bishops, and abbots, and monks, and presbyters, and ministers of the church of every degree, arrayed in their holy vestments, and arranged in their due order, who all received him with grateful reverence, and led him within the gates amidst a concert of indescribable harmony. The concert being finished, he was accosted by two archbishops, who gave thanks to God for having strengthened his soul with so great constancy to endure the torments through which he had passed. Then they conducted him through that beautiful region, displaying before his eyes most pleasant meadows, adorned with flowers, fruits, and trees, of all descriptions and forms, the odour of which seemed to be capable of supporting life alone. Night never overshadows that region, which is constantly illuminated by a celestial radiance of ineffable splendour. The multitude of people whom he saw therein was so great that he believed the whole residue of the age was not able to hold them. From place to place were choirs that with sweet harmonious concert hymned praises to the great Creator of all things; others wore crowns on their heads, like kings; some were clad in robes of gold, and others again in garments of various forms and colours, resembling those which they were wont to wear when alive. Some rejoiced in their own happiness; some triumphed in the deliverance and rejoicing of others. All who beheld Sir Owen blessed God on his account, and congratulated with him on his deliverance from death. Neither is heat nor cold felt in that region, nor any thing seen or perceived that can do mischief to man.

Then the holy prelates who had shewn the wonders of this beautiful place to Sir Owen, said unto him, "Since by the mercy of God thou hast come to us unhurt, it behoves thee to hear from us the explanation of all the things which thou hast beheld. This region is the earthly paradise from which the first man was banished for his sins, and afterwards cast into the misery of death. From his flesh are we all descended, and born in original sin, but by the faith of Christ which we have received in baptism, we return to this paradise,

and since, after our baptism, we have become implicated in numberless actual transgressions, we could not come hither except through the purgation of sins and the endurance of punishment. The penance which we have undertaken before death, or in the hour of dissolution, and not performed while alive, remains to be fulfilled by torments, in those penal regions which thou hast lately surveyed, according to the mode and measure of our faults; for all of us who are now here were once in those abodes of punishment for our several transgressions; and all those whom thou hast seen suffering chastisement, except such as are within the mouth of the pit, will in time come to this habitation of rest, and be saved. Every day some who have there been purified join our company here, whom, when they arrive, we introduce into this place of rest, as we have done to thee; and none of us know how long it is our doom to continue here; but by masses, psalms, alms-giving, and prayers of the church universal, and also by the especial aid of friends in particular, either the torments of those who remain to be purified can be mitigated, or they may pass from the greater to the lesser degrees of punishment, untill they are finally liberated. Here, as thou seest, we enjoy the greatest tranquillity; nevertheless, we are none of us yet found worthy of ascending into the joys of the highest heaven. After the space appointed by God for each of us, we shall pass hence into that celestial paradise which God hath provided for us."

Then these venerable men conducted the knight to the declivity of a mountain, and commanded him to cast his eyes upwards, which he did, and they then asked him what was the colour of the sky with respect to the place on which he stood. He answered, that it appeared to him like that of gold in a burning furnace. "That which thou beholdest," they said, "is the entrance into heaven, and the celestial paradise. When any of our companions leave us, they ascend from this place into heaven; and so long as we continue here God feeds us from day to day with heavenly food. Thou shalt now taste with ourselves what manner of food it is." They had scarcely made an end of speaking, when a ray of fire seemed to descend from heaven which covered the face of the whole country, and, dividing itself into so many distinct beams, settled on the heads of every one present, and by degrees entered into them all. From which the knight experienced such sweetness and pleasure in his heart, and over his whole frame, that he scarcely knew whether he was living or dead. But all this passed away again in the space of a moment, for though the knight would gladly have remained where he now was, his rejoicing was speedily to be changed into sorrow; and his guides thus addressed him, "Since thou hast now beheld in part, according to thy desire, both the rest of the saints and the torments of the wicked, it behoves thee to return whence thou camest; if (which God forbid) thou livest an evil life when thou art again among the living, thou hast seen the torments which await thee. But if thou livest a good and religious life, be secure; for thou shalt certainly come hither amongst us, when thou shalt have departed from out of thy body; and in that return, thou shalt have to dread no torments which thou hast beheld; for the demons will have no power to hurt thee." Then the knight, weeping and lamenting himself, said, "Let me not depart from hence, for I greatly fear lest through the frailty of human misery, I may be guilty of some new offence which shall prohibit my return hither!" "This cannot be as thou wilt," they said, "but as he will who created both thee and us." Thus the knight was led back by them, with tears and sorrow, to the gate at which he had entered, and which, when against his will he had departed through it, was closed again after him.

Thence, returning the way he had come, he reached again the hall which he had before entered. As he passed, the demons flew away on every side as if afraid of him, and the torments through which he went were unable to hurt him. As soon as he found himself again within the hall, the fifteen holy men before mentioned met him, glorifying God who had supported his constancy through all those distresses. "Now it behoveth thee," said they to the knight, "to depart from hence as quickly as possible, for the morning already breaks in that

world of thine, and if the prior, when he opens the gate, doth not see thee, he will despair of thy return, and go back to the church, having barred the gate after him." So having received their blessing the knight departed from them, and making great haste to return, met the prior just as he had opened the gate, and was received by him with gratulation, and led into the church, where he continued the space of fifteen days in prayer, and afterwards took the cross, and went into the holy land to visit the sepulchre of Christ, and the other venerable relics, in holy contemplation.

ROSALIND AND HELEN, A MODERN ECLOGUE, BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.*

We have already expressed our belief that Mr Shelley is a true poet, and that it will be his own fault if his name does not hold a conspicuous place in the literature of his country. With our high hopes of him are mingled, however, many disheartening fears, which, we lament to say, are far from being weakened by the spirit of his new poem. For, while this modern eclogue breathes throughout strong feeling, and strong passion, and strong imagination, it exhibits at the same time a strange perversion of moral principle —a wilful misrepresentation of the influence of the laws of human society on human virtue and happiness—and a fierce and contemptuous scorn of those sacred institutions which nature protects and guards for the sake of her own worth and dignity. Indeed, Mr Shelley does not write like a conscientious man, sinking into fatal error through the imbecility of his intellect—nor like an enthusiastic man hurried away into fatal error by the violence of his passions—but he often writes like a man angry and dissatisfied with the world, because he is angry and dissatisfied with himself—impotently striving to break those bonds which he yet feels are rivetted by a higher power—and because his own headstrong and unhappy will frets and fevers within the salutary confinement of nature's gracious laws, impiously scheming to bring these laws into disrepute, by representing them as the inventions and juggleries of tyranny and priestcraft. We are willing to attribute this monstrous perversity in a man of genius and talents like Mr Shelley, to causes that are external, and that, therefore, will pass away. We leave it to others to speak of him in the bitterness of anger and scorn—to others again to speak of him in the exultation of sympathy and praise. We claim no kindred with either set of critics—seeing in this highly-gifted man much to admire—nay much to love—but much also to move to pity and to sorrow. For what can be more mournful than the degradation of youthful genius involving in its fall virtue, respectability and happiness?

Rosalind and Helen are two ladies, whom the events of a disastrous life have driven from their native land, and who, after a long discontinuance of their youthful friendship, meet in their distress, one calm summer evening, on the shore of the lake of Como. They retire into the forest's solitude, to communicate to each other the story of their lives—and in these confessions consists almost the whole poem.

It was a vast and antique wood,
Thro' which they took their way;
And the grey shades of evening
O'er that green wilderness did fling
Still deeper solitude.
Pursuing still the path that wound
The vast and knotted trees around
Thro' which slow shades were wandering,
To a deep lawny dell they came,
To a stone seat beside a spring,
O'er which the columned wood did frame
A roofless temple, like the fane
Where, ere new creeds could faith obtain,
Man's early race once knelt beneath
The overhanging deity.

* * * * * *

This silent spot tradition old
Had peopled with the spectral dead.
For the roots of the speaker's hair felt cold
And stiff, as with tremulous lips he told
That a hellish shape at midnight led
The ghost of a youth with hoary hair,
And sate on the seat beside him there,
Till a naked child came wandering by,
When the fiend would change to a lady fair!

Helen had directed the steps of her friend Rosalind to this spot,

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* 8vo, C. and J. Ollier, London, 1819.

"From the wrecks of a tale of wilder sorrow,
So much of sympathy to borrow
As soothed her own dark lot."

And what may be this tale, of power to soften or elevate grief?

A fearful tale! The truth was worse:
For here a sister and a brother
Had solemnized a monstrous curse,
Meeting in this fair solitude:
For beneath yon very sky,
Had they resigned to one another
Body and soul.

Leaving for the present without any comment this worse than needless picture of unnatural guilt, let us attend to the heroines.

Silent they sate, for evening
And the power its glimpses bring
Had, with one awful shadow, quelled
The passion of their grief—

In that profound solitude Rosalind tells the story of her griefs to her melancholy friend. When at the altar stair with her lover, her father, who had come from a distant land, rushed in between them, and forbade the marriage, declaring the youth to be *her brother!*

Then with a laugh both long and wild
The youth upon the pavement fell:
They found him dead! All looked on me,
The spasms of my despair to see:
But I was calm. I went away:
I was clammy-cold like clay!
I did not weep: I did not speak:
But day by day, week after week,
I walked about like a corpse alive!
Alas! sweet friend, you must believe
This heart is stone: it did not break.

On her father's death her mother fell into poverty, and Rosalind, for her sake, married a withered, bloodless, cruel miser, whom her heart abhorred. Her description of her joy on feeling that a babe was to be born to comfort her dark and sullen lot, is exceedingly beautiful, and reminds us of the finest strains of Wordsworth.

For long, long years
These frozen eyes had shed no tears:
But now—'twas the season fair and mild
When April has wept itself to May:
I sate through the sweet sunny day
By my window bowered round with leaves,
And down my cheeks the quick tears ran
Like twinkling rain-drops from the eaves,
When warm spring showers are passing o'er:
O Helen, none can ever tell
The joy it was to weep once more!
I wept to think how hard it were
To kill my babe, and take from it
The sense of light, and the warm air,
And my own fond and tender care,
And love and smiles; ere I knew yet
That these for it might, as for me,
Be the masks of a grinning mockery.
And haply, I would dream, 'twere sweet
To feed it from my faded breast,
Or mark my own heart's restless beat
Rock it to its untroubled rest,
And watch the growing soul beneath
Dawn in faint smiles; and hear its breath,
Half interrupted by calm sighs,
And search the depth of its fair eyes
For long departed memories!
And so I lived till that sweet load
Was lightened. Darkly forward flowed
The stream of years, and on it bore
Two shapes of gladness to my sight;
Two other babes, delightful more
In my lest soul's abandoned night,
Than their own country ships may be
Sailing towards wrecked mariners,
Who cling to the rock of a wintry sea.

These fair shadows interposed between her loathing soul and her husband, whom she thus describes:

He was a tyrant to the weak,
And we were such, alas the day!
Oft, when my little ones at play,
Were in youth's natural lightness gay,
Or if they listened to some tale
Of travellers, or of fairy land,—
When the light from the wood-fire's dying brand
Flashed on their faces,—if they heard
Or thought they heard upon the stair
His footstep, the suspended word
Died on my lips: we all grew pale:
The babe at my bosom was hushed with fear
If it thought it heard its father near;
And my two wild boys would near my knee
Cling, cowed and cowering fearfully.

At last wore out with the feverish and quenchless thirst of gold, and with the selfish cares and cruel thoughts that eat into a miser's heart, this man of sin dies.

Seven days within my chamber lay
That corse, and my babes made holiday:
At last, I told them what is death!
The eldest, with a kind of shame,
Came to my knees with silent breath,
And sate awe-stricken at my feet;
And soon the others left their play,
And sate there too. It is unmeet
To shed on the brief flower of youth
The withering knowledge of the grave;
From me remorse then wrung that truth.
I could not bear the joy which gave
Too just a response to mine own.
In vain. I dared not feign a groan;
And in their artless looks I saw
Between the mists of fear and awe,
That my own thought was theirs; and they
Expressed it not in words, but said
Each in its heart, how every day
Will pass in happy work and play,
Now he is dead and gone away.

Having seen and brooded over his wife's loathing, and disgust, and ha-

tred, the shrivelled miser had laid up vengeance in his heart.

After the funeral all our kin
Assembled, and the will was read.
My friend, I tell thee, even the dead
Have strength, their putrid shrouds within,
To blast and torture. Those who live
Still fear the living, but a corse
Is merciless, and power doth give
To such pale tyrants half the spoil
He rends from those who groan and toil,
Because they blush not with remorse
Among their crawling worms.

The will imported that, unless Rosalind instantly abandoned her birthplace and her children for ever, they should be disinherited, and all his property go to

A sallow lawyer, cruel and cold,
Who watched me, as the will was read,
With eyes askance, which sought to see
The secrets of my agony;
And with close lips and anxious brow
Stood canvassing still to and fro
The chance of my resolve, and all
The dead man's caution just did call.

The effect of this iniquitous last will and testament was to throw over the character of Rosalind the suspicion of adultery and infidelity, the first of which crimes she indignantly denies; but

As to the Christian creed, if true
Or false, I never questioned it:
I took it as the vulgar do:
Nor my vext soul had leisure yet
To doubt the things men say, or deem
That they are other than a dream!!!

Rather than reduce her children to beggary, the widow resolves to endure expatriation and solitary death.

All present who those crimes did hear,
In feigned or actual scorn and fear,
Men, women, children, slunk away,
Whispering with self-contented pride,
Which half suspects its own base lie.
I spoke to none, nor did abide,
But silently I went my way,
Nor noticed I where joyously
Sate my two younger babes at play,
In the court-yard through which I past;
But went with footsteps firm and fast
Till I came to the brink of the ocean green,
And there, a woman with grey hairs,
Who had my mother's servant been,
Kneeling, with many tears and prayers,
Made me accept a purse of gold,
Half of the earnings she had kept
To refuge her when weak and old.

Such is an outline of the Tale of Rosalind, distinguished by great animation and force of passion, and containing much beautiful description of external nature, which we regret it is not possible for us to quote. She then requests Helen to "take up a weeping on the mountains wild."

Yes speak. The faintest stars are scarcely shorn
Of their thin beams by that delusive morn
Which sinks again in darkness, like the light
Of early love, soon lost in total night.

Helen then gives a long, laboured, and to us not very interesting account of her lover, whose whole soul in youth had been absorbed and swallowed up in schemes for the amelioration of the political state of mankind. He seems, first of all, to have revelled in the delight of the French revolution; and finally, if we mistake not, to have fallen into a consumption out of pure grief at the battle of Waterloo and the dethronement of Buonaparte.

And so, my friend, it then befel
To many, most to Lionel,
Whose hope was like the life of youth
Within him, and when dead, became
A spirit of unresting flame,
Which goaded him in his distress
Over the world's vast wilderness.
Three years he left his native land,
And on the fourth, when he returned,
None knew him: he was stricken deep
With some disease of mind, and turned
Into aught unlike Lionel.
On him, on whom, did he pause in sleep,
Serenest smiles were wont to keep,
And, did he wake, a winged band
Of bright persuasions, which had fed
On his sweet lips and liquid eyes,
Kept their swift pinions half outspread,
To do on men his least command;
On him, whom once 'twas paradise
Even to behold, now misery lay:
In his own heart 'twas merciless,
To all things else none may express
Its innocence and tenderness.

Lionel and Helen now become lovers.

He dwelt beside me near the sea:
And oft in evening did we meet,
When the waves, beneath the starlight, flee
O'er the yellow sands with silver feet,
And talked: our talk was sad and sweet.

The progress of their love is then described as terminating in a sort of wedding, without benefit of clergy.

On the very night of these moonlight nuptials, however, Lionel is seized "by the ministers of misrule," and committed to prison. Helen tells this in a very silly manner.

For he, they said, from his mind had bent
Against their gods keen blasphemy,
For which, though his soul must roasted be
In hell's red lakes immortally,
Yet even on earth must he abide
The vengeance of their slaves: *a trial*
I think, men call it!!

With all the fidelity of a wife, and all the passion of a mistress, Helen,

who is refused admittance to his cell, takes a lodging beside the prison-gate, and on his release, (whether he had been acquitted, condemned, or not tried at all, we are not told,) accompanies him to the seat of his ancestors.

Until the clear blue sky was seen,
And the grassy meadows bright and green,
And then I sunk in his embrace,
Enclosing there a mighty space
Of love: and so we travelled on
By woods, and fields of yellow flowers,
And towns, and villages, and towers,
Day after day of happy hours.
It was the azure time of June,
When the skies are deep in the stainless noon,
And the warm and fitful breezes shake
The fresh green leaves of the hedge-row briar,
And there were odours then to make
The very breath we did respire
A liquid element, whereon
Our spirits, like delighted things
That walk the air on subtle wings,
Floated and mingled far away,
'Mid the warm winds of the sunny day.
And when the evening star came forth
Above the curve of the new bent moon,
And light and sound ebbed from the earth,
Like the tide of the full and weary sea
To the depths of its tranquillity,
Our natures to its own repose
Did the earth's breathless sleep attune:
Like flowers, which on each other close
Their languid leaves when day-light's gone,
We lay, till new emotions came,
Which seemed to make each mortal frame
One soul of interwoven flame,
A life in life, a second birth
In worlds diviner far than earth,
Which, like two strains of harmony
That mingle in the silent sky
Then slowly disunite, past by
And left the tenderness of tears,
A soft oblivion of all fears,
A sweet sleep: so we travelled on
Till we came to the house of Lionel,
Among the mountains wild and lone,
Beside the hoary western sea,
Which near the verge of the echoing shore
The massy forest shadowed o'er.

His imprisonment, however, had entirely destroyed a constitution already shaken by the agitation of so many disappointed passions, and the gradual decay of life is painted by Mr Shelley with great power and pathos. The closing scene, though somewhat fantastic, as indeed the whole of Helen's history is, could have been written by none but a genuine poet. Lionel's mother had built a temple in memory and honour of a dog (the only saint in her calendar), that had rescued her from drowning, to which we are told she often resorted, and

The villagers
Mixt their religion up with her's,
And as they listened round, shed tears.

* * * *

One eve he led me to this fane:
Daylight on its last purple cloud
Was lingering grey, and soon her strain
The nightingale began; now loud,
Climbing in circles the windless sky,
Now dying music; suddenly
'Tis scattered in a thousand notes,
And now to the hushed ear it floats
Like field smells known in infancy,
Then failing, soothes the air again.
We sate within that temple lone,
Pavilioned round with Parian stone:
His mother's harp stood near, and oft
I had awakened music soft
Amid its wires: the nightingale
Was pausing in her heaven-taught tale:
"Now drain the cup," said Lionel,
"Which the poet-bird has crowned so well
With the wine of her bright and liquid song!
Heardst thou not sweet words among
That heaven-resounding minstrelsy?
Heardst thou not, that those who die
Awake in a world of ecstasy?
That love, when limbs are interwoven,
And sleep, when the night of life is cloven,
And thought, to the world's dim boundaries clinging,
And music, when one beloved is singing,
Is death? Let us drain right joyously
The cup which the sweet bird fills for me."
He paused, and to my lips he bent
His own: like spirit his words went
Through all my limbs with the speed of fire;
And his keen eyes, glittering through mine,
Filled me with the flame divine,
Which in their orbs was burning far,
Like the light of an unmeasured star,
In the sky of midnight dark and deep:
Yes, 'twas his soul that did inspire
Sounds, which my skill could ne'er awaken;
And first, I felt my fingers sweep
The harp, and a long quivering cry
Burst from my lips in symphony:
The dusk and solid air was shaken,
As swift and swifter the notes came
From my touch, that wandered like quick flame,
And from my bosom, labouring
With some unutterable thing:
The awful sound of my own voice made
My faint lips tremble, in some mood
Of wordless thought Lionel stood
So pale, that even beside his cheek
The snowy column from its shade
Caught whiteness: yet his countenance
Raised upward, burned with radiance
Of spirit-piercing joy, whose light,
Like the moon struggling through the night
Of whirlwind-rifted clouds, did break
With beams that might not be confined.
I paused, but soon his gestures kindled
New power, as by the moving wind
The waves are lifted, and my song
To low soft notes now changed and dwindled,

And from the twinkling wires among,
My languid fingers drew and flung
Circles of life dissolving sound,
Yet faint: in aery rings they bound
My Lionel, who, as every strain
Grew fainter but more sweet, his mien
Sunk with the sound relaxedly:
And slowly now he turned to me,
As slowly faded from his face
That awful joy: with looks serene
He was soon drawn to my embrace,
And my wild song then died away
In murmurs: words, I dare not say
We mixed, and on his lips mine fed
Till they methought felt still and cold:
"What is it with thee, love?" I said:
No word, no look, no motion! yes,
There was a change, but spare to guess,
Nor let that moment's hope be told.
I looked, and knew that he was dead,
And fell, as the eagle on the plain
Falls when life deserts her brain,
And the mortal lightning is veiled again.

With all its beauty, we feel that the above passage may, to many minds, seem forced and extravagant, but there can be but one opinion of the following one, than which Byron himself never wrote any thing finer.

No memory more
Is in my mind of that sea shore
Madness came on me, and a troop
Of misty shapes did seem to sit
Beside me, on a vessel's poop,
And the clear north wind was driving it.
Then I heard strange tongues, and saw
strange flowers,
And the stars methought grew unlike ours,
And the azure sky and the stormless sea
Made me believe that I had died,
And waked in a world, which was to me
Drear hell, though heaven to all beside:
Then a dead sleep fell on my mind,
Whilst animal life many long years
Had rescued from a chasm of tears;
And when I woke, I wept to find
That the same lady, bright and wise,
With silver locks and quick brown eyes,
The mother of my Lionel,
Had tended me in my distress,
And died some months before. Nor less
Wonder, but far more peace and joy
Brought in that hour my lovely boy;
For through that trance my soul had well
The impress of thy being kept;
And if I waked, or if I slept,
No doubt, though memory faithless be,
Thy image ever dwelt on me;
And this, O Lionel, like thee
Is our sweet child. 'Tis sure most strange
I knew not of so great a change,
As that which gave him birth, who now
Is all the solace of my woe.

Our extracts have been already long—but it is our anxious desire to bring the genius of this poet fairly before the public, and therefore we quote the conclusion of the poem.

She ceased—"Lo, where red morning
through the woods
Is burning o'er the dew;" said Rosalind.
And with these words they rose, and towards the flood
Of the blue lake, beneath the leaves now
wind
With equal steps and fingers intertwined:
Thence to a lonely dwelling, where the
shore
Is shadowed with steep rocks, and cypresses
Cleave with their dark green cones the silent skies,
And with their shadows the clear depths below,
And where a little terrace from its bowers,
Of blooming myrtle and faint lemon-flowers,
Scatters its sense-dissolving fragrance o'er
The liquid marble of the windless lake;
And where the aged forest's limbs look hoar,
Under the leaves which their green garments
make,
They come: 'tis Helen's home, and clean
and white,
Like one which tyrants spare on our own
land
In some such solitude, its casements bright
Shone thro' their vine-leaves in the morning sun,
And even within 'twas scarce like Italy.
And when she saw how all things there
were planned,
As in an English home, dim memory
Disturbed poor Rosalind: she stood as one
Whose mind is where his body cannot be,
Till Helen led her where her child yet slept,
And said, "Observe, that brow was Lionel's,
Those lips were his, and so he ever kept
One arm in sleep, pillowing his head with it.
You cannot see his eyes, they are two wells
Of liquid love: let us not wake him yet."
But Rosalind could bear no more, and wept
A shower of burning tears, which fell upon
His face, and so his opening lashes shone
With tears unlike his own, as he did leap
In sudden wonder from his innocent sleep.

So Rosalind and Helen lived together
Thenceforth, changed in all else, yet
friends again,
Such as they were, when o'er the mountain
heather
They wandered in their youth, through sun
and rain.
And after many years, for human things
Change even like the ocean and the wind,
Her daughter was restored to Rosalind,
And in their circle thence some visitings
Of joy 'mid their new calm would intervene:
A lovely child she was, of looks serene,
And motions which o'er things indifferent
shed
The grace and gentleness from whence they
grew,

And Helen's boy grew with her, and they fed
From the same flowers of thought, until each mind
Like springs which mingle in one flood became,
And in their union soon their parents saw
The shadow of the peace denied to them.
And Rosalind, for when the living stem
Is cankered in its heart, the tree must fall,
Died ere her time; and with deep grief and awe
The pale survivors followed her remains
Beyond the region of dissolving rains,
Up the cold mountain she was wont to call
Her tomb; and on Chiavenna's precipice
They raised a pyramid of lasting ice,
Whose polished sides, ere day had yet begun,
Caught the first glow of the unrisen sun,
The last, when it had sunk; and thro' the night
The charioteers of Arctos wheeled round
Its glittering point, as seen from Helen's home,
Whose sad inhabitants each year would come
With willing steps climbing that rugged height,
And hang long locks of hair, and garlands bound
With amaranth flowers, which, in the clime's despite,
Filled the frore air with unaccustomed light:
Such flowers, as in the wintry memory bloom
Of one friend left, adorned that frozen tomb.

Helen, whose spirit was of softer mould,
Whose sufferings too were less, death slowlier led
Into the peace of his dominion cold:
She died among her kindred, being old.
And know, that if love die not in the dead
As in the living, none of mortal kind
Are blest, as now Helen and Rosalind.

Mr Shelley's writings have, we believe, hitherto had but a very limited circulation, and few of our periodical brethren have condescended to occupy their pages with his poetry. It is one of the great objects of this journal to support the cause of genius and of imagination—and we are confident that our readers will think we have done so in this number, by the full and abundant specimens of fine poetry which we have selected from Percy Bysshe Shelley and Barry Cornwall. We trust that the time will soon come when the writings of such men will stand in no need of our patronage.—Meanwhile we give them ours, such as it is worth, and that it is worth more than certain persons are willing to allow, is proved by nothing more decidedly than the constant irritation and fretfulness of those on whom we cannot in conscience bestow it.

But we cannot leave Mr Shelley without expressing ourselves in terms of the most decided reprobation of many of his principles, if, indeed, such vague indefinite and crude vagaries can, by any latitude of language, be so designated. And, first of all, because priests have been bloody and intolerant, is it worthy of a man of liberal education and great endowments, to talk with uniform scorn and contempt of the ministers of religion? Can any thing be more puerile in taste, more vulgar in feeling, more unfounded in fact, or more false in philosophy? Mr Shelley goes out of his way—out of the way of the leading passion of his poetry to indulge in the gratification of this low and senseless abuse—and independently of all higher considerations, such ribaldry utterly destroys all impassioned emotion in the hearts of his readers, and too frequently converts Mr Shelley from a poet into a satirist, from a being who ought, in his own pure atmosphere, to be above all mean prejudices, into a slave, basely walking in voluntary trammels.

From his hatred and contempt of priests, the step is but a short one to something very like hatred and contempt of all religion—and accordingly superstition is a word eternally upon his lips. How many fine, pure, and noble spirits does he thus exclude from his audience? And how many sympathies does he dry up in his own heart? If the christain faith be all fable and delusion, what does this infatuated young man wish to substitute in its stead? One seeks, in vain, through his poetry, fine as it often is, for any principles of action in the characters who move before us. They are at all times fighting against the law of the world, the law of nature, and the law of God—there is nothing satisfactory in their happiness, and always something wilful in their misery. Nor could Mr Shelley's best friend and most warm admirer do otherwise than confess that he is ever an obscure and cheerless moralist, even when his sentiments are most lofty, and when he declaims with greatest eloquence against the delusions of religious faith. That a poet should be blind, deaf, and insensible to the divine beauty of Christianity, is wonderful and deplorable, when, at the same time, he is so alive to the beauty of the external world, and, in many instances, to that

of the human soul. If Mr Shelley were a settled—a confirmed disbeliever, we should give him up as a man of whom no high hopes could rationally be held—but we think him only an inconsiderate and thoughtless scoffer, who will not open his eyes to a sense of his wickedness and folly—and therefore it is that we express ourselves thus strongly, not out of anger or scorn, but real sorrow, and sincere affection.

It is also but too evident, from Mr Shelley's poetry, that he looks with an evil eye on many of the most venerable institutions of civil polity. His creed seems to be the same, in many points, as that once held by a celebrated political writer and novelist, who has lived to abjure it. But in all that Godwin wrote, one felt the perfect sincerity of the man—whereas, Mr Shelley seems to have adopted such opinions, not from any deep conviction of their truth, but from waywardness and caprice, from the love of singularity, and, perhaps, as a vain defence against the reproaches of his own conscience. His opinions, therefore, carry no authority along with them to others—nay, they seem not to carry any authority with them to himself. The finer essence of his poetry never penetrates them—the hues of his imagination never clothes them with attractive beauty. The cold, bald, clumsy, and lifeless parts of this poem are those in which he obtrudes upon us his contemptible and long-exploded dogmas. Then his inspiration deserts him. He never stops nor stumbles in his career, except when he himself seems previously to have laid blocks before the wheels of his chariot.

Accordingly there is no great moral flow in his poetry. Thus, for example, what lesson are we taught by this eclogue, Rosalind and Helen? Does Mr Shelley mean to prove that marriage is an evil institution, because by it youth and beauty may be condemned to the palsied grasp of age, avarice and cruelty? Does he mean to shew the injustice of law, because a man may by it bequeath his property to strangers, and leave his wife and children beggars? Does he mean to shew the wickedness of that law by which illegitimate children do not succeed to the paternal and hereditary estates of their father? The wickedness lay with Lionel and with Helen, who, aware of them all, indulged their own passion, in violation of such awful restraints—and gave life to innocent creatures for whom this world was in all probability to be a world of poverty, sorrow, and humiliation.

But we have stronger charges still—even than these—against this poet. What is it that he can propose to himself by his everlasting allusions to the unnatural loves of brothers and sisters? In this poem there are two stories of this sort—altogether gratuitous—and, as far as we can discover, illustrative of nothing. Why then introduce such thoughts, merely to dash, confound, and horrify? Such monstrosities betoken a diseased mind;—but be this as it may—it is most certain that such revolting passages coming suddenly upon us, in the midst of so much exquisite beauty, startle us out of our dream of real human life, and not only break in upon, but put to flight all the emotions of pleasure and of pathos with which we were following its disturbed courses. God knows there is enough of evil and of guilt in this world, without our seeking to raise up such hideous and unnatural phantasms of wickedness—but thus to mix them up for no earthly purpose with the ordinary events of human calamity and crime, is the last employment which a man of genius would desire—for there seems to be really no inducement to it, but a diseased desire of degrading and brutifying humanity.

We hope ere long to see the day when Mr Shelley, having shaken himself free from these faults—faults so devoid of any essential or fundamental alliance with his masterly genius—will take his place as he ought to do, not far from the first poets of his time. It is impossible to read a page of his Revolt of Islam, without perceiving that in nerve and pith of conception he approaches more nearly to Scott and Byron than any other of their contemporaries—while in this last little eclogue, he touches with equal mastery the same softer strings of pathos and tenderness which had before responded so delightfully to the more gentle inspirations of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Wilson. His fame will yet be a glorious plant if he do not blast its expanding leaves by the suicidal chillings of immorality—a poison that cannot be resisted long by any product of the soil of England.

BASSOMPIERRE'S EMBASSY TO ENGLAND IN 1626.*

THERE are very few of the lamentations of the Edinburgh Reviewers with which we have sympathized so heartily as with some they uttered a few months ago over the decay of memoir-writing. It is indeed a pitiable thing to see how the people of the present age are put off with flimsy discussions; and how little of the solid food of facts is put in their way by those who purvey for their reading appetites; but we would hope the hints that have been given may not be lost upon all those who are able to profit by them; and that the present age, so fruitful in strange men and strange doings, may not, after all, be permitted to pass away without producing some works (we ourselves considering our time of life can scarcely hope to witness their publication) wherein the minute details of both men and doings may be set forth in something of the same genuine spirit of gossipping which has rendered the French books of memoirs the most delightful reading in the world, and perhaps not the least instructive. Mr D' Israeli possesses the true turn for the thing, and in regard to many past periods of our history, he has done much; but then his situation in life, or rather his habits, may render it unlikely that he should write any very interesting memoirs of his own times, except perhaps literary ones. We hail with much delight, in the editor of the book which now lies before us, the appearance of a lover of anecdote, who, unless we be sadly at fault in all our guesses, possesses every access—as we can surely see he does every talent, necessary for enabling him to be the faithful chronicler of the *petits faits*, wrongly so called, of his day. We consider this publication of Marshal Bassompierre's Embassy as the earnest of greater things; and shall indeed be mightily mistaken if the ingenious person who has presented it to us, does not leave richer legacies to our children.—*Verbum sapienti, aut sapientibus.*

The period of English history which has on the present occasion engaged his attention, is one that can never cease to possess all manner of interest. Every name that occurs is familiar—and every new anecdote that can be dug out of the records of the time, is prized by us as an addition to our knowledge of our own acquaintances. Nobody can ever be weary of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and the crowd of minor luminaries which blazed dimly about that illustrious and surpassing star. Each of them—the very least—has acquired a portion of the prevailing charm—of the banquet of their peculiarities there is no satiety. The more sacred interest which the character and fate of Charles dispenses so largely over all that had any share in his pleasures or sorrows—is a thing rather too serious to be alluded to, in relation to matters of so trifling moment as are those brought to light upon the present occasion.

The editor, as he modestly styles himself, has very nearly a perfect right to be called the author of this book, for his notes bear a more than Parr-like proportion to the text they are designed to elucidate. Nothing can be more meagre, dry, and in itself unreadable, than the Marshal de Bassompierre's narrative of the incidents of his brief embassy. The purpose of his mission was not very important—merely to arrange some disputes about the French priests in the household of Queen Henrietta—and he has noted down the occurrences of the few days the mission lasted, with a brevity that is quite provoking. But that which would have made any ordinary reader throw down his book after a few seconds, has only served to rivet the excited curiosity of this editor with unconquerable tenacity, and the copious elucidations which have now been heaped upon the Marshal's narrow slip of hints, leaves us little reason to complain of its original nakedness and darkness of outline. We recommend the book most heartily to all who relish the kind of reading of which it furnishes a specimen—indeed there is no question it must take its place in every English library, close beside Howell's letters, and the other *asseclæ* of Clarendon. The value of the researches embodied in it, and the elegant naiveté of the style in which they make their appearance, will be appreciated as they should be

* Memoirs of the Embassy of the Marshal de Bassompierre to the Court of England 1626: translated—with Notes. 8vo. Murray, London, 1819.

from the copious extracts we mean to borrow.

There is a very pretty little preface in which the editor has thrown together a slight sketch of the life and character of his author. The ambassador was of an Alsatian family, (the original name Bessenstein, contracted Bestein, and translated Bassompierre), but he entered at a very early age into the service of Henry IV., and was throughout all the rest of his life a thorough Frenchman. He had just arrived in Paris to take a view of that gay capital, when some young gentlemen, to whom he became known, were preparing to get up a ballet for the diversion of Henry, who was in a convalescent state at Monceaux.

"Bassompierre, though unintroduced and unknown to the king, was accidentally associated in the party, and, with his gay companions, and all the equipage of their sport, proceeded, in six coaches, to the royal presence. The ballet seems to have been somewhat satirical. The king's indisposition was a surgical case, and the giddy troop, in the disguise of barber-surgeons, ventured to amuse the good-natured monarch with his own infirmity. When the ballet was over, young Bassompierre was introduced to the king, and by him to the "Belle Gabrielle," Duchess of Beaufort, the hem of whose garment he at first kissed; but the gallant Henry walked aside to afford the young cavalier an opportunity (as he tells us) of kissing her in earnest.

"In short, Henry was captivated with Bassompierre, and Bassompierre, of course with Henry. This interview transformed the young Alsatian into a Frenchman; and (with the exception of a campaign or two in Hungary in 1603 and 1604,) the rest of his life was passed in the service of France, in which he obtained, besides the king's orders of knighthood, public embassies, and other minor favours, the great military offices of colonel-general of the Swiss, and marshal of France.

"He was made to prosper. His personal accomplishments, his courage, wit, gallantry, and generosity, justified the favours he received; but the title of a *favourite*, even in those days of favouritism, he had the good sense or good fortune to escape. He was treated by Henry IV. with distinction and with friendship; by Louis XIII. he was respected, employed, and advanced; by Mary of Medicis he was honoured with a confidence and esteem, softened, perhaps, by the difference of sexes; and Richelieu paid him the still higher compliment of fearing and persecuting him.

"His lot was brilliant:—the pattern of all the men—the passion of all the women—spending his life between the extremes of military hardship and courtly pleasures.—He was—in the combination of his merits, and his faults (and we can hardly distinguish them,)—the most remarkable man of his age; and one is not at all surprised at finding the proud but well-judging Mademoiselle de Montpensies recording among the brilliant visions of her youth, "*cet illustre Bassompierre.*"

"In 1601, happening to be at Calais, his friend, the Duke of Biron, "debauched him into an excursion to England. Bassompierre got no further than London. Queen Elizabeth being at the Vine, in Hampshire, Biron followed her thither, and had the pleasure of seeing her majesty "hunt, attended by more than fifty ladies, all mounted on hackneys." Next day he returned to rejoin his friend in London, and after a further stay of three days the travellers returned to France—Biron to lose his life on a scaffold, and Bassompierre to risk his in the field, and hardly less often in the city. In the latter he encountered all the adventures incident to a profligate and punctilious court, a turbulent capital, and unsettled times.

"He passed through them all with honour, and generally with safety; in one adventure, however, he was not so fortunate. "On Tuesday the 27th Feb. 1605, the king said to the Duke of Guise, 'D'Entragues despises us all, she is so enamoured of Bassompierre,—I say it who know it.' 'Sire,' answered the Duke of Guise, '*you* have means enough to revenge yourself; but for *me*, I have only those of a knight-errant, and I will break three lances with him in open lists, this very evening if your majesty will afford us a field.'" (Mem. i. 164.)

"The king consented—the court yard of the Louvre was immediately gravelled for the tourney—the knights met—the duke's lance was shivered; but by awkwardness or malice he gave poor Bassompierre a most dreadful and dangerous wound with the ragged stump. He was borne off the field amidst the tears of the king and all the spectators, and the ladies of the court crowded with amorous anxiety to watch, with their own eyes, the disgusting operations of the surgeons. Bassompierre believed his hurt to be mortal, and prepared to die with the piety and courage of a christian knight. He recovered, however, and the constant attendance of princesses and ladies round his bed repaid, in his opinion, his danger and his sufferings.

"But it was not the fair sex alone that was dazzled and captivated by Bassompierre. The old Constable de Montmorenci selected the happy stranger as the husband of his only daughter, the richest and most beautiful woman of France. This match was defeated by a most unexpected obstacle. Henry IV., though now in his fifty-seventh year, fell madly, literally madly, in love with the beautiful heiress; and thinking his friend Bassompierre likely to prove an unaccommodating husband, interfered to marry Mlle.

de Montmorenci, in spite of herself and her family, to the Prince de Condé, whom he expected (but he was mistaken) to find of a more convenient temper.

"The king considered his conduct in this affair as a favour and not an injury to Bassompierre. He even had the goodness to tell him that he was too much his friend to let him marry a woman whom he intended to debauch; and so, designing to be

"A little more than kin and less than kind,"

he united her to his cousin.

"Bassompierre does not seem to have been sufficiently grateful for this delicate distinction; he however appears to have consoled himself for this disappointment by triumphs in other quarters. In the year 1607, he won at play, "though distracted from it by a thousand follies of youth and love,' upwards of 500,000 livres, and the day before he was sent to the Bastille he burned more than *six thousand* love letters, with which different ladies had been from time to time so good as to honour him. Nor was he less successful at court or in war:—he was a thriving statesman and a victorious soldier, and appears to have obtained, without effort or affectation, every species of glory.

"But, 'the paths of glory lead but to the grave,' and often to the grave through the dungeon.

"The gallant, gay, *illustre* Bassompierre passed the melancholy evening of his glorious day in the Bastille, a prisoner from the fifty-second to the sixty-fourth year of his age.

"The substantial motive was his attachment to the queen-mother, Mary of Medicis, and his supposed complicity in the intrigues against Richelieu; but the immediate cause, as we gather from his own account, is singularly trivial. He passed twelve years in a dungeon because *he had not kept an engagement to dinner*.

"On that famous St. Martin's day, the 11th Nov. 1630, (so justly called 'la Journée des Dupes,') when Richelieu's enemies had shaken, and flattered themselves that they had overthrown, his credit, and that the queen-mother and the queen-consort would henceforward possess the whole power of the state; when Louis fled to Versailles to avoid the trouble of dismissing his minister, and the monks of Pontoise were preparing the dormitory of the disgraced cardinal; in short, while the intrigue was in balance, and

Jove, in air,
Weigh'd the men's wits against the lady's hair,

Bassompierre happened to meet Richelieu going into the Luxembourg to make one final attempt to reconcile himself with the queen-mother. 'Ah,' said his eminence, 'you care little about a poor disgraced fellow like me.' The honest Bassompierre was stung at the reproach, and, in token of his undiminished regard, invited himself to dine with his Eminence, who accepted the offer, and went into the closet; but during his prolonged audience, most unfortunately for Bassompierre—(he swears he knew nothing of what was going on, but can we believe him?)—the Duke de Longueville happened to pass that way, and '*debauched*' the marshal to a dinner with the Duke of Orleans and M. de Crequi, all capital enemies of the cardinal;—who (finding the queen presumptuous and inexorable, and seeing that even his intended guest had abandoned him,) left his too confident enemies to dine at Paris at their leisure,—took the bold resolution of following the king to Versailles,—regained his influence over the mind of the weak sovereign,—and blasted in half an hour the long-nursed hopes of the *Dupes*. In a short time he felt himself strong enough to exile the queen-mother, to annihilate the queen-consort, and to send Bassompierre to the Bastille, where he expiated, till the cardinal's death, the unlucky breach of his dinner engagement.

"It must be confessed that Richelieu had some little reason to suspect the marshal; and the imperious priest, who afterwards saw the heads even of the king's dearest favourites roll at his feet, probably thought that he was acting with great lenity in condemning Bassompierre *only* to a perpetual imprisonment.

"The duplicity with which the cardinal appears to have subsequently behaved to the marshal, by flattering him with hopes of his release,—for ever renewed and for ever deceived,—is perhaps more disgusting than the original violence; and we are wonder-struck at the mixture of meanness and impudence with which Richelieu used, for his occasional purposes, to borrow from his victim a beautiful villa at Chaillot, upon which Bassompierre had employed all his taste and magnificence. While the unhappy owner was languishing on a truckle bed within four bare walls, the cardinal would send to ask permission to enjoy his luxurious couches and costly furniture: this was indeed adding insult to injury.

"His death, however, restored the prisoner to liberty; and the death of the king, and the succession of the queen-consort to the regency, recalled Bassompierre to the slippery heights of court favour.

"He was now offered the honourable trust of being governor to the young king, Louis XIV.; but age, and perhaps the severe but wholesome medicine of the Bastille, had cured him of ambition. He declined the offer; and in about three years followed his persecutor to the place 'where the wicked cease to trouble, and where the weary are at rest.' He died of an apoplexy at the house of his friend, the Duke of Vitry, in Champaigne, on the 12th April, 1646.

As there is no attempt at connexion

in the notes which form the valuable part of this volume, we shall make none in our extracts from them. We merely wish to give our readers an idea of their contents. In commenting on some accidental delay which occurred in the Ambassador's journey through Picardy towards Calais, he takes occasion to say

"There is reason to think that travelling was, on the whole, nearly as expeditious then in France as it is now. Bassompierre tells us, in another part of his Memoirs, that he and four friends went in a *coach* from Paris to Rouen in one day (between seventy and eighty miles); but this is mentioned as remarkable, and will be so at this day with such a coach; and it is not easy to accomplish it even with one of our modern coaches.

"In England there can be little doubt that he travelled with private horses, and this will account for the slowness of his progress: travelling post in carriages was not then the practice; though, in *riding post*, our ancestors did feats which we cannot rival.

"Sir Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, tells us himself, that when he carried the account of Queen Elizabeth's death to King James in Scotland, he rode from London to Edinburgh, 400 miles, in about 60 hours, a wonderful instance of celerity, even without considering his stops at Doncaster and Witherington (which latter, particularly, must have been of some hours), and a bad fall which he had at Norham.—But even this is outdone by a worthy, of whom we read in Stow, who performed 144 miles by land, and two voyages by sea, of about twenty-two miles each, in *seventeen* hours. For so wonderful a story, I am inclined to let the honest chronicler vouch in his own words.

"'Saturday, the seaventeenth day of July, 1619, Bernard Calvert, of Andover, about three a clock in the morning, towke horse at Saint Georges Church in Southwarke, and came to Dover about seaven of the clocke the same morning, where a barge, with eight oares, formerly sent from London thither, attended his suddaine comming: he instantly towke barge, and went to Callice, and in the same barge returned back to Dover, about three of the clocke the same day, where, as well there as in divers other places, he had layed sundry swift horses, besides guides; he rode back from thence to S. George's Church in Southwarke the same evening, a little after eight a clock, fresh and lusty.' (Stow, 1032.)

"All our modern match-riders must hide their diminished heads."

Among the first persons who wait upon Bassompierre after his arrival in London, is the Chevalier de Jars, a French nobleman then in disgrace at the Court of Paris. The note informs us, that

"When Richelieu wished to reconcile himself with the queen, he recalled de Jars, Madame de Chevreuse, and others of her friends: but on their return, their own cabals or the jealousy of the minister again occasioned their disgrace. De Jars was put into the Bastile, and only removed from it to be tried for his life at Tours. In passing through the court of the Bastile he saw his old friend Bassompierre, and some other prisoners of state, and he called out 'to bid them farewell, and to assure them, that, whatever should become of him, he would be true to his friends and to himself.' He conducted himself, during his trial, with great firmness: but he was condemned to death, upon an engagement from Richelieu to the judges that the sentence should not be carried into effect: he was, however, brought out on the scaffold; and, just as he had laid his head on the block, his pardon was announced. It was observed, that he remained a long time stupified, without the power of speaking, or the appearance of feeling. He was then banished into Italy: but, after the death of Richelieu and of Louis XIII. Anne of Austria, now regent, recalled him, and he was one of the principal gentlemen of her private society.

"This pardon on the scaffold reminds me of another remarkable one of the same period. Warrants were sent down into Hampshire, in December 1604, for the executions of Lords Cobham and Grey, who were concerned in what is called Raleigh's plot. There seems to have been a great deal of mysterious and cruel juggle in the treatment of those unhappy noblemen at that dreadful moment. They were brought forth, and remanded, and brought forth again, in short, their agony was strangely protracted, they however passed through this ordeal with credit: Cobham particularly, who was a strange compound of knave and fool. It was expected that his behaviour on the scaffold would afford only *matière pour rire*, to use the unfeeling phrase of Carleton; but he behaved with such clear and collected courage, as to force from the same person the remarkable expression of 'its being easier to die well than to live well. They looked,' Carelton adds, 'strange upon one another, like men beheaded, and met again in the other world.'" (Hardwicke's State Papers, i. 391.)

An equally casual notice of the second Earl of Salisbury is made to apologize for the introduction of the following anecdote of his more illustrious father, the grandson of Thomas Lord Burleigh, and Secretary of Elizabeth.

"Sir Robert Cecil served the Queen with ability and fidelity; but he had also an eye to the rising sun, and was in correspondence with James during the latter years of his reign. Next to, or perhaps

even before, her personal vanity, Elizabeth's ruling passion was jealousy of her successor; and if she had suspected Cecil of tampering with James, it may well be supposed that she would have wreaked her violent indignation upon him. He had, on one occasion, a very narrow escape while riding in the Queen's coach, (an indulgence to the ease of her latter years) on Blackheath; the post from Scotland passed, and the Queen, always anxious on the subject of Scotland, commanded the Secretary to stop him, and open the despatches in her presence. Cecil's presence of mind saved him; he gained some time by sending for a knife to cut open the cord that tied the despatches, and this gave him time to recollect that the Queen hated ill-smells, and feared contagion, even more than she loved Scotch news; he affected to perceive an unsavoury smell, which induced her Highness to order him and the tainted despatches out of her sight.

"He was the inventor of the scheme of raising money by the creation of baronets, a cheapening of honours much improved upon in the beginning of Charles's reign; when, by proclamation, every gentleman of £40 a year was called in to be knighted. This arbitrary 'buckling of honour on folk's backs' reminds me of the pleasantry of Admiral Payne, who, in our own times, when some one told him he was to be knighted, exclaimed, with affected indignation, 'no, no, by G—, not without a court martial.'"

"Up to James's reign there was but one secretary of state; but, on the resignation (Aul. Coq. says the *death* of Cecil, Earl of Salisbury), there were two created, as if no one man could supply the place of that able minister. This reminds me of the promotion of eight marshals of France, on the death of Turenne; a great compliment to his memory, which Madame de Cornuel pleasantly explained by calling the eight new marshals '*change* for M. de Turenne.'"

One of the longest notes refer to Frances Howard, daughter of Lord Bindon, and widow of Lodowick, Duke of Lennox. She was a woman of great intrigue, and the Ambassador had found it convenient to secure her good word by paying her a visit.

"She was the widow, first, of a Mr Prannell a citizen, secondly, of Edward Earl of Hertford, and now of the Duke of Lennox, a kinsman of the king's. Though her first match was so humble, she was a vain, ambitious woman. "While Countess of Hertford she was fond of discoursing very loftily about her grandfathers, the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham; but if her husband happened to come in he would bring her down from these noble flights, with asking, Frank, Frank, how long is it since you were married to Prannell?'"(Wilson, 259.) The indelicacy of the reproof was but of little consequence to persons of their tempers, for he had three wives, as she, at last, had three husbands; and it is odd that they seemed carefully to reverse the gradations of rank in their respective and successive spouses.—*She* began with a merchant, rose to an earl, and finished with a duke of royal blood.—*He* began with a daughter of a duke of royal blood (Lady Catharine Grey,) next married the daughter of an earl (Nottingham,) and finally descended to the merchant's widow. But neither the number or rank of her husbands seemed to have satisfied this aspiring dame, for Wilson tells us, amongst other curious anecdotes of her, that she looked to another and a greater. 'For, finding the king (James) a widower, she vowed, after so great a prince as Richmond, never to be blown with kisses, or eat at the table of a *subject*; and this vow must be spread abroad that the king may notice the bravery of her spirit; but this bait would not catch the old king, and she, to make good her resolution, speciously observed her vow to the last.' (258.) A curious incident in her history remains to be told. After Prannell's death—a young, beautiful, and childless widow—she attracted the affection of Sir George Rodney, a gentleman of the west, who had some encouragement and hopes of succeeding in his suit; but he, it seems, was not exalted enough for such a proud spirit, and she, on the first summons, jilted the knight, and surrendered to the Earl of Hertford, who took her down to Amesbury, in Wiltshire. Thither Rodney followed them, and shutting himself up in a room of an inn in the town, wrote a large paper of well-composed verse in his own blood, addressed to the new countess: wherein he bewails his loss, and laments his misfortunes. Having finished this melancholy elegy, he ran himself upon his sword, and died on the spot! She was not of a temper to be much affected with this catastrophe. She died in 1679."

In regard to the singular subject of Buckingham's passion for the French queen, various curious particulars are scattered over the volume. The following is by far the longest note on this theme:

"It is, however, impossible to doubt that Buckingham had the audacity to entertain, and even to avow, improper sentiments of tenderness towards the French queen; for Madame de Motteville, the creature and apologist of Anne of Austria, plainly admits the existence of this *impertinent passion*. Every one knows, that, during the stay of the prince and Buckingham in France, on their return out of Spain, the behaviour of the latter towards Anne of Austria was so bold and offensive as to give umbrage to Louis XIII.; and after they had proceeded on their way home, (hastened away by the jealousy of the French court,) Buckingham had the ro-

mantic and almost incredible audacity to steal back, (leaving the prince on the road,) and make his way in secret, and at an undue hour, even into the bed-chamber of the queen, whence, after a scene of intreaties, tears, and vows, (permitted, accepted, but, as it would seem, *not requited*), the amorous duke again took post, and made the best of his way back to join his royal and patient fellow-traveller.

"The duke's vexation at his dismissal was so great, that he was heard to declare that he would come to France again in spite of the jealous husband; which, however, neither as friend nor foe was he able to accomplish.

"There was here foundation enough for malice to trace the French war to the personal resentment of Buckingham; but, (though, perhaps, this may have sharpened his enmity), with so much evidence of other sufficient causes of difference between the two courts, it would be going too far to admit this folly as the *primum mobile* of the war.

"That the death of Louis and Buckingham should have rendered this subject less delicate, I can well understand; but he is not prepared to find it treated so boldly, so publicly, and so lightly, as we learn from a passage of Madame de Motteville's Memoirs that it was.

"The queen mother, happening one day to meet Voiture, musing in the garden at Ruel, asked him what he was thinking of; to which the wit immediately replied, 'in the following bold and agreeable verses, at which the queen was not at all offended; and she thought them so pretty, that she kept them for a long time after in her cabinet.' Memoires de Motteville, 1, 231.

"Je pensois que la destinée,
Après tant d'injustes malheurs,
Vous a justement couronnée
De gloire, d'éclat, et d'honneurs:
Mais que vous étiez plus heureuse,
Lorsque vous étiez autrefois,
—Je ne veux pas dire amoureuse,—
La rime le veut toutefois.—

Je pensois;—car nous autres Poëtes
Nous pensons extravagamment,
Ce que dans l'humeur où vous êtes,
Vous feriez, si dans ce moment
Vous avisiez en cette place
Venir le *Duc de Bokingham?*—
Et lequel seroit en disgrace
De lui ou du Pere Vincent!—

Le Pere Vincent, over whom Voiture supposed the duke would gain so easy a victory, was the queen's confessor."

There are, however, many notes of a much more serious character than these—one we shall venture to quote (in spite of the length to which our extracts have already extended,) because we are sure our readers will admire it as much as we ourselves do.

"One cannot but remark, however, as an additional proof of the similarity which has existed between the course of public events and the progress of manners in England and France, that the system of favouritism—which so scandalously prevailed in the reign of James I. and was a fatal legacy to his successor—reigned in France at the same period, with similar scandal, though not with such immediately fatal results. The character and circumstances of Louis XIII. and James I. had several points of resemblance—both the children of assassinated sovereigns, they both succeeded great princes whose capacity and glory only threw their successors into a deeper shade; both well meaning and well informed, lovers of peace, and little prone to gallantry themselves, they were governed by a succession of favourites, loose, profligate, turbulent, and daring, who had no other recommendation to favour than youth and beauty, and hardly any other qualification than expertness in hunting, and such sports and pastimes; and Luynes, and St Simon, and Cinq-Mars, might form the parallels in a modern Plutarch, of Montgomery, Somerset, and Buckingham. Happy it might have been for Charles, though perhaps not for the liberties of England, if the longer life of Cecil, or the earlier influence of Strafford, had afforded a fellow for Richelieu. Like causes produced like effects. The two monarchs left to their children dissensions with their parliaments, and their kingdoms in a state of ferment, which soon burst into open rebellion: and twenty years of civil war and anarchy desolated the neighbouring nations. The vigour of the English character—the consistency which the British constitution had already taken—the lights and rights of self-judgment, which the Reformation had introduced; and perhaps the comparative narrowness of the stage on which the scene was acted, brought the affairs of the English monarchy to an earlier crisis: but what was deferred was not lost. Circumstances peculiar to France, and the vigorous and magnificent character of Louis XIV., turned the energies of his subjects into a new direction.—But the seeds of change were sown in France: and it is not too much to say, that the recollections of the *Fronde* had some influence on the quarrels of Louis XV. with his parliaments, and that the endeavours of the latter to exercise and to extend their constitutional rights, led eventually, though unintentionally, to the catastrophe of Louis XVI., and completed the unhappy comparison which I have endeavoured, perhaps too fancifully, to sketch.—The time consumed in their progress was different; but the beginnings, the means, and the results, have a striking similarity. One word more. Our restoration was, through the folly of James, followed by another revolution. Is it not to be apprehended that France will complete the parallel even to its last stage?"

A FEW THOUGHTS ON FLY-FISHING, SUGGESTED BY THE REVIEW OF BAINBRIDGE'S COMPLETE ANGLER.

MR EDITOR,

Your paper on angling in last Number was certainly written in a very pleasant good-humoured strain, and seemed to afford at least one example of a position maintained by its author, that anglers are an amiable, affectionate, open-hearted race of men. I cannot, however, subscribe to the opinions of your contributor, or indeed to those of any writer whose works I have ever had an opportunity of perusing on the subject, and therefore take the liberty of addressing a few words to you, the veiled conductor of this mysterious miscellany.

In the first place, although I greatly respect the gentle style of your correspondent, I can by no means admit that anglers are *practically in regard to their art*, a particularly amiable race of men. It is very true that on a fine balmy day, after a shower in April, any given number of anglers may converse about eddying pools and rippling streams with the greatest equanimity of spirit, while seated on Mr Mackenzie's counter, or standing by Mr Rawson's glass cases, because the images given forth are appropriated by each angler to himself, and he is immediately conveyed in imagination to the side of a fine stream, flowing through the central solitude of some bare valley, surrounded on all sides by pastoral hills, and no living thing visible but a cairn-like shepherd on the mountain side, with his old colley at his feet, and his flocks grazing around. Thus each derives pleasure from the conversation on the science, on account of its creating in his mind associations connected with the delights of his solitary hours, and while thus ministering to each other's enjoyment, they cease for a while to remember that by the water side a more disagreeable or dreaded form could not present itself than that of a brother of the Angle. It has been said that a being to endure a life of solitude must be either a god or a savage,—an angler is neither, and yet a life of solitude, while he exists, that is in the capacity of an angler, is the life of happiness for him. In truth your angler, notwithstanding the occasional existence of an Isaac Walton, is no philanthropist. He may wish well to all who pursue a trade similar to his own, so long as they pursue it in another quarter of the world from himself, but the tall steeple-like wand of a weaver, or other mechanic, suddenly rendered visible to his eye by a turn of the river, is sufficient to induce him for the time to wish all the labouring classes at the devil. Let your correspondent, or any other skilful angler, divest himself for a moment of those general associations through the medium of which fishermen occasionally affect each other's society, and analyse those particular feelings which he may have experienced on seeing a long-legged acquaintance stalking across the fields, and planting himself and his wand at the head, or rather in medio of a favourite stream, not more than fifty yards in advance. Where be your philanthropy now, your how d'ye does, and your well, I thank yees? quite fugitive!

Who has not felt inclined to commit justifiable homicide, (for it could surely be brought in neither as murder nor manslaughter), when on approaching a well known piece of water, half pool half stream, with a steep bank on one side, and a fine gravel shore on the other, a figure is perceived couched with his face to the surface, like Satan at the ear of Eve, and probing the much respected haunts with a huge emblem of Neptune, alias a Liester?

> When nothing's to be seen but hills
> And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,
> And that one beast that from the bed
> Of the green meadow hangs his head
> Over the silent stream.

With what pleasure would the bearer of the slenderer rod take him by the light fantastic toe, and toss him into the gulph profound, even as of old Hen Pen tossed the famous Tod Lowrie. Fishing, indeed, is always pursued with greatest success in solitude, and from this circumstance it is not to be wondered at that the friendly greetings of its humid votaries should not always be of the most benign and gracious kind. This is more the misfortune than the fault of the pursuit, but it certainly induces a cunning, unsocial, and even hypocritical

temper of mind, which forms a curious contrast to the frank and friendly understanding which is exemplified in the shop of the dresser.

Does any angler, in fishing down a river, ever approach another by whom he is offered the precedence for an hour or two? or in passing him, does he himself ever conscientiously leave an occasional fine looking pool untouched to make amends for his having taken the lead? We believe that very few examples of such virtuous, benevolent, and disinterested consideration ever occur, and by this means a spirit of disaffection, if not of positive hostility, is created, which has not unfrequently led to consequences of a very serious nature. But it has been wisely ordained that no man can run another through the body or blow out his brains with a fishing rod. It would, however, be a blessed thing if certain humane and gentlemanly regulations were fairly understood and acknowledged among all classes of Anglers—such as, that no man should be allowed to pass another fishing in the same direction without the amende honourable of proceeding to a certain distance without throwing a fly, or, that they should agree to fish stream about, or should take the precedence each for his little hour alternately. I am aware that frequently, as in many districts of the Tweed, where you meet with an amphibious *Wabster* every two hundred yards, such systematic rules would be impracticable; but still I am not without hope that the spread of civilization will one day soften the heart of the obdurate and jealous angler, and by the introduction of some wise and generally applicable code of piscatorial laws, cause his occasional intercourse with a neighbour to assume a less gloomy and spider-like aspect than it now bears.

But fishermen are certainly illustrious over a jug of toddy, a cup of tea, or a bowl of punch. (They seldom have lemons at Clovenford, and never at Abington.) Among them there is then no wrangling about who struck such a fish, or who threw such a fly, or any other disputes corresponding to the question of "who killed Cock Robin," and all the other endless feuds which embitter the life of the Fowler. There is no rising after a *late dinner, (better* late than never), *with stiffened limbs* to wash out a dir- ty fowling-piece, or feed still dogs—no occasional bursting of expected powder-flask on the ch piece, or from the pocket of a shooting jacket, hung up to dry in six inches of the kitchen fi feverish dreams of the fatal by the low deep moan of some fi pointer whose brown head bore fortunate a resemblance to a fowl—on the contrary, all is co tranquil repose. The quiet gro seated around the table, each w sheers in his hand like the Fates finny race, preparing for the sla of the ensuing morning, and ch and shifting their bobs and thei according to the experience they may have that day ac Their hands still tremble wi long delightful and continuous tion of the rod, when they have a goodly fish, or with that dull pulse-like tug by which a ve one when hooked in a deep po quently manifests a desire to way to the bottom—or their ea ring with the music of the ree some whimsical individual ski flounders on the top of the wa a juvenile wild duck.

I agree with your correspond regard to the attributes and cha estic excellencies of Maclean, M zie, the two Rawsons, and the His descriptions of these cel men remind one of the fine p and psycological delineations, acute and ingenious Dr Morris, three great advocates of Sc (By the way, when is the I second edition to be out?) lieve that the chief fault in fly ing all over the world consists fixing the hackle properly. Th quently gives way after fishing hours, and floats alongside of th like a spare wing in a state of disl

In regard to the best kind of I think it incorrect to give th ference to any particular form ever the size may be. For the flies, the sneckbend is undoubte best, because the small hooks make are free from those faults may often be found in the large The points are finer, and more tifully finished than those of an form, and the barb being of a shape, and proportionably nea point than in the larger hooks same form, they come to wor

fection as the nature of a hook is capable of attaining.

I come now to explain myself generally on the principles of angling. And, in the first place, I assert, that there is no connexion between that art and the science of entomology; and it is this opinion which distinguishes my theory from all preceding ones, and on the truth of which my reputation must stand or fall. What I mean to say is this, that the success of the fisher does not depend upon, and is scarcely in any way connected with, the resemblance which subsists between his fly and the natural one, in imitation of which it may have been formed. This, I have no doubt, will be thought an extraordinary opinion, being so much at variance, as well with the principles as the practice of all who have deemed fishing worthy of consideration, from the days of Isaiah and Theocritus to those of Carrol and Bainbridge. "The fisher also shall mourn, and they that cast angles into the brook shall lament," that I should have been guilty of so daring an innovation; but as I feel convinced of the truth of my opinion, no fear, either of ridicule or contempt, from the low, the jealous, the bigotted, or the ignorant, shall prevail over the duty which I owe to thousands yet unborn. I therefore again assert, that a fish seizes upon an artificial fly as upon an insect or moving thing, sui generis, and not on account of its exact resemblance to any accustomed and familiar object.

If this be not admitted, I should like to know upon what principle of imitative art the different varieties of salmon flies can be supposed to bear the slightest resemblance to any species of dragon fly, to imitate which I have been told they are intended. There certainly is not the slightest perceptible similarity between them, all the species of the dragon fly being distinguished by clear, lace-like, pellucid wings; whereas those of the salmon fly are almost always formed of plumage composed of the brightest and most gaudy colours. Besides, the finest salmon fishing is in mild weather, at the conclusion of winter, and in early spring, several months before any dragon fly could possibly have rendered itself visible on the face of the waters, as it is a summer insect, and rarely makes its appearance in the perfect state till the month of June. If they bear no resemblance to each other in form or colour, how much more unlike must they be, when, instead of being swept down the current as a real one would be, the artificial fly is seen crossing and recrossing every stream and torrent with the agility of an otter, and the strength of an alligator?

Could any dragon fly make its way in a straight or even curvilinear direction across a broad and rapid river, or maintain itself with "ane short uneasy motion" in the centre of a rushing stream? I think not. Now, as it appears that the artificial fly generally used for salmon bears no resemblance, except in size, to any living one,—that the only tribe, which, from their respective dimensions, it may be supposed to represent, does not exist during the period when the imitation is most generally and most successfully practised,—and if they did, that their habits and natural powers disenable them from being at any time seen under such circumstances, as would give a colour to the supposition of the one being ever mistaken for the other,—I think we may fairly conclude, that in this instance at least, the fish proceed upon other grounds, and are deceived by an appearance of life and motion, not by a specific resemblance to any thing which at any former period of their lives they had been in the habit of masticating. What natural insect do the large flies, at which sea trout rise so readily, resemble? or what species are imitated by the palmer, or indeed by three-fourths of the dressed flies in common use? The same observations, I believe, apply, with equally few exceptions, to bait-fishing. The minnow is fastened upon swivels, which cause it to revolve upon its axis with such rapidity, that it loses every vestige of its original appearance; and in angling with the par-tail, the most killing of all lures for large trout, the bait consists of the nether half of a small fish mangled and misshapen, and in every point of view divested of its pristine form. The whole system of representation is one of quackery, deceit, and folly, and the more speedily a reform takes place the better.

Fly-fishing is like sculpture. It proceeds upon a few grand and simple principles, and the theory is easily acquired, although it may require long

and severe labour to become a great master in the art. Yet it is needless to encompass it with difficulties which have no existence in reality, or to render that intricate and confused which is in itself so plain and unencumbered. In fact, the ideas which at present prevail on the subject, degrade it beneath its real dignity and importance, and reduce it to a merely imitative art. But it is not so. When Plato, speaking of painting, says, that it is merely an art of imitation, and that our pleasure proceeds from perceiving the truth and accuracy of the likeness, he is surely wrong; for if it were so, where would be the superiority of the Roman and Bolognese over the Dutch and Flemish schools? It is indeed the lowest and least intellectual style of art, whether in painting, poetry, or fly-fishing, which proceeds upon individual imitation. The enlightened angler does not condescend to imitate specifically the detail of things—he attends only to the invariable, the great, and general ideas which are inherent in nature. He throws his fly lightly and with elegance on the surface of the glittering waters, because he knows that an insect, with outspread wing, would so fall; but he does not imitate, either in the air or on his favourite element, the flight or the motion of a particular species, because he knows that trouts are much less conversant in entomology than Dr Leach, and that their omniverous propensions induce them, when inclined for food, to rise with equal eagerness at every minute thing which creepeth upon the earth, or swimmeth in the waters. On this fact he generalises—and this is the philosophy of fishing.

I therefore think, that all that has been said about the great variety of flies which are necessary to the angler—about the necessity of changing his tackle according to each particular month throughout the season—about one fly being adapted solely to the morning, another to noon-day, and a third to the evening—about every river having its own particular flies, and about fish refusing to look at a certain fly on one day (yet readily taking a different one that same day), and rising greedily to it on another,—is, with scarcely any exception, little *less than "mere blarney."* That de*terminate relations* subsist between flies of a certain colour, and lar states of a river, is, I beli but these are connected wit solely as an artificial science, no connexion whatever with lagous relations in nature. object, by whatever means it accomplished, is to render th ceptive; and this, in fact, to be more easily done whe with flies which differ in ge general appearance from the are upon the water. When cular fly prevails upon a rive tificial one in imitation of never resemble it so closely, pear the same to those below trouts); on the contrary, degree of resemblance, wit thing like an exact similit only render the finny tribe cautious through suspicion, different shape and colour, by no minute and invidious com would probably have been s without examination. Indeed very plain, that where means parison are allowed, and wh imitation is at the same time ble, it is much better to have to a general idea, than to an and bungling individual re tion. How often has it been with all the gravity of senten dom, that the true mode of ing in fly-fishing is to h hook by the river-side, afte the shrubs, to see what colo sect prevails. This is absol sense—"a fly in the book two in the bush." A friend who carried the opposite th haps too far, although he alw his pannier, used to beat t and willows to ascertain wha of fly was not there, and wit tempted the fishes.

I believe, that during mid when the weather is calm, clear, and the river low, a what is called fine fishing is r a close imitation, both of th ance and motions of the m may frequently be tried wit tage; in which case the ta be allowed to drop gently stream; but it more usually from the style of fishing pra ring the vernal and autumn of a river, that the hook is a tive, from its appearing like fly which has fallen from

element, but from its motion and aspect resembling that of some aquatic insect. When the end of the line first falls on the surface of the water, the fish may be deceived by the idea of a natural fly, and it is on that account that the angler should throw his tackle lightly and with accuracy, and it is on that account also that I advise the more frequent throwing of the line; but so soon as the artist begins to describe his semicircle across the river, the character of the lure is changed, and the trout then seizes the bait not as a drowning insect, but as a creature inhabiting its own element, which had ventured too far from the protection of the shallow shore, or the sedgy bank. That this is the case, a subsidiary argument may also be drawn from the fact, that in most rivers the greater number and the finest fish are generally slain by the drag-fly, which, during the process of angling, swims an inch or two under water.

The great secret in fly-fishing, after a person has acquired the art of throwing a long and a light line, is perseverance, that is, constant and continuous exertion. Your trout is a whimsical creature, even when the angler, with all appliances and means to boot, is placed apparently under the most favourable circumstances. Let him, however, commence his operations with flies which, upon general principles, he knows to be good—for example, a water-mouse body, and dark wing, hare ear, and muirfowl wing, red hackle and teal or mallard wing. It may frequently happen, that for an hour or even two hours he will kill nothing—but then it will as often happen, that for another couple of hours he will pull them out with a most pleasing rapidity. "I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness," yet I believe that the appetites and motions of the finny tribe are regulated and directed by certain (to us) almost imperceptible changes in the state of the atmosphere, with which, as they do not proceed upon any fixed or determined principles of meteorological science, it is not easy for the angler to become acquainted, and, therefore, the only method to remedy the *désagrément* thus arising, is to fish without ceasing as long as he remains by the "pure element of waters." The art of angling will probably one day or other be the means of throwing considerable light on the science of electricity, at present one of the most obscure branches of physical learning.

I believe that a variable state of the atmosphere is bad for fishing—nor do I think as many do, that a dull gloomy day is the most favourable. If the river is not too low, I always prefer what, in ordinary language, might be called a fine cheerful day, more particularly if there is a fresh breeze. And what I would more particularly press upon the notice of the angler, as soon as he becomes master of the line, is, that he should cast his flies more frequently than is the usual practice, and, generally speaking, fish rapidly. This should be more especially attended to in streams where the trout are numerous, and not large.

No general rules can be laid down in regard to striking and playing the fish, as excellence in this department of the art is solely the result of experience, and can only be attained by practice. I am no great advocate, however, for what is called striking a fish. If a large trout rises in a deep pool, it may be of advantage so to do, and this will be sufficiently accomplished by inclining the rod quickly aside, so as to draw out a few inches of the line, for if the reel is not allowed to run, this operation is apt to snap the gut, or otherwise injure the tackle.—But if a trout, whether great or small, rises in a current or rapid stream, the sudden change in its position, immediately after it has seized the fly, is generally quite sufficient to fix the barb, without any exertion on the part of the angler.

I shall not at present occupy any longer your attention, but at some future period I may probably communicate some observations on the present state of the fly-fisheries in different parts of Scotland with which I happen to be acquainted, and which, I doubt not, will be found useful to many of your readers. I shall be happy to hear from any of your contributors or acquaintances who feel inclined to impugn my theory, and shall willingly enter into a correspondence, either public or private, on that or any other subject connected with the art. I was highly pleased with your introductory paper in last Number, not so much on

account of its intrinsic merit, though that was considerable, as that it formed the commencement of a subject which certainly much more than many you have hitherto treated of, desired a share of your readers' consideration. I trust, that through your future exertions, this desideratum in the literature of Scotland will be speedily and effectually supplied.—I remain your obedient well-wisher,

D. MACFARLANE, JUN.

Aberfoyle, 4th June 1819.

I have used the freedom to send you a present of some Loch Ard trouts killed this morning. Is not the largest of the dozen a singularly large trout? He is like a fish.

LETTER FROM MR ODOHERTY, ENCLOSING THE THIRD PART OF CHRISTABEL.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I need not say how much obliged to you I am for your kind recommendation of my poems to the notice of the public. Such liberality does you credit, and "I verily believe promotes your sale." Nothing can more decidedly prove the degraded state of our periodical criticism, than this fact, that not one review, but your own incomparable one, has so much as alluded to the existence of my poetry. What Mr Gifford can mean by such neglect of a man of at least equal genius with himself, I leave him to explain to the world, when and how he can—as for Mr Jeffrey, the well-known difference of our political sentiments sufficiently accounts for his silence. The Monthly Reviewers hate me because I am not a Unitarian, nor dissenter of any kind, and the British Critic looks down upon me because I am neither an Oxonian nor a Cantab. Of the notice of "Maga" I am not very ambitious, having been long tired of old women, and I do trust should my muse ever be buried, Colburn will not suffer that vampyre, Dr Polidori, to suck her blood. To you, therefore, my sweet editor, my undivided gratitude is due, and it shall be expressed in a way most conducive to your interests. You must have observed with regret, that many of our best living poets leave their greatest works in an unfinished state. It is my intention to finish these works for them, for I never could, at any period of my life, bear to think that any thing should be left but half done. I have accordingly finished Mr Coleridge's Christabel, and what was a still more laborious task, Mr Wordsworth's Excursion. If Lord Byron does not publish Don Juan speedily, I will, for I have written him, and he is very restless in my desk. I have likewise ready for the press, a thick octavo of "Plays on the Passions," which, if Miss Joanna Baillie does not bestir herself, shall infallibly be out before the fall of the leaf. In short, I wish, like the celebrated Macvey Napier, Esq., to become a SUPPLEMENTARY GENIUS, and while he undertakes to render complete all the rest of human knowledge, permit me to do the same service to poetry. I have sent you the third part of Christabel, per my friend the "Bagman," who, so far from being a fool, as one of your critics averred, is next to our friend D, one of the sharpest blades in Glasgow. You will receive a bale of the Excursion by the waggon very soon.—Yours, for ever and a day,

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

Archie Cameron's College, Glasgow.
4th June.

CHRISTABEL.

The Introduction to Part the Third.

LISTEN! ye know that I am mad,
And ye will listen!—wizard dreams
Were with me!—all is true that seems!—
From dreams alone can truth be had—
In dreams divinest lore is taught,
For the eye, no more distraught,
Rests most calmly, and the ear,
Of sound unconscious, may apply
Its attributes unknown, to hear
The music of philosophy!
Thus am I wisest in my sleep,
For thoughts and things, which day-light brings,

Come to the spirit sad and single,
But verse and prose, and joys and woes
Inextricably mingle,
When the hushed frame is silent in repose!
Twilight and moonlight, mist and storm,
Black night, and fire-eyed hurricane,
And crested lightning, and the snows
That mock the sunbeams, and the rain
Which bounds on earth with big drops warm,
All are round me while I spell
The legend of sweet Christabel!

CHRISTABEL, PART THIRD.

Nine moons have waxed, and the tenth, in its wane,
Sees Christabel struggle in unknown pain!
—For many moons was her eye less bright,
For many moons was her vest more tight,
And her cheek was pale, save when, with a start,
The life blood came from the panting heart,
And fluttering, o'er that thin fair face
Past with a rapid nameless pace,
And at moments a big tear filled the eye,
And at moments a short and smothered sigh
Swelled her breast with sudden strain,
Breathed half in grief, and half in pain,
For her's are pangs, on the rack that wind
The outward frame and the inward mind.
—And when at night she did visit the oak,
She wore the Baron's scarlet cloak,
(That cloak which happy to hear and to tell
Was lined with the fur of the leopard well,)
And as she wandered down the dell
None said 'twas the lady Christabel.—
Some thought 'twas a weird and ugsome elf,
Some deemed 'twas the sick old Baron himself,
Who wandered beneath the snowy lift
To count his beads in solemn shrift—
(For his shape below was wide to see
All bloated with the hydropsie.)
Oh! had her old father the secret known,
He had stood as stark as the statue of stone
That stands so silent, and white, and tall,
At the upper end of his banquet hall!

Am I asleep or am I awake?
In very truth I oft mistake,
As the stories of old come over my brain,
And I build in spirit the mystic strain;—
Ah! would to the virgin that I were asleep!
But I must wake, and I must weep!
Sweet Christabel, it is not well
That a lady, pure as the sunless snow
That lies so soft on the mountain's brow,
That a maiden of sinless chastity
In childbirth pangs should be doomed to die,
Or live with a name of sorrow and shame,
And hear the words of blemish and blame!
—For the world that smiles at the guilt of man,
Places woman beneath its ban;

Alas, that scandal thus should wreak
Its vengeance on the warm and weak,
That the arrows of the cold and dull
Should wound the breast of the beautiful!

Of the things that be did we know but half,
Many, and many would weep, who laugh!
Tears would darken many an eye,
Or that deeper grief, (when its orb is dry,
When it cannot dare the eye of day),
O'er the clouded heart would sway,
Till it crumbled like desert dust away!
But here we meet with grief and grudge,
And they who cannot know us, judge!
Thus, souls on whom good angels smile,
Are scoffed at in our world of guile—
Let this, Ladiè, thy comfort be;
Man knows not us, good angels know
The things that pass in the world below;
And scarce, methinks, it seems unjust,
That the world should view thee with mistrust,
For who that saw that child of thine
Pale Christabel, who could divine
That its sire was the Ladie Geraldine?

But in I rush, with too swift a gale,
Into the ocean of my tale!
Not yet young Christabel, I ween,
Of her babe hath lighter been.
—'Tis the month of the snow and the blast,
And the days of Christmas mirth are past,
When the oak-roots heaped on the hearth blazed bright,
Casting a broad and dusky light
On the shadowy forms of the warriors old,
Who stared from the wall, most grim to behold—
On shields where the spider his tapestry weaves,
On the holly boughs and the ivy leaves,
The few green glories that still remain
To mock the storm and welcome the rain,
Brighter and livelier mid tempest and shower,
Like a hero in the battle hour!—
Brave emblems o'er the winter hearth,
They cheered our fathers' hours of mirth!—

Twelve solar months complete and clear
The magic circle of the year!
Each (the ancient riddle saith)
Children, two times thirty, hath!
Three times ten are fair and white,
Three times ten are black as night,
Three times ten hath Hecatè,
Three times ten the God of day;
Thus spoke the old hierophant
(I saw her big breast swelling pant)
What time, I dreamed, in ghostly wise
Of Eleusinian mysteries,
For I am the hierarch
Of the mystical and dark—
And now, if rightly I do spell
Of the lady Christabel,
She hates the three times ten so white,
And sickens in their searching light,

And woe is hers—alas! alack!
She hates the three times ten so black—
As a mastiff bitch doth bark,
I hear her moaning in the dark!—

'Tis the month of January,
Why lovely maiden, light and airy,
While the moon can scarcely glow,
Thro' the plumes of falling snow,
While the moss upon the bark
Is withered all, and damp, and dark,
While cold above the stars in doubt
Look dull, and scarcely will stay out,
While the snow is heavy on beechen bower
And hides its name-sake, the snow-drop flower,
Why walk forth thus mysteriously?
Dear girl, I ask thee seriously.
Thy cheek is pale, thy locks are wild—
Ah, think, how big thou art with child!—
Tho' the baron's red cloak thro' the land hath no fellow,
Thou should'st not thus venture without an umbrella!

Dost thou wander to the field of graves
Where the elder its spectral branches waves?
And will thy hurried footsteps halt
Where thy mother sleeps in the silent vault?
Where the stranger pauses long to explore
The emblems quaint of heraldic lore,
Where tho' the lines are tarnished and dim,
Thy mother's features stare gaunt and grim,
And grinning skull, and transverse bone,
And the names of warriors dead and gone
Mark Sir Leoline's burial stone;
Thither go not, or I deem almost
That thou wilt frighten thy mother's ghost!

Or wilt thou wend to the huge oak-tree,
And, kneeling down upon thy knee,
Number the beads of thy rosary?
Nine beads of gold and a tenth of pearl,
And a prayer with each, my lovely girl,
Nine, and one, shalt thou record,
Nine to the virgin and one to the Lord!
The pearls are ten times one to behold,
And ten times nine are the beads of gold,
Methinks 'tis hard of the friar to ask
On a night like this so weary a task!

'Tis pleasant—'tis pleasant, in summer time,
In the green wood to spell the storied rhyme,
When the light winds above 'mong the light leaves are singing,
And the song of the birds thro' your heart is ringing,
'Tis pleasant—'tis pleasant, when happily humming
To the flowers below the blythe bee is coming!—
When the rivulet coy, and ashamed to be seen,
Is heard where it hides 'mong the grass-blades green,
When the light of the moon and each sweet starry islet
Gives a charm more divine to the long summer twilight,
When the breeze o'er the blossomy hawthorn comes cheerful,
'Tis pleasant—with heart—ah, how happy!—tho' fearful,
With heaven-beaming eyes, where tears come, while smiles glisten
To the lover's low vows in the silence to listen!

'Tis pleasant too, on a fine spring day
(A month before the month of May)
To pray for a lover that's far away!
But, Christabel, I cannot see
The powerful cause that sways with thee
Thus, with a face all waxen white,
To wander forth on a winter night.

The snow hath ceased, dear lady meek,
But the night is chill and bleak!—
And clouds are passing swift away
Below the moon so old and gray—
The crescent moon, like a bark of pearl,
That lies so calm on the billowy whirl;—
Rapidly—rapidly
With the blast,
Clouds of ebony
Wander fast,
And one the maiden hath fixed her eyes on,
Hath pass'd o'er the moon, and is near the horizon!
Ah Christabel, I dread it, I dread it,
That the clouds of shame
Will darken and gather
O'er the maiden's name,
Who chances unwedded
To give birth to a child, and knows not its father!

One—Two—Three—Four—Five—Six—Seven—Eight—Nine—Ten—
Eleven!—
Tempest or calm—moonshine or shower,
The castle clock still tolls the hour,
And the cock awakens, and echoes the sound,
And is answered by the owls around—
And at every measured tone
You may hear the old baron grunt and groan;
'Tis a thing of wonder, and fright, and fear,
The mastiff-bitch's moans to hear—
And the aged cow in her stall that stands
And is milked each morning by female hands
(That the baron's breakfast of milk and bread
May be brought betimes to the old man's bed
Who often gives, while he is dressing,
His Christabel a father's blessing)
That aged cow, as each stroke sounds slow,
Answers it with a plaintive low!
And the baron old, who is ill at rest,
Curses the favourite cat for a pest—
For let him pray, or let him weep,
She mews thro' all the hours of sleep—
Till morning comes with its pleasant beams,
And the cat is at rest, and the baron dreams!

Let it rain, however fast,
Rest from rain will come at last,
And the blaze that strongest flashes
Sinks at last, and ends in ashes!
But sorrow from the human heart
And mists of care will they depart?
I know not, and cannot tell,
Saith the lady Christabel—
But I feel my bosom swell!

In my spirit I behold
A lady—call her firm, not bold—
  Standing lonely by the burn
—Strange feelings thro' her breast and brain
Shoot with a sense of madness and pain.
  Ah Christabel return, return,
Let me not call on thee in vain!
Think, lady dear, if thou art drowned
That thy body will be found,
What anguish will thy spirit feel,
When it must to all reveal
What the spell binds thee to conceal!
How the baron's heart will knock 'gainst his chest
When the stake is driven into thy breast,
When thy body to dust shall be carelessly flung,
And over the dead no dirge be sung,
No friend in mourning vesture dight,
No lykewake sad—no tapered rite!—

Return, return thy home to bless,
  Daughter of good Sir Leoline;
In that chamber a recess
  Known to no other eye than thine,
  Contains the powerful wild-flower wine
That often cheer'd thy mother's heart,
Lady, lovely as thou art
Return, and ere thou dost undress
And lie down in thy nakedness
Repair to thy secret and favourite haunt
And drink the wine as thou art wont!
Hard to uncork and bright to decant.

My merry girl—she drinks—she drinks,
  Faster she drinks and faster,
My brain reels round as I see her whirl,
She hath turned on her heel with a sudden twirl;—
  Wine, wine is a cure for every disaster,
For when sorrow wets the eye
Yet the heart within is dry,
Sweet maid upon the bed she sinks—
May her dreams be light, and her rest be deep!
Good angels guard her in her sleep!

POLITO.

"What thing was that?
* * * * * * * *
As I stood here below methought his eyes
Were two full moons, he had a thousand noses."
KING LEAR.
"Riddle me this, and guess him, if you can,
Who bears a nation in a single man?"
DRYDEN.

"Besides the literal signification of each passsage in scripture, there are hidden and deep senses which escape the vulgar eye; but they are not agreed about the number of these mysterious significations. Some attribute to every phrase three senses, others four, others again five, and the number is carried to seven by Angelome, a monk of Lisicaux, who is far from deserving the meanest rank among the expositors.
MOSHEIM.

Sir,—You will not, I am pretty sure, think of assaying this important communication by any of your lower tests of admission. Its subject is of much too grave and serious a nature to admit of the application of any belle lettres scale of merit. Had I sent it over to the Dublin manufactory of gems, flowers, figures, &c., conducted by Messrs Phillips & Co., I

should have been able to have presented you with a *finished* specimen of literary ware, but I am too much in earnest, too anxious to be of *use*, too much under the influence of real feelings, to clothe myself in any other but a home-spun work-day suit of expressions.

As a wish for the deliverance of this abused nation, from the growing pressure of fatuous power, and for the renewal of its worm-eaten constitution, is the exclusive motive with me in penning this paper, so the vigilance of party feeling, and the instinctive sense of self-interest will, no doubt, induce you to give it publicity.

The *mere men* forming at present our national cabinet, they for whose safety I now so humanely write, read, I am afraid, only one side of the leaf of politics. They take in only a certain class of publications. They remain folded, as James Hogg would say, in their own pens. The streams of ink by which they recline issue not from the rock, nor meander the plain in the noble freedom of nature, but flow from their own artificial founts along artificial channels.

This being the case, I have recourse to you, and beg you will allow me to conceal myself behind the friendly cover of your Magazine, that I may gain access to the apartments of these grand viziers of our fate, and dart out upon them ere they are aware. Like honest John Knox, in the presence of Queen Mary, I shall tell them of their inconsideration, and open their eyes, if possible, to what is before them.

Power, power, power, I know to be the beginning, middle, and end, of their political epics. Their drama is perfectly classical in respect of the unity of *plot*, but oh how the unity of *effect* is violated. One part of the audience, but 'tis only they who do not foresee the catastrophe, are full of agreeable thoughts, but the other, and more knowing part, weep bitter tears. Our ministers, however, ought to remember, that as knowledge in a general sense is power, and ignorance weakness, so in their particular case a knowledge of the *magnitude* of the danger to which they are exposed, is necessary to their safety. In communicating to them this knowledge I act a part, considering what relation I hold to them, of uncommon generosity.

I have already said enough to supersede any formal announcement of myself as a friend of liberty, and *consequently* one of the virtuous opposition. I am such decidedly and unchangeably. As a true-blue presbyterian once said, in lifting up the banner of his kirk against gainsayers, that were any man to *convince* him that its forms and discipline did not proceed from the apostles, he would hold him a deceiver, so, in like manner, I would hold you or any one else a deceiver, an interested deceiver, who would *prove* that we of the opposition *can* be in the wrong.*

You are well aware, though, of course, you do not confess it, that whatever prosperity or security this country has enjoyed under the present ministers—and we have, I allow, enjoyed some little share of good—has wholly been the fortuitous result of circumstances. Good fortune is the sum of the merit that can be conceded to these gentlemen. In fact, *chance*, that sagacious divinity, has ruled and overruled and disposed of all things amongst us. He has been our prime every thing. The home and the foreign departments have been equally under his guidance. Messrs Vansittart and Co., though all along pretending and seeming to act from and of themselves, have been nothing more than the agents, the organs, and passive instruments, in their respective departments of this great power. What any one of them says or does that is true

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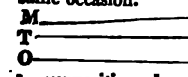
* That, at least, the sentiments and measures of the present quarter-deck gentlemen, cannot in *any one* instance be correct, may be closely demonstrated by a reductio ad absurdum.

Let the straight line T h be the line of abstract truth, let the straight line O n represent the opinion of the opposition in any given instance, and M y be that of the ministry on the same occasion.



Suppose M. y. to be parallel to T. h.—O. n. is parallel to T. h. (see the axioms), but O. n. is not parallel to M. y. (see the axioms), but M. y. is parallel to T. h. by supposition, here then are two lines not parallel to each other, and yet both parallel to a which is absurd, M. y. then is not parallel to T. h. such is the beautiful proposition

or useful is no more to be ascribed to him than the responses of Apollo were to be attributed to Manto whom he inspired.

These are the most liberal sentiments that can be sincerely entertained or honestly expressed of the rulers of this unhappy country—a country that has been led by a mad Tom, and has had as dreadful a fall as poor blind Glo'ster. Well may we say to it,

> "Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
> So many fathoms down precipitating,
> Thou had'st shivered like an egg, but thou dost breathe."*

Many, however, think, and perhaps with truth, that the late happier turns of this nation's fortune, have been occasioned wholly by the *blunders* of our steersmen; so that had they acted as they ought to have done in the given circumstances, or as *more sagacious* pilots would have conducted themselves in the same emergences—had they, for instance, close reefed in place of spreading more canvass; or had they taken the advice of *Albert* "at once to wear and scud before the wind," in place of making her sail nearer it, the vessel of the state, would, ere this, have been on a lee shore, quite a wreck. She has no right at this time to be ploughing the deep. Every good we at present find ourselves possessed of, is opprobrious to us; it lowers us in the scale of political *wisdom*.

I have allowed, that in some instances, this system of blunders has brought forth good; but what security have we for the future—no more than a man walking in a pitch dark night, who may, for a while, have escaped ditches, but does not know but that the next step is to plunge him into one "over head *and ears*."†

This situation of affairs has greatly excited my patriotic feelings, and has occasioned me to cast over in my mind many plans for its amelioration.

In these self-consultations, this has been the train of my thoughts. Mr Vansittart and his coadjutors, are *weak* men, and so can do little good of themselves, still, could they be brought to take advice from their betters in political wisdom and foresight, matters might yet be much mended, and much mischief prevented; but how are they to be prevailed upon to submit to this schooling. They are self-sufficient, nay, "the vice of impertinence has lately crept into our cabinet;‡ and not only the Americans, but we ourselves, the true and dignified champions of liberty, have been treated with ridicule and contempt.

The great object then to be aimed at, is the infusing, if possible, into the minds of these gentlemen, a due respect and veneration for the Whigs. They must be made to look at us again, and that with awe and reverence.

I come now to be in labour for the bringing forth what I have conceived as the most likely means of subduing the levity of our inconsiderate ministers, and of giving them all those feelings towards the opposition—the true friends of their country and mankind—which are necessary to prevent them carrying things their *own* way; or which is the same thing the *wrong way*.

Perhaps I may subject myself to the charge of unfairness, or even of cruelty, from the method which I have fallen upon to accomplish this purpose. It is the *timidity* of our cabinet-marshals I am about to take advantage of. I intend to shake their self-confidence by shaking their nerves.

As fire, water, and air, are the three great powers resorted to in mechanical operations, so, analogous to these, the three impelling powers of *moral machines* are, love, money, and fear. As to love, there is not as much betwixt the two parties in this distracted coun-

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* King Lear—the next line does not suit, and therefore is not quoted.

† From this every-hour expression which we have from our forefathers, one would infer that the human ears had been much longer at one time than now. Perhaps the contraction has been the effect of, and corresponded with the progress of knowledge; or, it may be, that the ears of Midas disappeared when payments in *gold* were suspended; if so, is there not a danger of these ears again sprouting forth with the resumption of such a mode of payment?

‡ Edinburgh Review, No LXI.

try as would warm one's finger-ends.* Gold and silver we give, till nothing but copper remains. Such gifts do in truth produce a *motion*, but it is only one to demand what little may have been left in our purses. Love and money, then, being out of the question, we must have recourse, for the driving of our plans, to the remaining impelling force—fear.

In having recourse, I have said, to such an expedient, I may be deemed unfair or unfeeling; but surely, in this instance, the end ought to be considered catholic, and so sanctify the means.

What I mean to do is, to give an *aggregated* view of the whole body of the Opposition Whigs.

When our Ministers do think of the Opposition at all, they take an *individualized* or *discredited* view of it; or rather, they figure to themselves this or that more prominent character or atom which belongs to it—Sir James M'Intosh, for instance, Mr Brougham, Mr Tierney, or some such great man or patriot. 'Tis in this way that they come to deem of and treat the whole *connected* mass of the talent, and virtue, and patriotism of the country, just as they would one of their individual fellow-creatures.

Their conduct in thus so partially viewing matters is just as ridiculous as that of a scientific man would be, who, in seeking to gain a knowledge of the situation, magnitude, or nature of a volcanic mountain, whose shakings, and eruptions, and grumblings, are fearful, only examines the small specimens he may have in his cabinet of its lava, or ashes, or other rubbish; or who, in having occasion to know the shores and boundaries of some sea or lake—the Asphaltic lake perhaps—employs himself only in examining the bottle of its water,†

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* We think these long protracted broils betwixt the houses of Whig and Tory might be terminated in a very pretty and gentle manner, provided the opposed ranks really wish to "march all one way," so that

> "The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
> No more shall cut his master."

To give at once the explanation and the source of my conciliatory measure,—in ancient times the nations in the neighbourhood of Egypt disputed which of their languages was the primitive and natural speech of mankind. A wise king of that country, in order to determine the question wisely, appealed to Nature herself. He gave two infants in charge to a shepherd, who was to rear them without allowing a word of any language to be uttered in their presence, and carefully to observe the first articulate sound they employed. By-and-by the shepherd came and informed the king, that as often as he entered the apartment of the children, they repeatedly exclaimed "beccos." Upon inquiry, the king found this word signified bread in the Phœnician tongue, and decided the controversy accordingly.

Let the Prince Regent, then, board two children with the Ettrick Shepherd, to be brought up by him in the necessary silence and seclusion. He is on no account to sing his Jacobin songs to them. At an appointed and suitable age, let them be questioned on the various points at issue in the political world. Their responses will of course be truth itself, namely, Whiggism.

† Salt water being occasionally used as a medicine, the allusion to it here gives me a fair opportunity, in this side way, of hinting at a scheme which I have in contemplation, to be realized, however, only in the event of the failure of the present attempt to move the minds and bowels of our hard-hearted, self-willed Ministers. "Their bowels yearn over themselves," as John Bunyan says, but they have no compassion for us.

I propose to exhibit the whole and valuable collection of the Whigs, not as a cabinet of curiosities, but as a *drug shop*, and to class them accordingly. We shall have narcotics, sudorifics, emetics, cathartics, &c. &c. The principal part of the stock will no doubt consist of Dr Solomon's catholicon, so much and justly famed for effecting a *radical reform* in the constitution, and *so* drying up the fountain itself of all grievances.

The mentioning this materia medica scheme, recalls to my mind an important case in surgery, much to our present purpose. 'Twas related to me many years ago by a soldier's wife, who solemnly deponed to its truth. A man of the regiment to which her husband belonged, from having eat too much unripe fruit, was thrown into a dangerous illness; medicine could do nothing for him. In this emergency, recourse was had to a very bold operation. The man was laid open; his intestines were taken out, emptied, washed, and again carefully replaced. His heart, which was also removed, was kept throbbing by being wrapt in hot towels, and laid upon a warm plate. Previous to the operation, or rather dissection, a sleeping draught had been administered to the patient; every

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But how are ye to stand the withering flash of these huge orbs—these two great living lakes of eyes—half a nation at once looking through them? In what dark, stern, reproachful gaze they are fixed! Fire and darkness are mingled in them. The very light in them is darkness.

Allowing that an individual can see about fifteen minutes into the future—(a *Tory* cannot see five seconds before him)—consider what a reach of vision these multiplied and *magnifying* organs of Giant Whig must have in that direction. No wonder he can *foretell* the issue of every measure as soon as 'tis entered upon, for he actually *foresees* it. He has far more than the second sight.*

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In my next lecture on heads, after treating at great length of the prodigious organs of smell, taste, and speech of our subject—(as for the ear, see the description of Dionysius')—I shall gratify the audience, or rather spectators, by some curious and important calculations respecting him. I shall endeavour, among other things, to ascertain how many scavengers it would require, working a given time, to scrape his tongue, he being somewhat "foul-mouthed:"—How many barbers it would take to shave his head, in the event of his being seized with a fit of madness, and so requiring the application of a blister:—How many thousand yards of flannel would be necessary to make him a warm comfortable night-cap; or in the event of his death, in how many months all the weavers in Yorkshire could weave him a shroud.†

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† Blackwood's Magazine for February 1818, sec.

you have the stature and form, " the thews and bulk," of Giant Whig.

——" That emperor who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice,
Stood forth; and I in stature am more like
A giant, than the giants are his *arms*.
Mark now how great the whole must be, which suits
With such a part. If he were beautiful,
As he is hideous now, and *yet did dare*
To scowl upon his Maker.

So sung Dante of Dis—not so sing I of Giant Whig; *for* " I in stature am more like a giant," than a giant is like his little finger, and besides, he does not stand " at mid-breast from the ice;" for I suppose him like John Bunyan's Pilgrim in the Slough of Despond, up to the chin in mud, so that it is only his head we can contemplate.

In order to enable the comprehension to reach this political poll,* suppose yourself placed before Ben-Lomond, Snowdon, or any other mountain you may have contemplated, and conceive, whilst you are gazing, the whole undiminished mass converted into a human head. What a grand spectacle, and yet what a dismal one to every Tory!

Come all ye enemies of liberty, ye defenders of abuses, ye engrossers and abusers of power, especially ye secular popes and cardinals,—popes who have superadded to the power of the *keys* that of the *crown*,—come and look on this great Round Robin of heads, and be confounded, and say if you find yourself any longer at liberty to follow out your unsanctioned, your condemned schemes.

Go to a proper point of view, that ye may be able not only to contemplate each amazing feature, but feel the tremendous total of effect of the whole countenance.

I allow, that, to a superficial observer, there is a dash of vulgarity in the contour, but no true lover of nature will see any thing that should not be. The ingredients of the cup of Whiggism consist chiefly of those *pure* unsophisticated children of nature, who, though in the lower *circles* of life, are far above the paltry baubles of factitious, conventional, false grace or decorum. When such put their heads together, the result, of course, will not be what *you* previously call *great*. We however judiciously *invert* your scales of size and merit, so that *our* great men and *your* great men are *antipodes* to each other, and *rise* in opposite directions. Observe how shrewd, knowing, and angry our giant phiz appears. Can you endure that look, which concentrates the intensely accumulated expression of a million *disapproving* minds. The blackness of indignation prevails over the whole face. Many a square acre of cheeks, and brow, and chin, are furrowed and puckered by disinterested wrath.

Lift up your eyes to yon exalted

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* I would seriously advise that all further attempts to reach the Pole, and find the N.W. passage, be given over to the *poets*. Such undertakings are far too much for uninspired men. By employing those who have studied navigation under the muses, you absolutely ensure the solution of all the geographical problems relating to the north seas; problems which, I fear, never will otherwise be solved, even though Mr Scoresby were employed in the service.

Let a poet be well braced with good Hippocrenean grog, and give him his favourite muse, and he'll go any where, and perform any feat you choose. He'll spend a summer in the *sun*, or a winter on the pole, and never once complain of either extreme. Only hold out the twenty thousand pound premium, and I'll engage, not only that the N.W. passage shall be discovered, but that at least fifty bold adventurers shall exhibit, this very summer, the British flag to the wondering natives along the whole northern shore of America, and arrive safely at Canton by the way of Bering's Straits. As for the North Pole, it shall be crossed at least every month during the same period. Neither the Pole, however, nor the N.W. passage, should be made a common of. Some skilful, daring, and experienced poet-pilot should be appointed by government to this glorious enterprise, and who realizes the necessary conditions so well as our poetical Captain Cook, or rather Columbus—Mr Southey. It would be needless to send out Lord Byron, for he would settle amongst the Esquimaux, and never return.

It has just occurred to me, that a premium, still more tempting than the twenty thousand pound might be held out to the poet who may be appointed to the command of the northern expedition, viz. the promise of being criticised, on his return, by *Thomas Campbell*, a gentleman who has given us more than " the Pleasures of *Hope*," even those of a rich *fruition*, and that not only as a poet, but likewise as a critic. His last work is an honour to British *feeling* as well as to British genius.

forehead, and say if you are not brow-beaten to the ground. Its outlines, extending miles and miles horizontally and perpendicularly, enclose a vast space deeply channelled by torrents of thought, or roughened and ridged by the convulsions of patriotic anguish. A million of *vexed spirits* are there "contracted in one brow" of care. As you approach the region betwixt the eyes, the deep tracks and wrinkles of anxious concern, disappointment, and grief, increase, till the dark convolutions of valleys and ridges, immediately above the nose, seem another Switzerland, that land of liberty, and *consequently* of Whigs.

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craniological questions will be conducted by a gentleman who assisted in the late survey of this island; so that the elevations of the bumps, the depths of the cavities, and the relative situations of all, will be most accurately ascertained. The craniological map of the whole head will be given, beautifully engraved by W. and D. Lizars.

There may be some ill-natured enough to reckon, that were the cranium of Giant Whig dug through,

" Before their eyes in sudden view" would
" appear
" The secrets of the hoary deep—a dark
abyss,
——" Where length, breadth, and height,
" And time and place, are lost; where
eldest night,
" And chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
" Eternal monarchy, amidst the noise
" Of endless wars, and by confusion stand."

And that not a vestige of brain would be found.

This I have heard impudently asserted, and that on the ground of Giant Whig being greatly inconsistent, contradictory, and even occasionally outrageous, in his conduct and language. It should, however, be considered, that Giant Whig's temper and sanity have been tried more than any man's. And would not a constant state of chagrin, disappointment, and mortification, injure the soundest brain? If he has betrayed symptoms of *wandering*, ought he not rather to be pitied and soothed than laughed at?

In the mean time, however, the exhibition is over, and he who would see the show again must pay another fare. N. B. The charge is double to see the pollar monster fed.

POLITO.

NOTE FROM MR MULLION, ENCLOSING AN ESSAY ON THE STATE OF THE NATION.

DEAR MR EDITOR,

I WISH you had laid aside your veil, and come up to the Parliament House the morning the news of Mr Tierney's great defeat arrived—I mean the defeat of his motion for a committee to enquire into the state of the nation. Faces were long, and arms reversed, all along that great parade of whiggery, and the muffled drums of demi-sedition played something not unlike a dead march to their ancient bearers. I, for my part, entered into friendly conversation with one of the most moderate and sensible whigs that walks the boards. We talked over the matter quietly and calmly, and parted as usual without being able to agree in any one point either of premises or conclusion. My friend, Mr S. on my quitting him, said, " You have said just nothing to the purpose."—I did not quite like this, so on returning home, I threw together upon paper the substance, so far as my memory would serve me, of what I had said, resolving within myself, that *you* and your readers should act as umpires upon this occasion between the Whig and the Tory. In order to ensure you impartiality, I may mention that, in spite of his political opinions, my friend is almost as great an admirer of your Miscellany as myself. He is one of the few eminent individuals of that sect who think it possible to be sincere without being cruel. He hates the persecuting spirit with which his brethren treat dissenters like yourself.

Yours sincerely,

MORDECAI MULLION.

STATE OF THE NATION.

A FOREIGNER, unacquainted with the customs and forms of the English senate,—and especially if he were a philosophical foreigner,—would be a good deal surprised to find how little the substance of that parliamentary proceeding, which is technically denominated "*an inquiry into the state of the nation*," corresponds in dignity, or in extent and compass, with the grandeur of its title. The title would lead him to expect from the senators, a solemn and ceremonial inquest upon the total condition of the people whom they represented; an estimate of their whole economy, financial, martial, agricultural, and commercial; an estimate of their international relations, and of their internal state, with respect to laws and morals; a survey of the national institutions—both as to their grounds and their tendency; a

final verdict delivered upon the state of the country, as compared with its state at some former period, so as to furnish reasonable data for determining whether, upon the whole, the people be progressive or improgressive: and the whole process conducted as radically as the researches of a philosopher, and as rigorously as the self-examination of a religious penitent. To these magnificent anticipations derived from the *name*, he would find a ludicrous contrast in the *thing*. An inquiry into the state of the nation uniformly turns out to be an inquiry into the state of parties. The party in opposition are anxious at intervals to try their strength, more especially in the first session of a new parliament. Much strength may possibly have been gained through the extensive changes made by a general election in the composition of the house: some, they are apt to flatter themselves, may have accrued to them from impressions favourable to themselves, produced by the course of events, and their own wisdom or eloquence upon the minds even of old members. At the same time they are aware that a question of inferior magnitude, or one which (like the Catholic question) is by general agreement a privileged question upon which a plenary indulgence is granted to tender consciences and tender intellects, cannot serve as a test question for determining the several proportions of strength. A question is, therefore, chosen of the largest possible compass, and pretty nearly co-extensive with an inquiry into "*things in general*,"—by way of drawing from parliament a verdict upon the total merits of each party. It takes the shape of an inquiry into the state of the nation, rather upon negative grounds than positive, rather because it excludes all local and minor questions, than because it is seriously designed to embrace the widest and most national. It is in fact a watch-word, by which the forces on either side are instructed to prepare for action; a signal flying from the mast-head, by which the commander-in-chief makes known his intention to lay himself on board the enemy. And the appropriate interest connected with the occasion is a martial interest, and our anxieties the same as those with which we await the issue of a battle.—Looking at the question in this light, we may consider Mr Tierney as having sustained one of the most conspicuous defeats, and the present administration as having achieved one of the most brilliant and decisive victories which our parliamentary annals record. A few weeks ago, as our readers are aware, Mr Tierney, (the leader of opposition) made a motion "that the house do resolve itself into a committee of the whole house, to consider of the state of the nation." Each side of the house mustered in unusual strength; five hundred and thirty-five members voted; and four members of Grenville politics sheered off, it seems, without voting. The result was—that the number of those who voted with ministers more than doubled (viz. by one) the number of those who voted with Mr Tierney. Old soldier as this gentleman is in parliamentary tactics—we cannot but suspect, that on this occasion he was surprised and confounded by the result. That he miscalculated his strength is indeed evident from his having made the motion at all; for he could not design to emblazon, in the way he *has* done, the strength of administration; and most undoubtedly, if he had even resolved upon the motion at any risk, for the sake of parading his forces, and that he might ascertain who was with him and who against him, he would not, under any anticipation of so total a defeat, have allowed himself to put the issue upon that foundation which he did; for in the opening of his speech, having spoken very favourably of the composition of the present House of Commons—as comprehending "a larger proportion of men connected with no party than he (who had sate and voted in so many houses) had ever before remembered," he drew a natural inference, that such a house "would vote without reference to either side;—that they would weigh measures and not men." Miscalculate, therefore, Mr Tierney did, we may be assured, from some cause or other; possibly from the successes which his party has had once or twice this session in skirmishes upon local questions. Manifest it is, that he miscounted his own strength, or miscounted the probable attendance on the opposite side. During this session (as appeared from a pretty plain hint of Lord Castlereagh) the ministerial party have been very slack in attendance; and possibly the assembly might not be

"frequent and full" when Mr Tierney was speaking; for he must have spoken early in the evening. Be the cause however of his miscalculation what it may,—miscalculate he did: and he has himself taught us how to interpret the triumph of ministers. Of a house admitted to be an independent house, and voting conscientiously, the major part by far voted with ministers; and whosoever did so vote "confessed (according to Mr Tierney,) his perfect confidence in the wisdom, vigour, and enterprise of ministers, his unqualified approbation of their measures, and his opinion that their career ought not to be interrupted. This construction of the vote was held out *in terrorem* to those who might be dubiously affected towards ministers, but *after* the votes it reflects an awkward commentary upon the general sentiments and disposition of parliament, such as Mr Tierney will be sorry to have made binding upon his candour. Possibly there were some conscientious men among those who voted on that night with ministers—who did not think themselves pledged by their vote to so wholesale an approbation of ministerial conduct as Mr Tierney for an immediate purpose affected to think. Making even very large deductions from the merits and claims of ministers, there will still remain an amount of merit grounded on past services large enough (we conceive) to ensure them at all times a triumph in public opinion on a competition with their opponents. For the present at least the ministers are decidedly popular in the house: their strength is greater perhaps than they themselves had imagined. Out of the house no less,—abstracting from the envy which attends the possessors of power among those of their own rank, and from the odium which attaches among the lower ranks to the ostensible imposers of taxes,—we think that ministers are not unpopular. A partial clamour was at one time raised against them in reference to some energetic measures of domestic policy; but this clamour had it's birth, we believe, with the frantic reformers, and never reached the well-informed classes: men of intelligence are more apt to complain of an undue laxity of domestic government in the present ministry, and too servile a fear of the popular voice. At no time therefore did this clamour much interfere with the popularity of government, and at present it is wholly extinct. Upon the whole therefore, as far as it is possible for an English ministry to be so, we believe that the present ministry are and will continue to be popular. How have they become so? What is the tenure upon which they keep their hold upon the national regard? This is an interesting question: it will be the same question, presented under another aspect, if we ask how it is that their opponents have become unpopular? This we shall attempt briefly to answer; premising that, by their opponents we mean the old opposition or Fox party. The character and manners of the first Lord Holland were not English, nor acceptable therefore to the English nation. But of him we do not purpose to speak: the public feeling might suffer a slight prejudice as respected his son from a previous knowledge and dislike of the father. But that prejudice, if it ever existed, soon relented before the splendid powers of Charles Fox: and, at a boyish age, we may affirm that Charles Fox was popular. How came it that he and his party, composed of so many brilliant men, have since become so irredeemably unpopular that no changes of public affairs have ever restored them to any national favour? Chiefly, as we believe, from three causes:—

1. The first great shock given to the reputation of the Fox party was it's coalition with the party of Lord North. During the reign even of Charles the Second there had been no case of equal public profligacy. Of all the graces which can adorn and recommend a public disputant, that which is most effectual to win esteem and to disarm opposition is the grace of sincerity and zeal. To see a man earnestly contending for what he believes to be the truth is always an affecting spectacle: and we are all ready to pardon, on the single consideration that he is in earnest,—much of intemperance—much anger—much ignorance—much even of error. Liberties, which we should else repel with indignation, we tolerate by way of doing homage to the spirit of conscientious zeal which we believe to prompt them. To be in earnest, in short, and deeply in earnest so as to forget one's self, and to be swallowed up in the single consideration of the truth, is the most potent and captivating elo-

quence. Commensurate with the love we bear to sincerity is the reaction of disgust upon finding that we have been duped by counterfeit semblances of sincerity. Of this disgust the Fox party, upon the coalition with their opponents, became the immediate object; and the consequences were the more fatal, because those were the most deeply offended who had given their warmest sympathies to that party, and because the offence was not of a nature to be healed, all manifestations of zeal and generous warmth seeming afterwards in that party but a subtler hypocrisy. What little character the party might have left was sacrificed in its second apostacy when it coalesced with the Grenvilles. Indeed, by that time the Fox party had sunk so low in the public opinion, that it was upon the infatuated partners in its guilt that the weight of public indignation settled; to the Grenvilles it was fatal, and to all their hopes of future popularity; for they had slight talents to depend upon, and rested only upon the opinion held of their integrity. On the triple brass of the Foxites all moral indignation it was felt would be flung away.

2. The second cause of the unpopularity of the Fox party will be found in the dissoluteness of life and morals which characterised its most conspicuous members. This is a grave charge, and not easily discussed in our days. For its truth, however, we appeal to the recollections connected with the private history of Devonshire-house, and to the whole tenor of private anecdote. Among the most distinguished members of the party there was a general licentiousness of opinion and of action; a disregard of external decorum; and a recklessness even of appearances. No sacrifices were made to the institutions of the land; none to place and authorised dignity; none to the temper of the English people. The vices of the opposition, as they were of foreign growth, put on for the most part a face of foreign audacity. On this head, however, it is for the next age to speak more plainly.

3. But that which eclipsed all other offences of the Fox party—that which is the main cause of its unpopularity and which has made its unpopularity hopeless and immedicable—is its total want of patriotic feeling and its habit of sympathising with the worst enemies of England. Here lay the consummation and the crown of all its offences. The two former blots upon its escutcheon might possibly have been washed out: much may be effected with the lower classes, and with all classes something, by a fervent concern for the national welfare, and never was there such an opportunity presented to any party of redeeming its former offences in the opinion of its country as was offered to the Fox party in 1803 on the opening of the war with Bonaparte. By that time the course of events had united the patriotic all over the world: and to men of all parties, who had any eye to the public good, there was no course left but one. The voice of duty left nothing to the deliberative will of the individual, but imposed upon all men a stern monotony of principle and of conduct. The Fox party, however, which had always shewed a bluntness of sensibility in relation to what affected the national honour or welfare, grew colder in their patriotism, as the appeals to their patriotism became more urgent and passionate. About the beginning of the Peninsular war in 1808, when a last golden opportunity was offered to that party of recantation, its sympathy with France became keener than most men's patriotism. [At this time the cause of England, from being the cause of Europe, had been exalted into the cause of human nature. At the same time, and in due proportion to the exaltation of the cause, did the rancorous hatred of it increase among the Foxites: their leader was now dead: but his spirit still reigned amongst them, or a spirit equally estranged from all magnanimous feeling. Before this time, it had shocked all men of English feelings to see an English duchess connected with the Fox party (herself a woman originally of amiable nature) cherishing and patronising all manner of French vermin—carrying about, for instance, a hound (Gen. Boyer) who publicly boasted in every English company, that with ten thousand Frenchmen he would take military possession of England; whilst the polite Foxites stood by and listened—and, instead of braining him with an English fan, bowed and admitted that his arguments were very plausible. It had shocked all true Englishmen to

see, that the Morning Chronicle, the official paper of the party, was the unfailing champion of whatsoever was French, the apologist of French atrocities, and the asserter of French rights and honours. But it now became still more shocking to see, that within the very walls of parliament, Bonaparte and the French nation had partisans who could not have served them more faithfully and zealously if they had been regularly bribed. It now became a passion with the Fox party, and to their everlasting infamy, (with the Grenvilles no less) to serve and pay homage to Bonaparte. Some there were in both parties, who resented any words of disrespect to Bonaparte as a personal affront to themselves. All of them, to the extent of their power, laid a weight upon the exertions of the country; all prophesied ill to England; all found it difficult to conceal their exultation at the approach of any national disaster; all were afflicted at the humiliation of Bonaparte, and mourned on his final discomfiture as under a private calamity. But we need not retrace circumstantially the conduct of the Fox party, which, as proceeding from Englishmen, it cannot but afflict an Englishman to remember or to think of as a possibility.

We have sufficiently pointed out the grounds on which we believe the Fox party to have forfeited its popularity. These grounds lie too deep for any chance that, in this generation, the party should retrieve its reputation. The merits of the present Ministry, and their popularity, rest upon a polar opposition of principles and of conduct; more especially with respect to the grand cause at stake in the last war. In relation to *that*, their services have been infinite, and can never be forgotten. It is upon these *retrospective* claims of the ministers that we ground our respect for them, and our indisposition to the cause of their opponents. This view of politics leaves us an ample latitude of dissent and disapprobation, as regards the *present* conduct of ministers, when their measures are to be tried by another standard than in time of war; but, under any call for dissent, or even for disapprobation, this view of politics entails upon us a never-ending debt of gratitude to the present ministry for having hoped well, and for having animated the hopes of Europe during a season of darkness, and for having conducted these hopes by wisdom and great energy to their final glorious consummation.

BOWDICH'S MISSION TO ASHANTEE.

(Continued from page 183, *and concluded.)*

We have already very unreservedly expressed our opinion upon the offensive egotism of Mr Bowdich. There is, without doubt, a sufficient portion of this vanity in the second part of the volume before us. We shall however forget, as far as may be, these defects, and proceed to give an abstract of the interesting information conveyed to us.

There are nine great paths leading from Coomassie, namely, the Dwalein, Akim, Assin, Warsaw, Saucee, Gaman, Daboia, and Sallagha. We must refer our readers to what is said concerning these places; as the account is too long to transcribe, and two minute to abridge. The Ashantees call all the slaves, whom they bring down to the water-side, Dunkos; an epithet, not of any national import, but merely synonymous with the "barbarians" of the Greeks and Romans. Concerning the source of the Niger, there is a difference of opinion among the Moors, but not the least notion upon the subject amongst the negroes. Mr Bowdich has taken very laudable pains upon this intricate question, and has compared all the accounts that have hitherto been published, with a body of very valuable local information. The result appears to be, from the commonly reported courses of these rivers, that the Niger ends in the Nile, the Gambaroo in the Lahe Caudee, and the Oogooawai in the Congo.

As the Ashantees imagine, that to speak of the death of a former king is a crime equal to that of enquiring who would be the successor of the present; and as, indeed, it is made capital by the law, to converse of either the one or the other, it is no less difficult than perilous to trace the history of such a people. According, however, to common tradition, the Ashantees emigrated from a country nearer the waterside,

ubjecting the Western Intas, and lesser powers, founded the present dom. The Ashantees seem to adopted their language, which is ally different from that of the ees. When Adakoo, chief of the bes, a Fantee nation, consulted etish men of the sanctuary, near rooroo, on the Ashantee War, they ered, that nothing could be more sive to the fetish, than the Fan- preventing the peaceable inroad heir inland neighbours with the rside, because they were formerly ne family. The conduct of the emigration of the Ashantees is bed to Sai Tootoo; who, assisted ther leading men of the party, encouraged by superstitious omens, ded Coomassie; and was present- vith the stool, (or made king) his superior qualifications. The bin monarchy is said to have been ded at the same time by Boitinnë, was of the same family as Sai Too- being the sons of sisters. Boi- è and his party took possession of bin, the largest of the aboriginal ns, while Sai Tootoo built Coo- sie. These two nations have main- ed a common interest for more than ntury. Such a league preserved olably by two rising and adjacent ers, and the discretion of making y services, jealousies, and dis- ements subservient to one general cy, is a most remarkable circum- ce in a history composed of wars, ssinations, and successions. The antee government (not unlike the lish government in India) made chiefs of the conquered countries le in Coomassie, and the towns built in its neighbourhood, vest- them with titular dignities; thus ciliating them by continuing them their governments, and checking n, by exacting their frequent at- lance at festivals politically insti- d. Military command seems to e been the sole prerogative of Sai toto; the judicial and legislative er of the king being controlled by aristocracy much more than at sent. Sai Apokoo, brother of Sai toto, was next placed on the stool, 20). Had there been no brother, sister's son would have been the r. This extraordinary rule of suc- ion, excluding all children but those a sister, is founded on the argu- nt, that if the wives of the sons are faithless, the blood of the family is entirely lost in the offspring; but should the daughters deceive their husbands, it is still preserved. Apokoo finished the building of Coomassie. He was succeeded by his brother Sai Aquissa, 1741, during whose reign the king of Akim, desiring to go to war with his neighbours, was first obliged to obtain permission from the Ashantee government, on the condition of yielding half the spoil. As, however, little was gained and nothing granted, he soon heard of Aquissa's intention to demand his head; upon which he summoned his ministers, and desired to sacrifice his life for the quiet of his people. His ministers insisted on sharing his fate; a barrel of gunpowder being brought for each to sit on, they drank a large quantity of rum, and blew themselves up with the fire from their pipes. We much doubt whether the ministers of European kings would be thus devoted. In 1785, Sai Quamina succeeded his grandfather Sai Cudjo. During this reign the Ashantees invaded Banda, the king of which country, Odrassee, seeing that he must inevitably fall into the enemy's hands, and to prevent his head being found, (the concealment of which he knew would disquiet the enemy and solace his own people,) ordered, just before he killed himself, a woman to be sacrificed, and his head to be sewn up within her body, which was afterwards to be buried in the heap of the slain. It was, however, discovered by means of bribes, and is now on one of the king's great drums!! He, Sai Quamina, was dethroned by the intrigues of his mistress, and as a release from disgrace and poverty implored death; which was inflicted (as the blood of the royal family could not be shed, and as he could not be privately drowned in the sacred river) by fixing his feet on the ground, bending his body backward, with a prop in the small of his back, and suspending several large teeth of ivory from a noose around his neck, which, hanging from the prop, strangled him. In 1799 Sai Tootoo Quamina, the present king, was elevated to the stool, being then about seventeen years of age. Sai Tootoo is considered to take better care of the treasury than any of his predecessors. He cautiously extends his prerogative, and takes every means of increasing the number of secondary captains, by

dignifying the young men brought up about his person. The king's private character is very amiable; the children of his brothers share the fondness and indulgence which endear him to his own, and his few moments of recreation are the liveliest of theirs. To present him with the trifles which attracted his notice in his visits to the mission, offended him; as he seemed to think, that to make dashes (presents) on private visits, debased the motive of his condescension. The king is, notwithstanding, very capricious, though his humanity is frequently superior to his superstition and policy. He dismissed the mission twice, with an apology for not proceeding to business, confessing the first time, that he had been much irritated, after he had summoned the mission, and had not as yet recovered his calmness; the latter, that some agreeable news had induced him to drink more than fitted him to hear important palavers. In his judicial administration a lie always aggravated the punishment, and truth generally extenuated, and sometimes even atoned for the offence. The king's manners are a happy union of dignity and affability. He speaks more logically than most of his council, and is very shrewd in his questions. War, legislature, and mechanism, are the favourite topics of his conversation. His great fault is ambition. The manners of the higher order of the captains are courteous and hospitable in private, though haughty and abrupt in public. They think that war alone affords fit display for ability. They are candid in acknowledging their defeats, and just to the courage of an enemy; but they possess little humanity, and are very avaricious and oppressive. The lower order of the people are ungrateful, insolent, and licentious. The king repeatedly said, he believed them to be the worst people existing except the Fantees!

The king, the aristocracy, (now reduced to four,) and the assembly of the captains, are the three estates of the Ashantee government. The general assembly of the Caboceers and captains is generally summoned to give publicity to the will of the king and the aristocracy, and to provide for its observance. The king is heir to the gold of every subject, from the highest to the lowest; and his majesty contributes to the funeral custom of the deceased individual, to validate his claim. This law, however, is sometimes anticipated by the father presenting his children with large sums of gold just before his death. The gold, buried with members of the royal family, and deposited with their bones in the fetish house at Bantama, is sacred, and cannot be used but to redeem the capital from the hands of an enemy, or in extreme national distress. To be convicted of cowardice is death. Interest of money is 33½ per cent. for every forty days, which is accompanied after the first period by a dash of liquor. No man is punished for killing his own slave, but he is for the murder of his wife and child. If a great man kills his equal in rank, he is generally allowed to die by his own hands. If a person brings a frivolous palaver (or action) against another, he must give an entertainment to the family and friends of the acquitted. It is forbidden, as it was by Lycurgus, to praise the beauty of another man's wife. None but a captain can sell his wife, or put her to death for infidelity. The good treatment of slaves is in some degree provided for by the liberty they have of transferring themselves to any freeman.

There is a superstition familiar to every native of these parts, and which is indeed the source of their religious opinions. The tradition is this:—In the beginning of the world, God created three white and three black men, with the same number of women; and that they might not have reason afterwards to complain, he gave them their choice of good and evil. A large box or calabash was set on the ground, together with a piece of paper, sealed up on one side of it. God gave the black men the first choice; who took a box, expecting it to contain every thing; but, on opening it, there appeared only a piece of gold, a piece of iron, and several other metals, of which they did not know any use. The white men opening the paper, *were told every thing*. God left the blacks in the bush, but conducted the whites to the waterside, (for all this happened in Africa) communicated with them every night, and taught them to build a small ship, which carried them away to another country, whence they returned after a long period. With this imaginary alienation from God, no

despondency is associated. They consider indeed, that it diminishes their earthly gifts and comforts, but that futurity is a dull and torpid state to the majority of mankind. The kings, caboceers, and the higher class, are believed to dwell with the superior Deity after death. It is with this impression, that they kill a certain number of both sexes at funerals, to accompany the deceased, and announce his distinction. The spirits of the inferior classes are thought to inhabit the houses of the fetish, in a state of indolence, as a recompense for the drudgery of their lives. Those of superior wisdom and experience are said to be appointed guardians and advisers to those who acknowledge the fetish. But there are bad as well as good spirits. They who have neglected the funeral rites of their family, are haunted by the ghosts of those whose crimes have nullified, or whose circumstances have deprived them the mediation of the funeral solemnity. There are two orders of fetish men. The first class dwell with the fetish, who has a small round house, generally built at a distance from the town. They question the oracle, and give its responses. The other class mix with the people, and are treated much like fortune-tellers or conjurors in Europe. The black art of these fellows consists in knotting and dividing behind the back several strings and shreds of leather. Half the offerings to the fetish are pretended to be thrown into the river, the other half belongs to the priests. In Ashantee there is not a common fetish day, as on the coast, where Tuesday is kept free both from fishing and working in plantations. Different families solemnize different days of the week, by wearing white cloths, abstaining from palm wine and labour, as they do on their birth-day. The king's family keep tuesday as their fetish day. The Ashantees have also their Fasti and Nefasti. The aggry beads are held in great veneration. The natives believe that when these beads are buried in sand, they not only grow, but breed. When they drink, they spill some of the liquor on the ground, as an offering to the fetish; and when they rise from their seats, their attendants instantly lay them on their sides, to prevent the devil (whom they represent to be *white*) from slipping into their master's places. Neither the Ashantee nor their neighbours have any tradition of a deluge. Over this ignorant and credulous people the Moors, resident amongst them, seem to exercise a most powerful and lucrative influence. A fetish of a few lines from a Moor, impels the Ashantees to the most daring enterprises. They firmly believe it capable of rendering them invincible in war, and averting every evil but sickness and natural death. The fee for a small scrap of this nonsense is six ackies—thirty shillings. A sheet of paper would support an inferior Moor at Coomassie for a month! The Moors say, that Moses spoke like God, that Abraham was the friend of God, that Jesus was the spirit of God, but that Mahomet was the best beloved of God. Moses, they add, wrote Tauratoo, David Taboura, Jesus, Lingheel, and Mahomet, all the Koran. They are accustomed to augur from the sacrifice of sheep, with which the king supplied them abundantly; and, excepting those who had made a pilgrimage to Mecca, of which they told wonderful tales, did not hesitate mingling the superstitions of the natives with their own, either for their profit or their safety. They are also tolerably expert in tricks of legerdemain; which, doubtless, would have no slight advantage in aiding and confirming their mystical absurdities, and gainful quackeries.

The Yam custom is annual, and is held just at the maturity of that vegetable. This is their greatest national solemnity. We have already transcribed Mr Bowdich's account of the reception given to the mission. The same pomp, though with some novelties, distinguished the first day of the Yam custom. We have not room to describe at length this motley scene of ridiculous parade and horrid cruelty. And, after all, perhaps it would not be very easy to give a good picture of such a rabble rout. To such of our readers as are interested, we must refer to the volume itself, where this pandemonium is illustrated by a print, which has of late been the most prominent attraction in all our booksellers windows. About a hundred persons, mostly culprits, are generally sacrificed at different parts of the town at this custom. Several slaves were also sacrificed at Bantama, over a large brass pan; their blood mingling with the various vegetable and animal mat-

ter within (fresh and putrified) to complete the charm, and to produce invincible fetish! All the chiefs kill several slaves, that their blood may flow into the hole whence the yam is taken. The royal ornaments are melted down every yam custom, and fashioned into patterns as novel as possible. The decease of a person is announced by a discharge of musketry, proportional to his rank or the wealth of his family. In an instant, all the slaves rush from the house, hoping to escape. One or more, however, are always sacrificed at the door of the house. At one of these inhuman butcheries, the executioners wrangled and struggled for the office; the right hand of the victim was lopped off, and the sawing of his head was most cruelly, if not wilfully prolonged. Twelve more were then dragged forward to undergo the same fate. On the death of a king, his brother's sons and nephews, affecting insanity, fire among the crowd. No rank is safe. The kings ocras (favourite slaves, generally, and some of them relatives, and men of rank) are all murdered on his tomb, with women in abundance. The custom for Sai Quamina was repeated weekly for three months; and each time two hundred slaves were sacrificed. But the custom for the king's mother is still more terribly celebrated. The king himself devoted 3000 victims! The large towns furnished 100 victims each, and most of the smaller ones ten. Human sacrifices are also frequently made to water the graves of the kings. Though the law allows the king 3333 wives, a number carefully kept up, his majesty had seldom more than six resident with him. Many of them reside in seclusion at the king's palaces, and the remainder in two streets of the capital exclusively. They are said to live as daintily as the king himself. The king has a small troop of boys who carry the fetish bows and arrows, and are licensed plunderers. Whatever they can steal is fair game. They are, with the Ashantees in general, admirable mimics. The king has a buffoon, whose movements were as irresistibly comic as those of Grimaldi. The king's weights are one third heavier than the current weights of the country, a source of emolument to his household. When the king sends an ambassador, he enriches the splendour and attire of his suite as much as possible; but there is also attached to the embassy a mean shrewd boy, as a kind of spy on the whole proceeding. It is a practice of the king to consign sums of gold to the care of rising captains, without requiring the same for two or three years, at the end of which time, however, he expects the money to be restored. If no advantage has been made of it, the person is thought too paltry for farther elevation. Apokoo, keeper of the royal treasures, holds a kind of exchequer court at his house daily, to decide all cases relative to revenue. In all public trials, the charges are preferred against the criminal by the king's linguists; the accused is always heard fully, and is obliged either to commit or exculpate himself on every point. The oaths are various;—that by the king's fool is not considered decisive, as perjury to this oath is commutable by fine. Those "by the king's father" are held binding, and still more so those made "by Cormantee and Saturday." The army is prohibited, during the active parts of a campaign, from all food but meal, which each man carries in a small bag at his side, and mixes in his hands with the first water he comes to. This is to prevent cooking fires from betraying their position. They also chew the boossee or gooroo nut. The Ashantee army very frequently consists merely of tributaries and allies, though commanded by Ashantee captains. Two divisions of the army are rarely allowed to go the same path or march, lest the supplies should fail. Infants are frequently married to infants, and often to elderly men, for the connexion of families. Their principal games are worra, (which Mr Bowdich says he could not understand), and drafts, which both moors and negroes play well and constantly.

The Ashantees show considerable skill in constructing their houses. They do not appear to use stone, but frame or wicker work, neatly plastered. Arcades and piazzas are common. There are certain points where some Europeans might copy them with advantage, as their houses are always "nice and cleanly." Mr Bowdich has given a number of drawings of their houses, which are very neatly executed, and which afford a favourable proof of Ashantee architecture.

The king was very fond of referring to a project, which he declared he would carry into effect directly the Gaman war was over. This was, to build a house for his own immediate residence, roofed with brass pans, beaten into flat surfaces, and laid over an ivory frame-work appearing within. The windows and doors are to be cased in gold, and the door posts and pillars are to be of ivory. He meditates also great improvements in his capital. The Ashantee loom is precisely the English one. Their cloths are very fine and brilliant—their patterns are painted wiih a fowl's feather, with much taste and regularity. They excel likewise in pottery: the clay is very fine, polished (after baking) by friction, and the grooves of the patterns are filled up with chalk. The natives are also tolerably skilful in goldsmiths work; they have, however, no idea of making iron from ore, as their interior neighbours do. They tan leather, and work well in carpentry. Their sanko or guitar is neatly made, and the chasteness and Etruscan character of the carving is very surprising. The surface of the wood is first charred in the fire, and then carved deep enough to disclose the original white in the stripes of the pattern. Very good specimens of their handicraft were brought away by Mr Bowdich, and have since been deposited in the British museum. We have not as yet been able to see them.

As to the climate of Ashantee, it appears that, during the first two months, May and June, it rained about one third of the time; throughout July and August it rained nearly half, and abrupt tornadoes were frequent in the evening. The heaviest rains fell from the latter end of September to the beginning of November. The population of Ashantee is estimated at one million. The men are well made, but not so muscular as the Fantees; the women are generally handsomer. Both men and women are particularly cleanly in their persons, and their clothes are scrupulously so.

The food of the higher orders is chiefly soup of dried fish, fowls, beef or mutton, and ground nuts stewed in blood. The poorer classes make their soups of dried deer, monkeys' flesh, and the pelts of skins. Besides palm-wine, they have a drink made from dried corn, called Pitto.

The revenue arises from various sources;—the gold dust of all deceased and disgraced subjects; a tax in gold upon all the slaves purchased for the coast; a tax upon the elephant-hunters; the washings of the small pits in Soko, yielding sometimes 700, sometimes 2000 oz. per month; a tax upon every chief increasing his gold ornaments: also the tributes paid by dependent states. Coomassie is built upon the side of a large rocky hill of iron stone. It is an oblong, of nearly four miles in circumference. Four of the principal streets are half a mile long, and from fifty to a hundred yards wide: they have all a name, and a principal captain resides in each. The street in which the mission resided was called Osamarandiduiim, meaning literally, "With 1000 muskets you could not fight those who live there." The palace is situated in a long and wide street running through the middle of the town. There are about twenty-seven streets in all. The cattle in Ashantee are as large as the English. The sheep are hairy; the horses are small, and like half-bred galloways, with large heads and lathy legs. The Ashantees are bad horsemen. Some of the Moors ride on bullocks, with a ring through their nose. They use no implement but the hoe. They have two crops of corn a-year, plant yams at Christmas, and dig them early in September. The oranges are large, and of exquisite flavour. The castor oil rises to a large tree. The cotton plant is very common, but little cultivated. The usual African animals and birds are found in these parts. The currency of Ashantee is gold dust. They are not a commercial people; they have no idea of purchasing articles beyond their own consumption. The chiefs consider trade as beneath their attention, and as likely to divert the genius and ambition of the people from war. When Mr Bowdich urged the policy of clearing the ground, forming plantations, and otherwise encouraging and extending trade, they replied, that the Gooroo nut (very much prized amongst them) grows spontaneously; that salt was brought to the frontier by poorer nations, and sold for very little, without the trouble of fetching it. The Ashantees will

purchase no tobacco but the Portuguese, a serious obstacle to English commerce. A more sad and fatal obstacle is the slave trade, which is continued to this hour under the Spanish flag. It formed the most stubborn impediment to the objects of the mission, as slaving is the main trade of the natives; being at once the most indolent and lucrative, the English have created the strongest prejudice against themselves by their opposition to this barbarous traffic. One thousand slaves left Ashantee for two Spanish schooners, or Americans under that flag, during the stay of the mission there.

In the chapter entitled "Language," Mr Bowdich has entered rather minutely into that of Ashantee and its Dependencies, and has managed, by the help of Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley, and Jones' Greek Grammar, to afford some kind of analogy of these barbarous tongues with those of the civilized world. We should, however, be inclined to conjecture, that this show of African lore is very gratuitous; an unknown barbarous language, without local or written assistance, is not to be acquired in a few months: and the uncalled-for *learning* here displayed strengthens our doubts of Mr Bowdich's proficiency on the subject. The Ashantees generally use vehement gesture in their recitative mode of speaking: their action is exuberant, but graceful. They are frequently obliged to vary the tone in pronouncing a word, which has more than one meaning. They have no expression short of, "You are a liar;" and the king was surprised on being told that the English made a great difference between a mistake and a lie; he said "the truth was not spoken in either case, and therefore it was the same thing." Like the American languages, those of this part of Africa are highly picturesque and hyperbolical. The Accras, instead of Good night, say, "Sleep till the lighting of the world." One of their imprecations against their enemies is, "May their hiding-place be our flute," that is, our play thing. When they speak of a man imposing on them, they say, "He turned the backs of our heads into our mouths."

The wild music of this people is described by Mr Bowdich as sweet and animated. Their instruments are a kind of violin called the Sanko, the horn made of elephants' tusks, and an instrument like the bagpipe; with other inferior instruments, such as drums, castanets, gonggongs, flat sticks, rattles, and even old brass pans. As some of these native notes have been set to music, we have heard the whole which Mr Bowdich has furnished played upon the piano forte. What effect they may have when accompanied with words and gestures, we know not, but we can scarcely discover in them any harmony at all worthy of the name of tune.

The chapter on the Materia Medica and Botany of Ashantee, was furnished by Mr Surgeon Tedlie, who fell a victim to dysentery, caught during his attendance on the mission. A list of thirty-seven plants used as medicines by the Ashantees, is afforded, which our contracted limits forbid us to transcribe. The most common diseases in the Ashantee country are the lues, yaws, itch, scaldheads, and colic. When a fracture of the leg or arm happens, the part is rubbed with a soft species of grass and palm oil, and the limb bound up with splints. The natives were very eager to receive, and very grateful in acknowledging, Mr Tedlie's assistance.

Mr Hutchison, in his Journal attached to Mr Bowdich's account, has this curious information. An old Moor from Jenne related, unasked, that while he was at Askanderee (Alexandria) twenty-six years ago, he saw a fight at the mouth of the Nile between ships, and that one of them was blown up in the air. This must have been the battle fought by Lord Nelson, although there is a mistake in the date of seven years. He surely could not invent such a story. A seal was shewn him of Pompey's Pillar, which he said he knew. He had travelled from Jenne to masser on a joma (camel,) and drew a map of the Quolla (Niger) from its source to its emptying itself into the sea at Alexandria. When he was told of the conjectures that this great river of Africa emptied itself into a large lake, he laughed at such an idea. "God, say they, made all rivers to run to the sea, you say that small rivers go there. The Quolla is the largest river in the world, and why should *it* not go there also?" The Quolla is described as five miles in breadth, with a rocky channel, and high rugged banks.—Inoculation for

the small pox, Mr Hutchison informs us, is practised at Ashantee. The sickness continues but a few days, and rarely any person dies of it. We do not know that any thing of importance or interest is to be gleaned from Mr Hutchison's diary beyond this. He is evidently a gossip; and in reading his journal we have been strongly reminded of Mr Campbell's Travels in Southern Africa; than which, we have seldom read a more garrulous or less instructive performance.

The vessel in which Mr Bowdich took his passage to England, having been chartered to trade in the river Gaboon, which is immediately on the line; "I diverted," he adds, "a tedious delay of seven weeks, by visiting Naango, a town about fifty miles from the mouth of the river, where I collected geographical accounts of the interior from several intelligent traders and numerous slaves from different countries. I have added this compilation, with a few notices of the customs and productions of this ruder part of Africa."

Kings are numerous in Gaboon, though scarcely equal to the petty caboccers of Fantee. The greatest trader, or richest man of every village, assumes the title, though he frequently suffers gross indignities from his subjects, whom he has not the power to punish. The king of Naango seems of acknowledged superiority, and is known to the traders by the name of *King George*. All children share the property of the father in equal proportions, except the eldest son, who has about half as much again as any other. They assured Mr Bowdich, that they never made human sacrifices. A man of consequence never drinks before his inferiors, believing, that at this moment only his enemies have the power of imposing a spell on his faculties. When a man dies, the door of his house is kept shut seven days. "I could not discover," says Mr Bowdich, "amongst the natives, any distinct ideas of the creation or of a future life." They however believe implicitly in the superior fetish of individuals, from Sappalah and other countries in the interior. Naango consists of one street, wide, regular, and clean. The houses are very neatly constructed. The manners of the superiors are very pleasing and hospitable, and Europeans may reside amongst them not only with safety, but with comfort. The town does not contain above 500 inhabitants; and the climate, from the prevalence of sickness, must be unhealthy. The Empoongwa seems the softest negro language. They do not possess a single manufacture, but depend entirely upon the superior skill of their inland neighbours, and the supplies of the shipping. The African ourang-outan is found here. It has the cry, visage, and action of a very old man. Their death is accelerated by their observing the natives carry heavy burdens through the forest, upon which they tear off the largest branches from the trees, and accumulate a weight (sometimes of elephants' teeth) disproportioned to their strength, which they carry till fatigue and hunger exhaust them. They are also said to build houses, in imitation of the natives, and sleep outside or on the roof of it, and also to carry about their infant dead, closely pressed to them, until they putrify and drop away. The larger birds in the creeks were uncommon, if not unknown. Pelicans and camelions abounded. The tobacco grows spontaneously. The Portuguese probably have introduced it into Gaboon. The natives here, as well as elsewhere, in these parts, have a number of fetish plants. The vegetable butter brought to the Ashantee market is here well known by the name of Onoongoo; it is a large tree, and the nuts are enclosed in a round red pod, containing from four to six. The nut is first boiled, and the oil or butter afterwards expressed. It tasted quite as good as fresh butter before any salt is added, and the meat fried in it is very relishing. Three Portuguese, one French, and two large Spanish ships entered the river during Mr Bowdich's stay, and the master of a Liverpool vessel assured him that he had fallen in with twenty-two ships between Gaboon and the Congo.

In the last chapter Mr Bowdich offers some suggestions for future missions to the interior of Africa. He very clearly intimates his own proficiency for the management of his proposed plans. He recommends three missions, one to Dagwumba, a second to Wauwaw, and the third to Ogoon-

wai; the whole of which, he adds, would not cost above a thousand pounds judiciously expended in England. "Three respectable establishments, also, one at Cape Coast Castle, one at Accra, and one at Succondee, (if Axim could not be purchased), with an allowance of £1000 a-year, for a progress into the interior (beneficial to commerce, science, and humanity), would be productive of fame and honour, and probably of wealth, to our nation." We have only time to enumerate the contents of the appendix. It contains the origin and history of the Ashantee war, extracted from Mr Meredith's account of the Gold Coast—translations of a manuscript, descriptive of Mr Park's death—routes—courses of the Niger, or Qualla, by different Moors—reptiles—Mr Tedlie's and Mr Hutchison's account of the thermometer—the numerals of thirty-one nations, which, (with the exception of three, the Fantee, the Accra, and the Bornoo,) have never been reported before.

We should most willingly make some extracts from these curious papers, but we cannot afford further room for an article which has already greatly transgressed its limits. We must therefore refer our readers to the volume itself.

It is true, that we have very unreservedly given an opinion of Mr Bowdich's treatment of Mr James, and also of his own pretensions. It is but justice to add, that we think no little praise is due to his talent, perseverance, and industry. The collection of so much information is in itself a very laudable undertaking, whatever the lack may be of skill to arrange, or language to convey it. We have indeed our suspicions, that many of his statements will be found incorrect; but still, after every abatement, enough will remain to class his volume among the fullest accounts of Western Africa.

No nation of this boundless continent seems to offer more facilities towards European intercourse, than that of Ashantee. Swarms of adventurers will doubtless flock thither, in defiance of every hazard. In these days of trading speculation, and sectarian proselytism, numbers are ever on the wing, to hail the first invitation for the furtherance of their views. We confess frankly, we expect as little benefit from the avaricious merchant, as we do from the visionary fanatic. If any good *can* be done among these people, we look for it in the pious patient tempers, and the useful practical labours of the Moravian missionaries. They have succeeded admirably and incontestibly among the Hottentots of Southern, and why not among the natives of Western Africa? We therefore most earnestly and sincerely trust, that the attention of the directors of this valuable institution may be turned to Ashantee:—and that every possible encouragement will be afforded towards enabling them to carry their superior and approved plans of conversion and civilization, to these inviting though hitherto neglected shores. Scientific discoveries are most important, and cannot be too highly valued or rewarded; nor should commerce be disregarded; but as christians we surely fall lamentably short of our responsible duties, if we do not, with our ardour for discovery or emolument, unite our best endeavours to extend the philanthropy and salvation of the gospel to those who "live without God, in the world," and who sacrifice both reason and humanity to the most absurd and at the same time the most inveterate and destructive of superstitions.

ERRATA.—Page 180, 2d column, 13th line from bottom, for "*amicable*" read "*enviable*." Page 181, first column, "*Caurassie*" read "*Coomassie*;" 26th line from bottom, for "*Inla*" read "*Inta*;" 2d line from bottom, for "*arch*" read "*area*." Page 182, 2d colum, line 20 from bottom, for "*Ridley*" read "*Riley*."

DRAMATIC SCENES, AND OTHER POEMS, BY BARRY CORNWALL.*

WE enjoyed the same kind of pleasure in being introduced to this author, among the crowd of versifiers solicitous of the honour of our critical notice, *that one feels in* real life, when made acquainted unexpectedly in the midst of common-place prosers, with a chance man of originality and genius. How the world brightens before our eyes, in company with a friend who

* 12mo. C. and J. Ollier, London. 1819.

has imagination! It is then that we feel how dear is human life—how rich a treasury it is of "hopes and fears that kindle hope," when its golden gates fly open as at the touch of a talisman. We have formed a friendship with this young poet; and if there be any trust in the fast fulfilling promises of genius, we do not fear to see him, in good time, crowned with the world's applause. His genius will speak for itself, in the extracts we mean to lay before our readers; but we cannot help bearing our testimony to the simple, manly, and dignified modesty with which he speaks, in a little preface, of himself and his poetical attempts—a modesty which forms a most pleasing contrast to the ignorant arrogance and sottish self-sufficiency of the Cockney School, who, we hear, are desirous of investing Mr Cornwall with the insignia of their order.

One object that Mr Cornwall had in view when he wrote these "Scenes," was to try the effect of a more natural style than that which has for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature. In other words, he has endeavoured to write in the style and spirit of the dramatists of the age of Elizabeth, and his success has been quite admirable. There was certainly no occasion to apologize for, or to justify the many fine poetical descriptions which he has put into the mouths of his actors: for without poetry, we could have no worthy drama. It would never do for the imaginary beings who move across the stage to be bound down to the language of real life, any more than to be clothed in its habiliments:—they are representatives of humanity, sent by the imagination to recal to us its manifold dignities; they come before us in certain crises of fate, and laden as it were with the gathered and concentrated emotions of many years; they speak to us, not so much with the voice of contemporaries, as with the voice of mortality restored for a while to life; they pass to and fro before us for our instruction, as it were in a vision, for, when we read or behold a drama, the actors there seem the dreamers of life, and not we ourselves, who almost for a while forgetting our own individual existence, gaze, with an unintelligible passion, on the reflected image of that of the whole human race. The language of the drama, therefore, cannot be the language of life—for its characters are not the characters of life. All its scenes are suspended in the air, though its spectators are on the earth. Delusion is, in this instance, essential to truth; and the heart of man would not be satisfied if the images which genius brings back from graves dug deep in the darkness of time, were not to look with faces more awful, and to speak with voices more profound, than beings yet walking through the real world.

It is known to every one who knows any thing of human nature, that almost all strong emotions and passions rouse and invigorate the imagination; and that, therefore, their language is often, in the highest degree, poetical. This we daily observe in real life. But, besides this, on the stage, every high and important character is of necessity drawn in the light of imagination; and, therefore, though dealing with the events and incidents of life, his language will always, more or less, be the language of imagination. No living man ever spoke as Macbeth speaks. Indeed all the principal characters of Shakespeare use a language which is any thing but natural, if by natural be meant that of real life. "The consecration and the poet's dream," breathes over it all, making his tragedies what they are—Shadows of Life on which the very Fates themselves might look with fear and trembling.

Mr Cornwall, therefore, need not fear that his dramatic sketches will be found fault with by competent judges, on the score of their being too poetical. On the contrary, it is this union of poetry and passion which constitutes their great, and in this age, peculiar merit. Rich, ornate, and luxuriant as their language often is, we cannot say that it ever seemed to us otherwise than natural, according to the right sense of that word. The truth is, that the language of all our dramatic writers, since the age of Shakspeare, not even excepting Rowe and Otway, has been most unnatural; and that, not because it has been too poetical, but because it has not been poetical at all. A sort of measured and monotonous slang took place of the rich and various idiom of the worthies of old; it was put indiscriminately into the mouths of all characters; so that

nothing but see-saw and sing-song was heard on the stage; and we all know what it has come to at last. Joanna Baillie did much to restore the character of dramatic literature, in many ways, and would have done more had she been more deeply read in it. Coleridge's Remorse, and Maturin's Bertram, with all their defects, have much of the true spirit; and we are inclined to place Mr Cornwall's sketches above all these, not abstractedly, as works of genius, but as productions of dramatic power ligitimately exerted.

Mr Cornwall likewise requests us to recollect, that the most poetical and descriptive passages in his dramatic scenes are imposed on persons who existed in ages more chivalrous than the present, and when men were apt to indulge in all the extravagancies of romance. This may be a necessary caution to those critics who are constantly lying in wait to leap out upon an author's supposed extravagancies, and who imagine every flight to be so that is above the dust on which they tread. For our own parts we trust that life is not yet so bare and smooth as to be skimmed over by ordinary minds—that it has yet its sunny slopes, its solemn forests, its caves of terror, its haunted land, in which the poet may rove, gathering the passion-flowers that grow there, and that they whose hearts are of the "earth earthy" will not be permitted to be the geographers of his dominions. We have no quarrel with Mr Cornwall for having laid his scenes in the bygone ages of chivalry; but we will have a quarrel with him, if, on any future occasion, laying them in the age in which we live, he does not fearlessly and exultingly follow and obey that imagination, that "faculty divine" with which nature has gifted him, and by so doing prove that life is not yet barren, but capable as ever of noble and gigantic births.

The volume contains nine dialogues in blank verse, to three of which we shall confine ourselves—Ludovico Sforza, The Way to Conquer, and the Broken Heart. The first is founded partly on a fact in Italian history. Ludovico Sforza was the uncle of the young Duke of Milan, and was present at his marriage with Isabella, grand-daughter of the king of Naples. Sforza was much struck with the beauty of Isabella, and it was supposed that he caused his nephew Galeazzo to be poisoned. The first scene, which is very finely written, describes Sforza's first sight of the beautiful Isabella, and his sudden passion. The last is supposed to occur after the lapse of a year; and long as it is, we give it entire, that a fair view may be had of one continued effort.

SCENE II. *A Room, with a Banquet.*

Isabella.

Time lags, and slights his duty. I remember
The days when he would fly.—How sweet they were:
Then I rebuked his speed, and now—and now
I drench his wing with tears. How heavily
The minutes pass. Can he avoid me? Oh!
I almost wish—and yet that must not be.
Hark, hark! I hear a step come sounding through
The hall. It *is* the—murderer, Sforza. Now,
Rise up my heart in thy own strength, and do
Thy act of justice bravely. So.

Enter Sforza.

Sforza. My love!—
Oh! my delight, my deity! I am come
To thank you for being gracious. I am late?
Isab. Oh! no: you are in time, my lord.
Sforza. You look
But sad, my Isabella: let me hope
No ill has happened; nothing, sweet, to sway
Your promise from me?
Isab. Be assured of that—
My soul—I mean that—Ah! you're grave: Well! you
Have cause to chide me, but my spirits have
Been faint to-night at times. I'll do my best
To entertain you as you merit.
Sforza. Far
Better, I hope, my Isabel.
Isab. Your grace
May challenge any thing: Report has been
So lavish in its favors tow'rd you, that
All hearts *must* fain be yours. Even I, you see,
Although a widow, not divested of
Her sorrows quite, am here i' the midst of 'em,
To smile (like April) on you: But you'll grow
To vanity, sir, unless some stop be put
To your amorous conquests. I must do't.
Sforza. You shall,
You shall, my Isabella.
Isab. Sir, I will.
You shall be wholly mine—till death. I have,
As yet, been full of miseries: they have swelled
My heart to bursting. You shall soothe me.
Sforza. How?
Isab. We'll find a way——Nay, not so free, my lord;
I must be won with words, (though hollow) smiles
And vows, (although you mean them not,) kind looks
And excellent flattery. Come, my lord, what say you?
I'm all impatience.—
Sforza. Oh! what can I say?
Thou art so lovely to me, that my words
Must sound like cheats to many. They of whom
The poets told, men say, were shadows, and
So they will swear of thee.
Isab. Alas! my lord,
I have no patronage——
Sforza. But *I* will have
Your name recorded in the sweetest verse,
And sculptors shall do honour to themselves
And their delicious art, by fashioning thee:
And painters shall devise for us a story,
Where thou and I, love, shall be seen reclining,
Thou on my arm—
Isab. A happy thought.
Sforza. And in
The guise of the throned Juno; I as Jove,
In his diviner moments, languishing
Beneath thy look.
Isab. She was a shrew, my lord,
(That queen o' the heavens,) and I——
Sforza. Then thou shalt be
Like her, who, in old inimitable tales,
Was pictured gathering flowers in Sicily,
And rais'd to Dis'throne: Methinks she was
A beautiful prophecy of thee; and there
Mountains shall rise, and grassy valleys lie

Asleep i' the sun, and blue Sicilian streams
Shall wander, and green woods (their leaves just *touched*
With light,) shall bend 'fore some faint westering wind,
And bow to bright Apollo as he comes
Smiling from out the east. What more? Oh! you
Shall kneel and pluck the flow'rs, and look aside,
As hearkening; and—*I* will be there, (a god,)
Rushing tow'rds thee, my sweet Proserpina.
Isab. An ugly story.
Sforza. How, sweet?
Isab. You would take me
To—*Hell*, then. Pardon me, my lord, I am
Not well. Come, you must honour me, and taste
Of my poor entertainment.
Sforza. Willingly.
Isab. We'll be alone.
Sforza. 'Tis better. I have now [*They feast.*
No appetite for common viands; yet
I'll drink to thee, my queen.
Isab. This is
A curious wine, my lord; and like those drops
Sought by philosophers, (the life elixir,)
Will make you immortal.
Sforza. Give it me, my love.
May you ne'er know an hour of sorrow.
Isab. Ha!
Stay, stay; soft, put it down.
Sforza. Why, how is this?
Isab. Would—would you drink without me?
Shame upon you!
Look at this fruit: a sea-worn captain, who
Has sailed all 'round the world, brought it me from
The Indian islands, and the natives, there,
Do worship it. This—
Sforza. 'T has a luscious taste.
My nephew (when he lived) was fond of a fruit
That's not unlike it.
Isab. Thanks, ye spirits of vengeance! *Aside.*
Now you shall taste the immortal wine, my lord,
And drink a health to Cupid.
Sforza. Cupid, then.
He was a cunning god: he dimmed men's eyes,
'Tis prettily said i' the fable. But my eyes
(Yet how I love!) are clear as though I were
A stoic. Ah!
Isab. Ha! what's the matter, sir?
Sforza. The wine is cold.
Isab. You'll find it warmer, shortly.
It is its nature, as I'm told, to heat
The heart.——My lord, I read but yesterday,
Of an old man, (a Grecian poet,) who
Devoted all his life to wine, and died
O' the grape: methinks 'twas just.
Sforza. 'Twas so. This wine——
Isab. And stories have been told of men, whose lives
Were infamous, and so their end: I mean
That the red murderer has been murdered, and
The traitor struck with treason; He, who has let
The orphan perish, came himself to want:
Thus justice, and great God have ordered it,
So that the scene of evil has been turned
Against the actor in't; black thoughts arisen
And foiled the schemes of fierce imaginers;
And—*poison given for poison.*
Sforza. Oh! my heart!
Isab. Is the wine still so cold, sir?
Sforza. Oh! I burn.
Some water, I burn with thirst. Oh! what is this?
Isab. You're pale: I'll call for help.—Here!
Servants enter.
Isab. Bind that man
To his seat.
Sforza. Traitress!
Isab. Now begone.——My lord! [*Serv. exeunt.*
I'll not deceive you: you have drank a draught
Will send you from this world.
Sforza. My heart, my heart!
Traitress!——I faint—faint—ah!—
Isab. I would have done
My act of justice yet more mildly on you;
But 't could not be. I felt that you must die
For my sake, for my boy, and Milan. You
Murdered my lord and husband. Stare not. 'Tis
A melancholy truth. You have usurped
The first place in the dukedom, and swept all
My child's rights to the dust. What say you, sir?
Do you impeach my story? While you've time,
Give answer to me——— [*He dies.*
You are silent——Then
You are condemned for ever. I could grieve
Almost to see you with that marble look.—
Alas! that neck which bore the ducal chain,
That head the coronet, both bending once
Tow'rd shouting slaves, are fixed now: His eye
Is motionless. How like those forms he looks,
That sit in stony whiteness over tombs,
Memorials of their cold inhabitants.
Speak! are you grown to stone? What can you say
In your defence, sir? Turn your eyes from me:
Villain! how dare you look at me? You shall
Be amorous no more.—Away: Must I
Rouse you? How idly his arms hang.—Turn your eyes
Away. I dare not touch him—yet I must.
Ha! he is dead—dead. So, by me.—Sweet heaven!
Forgive me; I'm a widow—broken-hearted;
A mother, too—and 'twas for my child. I—
I—was not in my nature cruel, but
You bloody man did press so hardly on us;
He would have torn my pretty bird from me:
(I had but one)—what could I do? There was
No other way.—And this is blood for blood.

This is a noble scene:—the eager confidence of Sforza delivering him up a guilty and infatuated victim into the deadly snare of the avenging widow—the calm elation of her determined soul smiling on the face it trusts to see in a few minutes that of a corpse—the solemn and majestic words in which, like a minister of God, she tells the murderer of his doom—the sudden freezing of the hot blood in his stricken heart—the insulting indignity of binding him in his death-pangs to his chair by the hands of menials—and the prolongation of her scoffing, scorching words of fire that sear the villain's heart, even after his eyes are glazed in death—and finally, the settling down of her spirit after the just act of blood, into something almost like contrition, till re-assured of its righteousness by the sight of her child, whom the murderer had made fatherless, and would have destroyed—all are conceived and expressed in the true spirit of tragedy.

The "Way to Conquer" consists of a single scene between Cesario, a youth, who has plotted the death of his prince and benefactor, and that prince who has, unknown to him, made discovery of his meditated crime. We quote what seems to us the most striking part of it, though it is all excellent.

Prince. —— now listen, Cesario,
And you shall hear a curious history:
Keep Diego in your mind the while, and think
That he's the hero of't.—Last night, a man
Came mask'd unto a rich lord's house, (here, in
Palermo)—Do you hear how Etna mutters?
I f-ar there'll be eruptions shortly.
Cesar. Yes;
It sends a terrible sound, indeed, my lord.
Prince. This man petitioned for his life—He said
That he had sworn to act a horrid deed,
And came to make disclosure.—The great lord
(His was the life in danger) promised full
Forgiveness—but you do not listen.
Cesar. Oh!
Pardon me, sir, most carefully.
Prince. He said
A youth on whom the lord had lavished wealth,
And kindness, and good precept, had forgot
His better tutoring, and lent deaf ears
To those divinest whispers which the soul
Breathes to prevent our erring. He resolved
To kill his benefactor. That was bad.

Cæsar. Oh! he deserved——
Prince. We'll talk of that hereafter:
I knew you'd think thus, dear Cesario;
Well—this bad man, whose mind was spotted with
The foulest sin i' the world, ingratitude,
Had sworn to murder this, his friend.
Cæsar. My lord!
Prince. I see it shocks you: yes, for the sake of gold
He would have slain his old and faithful friend;
Have spurned the few gray locks that time had left,
And stopped the current of his reverend blood,
Which *could* not flow much longer.
Cæsar. Are you sure?
Prince. The plan was this: they were to bind him, for
To slay him here were dangerous, and transport
His wretched limbs to some most lonely place—
Cæsar. Where—where was this?
Prince. I'll tell you, for I once
Was housed there, through a storm:—a castle stands
(Almost a ruin now) on the sea-coast,
Where it looks tow'rd Calabria; as 'tis said,
A murder once was done there, and e'er since
It has been desolate: 'tis bleak, and stands
High on a rock, whose base was cavern'd out
By the wild seas ages ago. The winds
Moan, and make music through its halls, and there
The mountain-loving eagle builds his home.
But all's a waste: for miles and miles around
There's not a cot.
Cæsar. Is't near the—eastward foot
Of Ætna?
Prince. Yes: oh! then you know the spot.
Now, dear Cesario, could'st thou think a man,
Setting aside all ties, could do a deed
Of blackness there? Why, 'tis within the reach
Of Etna; and some thirty years ago,
(The last eruption), when the lava rivers
Took their course toward that point, this dwelling was
In danger. I myself stood near the place,
And saw the bright fires stream along, when they
Crumbled the chesnut forests, and dark pines,
And branching oaks, to dust. The thunders caught
An added horror from the mountain groans.
The rebel waves stood up and lashed the rocks,
And poured their stormy cries through every cave.
Each element was in motion then: the earth
Staggered and spouted fire; the winds—the seas—
Thunder and rain were heard: and here, and there,
The lightnings flew along their jagged paths,
Like messengers of evil.
Cæsar. Oh! no more.
Prince. Fancy, Cesario, in this desolate house,
How, with a solitary lamp, perhaps,
Above you: how this aged wretch would look,
All his white hair blood-drench'd, and his eye with
The horrid stare of dead mortality,
And death's own marble smile that changes not:
His hanging head, and useless neck—his old
Affectionate heart that beat so fondly, now
Like a stilled instrument. I could not kill
A dog that loved me: could you?
Cæsar. No sir—no.
Prince. Why, you seem frightened.
Cæsar. 'Tis a fearful picture.
Prince. Yet might it have been true.
Cæsar. We'll hope not.
Prince. Hope!——
That hope is past. How will the Spaniard look,
Think you, Cesario, when the question comes
Home to his heart? In truth he could not look
More pale than you do now. Cesario!
The eye of God has been upon him.
Cæsar. Yes:
I hope—
Prince. Beware.
Cæsar. My lord!
Prince. Beware, how you
Curse him; for he is loaded heavily.
Sin and fierce wishes plague him, and the world
Will stamp its malediction on his head,
And God and man disown him.
Cæsar. Oh! no more.
No more, my dearest lord; behold me here,
Here at your feet—a wretch indeed, but now
Won quite from crime. Spare me.

The "Broken Heart" is founded upon a tale of Boccaccio, and exhibits great powers in the pathetic. Jeronymo, returning from Paris to Italy, finds that his mistress, Sylvestra, has been married, through the arts of his mother, to another—and gaining admittance into her chamber, dies there of a broken heart. The situation is a fine but a dangerous one—and Mr Cornwall has succeeded in it to a miracle.

Jeron. So: all is hush'd at last. Hist! There she lies,
Who should have been my own: Sylvestra!—No;
She sleeps; and from her parted lips there comes
A fragrance, such as April mornings draw
From the awakening flowers. There lies her arm,
Stretch'd out like marble on the quilted lid,
And motionless. What if she lives not?——Oh!
How beautiful she is! How far beyond
Those bright creations, which the fabling Greeks
Placed on their white Olympus. That great queen
Before whose eye Jove's starry armies shrank
To darkness, and the wide and billowy seas
Grew tranquil, was a spotted leper to her;
And never in such pure divinity
Could sway the wanton blood, as she did—Hark!
She murmurs like a cradled child. How soft 'tis.
Sylvestra!
Sylv. Ha! who's there?
Jeron. 'Tis I.
Sylv. Who is't?
Jeron. Must I then speak, and tell my name to you?
Sylvestra, fair Sylvestra! know me now:
Not now? and is my very voice so changed
By wretchedness, that you—*you* know me not!
Alas!
Sylv. Begone. I'll wake my husband, if
You tread a step: begone.
Jeron. Jeronymo!
Sylv. Ha! speak.
Jeron. Jeronymo.
Sylv. Oh!
Jeron. Hide your eyes;
Aye, hide them, married woman! lest you see
The wreck of him that loved you.
Sylv. Not me.
Jeron. Yes—
Loved you like life; like heaven and happiness.
Lov'd you and kept your name against his heart,
(Ill boding amulet) 'till death.
Sylv. Alas!
Jeron. And now I come to bring your wandering thoughts
Back to their innocent home. Thus, as 'tis said,
Do spirits quit their leaden urns, to tempt
Wretches from sin. Some have been seen o' nights
To stand, and point their rattling finger at
The red moon as it rose; (perhaps to turn
Man's thoughts on high.) Some their lean arms have stretch'd
'Tween murderers and their victims: Some have laugh'd
Ghastly, upon—the bed of wantonness,
And touch'd the limbs with death.
Sylv. You will not harm me?
Jeron. Why should I not?—No, no, poor girl! I come not
To mar your delicate limbs with outrage, I
Have lov'd too well for that. Had you but lov'd—
Sylv. I did! I did!
Jeron. Away—My brain is well;
(Though late 'twas hot.) You lov'd! away, away.
This to a dying man?
Sylv. Oh! you will live
Long, aye, and happily: will wed perhaps—
Jeron. Nay, pr'ythee cease. Sylvestra! you and I
Were children here some few short springs ago,
And lov'd like children: I the elder; you
The loveliest girl that ever tied her hair
Across a sunny brow of Italy.
I still remember how your delicate foot
Tripp'd on the lawn, at vintage time, and how,
When others ask'd you, you would only give
Your hand to me.
Sylv. Alas! Jeronymo.
Jeron. Aye, that's the name: you had forgot.
Sylv. Oh! no.
Can I forget the many hours we've spent,
When care had scarce began to trouble us;

How we were wont, on Autumn nights, to stray,
Counting the clouds that pass'd across the moon—
Jeron. Go on.
Sylv. And figuring many a shape grotesque;
Camels and caravans, and mighty beasts,
Hot prancing steeds, and warriors plum'd and helm'd;
All in the blue sky floating.
Jeron. What is this?
Sylv. I thought you lik'd to hear of it.
Jeron. I do.
Sylv. Then wherefore look so sadly?
Jeron. Fair Sylvestra!
Can I do aught to comfort you?
Sylv. Away,
You do forget yourself.
Jeron. Not so. Can I
Do aught to serve you? Speak! my time is short,
For death has touch'd me.
Sylv. Now your jesting.
Jeron. Girl!
Now, I am—dying. Oh! I feel my blood
Ebb slowly; and before the morning sun
Visits your chamber through those trailing vines,
I shall lie here, (here in your chamber,) dead.
Dead, dead, dead, dead: Nay, shrink not.
Sylv. Pr'ythee go.
You fright me.
Jeron. Yet I'd not do so, Sylvestra:
I will but tell you, you have used me harshly,
(That is not much,) and—die: nay, fear me not.
I would not chill, with this decaying touch,
That bosom where the blue veins wander 'round,
As if enamoured and loth to leave their homes
Of beauty: nor should this thy white cheek fade
From fear at me, a poor heart-broken wretch:
Look at me. Why, the winds sing through my bones,
And children jeer me, and the boughs that wave
And whisper loosely in the summer air,
Shake their green leaves in mockery: as to say
"These are the longer livers."
Sylv. How is this?
Jeron. I've numbered eighteen summers. Much may lie
In that short compass; but *my* days have been
Not happy. Death was busy with our house
Early, and nipped the comforts of my home,
And sickness paled my cheek, and fancies (like
Bright but delusive stars) came wandering by me.
There's one you know of: that—no matter—that
Drew me from out my way, (a perilous guide,)
And left me sinking. I had gay hopes too,
What needs the mention,—they are vanished.
Sylv. I—
I thought,—speak softly for my husband sleeps,
I thought, when you did stay abroad so long,
And never sent nor asked of me or mine,
You'd quite forgotten Italy.
Jeron. Speak again.
Was't so indeed?
Sylv. Indeed, indeed.
Jeron. Then be it.
Yet, what had I done fortune that she could
Abandon me so entirely. Never mind't:
Have a good heart, Sylvestra: they who hate
Can kill us, but no more, that's comfort. Oh!
The journey is but short, and we can reckon
On slumbering sweetly with the freshest earth
Sprinkled about us. There no storms can shake
Our secure tenement; nor need we fear,
Though cruelty be busy with our fortunes,
Or scandal with our names.
Sylv. Alas, alas!
Jeron. Sweet! in the land to come we'll feed on flowers.
Droop not, my beautiful child. Oh! we will love
Then without fear; no mothers there; no gold,
Nor hate, nor paltry perfidy, none, none.
We have been doubly cheated. Who'll believe
A mother could do this? but let it pass.
Anger suits not the grave. Oh! my own love,
Too late I see thy gentle constancy.
I wrote, and wrote, but never heard; at last,
Quitting that place of pleasure, home I came
And found—you—married: Then—
Sylv. Alas!
Jeron. Then I
Grew moody, and at times I fear my brain
Was fever'd: but I could not die, Sylvestra!
And bid you no farewell.
Sylv. Jeronymo!
Break not my heart thus: They—they did deceive me.
They told me that the girls of France were fair,
And you had scorn'd your poor and childish love;
Threaten'd, and vow'd, cajol'd, and then—I married.
Jeron. Oh!
Sylv. What's the matter?
Jeron. Soft! The night wind sounds
A funeral dirge for me, sweet! Let me lie
Upon thy breast; I will not chill't, my love.
It is a shrine where Innocence might die:
Nay, let me lie there once; for once, Sylvestra!
Oh!
Sylv. Pity me!
Jeron. So I do.
Sylv. Then talk not thus;
Though but a jest, it makes me tremble.
Jeron. Jest?
Look in my eye, and mark how true the tale
I've told you: On its glassy surface lies
Death, my Sylvestra. It is Nature's last
And beautiful effort to bequeath a fire
To that bright ball on which the spirit sate
Through life; and look'd out, in its various moods,
Of gentleness and joy, and love and hope,
And gain'd this frail flesh credit in the world.
It is the channel of the soul: Its glance
Draws and reveals that subtle power, that doth
Redeem us from our gross mortality.
Sylv. Why, now you're cheerful.
Jeron. Yes; 'tis thus I'd die.
Sylv. Now *I* must smile.
Jeron. Do so, and I'll smile too.
I do; albeit—ah! now my parting words
Lie heavy on my tongue; my lips obey not,
And—speech—comes difficult from me. While I can,
Farewell. Sylvestra! where's your hand?
Sylv. Ah! cold.
Jeron. 'Tis so; but scorn it not, my own poor girl:
They've used us hardly: Bless'em though. Thou wilt
Forgive them? One's a mother, and may feel,
When that she knows me dead. Some air—more air:
Where are you?—I am blind—my hands are numb'd;
This is a wintry night. So,—cover me. [*Dies.*

Our readers will see from these scenes now quoted, that Mr Cornwall is a writer of no ordinary genius. His volume is one of great performance, and of greater promise. None but a mind both of exquisite tact and original power, could, in our belief, have created so many fine things in the very spirit of the old drama and of nature. He does not servilely follow the elder dramatists, but he walks with humble dignity by their side. He is a worthy and hopeful disciple of illustrious masters, and the shade of Massinger himself might with pleasure hail his appearance in the world of imagination.

We cannot lay aside this very delightful volume, without showing our readers what Mr Cornwall can do in other departments of poetry. The following poem, called a Dream, (and said to be the recollection of an actual dream, though we confess that we have some difficulty in taking this literally,) has, we think, great lyrical sublimity.

The night was gloomy. Through the skies of June
Rolled the eternal moon,
'Midst dark and heavy clouds that bore
A shadowy likeness to those fabled things
That sprung of old from man's imaginings.
Each seem'd a fierce reality: some wore
The forms of sphinx and hippogriff, or seemed
Nourished among the wonders of the deep,
And wilder than the poet ever dreamed:

And there were cars—steeds with their proud necks bent—
Tower,—and temple,—and broken continent:
And all, as upon a sea,
In the blue ether floated silently.
I lay upon my bed and sank to sleep:
And then I fancied that I rode upon
The waters, and had power to call
Up people who had lived in ages gone,
And scenes and stories half forgot—and all
That on my young imagination
Had come like fairy visions, and departed.
And ever by me a broad current passed
Slowly, from which at times up started
Dim scenes and ill-defined shapes. At last
I bade the billows render up their dead,
And all their wild inhabitants; and I
Summoned the spirits who perished,
Or took their stations in the starry sky.
When Jove himself bowed his Saturnian head
Before the One Divinity.
First—I saw a landscape fair
Towering in the clear blue air,
Like Ida's woody summits, and sweet fields,
Where all that Nature yields
Flourishes. Three proud shapes were seen,
Standing upon the green
Like Olympian queens descended.
One was unadorned, and one
Wore her golden tresses bound
With simple flowers; the third was crowned,
And from amidst her raven hair,
Like stars, imperial jewels shone.
——Not one of those figures divine
But might have sate in Juno's chair,
And smiled in great equality
On Jove, though the blue skies were shaken;
Or, with superior aspect, taken
From Hebe's hand nectarian wine.
And that Dardanian boy was there
Whom pale Ænone loved: his hair
Was black, and curl'd his temples 'round;
His limbs were free and his forehead fair,
And, as he stood on a rising ground,
And back his dark locks proudly tossed,
A shepherd youth he looked, but trod
On the green sward like a god:
Most like Apollo when he played,
(Fore Midas,) in the Phrygian shade,
With Pan, and to the Sylvan lost.
And now from out the watery floor
A city rose, (and well she wore
Her beauty,) and stupendous walls,
And towers that touched the stars, and halls
Pillar'd with whitest marble, whence
Palace on lofty palace sprung;
And over all rich gardens hung,
Where, amongst silver waterfalls,
Cedars and spice-trees and green bowers,
And sweet winds playing with all the flowers
Of Persia and of Araby,
Walked princely shapes: some with an air
Like warriors, some like ladies fair
Listening, and, amidst all, the king
Nebuchadnezzar rioting
In supreme magnificence.
——This was famous Babylon.
That glorious vision passed on.
And then I heard the laurel-branches sigh
That still grow where the bright-eyed muses walked:
And Pelion shook his piny locks, and talked
Mournfully to the fields of Thessaly.
And there I saw, piercing the deep blue sky,
And radiant with his diadem of snow,
Crowned Olympus: and the hills below
Looked like inferior spirits tending round
His pure supremacy; and a sound
Went rolling onwards through the sunny calm,
As if immortal voices then had spoken,
And, with rich noises, broken
The silence which that holy place had bred.
I knelt—and as I knelt, haply in token
Of thanks, there fell a honeyed shower of balm,
And the imperial mountain bowed his hoary head.
And then came one who on the Nubian sands
Perish'd for love; and with him the wanton queen
Egyptian, in her state was seen:
And how she smiled, and kissed his willing hands,
And said she would not love, and swore to die,
And laughed upon the Roman Antony.
Oh, matchless Cleopatra! never since
Has one, and never more
Shall one like thee tread on the Egypt shore,
Or lavish such royal magnificence:
Never shall one laugh, love, or die like thee,
Or own so sweet a witchery:
And, brave Mark Antony, that thou could'st give
Half the wide world to live
With that enchantress, did become thee well;
For Love is wiser than Ambition.——
Queen and thou, lofty triumvir, fare ye well.
And then I heard the sullen waters roar,
And saw them cast their surf upon the strand,
And then, rebounding toward some far-seen land,
They washed and washed its melancholy shore,
And the terrific spirits, bred
In the sea-caverns, moved by those fierce jars,
Rose up like giants from their watery bed,
And shook their silver hair against the stars.
Then, bursts like thunder—joyous outeries wild—
Sounds as from trumpets, and from drums,
And music, like the lulling noise that comes
From nurses when they hush their charge to sleep,
Came in confusion from the deep.
Methought one told me that a child
Was that night unto the great Neptune born;
And then old Triton blew his curled horn,
And the Leviathan lashed the foaming seas,
And the wanton Nereides
Came up like phantoms from their coral halls,
And laughed and sung like tipsy Bacchanals,
Till all the fury of the ocean broke
Upon my ear.——I trembled and awoke.

We take our leave of this promising writer, with two other quotations, both of which speak well of his heart as a man, and of his fancy as a poet. He looks on the feelings of our daily human life through the soft light of imagination, rendering them dearer, tenderer, and lovelier to his human heart.

TO A CHILD.

Fairest of Earth's creatures!
All thy innocent features
Moulded in beauty do become thee well.
Oh! may thy future years
Be free from pains and fears,
False love, and others envy, and the guile
That lurks beneath a friendlike smile
And all the various ills that dwell
In this so strange compounded world; and may
Thy look be like the skies of May,
Supremely soft and clear,
With, now and then, a tear
For joy, or others sorrows, not thy own.
And may thy sweet voice
Like a stream afar
Flow in perpetual music, and its tone
Be joyful and bid all who hear rejoice.
And may thy bright eye, like a star,
Shine sweet and cheer the hearts that love thee,
And take in all the beauty of the flowers,
Deep woods, and running brooks, and the rich sights
Which thou may'st note above thee
At noon-tide, or on interlunar nights,
Or when blue Iris, after showers,
Bends her cerulean bow, and seems to rest
On some distant mountain's breast.
Surpassing all the shapes that lie
Haunting the sun-set of an autumn sky.

SONNET.

To ——— 1817.

Upon what pleasant slope, or sunny field,
Sweet, unforgotten girl, are you delaying?
Or are you with those sportive children playing,
Whose loveliness time has not quite revealed?
Or with that serious sister, who has sealed
Her nuptial bond in joy—are you arraying
Her, or your own dark hair hind'ring from straying
Down that white bosom vanity never steeled?
Or are you, in unostentatious duty,
Tending the kindest mother in the world,
Whose looks are fixed on those blue eyes of beauty,
That shine as softly as a summer star?
Yet wherefore wish I the dim veil unfurled?
May joy go with you wheresoe'er you are.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN LONDON.

No. X.

We are acquainted with an excellent old lady, whose invariable feeling with respect to every ill that befals herself, or any one else in this life, is, "Well—'tis a mercy it's no worse!" In fulfilling our task, (we are fain to confess, that for this once it *is* a task) of giving a retrospect of the acted drama for the last two months, we cannot help feeling that it is a "mercy" the novelties which have been brought forward during that time are so intolerably bad—for if their quality had borne any sort of proportion to their quantity, we must either have thrown up our office in despair, or—what would have been a great deal worse—"Blackwood's Magazine"—that new Aurora Borealis, must have made its monthly appearance in the sky of periodical literature, with its till then infinitely various, sparkling, and pleasant face, changed into one huge flat feature, like the moon at the full—That liveliest star in the northern hemisphere must have looked, for one whole month, like a "swart planet in the universe of deeds." Twelve new dramas—hear it ye shades of the contented audiences and economical managers of three hundred years ago!—Twelve new pieces "with entirely new scenery, dresses, and decorations!"—Hear it, strong but slow-paced spirit of Old Ben!—Twelve new and successful dramatic "works," in little more than half as many weeks!—Two regular Tragedies, as many Comedies, an Opera, four Melodramas, a Farce, an Interlude, and a Ballet!—All, according to the play-bills, entirely successful, with one exception; and yet all, like the flowers of this prolific season, doomed to perish in their pride: for, at this present writing, they are all more or less dead, and most of them quite so—sudden death being a disease that modern dramas, like the man in the farce, are "very subject to," in spite of the favourable bulletins that are daily issued by the stage managers, those quacking doctors, backed by their subservient apothecaries, the daily critics.

Notwithstanding the length to which our dramatic article has sometimes extended, the reader need not be appalled at the foregoing list; for we shall not attempt to do more than give a slight retrospective glance at such parts of its items as we have not yet forgotten:—and this, without much regard to dates or merit, but in the order—or rather, "the most admired disorder,"—in which they have chosen to arrange themselves in our memory.

The *Carib Chief* is a drama written by Mr Horace Twiss. It lays claim to the rank of a regular tragedy; but though it does not make good its pretensions to that title, it is not without merit as an acting piece. The construction of the plot of this play is much too artificial and complicated to permit the mind to embrace it at one view; and the tone of sentiment which pervades it is not elevated or impressive enough to entitle it to the character of tragic: and they both want that unity and simplicity of purpose without which tragedy cannot exist. But the Carib Chief is still a clever and interesting piece; and if Mr Twiss had had the resolution to call it a melo-drama instead of a tragedy, we should have liked it much better, and he might have claimed the merit of producing perhaps the best piece of its kind.—But his ambition appears to be of a very sober and well regulated description. He is not one of those who think it "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." We shall, however, venture to elevate Mr Twiss to the supremacy in the hell of melo-dramatic literature, whether he will or no. He sometimes indulges in theatrical critiques himself, and will, therefore, the better know how to bear with us. His piece is a melo-drama, and nothing else; but it is a very good one—for we really think that a melo-drama *may be* a good thing, just as a reformer may be a good man. The chief interest of the piece depends on the hatred of Omreah (Mr Kean) to European sway in his native land; and on his unquenchable thirst of revenge on Montalbert, the French governor of Gaudaloupe, for the supposed murder of his wife and child. Omreah is son to the late king, and has been for eighteen years

in slavery and exile; but at the period of the play he returns, at the head of a powerful party of his friends and countrymen, and just at a juncture when the European power in the island is endangered by the quarrels of the English and French. Omreah reluctantly agrees to join the English forces against the French; but, before their arrival, he contrives by a stratagem of his own, to make himself master of the French citadel, and in it, as he supposes, Montalbert and his young bride—both of whom he exultingly determines to sacrifice in revenge for the loss of his own wife and child. Montalbert, however, has escaped; and his bride is nowhere to be found—till a female among the captives offers to discover her, on condition of having conceded to her the life of another prisoner who is also condemned to suffer death. Omreah grants her condition—she unveils—she is herself Montalbert's bride—wedded to him against her will, and loving another—Trefusis—whose life she has gained by this sacrifice of herself. Omreah, without hesitation or remorse, offers up her life to the manes of his own wife and child—but when she is on the point of expiring, he discovers that she is herself that child—his own long-lost and too late found daughter!—The last scene, in which this discovery takes place, is extremely well-written, and altogether well-conducted; and the acting of Kean—for whom the part of Omreah is expressly adapted, is in the deepest degree pathetic and beautiful. The numerous incidents and details by which this main plot is brought out, and connected with the other parts of the play, are very skilfully arranged; and the whole forms a very interesting exhibition; but we must repeat, the work is not a Tragedy. Of tragic conception, power, sentiment, interest, there is nothing.

If the language of the Carib Chief scarcely ever rises above mediocrity, it as seldom sinks below it. If it displays little poetry, it evinces considerable taste and judgment; and it never offends by extravagance or bombast—which is something more than a negative praise, when it is considered that this is the author's first dramatic attempt.

We sincerely congratulate Mr Twiss on his complete success; and we fairly confess that his work exhibits much more talent than we could have expected from him in this class of writing. Why we should say or feel this is, perhaps, more than we can tell—or why we were, as was the case, more than commonly pleased at learning that *he* was the author of it; (since we only know that gentleman by reputation):—unless it be that we have a lurking kindness for authors who begin their literary career by scribbling dramatic critiques.

We have next to speak of the two comedies, *Wanted a Wife! or a Check on my Banker*, and *Arrivals from Oxford*. Juliet says "What's in a name?" She was a delightful lover, but a very indifferent casuist. There may be "much virtue" in a name, as well as much vice. The latter is the case in the comedy of "Wanted a Wife."

It is called "a comedy," and therefore it completely wearied and disgusted us; whereas, had it been brought forward as a farce, it would, undoubtedly, have amused and gratified us. It is, perhaps, not going too far to attribute this change of effect entirely to the misnomer of the piece. The comparative coarseness and absurdity, and the continued equivoque of which it consists, are not bad in themselves; but they are totally bad in comedy, because totally out of place.

A gentleman advertises for a wife, and his discarded servant for a place; and the advertisements are answered by an antiquated virgin who wants a husband, and a beautiful girl who wants a servant. Each, however, reciprocally mistakes the views of the other—the would-be wife hiring the footman as a husband, and the young lady taking the master home with her as a footman: while the master thinks he has found a rich and beautiful wife, and the man that he has got into an excellent place. This, expanded into one huge equivoque, forms the whole "comedy in five acts;" at the end of which the master marries the young lady, and the servant the old one!—Many of the incidents arising out of this mistake are exceedingly ludicrous; but we repeat, what might have been an admirable farce was an execrable comedy.

The other comedy, "Arrivals from

Oxford," had the merit of being more dull and stupid than we had previously conceived it possible for the wit of man to construct one; and, what is very singular, we sincerely believe that it succeeded (for it did succeed to a certain degree) solely on that account. The dialogue between the different characters consisted of precisely such things as the same class of persons would have put forth at an evening party in Finsbury-square—at some of which, it is probable, the author picked it all up. There is no controverting what is said at these kind of meetings—for it is all entirely true, and has been so from time immemorial. There is no turning it into ridicule—for to admit of that it must put forth some tangible points—it must be either good or bad, no matter which; and to abuse or laugh outright at it, would be cruel and ill-mannered; besides the difficulty of knowing where to stop or to begin. Thus it was with this comedy. It succeeded, because nobody knew when or where to find fault with it. The next day the daily critics praised it to the skies,—though we are not at a loss to guess why—for they might have done quite as well themselves. But the second night things were as they should be, for the author and actors were left to enjoy the performance by themselves. And perhaps this, after all, is the most appropriate way of getting rid of plays of this kind, for by this means the profits of the first night are swallowed up in the loss of the second. When this is not the case, the obnoxious piece may be said to be "damned," only after the manner of poor Corin, "like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side;" for the cunning managers pocket the profits of the first night—withdraw their piece "in compliance with the wishes of their patrons, the public,"—and then bring forward a worse the next week.

Heart of Mid-Lothian.

The opera which we have now to notice is partly founded on the Heart of Mid-Lothian, and it bears the same name. From the following sketch of the plot, however, the reader will see that it varies considerably from the novel. It opens with a representation of the rioters clamouring and exulting in the recent murder of Porteous. Dumbiedikes coming in their way, is only saved from being made another victim to their fury, by the sudden appearance and interposition of George Robertson, under the disguise of Madge Wildfire. The two sisters, Effie and Jeanie Deans, now appear, and disclose the misfortune and disgrace of the former, with the loss of her infant. Dumbiedikes, on his return from Edinburgh, is met by Robertson, who terrifies him into delivering a message to Effie to meet him at twelve at night at Muschat's Cairn. Meantime Effie has been arrested and conveyed to prison, on a charge of infanticide. Jeanie, learning the communication from her sister's supposed seducer, resolves to meet him at the place appointed. Dumbiedikes sets out to the same place, for the purpose of affording her protection, should she need it; and Sharpitlaw also proceeds to the same place with a guard of soldiers, under the guidance of Ratcliffe and Madge Wildfire, for the purpose of seizing Robertson. While the latter is engaged in explaining to Jeanie the difficulties of her sister's situation, and the means of extricating her, he is alarmed by the significant hints afforded him by Madge Wildfire, and effects his escape. The interview of the sisters in the tolbooth now takes place, during which Ratcliffe suggests the means by which Jeanie may save Effie's life; and Lord Oakdale arrives from London as commissioner, with full powers to put in execution the extraordinary and severe law in cases of infanticide. In an interview between him and old Deans, Lord Oakdale also appears to hint at a means of saving her life, which the old man indignantly rejects, as inconsistent with his duty and with the truth. The culprit, with her sister, are then brought before the commissioner, and while Jeanie is hesitating whether she shall positively deny that Effie had disclosed her situation before the birth of the child, (a circumstance on which the law has made her life to depend) the father rushes forward, and conjures her to declare the simple truth, whatever may be the event. As the judge is about to pass the fatal sentence, Robertson rushes in and declares Effie to be his lawful wife, and justifies his connexion with the Porteous mob, by proving that he had joined them in order to effect the safety of their victim, rather than his de-

struction; he also proves to be the son of the judge. In the mean time Ratcliffe, conjecturing from some incoherent language of Madge Wildfire that it was *she* who had either concealed or destroyed Effie's child, succeeds in gaining from her a knowledge of its place of concealment, and restores it to the happy and exculpated mother. Robertson avows his determination to join his fate with that of Effie, whatever may be the consequence. Lord Oakdale takes this as a proof of his intention to reform his life, and is reconciled to him, and the piece ends happily to all parties.

From this sketch, it will be seen that Mr Terry, the author of the piece, has entirely differed from the story in many essential parts; and always, as it appears to us, injudiciously. He has likewise altered the features of many of the characters, till there is no recognizing them. Jeanie Deans, in particular—the honest downright, and sensible—the true-hearted and round-faced Scotch lassie,—he and Miss Brunton together, have converted into a pretty little mincing, affected London Miss. Mr Terry himself acted the sturdy covenanter—the rough old "presbyterian true-blue;" and nothing could be finer, in its way, than his performance—but it was less adapted to the stage than the conventicle—out of which (perhaps the more's the pity,) such a character is not now to be found. The songs in this piece are said to be by Walter Scott; and they are, certainly, much above the usual style of opera poetry. But what shall we say to the singing of them by Miss Stephens, in the character of Effie Deans?—Nothing! It is idle to attempt to characterise it by words. But we really do think, that to hear this lady sing a beautiful old Scotch air, in its pure and unadorned simplicity, as she did these, and to appropriate words, engenders feelings which reach the height of human enjoyment.

In conclusion, we are at some loss to know whether to congratulate or condole with Mr Terry on the kind and degree of his success in adapting these Scottish tales to the stage. If he has been merely desirous of producing acting dramas that shall possess a collateral attraction, arising from their *connection with the* works from which *they take their titles*, and independent *of their own intrinsic* merits; and, *this means*, to "put money in his purse;" his choice has been fortunate. But if he was ambitious of acquiring the fair fame of a dramatist, it has been most unhappy. These tales have created an era in our national literature. There is nothing like or equal to them, in our own or any other language. And as they are of a kind, too, that every body reads and is capable of enjoying, comparisons *must* be made, and they must be ruinous to his pretensions as an author.

Of the four melo-dramas, we shall run the risk of being as dull as they, if we venture to say a word. As to *The Jew of Lubeck*, and *Swedish Patriotism*, they are wearisome enough, to be sure; but all they harm they do is to put to sleep our recollections of all kinds, good and bad. They merely induce a sort of restless repose, which is very disagreeable while it lasts; but when its exciting cause is at an end, there is also an end of the effect; and cause and effect are alike forgotten forever: for nobody has any very romantic or interesting associations connected with German Jews or Swedish patriots. But it is not so with the other two—*Fortunatus's Wishing-Cap*, and *The Merchant of Abudah, or the Talisman of Oromanes*. They are founded on tales in the Arabian Nights; and, accordingly, they interfere, in a most impertinent and troublesome manner, with some of the very best associations of the best years of our life. They come floundering, with their clumsy and unhallowed realities, into an ideal world, that our imaginations had built up and peopled in childhood, and disturb the whole fabric and its inhabitants—changing them into something even less fanciful and wondrous than the actual forms by which we are surrounded. But the attempt to realize or recal, in any adequate manner, the feelings with which we peruse the Arabian Nights, must always be unsuccessful. These delightful fictions are never read but in early youth, and never forgotten afterwards. They are the paradise of our boyhood. We talk about them all our lives; but it is then, and then only, that we enjoy their charms. After fifteen or sixteen years of age, we begin to cherish a kind of contempt for what then appear to be such monstrous fictions. We learn to "know better" than to be delighted with them; and, besides, our associations with them begin to stand in the way of our

growing intimacy with the actual world in which we live. The next ten years is pretty sure to correct this overweening affection for the realities of life and to throw us back upon our old love. But it is now too late. We have been faithless to both, and both reject us. The names of these two melo-dramas, we speak for ourselves, came gliding into us, like "Margaret's ghost, that stood at William's feet;" but when we opened our arms to clasp a living mistress, they closed upon a shadow. In short, we cannot be every thing at once. Till a certain age we are too happy to be wise; and, afterwards, we get too wise to be happy.

It remains for us to notice the farce and the interlude. The farce is called, *A Roland for an Oliver;* and it is the very best we have seen for a long time past. Sir Mark Chase (Fawcett) is an hypochondriacal old gentleman, who is always complaining of his health, just in proportion as he has no cause; and one day he actually fancies himself dying, and therefore sends for his nephew to take possession of his fortune and his blessing, together with a wife which he (the old gentleman) has provided for him. But the nephew (Abbott) has in the mean time provided one for himself, and he brings her down to his uncle's seat in the country, expecting, from the tenor of the message which he had received, to find him already deceased. On his arrival, a pleasant equivoque ensues; for he finds the servants all in high spirits, notwithstanding the old gentleman is "just gone." It appears afterwards, that he is only gone out a-shooting. On his return the new-married pair are in a dilemma how to conceal their marriage; but, luckily, Maria (Miss Foote), the bride provided by the uncle, had previously arrived at the house on a visit, and turning out to be a friend of the young people, she agrees to personate the real bride, and to pass off their secret marriage as an intended "agreeable surprise" for the old gentleman. The real bride is to pass for the bride-maid; and here some exceedingly droll scenes occur, in consequence of Sir Mark finding his nephew and the supposed bride-maid in rather odd circumstances. He thinks it his duty to communicate this *to Maria, who turns it off with great carelessness and sang-froid, at which the old gentleman* is still more shocked and scandalized. At this period, Highflyer (Jones), the lover of Maria, arrives in the neighbourhood, and endeavours to *sooth his melancholy* (for he has been discarded by his mistress), by visiting a lunatic asylum which is close to Sir Mark's house; but by a trick of the nephew, he is made to mistake the old gentleman's seat for the mad-house, and its inhabitants for the patients—(among whom, to his utter amazement, he finds his mistress)—and he treats them accordingly. At length he discovers the trick that has been put upon him, and feigns madness in return—gives them a Roland for their Oliver. This reconciles him to Maria; and the old gentleman, for his health's sake, and to gain a little peace and quietness before he dies, consents to both the marriages.

This is really a very excellent farce—full of high fun and drollery—the dialogue very gayly and tersely written—the incidents exceedingly well contrived—and the whole forming a most lively and pleasant little piece. It has quite a French air about it—for every nation can do some one thing better than any other nation in the world; and with the French this pre-eminence consists in writing farces. And it is no wonder; for, with them, human life itself is one long but pleasant farce.

"Though last," certainly "not least in our dear love," came Mr Yates and the Interlude. It is a little piece in one act, called *Half an Hour in France*, and seldom have we spent a pleasanter half hour. Mr Yates,—who, we believe, was a great favourite with our Edinburgh friends, and most deservedly so,—personates six or seven different characters in it, *à la Mathews*. We shall not tell him that he equals Mathews—he certainly does not approach him, in what appears to us to be that gentleman's peculiar excellencies;—his admirable and unrivalled *tact*—his delicacy of perception, amounting to a pitch of genius—his astonishing faculty of *going out of himself*—as they have been lately evinced in his performance at the English Opera House—*a Trip to Paris*, &c. (which we regret the less not having had time or space to give an adequate account of, as our Edinburgh readers will no doubt shortly have an opportunity of judging of it for themselves.) But in the faculty of imitating us

living models, Mr Yates appears to equal any thing we have ever seen. His imitation of Young was quite extraordinary—it was a fac-simile, and without the slightest caricature. His imitation of Mathews himself was still more amusing, because there was a little exaggeration in it, without which the effect in these cases is not quite pleasant. This performance is the only one in which we have had an opportunity of seeing Mr Yates; so that we are not able to judge of his powers as a comic or tragic actor, for we hear he possesses both. But from this performance alone, added to his extreme youth, we are convinced that he has great cleverness and versatility.*

We now take leave of the reader for this season. We might continue our notices for a month or two longer; but really, at this time of the year, as the summer advances and the sun shines in the evening, the theatre quite loses its attractions. And this is just as it should be. A good acting drama, of whatever kind, is an admirable thing in its place; but, happily, there are still times and seasons when even a great city can do without it. Not long ago there *was* a great city—the capital of a state, and the seat of of its government—that could contrive to do without a theatre altogether. "'Tis not so now!" *The progress of civilization* has created the want, and has supplied it. With all our love for the drama, and all our admiration for the principles of the French revolution, we should be puzzled to fix upon a benefit that has resulted from that event, equivalent to the evil of its having been the cause of rendering a theatre necessary in Switzerland. To have a theatre where it is wanted, is good; but not to want it, is infinitely better. A. Z.

London, June 7, 1819.

* Our ingenious correspondent refers to the opinion of our Edinburgh readers concerning Mr Yates. Well may he do so. Never did any young actor, after so brief a sojourn in any city, leave so ripe and abundant a harvest behind him of professional fame and extra-professional attachment.

NIGHT.

Now to thy silent presence, night!
Is this my first song offered: Oh! to thee
That lookest with thy thousand eyes of light—
To thee, and thy starry nobility
That float with a delicious murmuring,
(Tho' unheard here) about thy forehead blue;
And as they ride along in order due,
Circling the round globe in their wandering,
To thee their ancient queen and mother sing.

Mother of beauty! veiled queen!
Feared and sought, and never seen
Without a heart-imposing feeling,
Whither art thou gently stealing?
In thy smiling presence, I
Kneel in star-struck idolatry,
And turn me to thine eye, (the moon)
Fretting that it must change so soon:
Toying with this idle rhyme,
I scorn that bearded villain time,
Thy old remorseless enemy,
And build my linked verse to thee.—
Not dull and cold, and dark art thou:
Who that beholds thy clearer brow,
Endiadem'd with gentlest streaks
Of fleecy-silver'd cloud, adorning
Thee, fair as when the young sun wakes,
And from his cloudy bondage breaks,
And lights upon the breast of morning,
But must feel thy powers;
Mightier than the storm that lowers,
Fairer than the virgin hours
That smile when the young Aurora scatters
Her rose-leaves on the valleys low,
And bids her servant breezes blow.
Not Apollo, when he dies
In the wild October skies,
Red and stormy; or when he
In his meridian beauty, rides
Over the bosom of the waters,
And turns the blue and burning tides
To silver, is a peer for thee,
In thy full regality. C.

SONG.

"*Here's a health to one I love dear.*"

HERE's a health to thee, Mary:
Here's a health to thee,
The drinkers are gone,
And I am alone
To think of home and thee, Mary.

There are some who may shine o'er thee, Mary,
And many as frank and free;
And a few as fair,
But the summer air
Is not more sweet to me, Mary.

I have thought of thy last low sigh, Mary,
And thy dimm'd and gentle eye;
And I've call'd on thy name
When the night winds came,
And heard my heart reply, Mary.

Be thou but true to me, Mary,
And I'll be true to thee;
And at set of sun
When my task is done,
Be sure that I'm ever with thee, Mary.—E.

SONNET.

ἡ βασιλεια τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐντος ὑμῶν ἐστιν.

Who can the Throne of the ETERNAL find?
Not he who searches thro' the orbs of light,
Or stretching onward, dreams, that in some height,
Beyond the verge of nature, dwells the Mind
That gave fair nature birth—O! more than blind!
Such distant realms but mock thine idle flight:
Far from Creation's bound, in regal might
He sits not, nor to lifeless forms confined.
Seek then the Throne within thyself, O man;
There timeless, spaceless, dwells the ETERNAL ONE;
Thy love, thy thought, thy being's finite span
From Him spring ceaseless; from that living sun
Thro' thee burst forth—the fulness of the plan—
Nature's resplendent forms, and the great work is done. M.

MAHOMETAN SERMON.

[We have extracted the following very curious composition from the "Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay;" a work which, probably, has not been seen by any considerable number of our readers. It is translated from a Collection of Sermons that exists in the works of the celebrated Sadi; and is the only specimen of the pulpit eloquence of the Mahometans that has ever been presented to the world in an European dress.—It is almost unnecessary to remark, that the concluding parable is the original of the story of Santon Barsisa, told in the 148th Number of the Guardian.]

THE FIFTH SERMON OF SADI, TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN BY JAMES ROSS, ESQ. OF THE BENGAL MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT.

Al Mejles-al-Khames, or the Fifth Sermon.

PRESERVE us, O Lord, from all manner of sin, and vouchsafe us the grace of obedience and devotion. O God of both worlds and Lord of all, we crave thy forgiveness; and to thee we are to return.

Dearly beloved! The creatures of this earth are of a two-fold nature, either occupied with God or taken up with self. Such as are employed with God feel no interest about themselves, and such as are busy with themselves think not of God; but whatever may debase them is downright deception, whether it be spiritual or temporal:—till purified from this, thou never canst encircle the temple of the Most High. *Parable*—Before the prince of the resigned Baeizeed Bastamy one presented himself and said, O shaikh, my whole life hath been spent in seeking after the Lord; how often did I on foot make the pilgrimage of the Desert; how many infidels' heads did I strike off in the holy wars, and how much hath my heart wallowed in its own blood! But I have not attained the object of my wish, and the more forward I am pushing, the less near I am approaching. Can you advise any mode by which I may arrive at it? The shaikh answered, Brave youth, this world is exactly a space of two steps, one of which leads to mankind, and the other to God; fall back one step from the creature and you will arrive at the Creator. Whilst constantly occupied, and saying, What shall I eat that I may gratify my appetite? and what shall I say that mankind may be pleased with me? you never can attain a true knowledge of the Deity. Brave youth, any traffic you keep up with mankind tends to your loss;—deal with God, that all may be profit. The Most High hath said, O helpless being, with you I am dealing in tears and in fears,—the tears of supplication and the fears of rejection: the treasure of felicity snatch from the presence of my glory. Those drops which stream down your face are called tears, and those fears which heave from your bosom are called re-

morse:—let tears fall from my eyes in as much as I did not inform myself of God, and let remorse canker in my heart in as much as I did what was forbidden. Through the tears of the soul you are brought to repentance, and through the remorse of your heart to promise amendment:—a sense of amendment leadeth to resolution, resolution to enthusiasm, and enthusiasm to an union with the Divine presence; when from his universal benevolence will issue the word Mercy. The heart confesseth I have done wrong, the head crieth I repent me of what I did, and the Lord saith I have forgiven it. Brave youth, fire is two-fold; a fire of good and a fire of what is wicked, and there is no fire else. The fire of the appetite the rain of heaven can quench, and the fire of sin the water of the eye can subdue; also the fire of sin two things can extinguish, and those are dust and water; the dust of humiliation and the water of contrition:—the dust of humiliation is prostrate adoration, and the water of contrition is our dread of a loving and affectionate master. Brave youth, every eye that crieth not from a fear of the Lord, its tears owe him a debt; and every heart which yearneth not to embrace God, that heart is a bankrupt. A sage called aloud and said, O alas! that the creatures of this world should be journeying through it, and not select this the sweetest of its gifts. He was asked, what gift this was. He answered, The smallest mark of true affection, as the Most High is pleased to say; then will ye most truly worship the Deity when ye shall bring with you a sincere love. Had the poor devotee selected but one small portion of true affection, he might equally have disregarded things spiritual and temporal, this world and the next, or what was unlawful and forbidden. *Parable*—The son of Khafeef was asked what true affection was. He answered, True affection is a state of bankruptcy! It is ruined circumstances, helplessness, misery, and want!—Dearly beloved! if thou hast not the blooming cheek of charmers, it behoves thee to present the yellow tint of lovers; if thou canst not show the fascinating beauty of Joseph, it becomes thee to display the plaintive wretchedness of Jacob; if thou canst not plead the helpless state of the supplicant, it were decent that thou madest the lamentable moan of the indigent. The prince of both worlds, glory of the sons of man, (on whom and his be salutation and peace,) has said, No voice is more acceptable before God than the petition of the indigent; no supplication is more graciously received at the tribunal full of glory, than the desire of the needy sinner, who in his distress, penury, and wretchedness, setteth forth his lamentation and saith, O Lord, I have done an act of sin and a tyranny against my own soul. From the sublime presence a voice descendeth, saying, That deed which thou didst not of thyself exact, me thou wilt entreat, and on thy account I will give my assent:—me thou wilt crave that I may give my leave: whatever thou mayest want thou wilt ask of me; trust thy concerns to my accomplishment, for I am the Deity, I am what I am without why or wherefore; in sovereignty paramount, faithful to my promise, ratifying every petition, listening to all praise, and meriting every encomium. A hundred thousand household establishments have been squandered in quest of me; a hundred thousand bodies have melted away in the mortification of seeking after me; a hundred thousand holy souls are gone distracted in the wilderness of my affection; a hundred thousand pilgrims beat their heads upon the stone of tribulation at the temple of my glory; and a hundred thousand of such as court my illustrious presence burn in the crucible of austere penance. The ninth heaven asketh the divine throne, O thou! hast thou any intimation of him? and the throne answers the ninth heaven, And dost thou understand any thing that concerneth him? When the inhabitants of this earth have a supplication to make, they turn their faces up to heaven, hoping that the sky may relieve the pain of their hearts; and the community of the sky, when they have a prayer to prefer, cast their eyes upon the earth, expecting that thence they will find the cure of their affliction. Every day at even when the orb of light goeth down, the angels that attend him say, O sun! hast thou to-day shone upon any one who hath a knowledge of Him? The sun maketh answer, Would to God I could know who that person were, that I might render the dust of his feet the sphere of my or-

bit! Yes! brave youth, what likeness has dust (*i. e.* man) with the Lord of lords? what business have gross earth and water with the pure essence of the Deity? How can non-entity mingle with eternity? What communication can the savage and ignorant hold with the godly and intelligent? Most wonderful of works! The pious say in their prayers, Do not, O God! separate us from ourselves. Alas! short sighted mortal! with whom could I mingle that I should separate, or from whom could I be cut off that I should mingle;—how entertain a hope of meeting while there might remain a fear of separation; or how could there be a dread of separation while there exists a hope of meeting? There is neither communication nor separation, neither nearness nor distance, neither expectancy nor despair, neither the faculty of speech nor the ability of silence, neither the face of going on nor the resolution of returning, neither the idea of forbearance nor sentiment of impatience, neither place to which the fancy can soar, nor time on which the imagination can fix. In the hands of philosophers there is nought but discussion; in the midst of divines there is nought but animadversion. If thou journeyest to the Cabeh, there thou seest a stone; if thou enterest a Mosjed, there meetest thou a wall; if thou lookest upon the people of this earth, thou beholdest nought but misery; if thou contemplatest the sky, thou meditatest on what must stupify; the giddiness of the brain is sheer melancholy, and the fumes of the head downright insanity. From the sunshine of day, there is noontide fervour; from the gloominess of night, terror and dismay; from the unity of Unitarians, there is only ornament and glory; from the blasphemy of infidels, hideous infamy; from Moses the preacher, no profit; from Pharoah the pretender, no loss; —if thou comest, enter, for there is no porter; if thou art going, depart, for there is no keeper. *Parable.*—The prince of the zealous Ibrahim Khowas was repeatedly remarking to his disciples, Would I were the dust of the footsteps of that veiled object! They asked him and said, O sage, thou art always making panegyrics in his praise, why not direct us to the place of his abode? He replied, On a certain occasion I found myself fervently inclined, and turning my face towards the wilderness, walked on in an ecstacy of enthusiasm. Arriving at length in the territory of the infidels, I beheld a citadel with three hundred and odd heads suspended from its turrets. Astonished at what I saw, I asked what these meant, and who was the lord of this citadel? They answered, It belongs to such a prince, whose daughter is gone mad. It came into my head to undertake the cure of this damsel. On entering the castle, they presented me to its lord. He received me with much magnificence and attention, and asked, O generous youth! what brought thee into this place? I answered, I understood that thou hast a daughter who is gone mad; I am come to administer unto her. He turned to me and said, Behold the turrets of this citadel. I answered, I have beheld them, and have entered nevertheless. Then he said, Those are the heads of such as have prescribed different medicines, but were disappointed in curing her. Thou also must take warning, that if thou failest in thy attempt, thy head will take its place among the rest. After this, he desired that I should be introduced to the young lady. No sooner had I put my foot over the threshold of her apartment, than she called to her hand-maid and said, Bring hither my veil that I may cover my head. The hand-maid answered, How many physicians, O lady, did visit thee, and thou never yet veiledst thyself before any of them? How comes it to pass that thou coverest thy self before this man? She said, Those were not men full of faith as this man is, who now approacheth. Then I said, *As salaamu alaicum*, Peace be with thee! She replied, *Alaicumas salaamu*, With thee be peace, O son of Khowas! I asked, How camest thou to know that I am the son of Khowas? She answered, He that directed thee to me, inspired me with the faculty of knowing thee. Art thou not aware that one true believer is the mirror of his brother? when a glass is void of tarnish, it will reflect any image. O son of Khowas, I hold a heart wrung with anguish; hast thou any potion that might administer to its comfort? This text ran spontaneously from my tongue; Such as are steadfast believers, and resolute in commemorating the Deity, can it be otherwise than that their hearts must feel fortified in

the praises of God? On hearing this verse, she sighed aloud and fell senseless to the ground. On coming to herself, I said, O damsel! rise, that I may conduct thee into the temple of salvation. She replied, O sage! what is there in the temple of salvation that is not present here? I said, There is the Cabeh—illustrious and venerable. She replied, O shallow man, wert thou to behold the Cabeh wouldst thou recognize it? I said, Yea verily! She said, Look above my head. When I looked, behold! I saw the Cabeh whirled around it. She added; O soft-hearted man! didst thou not heretofore understand, that he who travels to the Cabeh on foot, makes the circuit of the Cabeh; but he who makes the pilgrimage of the Cabeh in his heart, is encircled by the Cabeh? Verily I say, wheresoever you may bring the face of true faith, there thou wilt meet the face of God! Brave youth! between thee and the Deity there is but one step of road. Knowest thou how? shall I tell thee? Confess a forgetfulness of thine own existence, and in confidence of the divine beneficence lay thy arms across the breast in meditation. *Any one who approached me a span, I neared him a yard; and any one who came towards me a yard, I closed him, on my side, the stretch of a horse.* His beneficence hath brought thee near to thyself, inasmuch as into thy heart a gem hath been set; and by this is implied:—*I blew into that* (*i. e.* man) *a portion of my Holy Spirit.* The moral of which is, that a bird (*i. e.* man's heart) was transfixt with an arrow (*i. e.* by God): after a while it looked around and incontinently said to the arrow, How camest thou to reach me? It replied, There is a chain of concatenation between thee and me, which links us together; thou art that which didst bring me to a knowledge of myself, for this tie thou didst bind upon my heart: I knew my God because of my God; and had not my God been, I could not have known him. He it was that hath made thee acquainted with thyself; the key of the house of knowledge he hath delivered unto thee. The expositor of worldly intellect hath said, Whosoever hath attained to a knowledge of his own nature, hath surely arrived at a comprehension of his Maker. Whenever that thou comprehendedst thyself, thou didst comprehend the Deity; thou it is that art the key of thyself, for with that key thou wilt know him. That moreover is a diversified knowledge, or a knowledge of contrarieties: if thou didst know thyself with weakness, thou knowest him with strength: if thou didst view thyself with imbecility, thou sawst him with vigour: this is one of the diversities, and a road which is open to any body. Another diversity is, that thou knowest that in thy body there is a soul, which is present in every member of the body, and the Creator of the universe exists in all time and space: nevertheless, like as the soul cannot be presented on the salver of request, if thou specify it to be in the hand, foot, or head, it is in all those members, yet may not be arrested in any of them; so the Lord God of all hath his presence universal, yet he is not subject to our special call. The Deity they have not encompassed with a measure any-ways compatible with his magnitude. Brave youth! the zealous and devout pass by the stages, and are getting to their journey's end; but the metaphysically learned do not accomplish one stage. Nay, their journey is the circle of confusion; whatever progress they are making, it is not in a forward direction: the first is the merchant's camel, which night and day is jogging on his stages and making good his way; but the second is the oilman's bullock, which all the day is pacing round in a circle with his eyes blind-folded, and while he is considering with himself, Let me see how many stages have I passed by, behold! on removing his bandage at the time of evening prayer, he finds himself just where he set out. If thou sayest I comprehended him, they will ask, How didst thou comprehend him with whom thou hadst no manner of connexion? If thou sayest, I comprehended him in my own existence; they will answer, A two-fold existence were incompatible, and duality is downright plurality or giving companions to the Deity. If thou sayest, I comprehended him in my own non-entity, they will answer, What can non-entity know of entity? *To be weak in divine intelligence is the right way to get at true knowledge.* How is a short-sighted moth able to contemplate the sun? A hundred thousand souls, alas! are the devoted slaves of the shoe-dust of that

Derwish (God)! Hear what he hath himself said: Take not the field of the heroes of the faith; for there, instead of water, blood is current. *Parable*—After he was dead Janeed was seen in a dream. It was asked him, What reception didst thou meet with God? He answered, Vain were my devotionary services, and unprofitable my performance of every ritual, save two genuflexions which I performed at midnight. All my devotion was waste breath and availed me nought, except two prayers which I repeated at the gloomy hour of midnight. Brave youth! be zealous and vigilant, that when the angel of death may involve thee in his shadow, thou hast the garment of Devotion to wrap round thee; lest on such an occasion, as when eyes shall be streaming and hearts burning; when Satan shall inspect the faithful with a greedy eye, and the vindictive javelin of Death be aimed indiscriminately into every bosom, then must either the sweet scent of selection or offensive odour of rejection, assail us individually: if the grateful perfume of affection and goodwill, then shalt thou listen to this happy annunciation: God hath said, Be not uneasy or dejected at heart, but give ear to the joyful tidings of Paradise, such as have been announced to you. But,—what God forbid,—should the noxious vapour of rejection and ill-will be thy lot, the sign of desperation will be seared upon thy forehead. This day, alas! there is no happy news for the iniquitous. Many there are who have worn the garments of the chosen, whose names have been recorded in the register of rejection; but to them it was not known; and many who have put on the robes of rejection have been numbered amongst the elect; but this they know not. *Parable*—It is related that among the children of Israel there was a holy man of the name of Barsisa, who for forty years had lived apart from mankind and their vanities, and detached from the world and its lusts. His whole life had passed in counting his beads and in acts of holiness, and in supplication and entreaty with the Deity. The appetite of inordinate desire he had eradicated with the knife of self-denial, and the seed of divine fervour he had sown in the field of true knowledge. Couldst thou soar so high as to see into the ninth heaven, or dive so deep into the earth as to bring into view the fish and cow, he commanded such probity, grace, and good works as would weary any tongue to detail them, and possessed such praise-worthy and excellent qualifications as would perplex the imagination or fancy to unravel them. And every year thousands of the distempered and infirm, the sick and ailing, would collect in the plain round his cell; some of them covered with the leprosy, some blind from their mother's womb, some labouring under hectic fever and the dropsy, and some martyrs to the jaundice. All of them they would collect and lay close to his cell; and when the orb of the sun would show himself in the east, and display upon the world the streamers of his glory, Barsisa would appear upon the terrace of his cell, and blowing the breath of restoration over those wretched sufferers, they would all be forthwith cured of their maladies. Most wonderful event! that, apparently, he had thrown open to him the gate of such treasured affection, and yet the arrow of his execution had been fixt on the bow of separation; that to the outward sight of mankind he should seem a lovely picture, and yet in secret was a corse mangled with the sword of rejection. To the eye, alas! he seemed pure as virgin silver, yet hiddenly he was debased with alloy. In the pride of his heart that wretch would say, Verily, who am I? and strutting abroad would vauntingly exclaim, Do I not do credit to the Deity? Not in the mean time aware, that from the tablet and pen of the recording angel an annunciation had descended, saying, In my sight thou meetest not approbation. In process of time, the devil underhand laid beneath the floor of his cell a chain of temptation and train of machination, in order that on some unpropitious occasion the thorn of ill-luck might, through intention or mistake, get entangled in the skirt of his garment. Day after day the rage and indignation of the devil were more and more inflamed against him, and the grove of the piety and resignation of the holy man became more blossoming and smiling; till at length that the daughter of the reigning king fell ill of a dangerous distemper, such as the whole body of the faculty despaired of curing. And this damsel had three brothers, each of whom was the governor of

a distant province; and in one night all the three dreamt that it behoved them to report the illness of their sister to Barsisa. Next day they communicated their dreams to each other; and as their accounts tallied in every circumstance, each exclaimed to himself, It is mine to a tittle! Accordingly they met at the capital, and took their beautiful sister to the cell of the holy man. Barsisa at that time was at prayers. When he had done, they craved his assistance to their sister, and detailed to him their respective dreams. Barsisa said, For prayer there is an appointed hour, when God is gracious to my supplication; at that stated time I shall not be wanting in my solicitation. Then did the brothers recommend their sister to his care, and betake themselves to the sports of the field. When the devil full of guile saw that they were gone, he said, Now is that opportunity come, when I can plunge the soul and righteousness of Barsisa's prolonged period of sanctity and devotion into the tempestuous ocean of lust and sin. Accordingly he blew the breath of stupefaction upon the brain of that veiled virgin, so that she staggered and fell senseless unto the floor, and the holy man's eye caught a glimpse of her charms. The devil laid the fuel of temptation on the fire of passion, and the flame of sensuality burnt fierce throughout the holy man's body.—Moreover the hand of impetuosity and lust drew the mask of assurance and neglect over his mind and heart, till he fell the victim of carnal prostitution; and the temptation of the devil having full play, the crime of fornication soon contaminated his body. At that instant of time the devil appeared by the altar of his cell in the figure of an old man, and asked what had befallen him. Barsisa related what had passed. The devil said, O Barsisa! be of good cheer, for sin is natural to man, and God on high is merciful, and the door of repentance is open: however, for the present, it were wise to keep this affair a secret from her brothers. Barsisa answered, Alas! O alas! how can we dab the orbit of the sun over with clay, or hide the glorious face of day from such as have eyes to see? The devil said, That, Barsisa, is a very easy matter, as I can show thee. Let the damsel be slain, and her body *buried under ground:* when her brothers *return and inquire* after her, you can tell them, I was praying at the time when she went out of my sight, and I know not what became of her. Just as the devil advised him, Barsisa murdered the damsel, and carrying her body outside the cell, buried it. Soon after, the damsel's brothers returned with their train from hunting; and conceived that they had only to ask the hermit's blessing and take their sister away cured. But not meeting her ready to attend them, they questioned the hermit about her. Exactly as the devil had instructed him, he answered them; and believing of course what so sanctified a man said, they took his blessing and their leave of his cell. They were proceeding towards the city, and expecting to overtake their sister by the way, when in the mean time the devil, full of guile, having transformed himself into an old and decrepid woman with a staff in her hand and kerchief round her head, met them on the road. They questioned her and said, Good woman! did you see a lady of such a form and figure? She replied, Peradventure you are inquiring after the daughter of the reigning king? They said, The very same. The old woman fell a-weeping and sobbed aloud. The princes began to suspect that all was not right. They observed, O dame! be circumspect in relating all that thou knowest; for our minds mightily misgive us, from what we have already heard. The woman opened her mouth and said, That personage whom you escorted from the city, the hermit defiled; and having after that committed murder on her body, he buried it behind his altar. Then taking them along with her, she proceeded to the grave of their sister; which they dug up, and found the body still weltering in its blood. They rent the garments from their bodies, and in the grief of so horrible an event threw ashes on their heads. After which, they put a halter round Barsisa's neck, and took him with them into the city; while the crowd gathered from all sides expressing their surprise at such a circumstance having come to pass. Then they caused a gibbet to be erected, and brought Barsisa under it: and whatever intercession the holy men of the city could make to get him delivered from punishment, the solicitation of his friends was not listened to by the brothers of the damsel, for they hung him on the gal-

lows in the most ignominious manner. And such as would before that consider it a blessing to catch the water of his ablutions, and use it with the same precious care as they would rose-water, and would esteem the dust of his shoes as a collyrium to be applied to their eyes, were every one collecting and filling the skirts of their garments with stones, that they might hurl them upon him with execrations. In this state of things the devil made his appearance in the front of the gallows, under the figure of an old man with rays of glory round his head, and said, O Barsisa! I am the God of this earth, and that is the God of Heaven whom thou hast served for such a length of years, and who hath permitted thee to fall so low, that in recompense for such long and faithful obedience thou art making thy exit from a gallows:—make me but one sign of adoration, that I may deliver thee from thy present infamy. Barsisa paid obedience to the accursed Devil by making a sign with his brow. A voice came down from the seventh heaven, saying, Perished as this man is in this world and the next, let him be utterly cut off; let his soul sink to Hell, his carcase be thrown to the dogs, and his brain become the portion of the fowls of the air. Brave youth! this is such a mistery as hath been concealed from the servants of God; nor can any comprehend it. The prophet David said, O Lord! let thy secret be divulged to me, that I may have knowledge; for great is my apprehension, and much my confusion. Night and day he was repeating this and crying, when a voice was heard to say, O David! wert thou to weep to that degree that thy tears might penetrate into the hardest flint, I would not interpret this mystery unto thee. O David! expect not in this life to understand this secret of me, till, along with the approach of death, it shall be revealed unto thee.—David asked, when, O my God! wilt thou be pleased to reveal it? The voice answered, My mystery with my servants is comprehended in two words, and these negatives;—either I declare ye have nought to fear, or I affirm ye have nought to hope. A voice will either come from the right, saying, Do not despair; or break upon the left, crying, Hope no more. From an anxious apprehension of those two negatives, at the hour of death no man can retain any colour in his cheek. When the soul knocketh at the breast, the colour is fading and the heart full of woe; and it looketh with anxiety to the right and to the left, to ascertain from which side the sentence may approach. Eternal happiness or everlasting misery is visible in this last agony: moreover, it might be proper that the fortunate should be unhappy, and the happy unfortunate. God is cancelling that which it pleaseth him, and other things he is confirming, and near by him lieth the eternal register. The book of fate lieth by my side, I record and I blot out; but no intimation am I giving what it is that I record, or what I blot out: and I hold counsel with no one. And if God so chooseth, that the last tribunal shall be held, he will assuredly hold it; and it is the Lord who revealeth to such as are directing us in the ways of salvation. Here endeth the fifth Sermon, through the blessing of God and his gracious favour.

O vain boast! who can control his fate?

LETTERS OF AN OLD INDIAN OFFICER.

No III.

MY DEAR MR EDITOR,

I NEED not explain to you the reasons which have made me so long interrupt the series of my letters—a series which indeed I fear all but the young ladies among your readers have long since entirely forgotten. I am married, Mr Editor, and I have a son, a fine boy (Tommy)—and these simple facts will account for my having declined to continue a string of sarcastic epistles, concerning the behaviour and fortunes of the fair sex in Edinburgh. I rejoice to observe, that I have found a better successor than I deserved in that great Cambrian luminary, Dr Peter Morris of Aberystwith—for whose volumes my mouth waters.

But my wife being at present in the straw I have a little more leisure to follow my own fancies than has of

late been much in my power—and although I dare not exactly employ it in resuming my old strain—I have ventured to write an Old Indian, in a more harmless conjugal style, and on a more serious sort of subject. I hope you will pardon all my inconsistencies.

I have read with much pleasure and improvement, Mr Mill's history of British India—the only book, by the way, in 3 volumes, 4to, which I have of late had courage to attack—but I feel inclined to comment very shortly upon a few points, in regard to which I think this excellent author has been mistaken; and in particular, the plans he proposes for the colonization of India.

Agreeing as I do with Mr Mill as to many of the defects which he has pointed out in the present system, I must totally differ from him as to the remedy he proposes, and I am surprised to find the editor of the Edinburgh Review quoting an angry paragraph of his on this subject, and at once entering into his views, without waiting to inquire what description of people these colonists are likely to be.—Were it possible to transport to India a race of gentlemen such as discharge the duties of justices of the peace in this country to mix with the natives, there can be little doubt their influence and their example would have the happiest effects; but what men of capital would think of investing it in the marshes of Bengal, or the sultry plains of Delhi and Agra? Among a thousand emigrants there would not, perhaps, be more than one of this description. There probably would be among them a considerable number of respectable young men of enterprise, but infinitely the greater proportion would be needy adventurers, and people who found it convenient to quit their native country. If I am to judge of what they would probably be, by the present British settlers in India, I should imbibe a most unfavourable opinion of them. There are among these undoubtedly a few gentlemen who are an honour to their country, but by far the greater proportion of them can be of little benefit to the natives by the example they afford them. They have gone there with genuine John Bull notions of the natives, and they treat them on all occasions with cruelty and contempt. They will do an act of injustice to one of them without any remorse, while they would shudder at the very idea of treating an Englishman in the same way. It would seem that in their transactions with the natives, they forget that they are Englishmen, and think that to defraud them were rather a meritorious action than otherwise. The proceedings of the Courts of Requests, at the different Presidencies, furnish us with lamentable proofs of the justice of this remark, and if such be their conduct under the present system of government, which can ship them off, what might we expect it to be when they are placed on the footing of colonists? If our government is in any degree unpopular among the more respectable classes of the natives, it arises in a great measure, if not altogether, from the circumstance that it does not afford any scope for their ambition, all the higher offices of the state being held by the civil servants of the East India Company. They think it very hard that they do not participate in these offices under the present system; but what would their reflections be if they saw them filled to their exclusion, as Mr Mill and his friends the reviewers propose, by "cultivators, merchants, and manufacturers?" How would the high-minded Musselmans of the north of India, who look upon no profession but that of arms as honourable, relish such intruders? What would their feelings be when they found a whole host of Nicol Jarvies, or to come nearer the truth, of Mac Nivites among them, their counting-houses converted into halls, and their *all-wands* into rods of justice? Conceive the city of Ackbar with a Glasgow provost, and bailies from Kirkcaldy and Paisley, the colonization of India, under these circumstances, would, indeed, be the greatest curse that could be inflicted upon that country; but the evil would not be so severely felt in the first instance.—The full extent of it would only appear in the next generation, when their puny offspring, enervated by an ungenial climate, had come to supply their places; when the magistracy was to be supplied from a motley population of degenerate Englishmen and bastard half-casts. Let us look to the descendants of the Portuguese conists, who have arrived at the lowest pitch of degradation, and are now

classed with the meanest of the native outcasts.

But it is needless to argue any longer on this subject, because I hold it as a principle which cannot be contradicted, that no Englishmen of respectability and fortune will choose to remain in a climate so disagreeable and so destructive to their constitutions. They may go there as their countrymen do at present, to make their fortunes, but they will always cherish the hope of revisiting their native country—From such men, however respectable, this Utopian scheme will derive no support; to be of any service, they must mix with the natives, and consider India as their country—From the more respectable colonists little advantage would be derived, while the conduct of the disreputable in a country which holds out so many incentives to vice, would disgrace the name of Briton throughout all Asia—Mr Mill has calculated upon all the good that can be derived from the respectable class of colonists, but the evil that must be derived from the bad he has not taken into account at all. All his colonists are fit persons to be justices of the peace.—Every Englishman in India is an immaculate character, and every native a knave.—But the reviewers at least appear to have formed their estimate of the native character, from the inhabitants of a single province: Their statements, with regard to the police, the prevalence of crime, and the difficulty of administering justice, are drawn from documents that relate to Bengal alone. It has undoubtedly been longest under the British authority, but the inhabitants of it, have always been a most degraded race. They are not perhaps aware, that the very name of Bengallee is a term of reproach throughout all India.—Cowardly, yet quarrelsome, and consequently litigious, mean, ungrateful, and designing, what system of government can have an effect on them—our Bengal regiments do not admit them into their ranks. I am abundantly sensible, that the best of the natives of India have many faults, but there is not a greater difference in the character of any two nations on earth, than between the inhabitants of Bengal Proper, and those of the other provinces under the same jurisdiction.

So far, therefore, from condemning, with Mr Mill and the reviewers, the policy which has been pursued in regard to India as illiberal, cowardly, and short-sighted, I conceive it to be the only course which, in justice to the natives, we could have followed. The fear that such colonists as we could send out could ever render themselves independent in that populous country, is utterly ridiculous; but I am convinced their conduct would render the British government insufferable to the natives; and, that had this system obtained the sanction of the legislature fifty years ago, either we should have been expelled altogether from it ere now, or it must have been constantly under martial law. This would be the nature of the benefits which Great Britain and India would have derived from such a system. The period when the government of that country will be taken from our East India Company, is perhaps approaching, but I trust I shall never see the colonization of it sanctioned; and, had Mr Mill ever been in India to have witnessed the conduct of some of his countrymen, the cultivators, the merchants, and the manufactures he talks of, I am convinced he would have been of my opinion. The reviewers will never be able to persuade me that his qualifications for being the historian of India, are increased, because he has never been in that country. I do not find that that circumstance has freed him from prejudice, while it has betrayed him into the grossest blunders! I cannot recognize in his picture of India, the country I have spent half my life in.—Your obedient servant,

AN OLD INDIAN.

Club-Room, Oman's, June 10.

THE WAGGONER, A POEM. BY MR WORDSWORTH.*

THE Waggoner is a poem of a kind whereof Mr Wordsworth's muse had not hitherto afforded any example. It is lightly and playful, written in a dancing, merry, irregular measure, sometimes almost Hudibrastic in its cadences and rhymes. It abounds in passages which Mr Crabbe might have written; but nobody, we are sure, who might have seen it published anonymously would have suspected it to be a production of the Great Poet of the Lakes.

Over the whole of this playfully written narrative, however, there is diffused a certain delicacy of touch and feeling, which we (who pretend to be pretty well skilled in all the poetry of the day) do not think any living poet, except Wordsworth, could have scattered so easily over so unpromising a theme. The story is nothing more than a fragment of the history of a certain poor man, who was long employed in driving a huge waggon, with eight horses, in the neighbourhood of the poet's residence, and whose good temper and skill in this his calling had been more than sufficient to counterbalance, in the eyes of the people among whom he travelled, some little besetting infirmities of drunkenness, and dissipation, and delay. His master, however, was less merciful in his judgment of these failings, and the present little poem narrates how he turned off poor Benjamin, one fine summer morning, for having deferred the arrival of the waggon beyond its appointed time, by sitting for several merry hours in a hedge ale-house—tempted to this excess chiefly by the charming conversation of a wayfaring showman, who had once been a sailor under Lord Nelson, and who now carried about with him a mimic three-decker, with all her tackle complete, for the temptation and gratification of the curiosity of the Dalesmen of Cumberland.

The Poem has come into our hands just as our last sheet is going to press, so that we have no time for any thing like criticism—nor indeed does the case require it. Those who do not perceive the beauty of the passages we shall quote, deserve to be pitied; but they do not deserve to be arguedwith.

The *Cherry Tree* is the title of the alehouse which is the scene of Benjamin the Waggoner's seduction.

" Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have we
Feasting at the CHERRY TREE!
This was the outside proclamation,
This was the inside salutation;
What bustling—jostling—high and low!
A universal overflow!
What tankards foaming from the tap!
What store of cakes in every lap!
What thumping—stumping—overhead!
The thunder had not been more busy:
With such a stir, you would have said,
This little place may well be dizzy!
'Tis who can dance with greatest vigour—
'Tis what can be most prompt and eager;—
As if it heard the fiddle's call,
The pewter clatters on the wall;
The very bacon shows its feeling,
Swinging from the smoky ceiling!

After Benjamin has left the Cherry Tree, the sailor's wife and child are put into the waggon, and the ass that draws his cart is tethered to the tail of the same huge vehicle. In this situation of things, a scuffle ensues between the ass and Benjamin's mastiff, chained, as use and wont is, beneath the wain—in which the dog receives a kick. Benjamin, however, is in high good temper with every thing—when, of a sudden, he perceives his master, who has come out from Keswick to inquire after him and the waggon.

" With eager eyes the Master pries;
Looks in and out—and through and through;
Says nothing—till at last he spies
A wound upon the Mastiff's head,
A wound—where plainly might be read
What feats an Ass's hoof can do!
But drop the rest:—this aggravation,
This complicated provocation,
A hoard of grievances unseal'd;
All past forgiveness it repeal'd;—
And thus, and through distemper'd blood
On both sides, Benjamin the good,
The patient, and the tender-hearted,
Was from his Team and Waggon parted;
When duty of that day was o'er,
Laid down his whip—and serv'd no more.—
Nor could the Waggon long survive
Which Benjamin had ceas'd to drive:
It linger'd on;—Guide after Guide
Ambitiously the office tried;
But each unmanageable hill
Call'd for *his* patience, and *his* skill;—
And sure it is, that through this night,
And what the morning brought to light,
Two losses had we to sustain,
We lost both WAGGONER and WAIN!

* The Waggoner, a poem; to which are added, Sonnets. By William Wordsworth. 8vo. London, Longman & Co. 1819.

" Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,
The gift of this adventurous Song;
A record which I dared to frame,
Though timid scruples check'd me long;
They check'd me—and I left the theme
Untouch'd—in spite of many a gleam
Of fancy which thereon was shed,
Like pleasant sun-beams shifting still
Upon the side of a distant hill.
But Nature might not be gainsaid;
For what I have and what I miss
I sing of these—it makes my bliss!
Nor is it I who play the part,
But a shy spirit in my heart,
That comes and goes—will sometimes leap
From hiding-places ten years' deep;
Sometimes, as in the present case,
Will show a more familiar face;
Returning, like a ghost unlaid,
Until the debt I owe be paid.
Forgive me, then; for I had been
On friendly terms with this Machine:
In him, while he was wont to trace
Our roads, through many a long year's space,
A living Almanack had we;
We had a speaking Diary,
That, in this uneventful place,
Gave to the days a mark and name
By which we knew them when they came.
—Yes, I, and all about me here,
Through all the changes of the year,
Had seen him through the mountains go,
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,
Majestically huge and slow:
Or with a milder grace adorning
The Landscape of a summer's morning;
While Grasmere smooth'd her liquid plain
The moving image to detain;
And mighty Fairfield, with a chime
Of echoes, to his march kept time;
When little other business stirr'd,
And little other sound was heard:
In that delicious hour of balm,
Stillness, solitude, and calm,
While yet the Valley is arrayed,
On this side, with a sober shade;
On that is prodigally bright—
Crag, lawn, and wood, with rosy light.—
But most of all, thou lordly wain!
I wish to have thee here again,
When windows flap and chimney roars,
And all is dismal out of doors;
And, sitting by my fire, I see
Eight sorry Carts, no less a train!
Unworthy Successors of thee,
Come straggling through the wind and rain;
And oft, as they pass slowly on,
Beneath my window—one by one—
See, perch'd upon the naked height
The summit of a cumbrous freight,
A single Traveller—and, there,
Another—then perhaps a Pair—
The lame, the sickly, and the old;
Men, Women, heartless with the cold;
And Babes in wet and starv'ling plight;
Which once, be weather as it might,
Had still a nest within a nest,
Thy shelter—and their Mother's breast!
Then most of all, then far the most,
Do I regret what we have lost;
Am grieved for that unhappy sin
Which robbed us of good Benjamin;—
And of his stately Charge, which none
Could keep alive when He was gone!

Mr Wordsworth has added twelve Sonnets; we have made room for five of them.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND, ON EASTER SUNDAY.

With each recurrence of this glorious morn
That saw the Saviour in his human frame
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-dame
Put on fresh raiment—till that hour unworn:
Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn,
And she who span it culled the daintiest fleece,
In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace
Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn.
A blest estate when piety sublime
These humble props disdain'd not! O green dales!
Sad may *I* be who heard your Sabbath chime
When Arts abused inventions were unknown;
Kind Nature's various wealth was all your own;
And benefits were weighed in Reason's scales!

I heard (alas, 'twas only in a dream)
Strains—which, as sage Antiquity believed,
By waking ears have sometimes been received,
Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream;
A most melodious requiem,—a supreme
And perfect harmony of notes, achieved
By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,
O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam:
For is she not the votary of Apollo?
And knows she not, singing as he inspires,
That bliss awaits her which the ungenial hollow
Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?
Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal quires!
She soared—and *I* awoke,—struggling in vain to follow.

CAPTIVITY.

" As the cold aspect of a sunless way
Strikes through the Traveller's frame with deadlier chill,
Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,
Glistening with unparticipated ray,
Or shining slope where he must never stray;
So joys, remembered without wish or will,
Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—
On the crush'd heart a heavier burthen lay.
Just Heaven, contract the compass of my mind
To fit proportion with my altered state!
Quench those felicities whose light I find
Burning within my bosom all too late!—
O be my spirit, like my thraldom, strait;
And like mine eyes, that stream with sorrow blind!"

TO A SNOW-DROP, APPEARING VERY EARLY IN THE SEASON.

"Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they
But hardier far, though modestly thou bend
Thy front—as if *such* presence could offend!
Who guards thy slender stalk while, day by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, way-lay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend?
Accept the greeting that befits a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;
Yet will I not thy gentle grace forget
Chaste Snow-drop, vent'rous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

Among the mountains were we nurs'd, lov'd Stream!
Thou, near the eagle's nest—within brief sail,
I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
Where thy deep voice could lull me!—Faint the beam
Of human life when first allowed to gleam
On mortal notice.—Glory of the Vale,
Such thy meek outset, with a crown though frail
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreaths entwined
Nemæan Victor's brow; less bright was worn,
Meed of some Roman Chief—in triumph borne
With captives chain'd; and shedding from his car
The sunset splendours of a finish'd war
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

THESAURUS OF HORROR; OR, THE CHARNEL-HOUSE EXPLORED!! &c.*

THIS is a very pretty title, and we think the book is likely to have a run. The "Grave" of Blair is a sweet poem, but the name is much too simple. "Thesaurus of Horror" puts the imagination at once on the alert, and nothing can be more pointed than the the sinister horn of the dilemma, the "Charnel-House Explored." Nothing can be more delightful than the philosophical, poetical, and historical variety of the title-page. The only fears one has are, lest the bill of fare promise more than the landlord can furnish; but we can assure our gentle readers, that this is far from being the case, and that for the sum of three and sixpence per head, they may sup full of horrors at the Ordinary of Mr Snart.

But to be serious—John Snart the philanthropist is very far from being happy. Most men have something or other in this troublesome world to distress them, but his case is one of the most hopeless. He is not afraid of a change of ministers, of the escape of Bonaparte from St Helena, nor yet of Blackwood's Magazine; but ever since he arrived at the age of maturity, he has been in constant terror of being BURIED ALIVE. On this subject, and this subject alone, has he meditated for twenty years past, and he has now given to the public the fruits of his meditations below the tombs with as much composure as the awfulness of his most desperate condition would admit.

This work is dedicated to the Duke of Sussex, and in the dedication the melancholy Snart informs his patron, that, next to the subjects of religion, "the horrors of the grave by premature interment are paramount to all others." Other writers, he informs us, have occasionally treated of this theme, but "petrified by the Gorgon's horrid front, have retired from the charge, and left it unfinished, rather than wound the feelings of themselves and the public by probing it to the bottom, until, like a long neglected disease, the evil (burying alive) has become desperate, and almost incurable, by inveterate custom."

We really had no notion that things had got to this length, but have not the presumption to contradict Mr Snart on a subject which he has so

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* Thesaurus of Horror; or, the Charnel-House Explored!! being an Historical and Philanthropical Inquisition made for the Quondam-Blood of its Inhabitants! by a contemplative Descent into the Untimely Grave! shewing, by a number of Awful Facts that have transpired as well as from Philosophical Inquiry, the Re-Animating Power of Fresh Earth in cases of Syncope, &c. and the Extreme Criminality of Hasty Funerals: with the Surest Methods of Escaping the Ineffable Horrors of Premature Interment!! The Frightful Mysteries of the Dark Ages Laid Open, which not only Deluged the Roman Empire, but Triumphed over all Christendom for a Thousand Years! Entombing the Sciences, and subsequently Reviving all the Ignorance and Superstition of Gothic Barbarity! By John Snart, Φιλάνθρωπος, Author of the Mathematical Principles of Mensuration, &c. 8vo. London 1817.

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deeply studied. It would appear from his statements, that most people are buried alive, and that as matters are now conducted, any lady or gentleman who is interred, perfectly dead, has good reason to consider her or himself unusually fortunate. We perceive by reference to Dr Jamieson's Essay on Cremation, in the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society, wherein Inhumation is treated of incidentally, that the custom of burying the supposed dead,—for we must speak cautiously—is one of very long standing. It ought, therefore, either to be given up immediately, or there ought to be a radical reform in this system of rotten burroughs. For, the weight of taxation in the open air, is nothing to the pressure below, and the Scotsman himself will allow, that a starving, is not so great an evil as a buried population.

The Duke of Sussex is well known as the eloquent chairman at religious, political, and poetical dinners, and Mr Snart seems to desire that he would speedily arrange a dinner at the London Tavern for the consideration of this subject, and at which a society might be formed, entitled, "Society for the Suppression of Premature Interment." Never, says the great φιλανθρωπος does magnanimity shine so resplendently as "when it intrepidly passes the Rubicon of horror, descends into the premature grave, and snatches the poor devoted victim from the ineffable fate of living inhumation, or being BURIED ALIVE!!!" Without doubt, the catholic emancipation itself ought to be postponed till after a general grave-delivery of all his Majesty's subjects, be their religious persuasion what it may.

The Duke is then told that, not only ought he to bestir himself in this great work, from motives of pure philanthropy, but that in this case, "virtue is its own reward, for he that establishes this law upon an universal basis, eventually secures himself from the direful penalties arising from neglecting it."

Mr Snart is aware that mankind are slow to listen to the voice of wisdom, and therefore, he is far from being sanguine in his expectations that they will soon adopt measures to save themselves from premature interment. They have got so accustomed to it, that it is not uncommon to hear the shocking expression of "being buried alive" under a cart load of blankets. But he is notwithstanding resolved to persevere—and we dare say (enthusiastic man that he is) he hopes to live and see the day when hearses will traverse the streets of our cities, burthened with the peaceful dead, and not, as at present, with persons riding unconsciously to quarters wherein they almost all awake in the morning, with feelings which it is needless to describe.

We have often seen the obstinate perversity of the world at large well described, but never so well as by Mr Snart.

"A proud or self-opinionated man may very fairly be compared with a bottle which has always been kept full of wine, &c. until it is ready to burst by fermentation; and, could such bottle cogitate, it would think the repletion an *essential* quality of its *own*, (for fermentation, though a bouncing quality, like pride, arises from *mutability*,) and though it might be induced to insult all *empty* ones, or those filled with *sober water*, or other *less changeable* fluid than itself, yet a more philosophic bottle would discern between the vessel and the liquor contained in it, both as to the quantity and quality, and learn modesty from the lesson."

At page 94 Mr Snart addresses himself to the feelings and imagination of his readers, and that person must be deaf indeed to his own interests, who is not awakened to a sense of his danger by the following appeal, which we think equal to any thing that pulpit oratory has produced from St Augustin to Dr Chalmers.

"All other deaths admit of some relief; at least, the sorry one of *expiring!* that is, of suffering the breath to *escape* from the *lungs*, and men cherish the forlorn hope, that (however oppressed through life) they shall find a *resting place in the grave*, from all their labours and sorrows too! but *this* appalling thought of *another* conflict in the *goal of deliverance* murders all hope, and the very transcript of *divinity* itself within the sufferer's breast, and stifles it in its exit; entailing a *second* death infinitely worse than that designed by nature, the horrors of which baffle the human pen to describe! A needless supplement of misery that far transcends the original penal sentence denounced on Adam and his posterity for transgression, ("*thou shalt die!*") and refuses the manumitted slave his free emancipation!

"Behold the hapless victim of this horrid custom, upon the return of life, shut in the clay cold prison!—he lifts! ah, no!—his trembling hands to procure him that relief he feels so much the *need of*; and

though before grown *feeble* by *disease*, made *desperate now*, by the maddening sense of his hapless situation and *lost estate!* But yet the attempt is stopt!—the coffin lid is *shut*, shut for *ever!* screwed down!—loaded with unrelenting earth! *Terror*,—*despair*,—*horror*,—torments, unknown before, seize on him! Madness,—rage,—all! all!—no power to live! no power to die! no power, alas, to cry for aid! but pent, barricaded, and pressed by accumulating condensation! The brain distracted! the eyes starting from their sockets! the lungs ruptured! the heart rent asunder by unusual impulses! the ducts and glands suffused, the emunctories choked by surcharge of feces, rendered viscid by incalescence and external resistance; and every vein and artery bursting in the super-human conflict! The office of inosculation (baffled) tries in vain to force its valves, and runs retrograde, bathes the poor grappling victim in extravasated blood *without*, and forms new channels *within*, in this dreadful scuffle, which knows no cessation or abatement, till coagulation's influence stagnates and deprives him of all thought, and he becomes a fermentable mass of *murdered, senseless, decomposing matter!!!*"

This is very fine and fearful certainly—and it is no empty declaration, we assure you; for Mr Snart is, with all his oratory, a matter of fact man, and he brings forward his proofs. About eighty years since, the son of a Mr Cornish, silk-mercer and milliner, and twice Mayor of Bath, had a son who was buried alive.

"A Mr Cornish, who was twice mayor of Bath, about eighty years since, and whose grave-stone the great-grandson, and writer of this article, remembers to have been shewn to him in the abbey-church there, was a silk-mercer and milliner of some eminence, had a son, who seemed to die of a malignant fever. The shop being the resort of people of fashion, it was considered necessary to inter the body as speedily as possible. While the grave, upon this occasion, was but yet half filled with the earth, the grave-digger (like his predecessor in Hamlet) had occasion to retire for a "stoop of liquor," when some persons, who were walking in the abbey, which is always open to gratify the curiosity of strangers) were alarmed by some deep but *stifled groans* which appeared to issue from the nearly half-filled grave!—a more attentive consideration of the sounds confirmed the heart-appalling apprehensions, that the person just interred had been *buried alive!* Immediate assistance was procured; the earth thrown up; and the coffin wrenched open; when, horrible to relate, the poor victim of premature interment was discovered with his knees and elbows beaten raw, and the tears standing, in large drops, upon his cheeks! But the discovery was unhappily too late to be availing; he had drunk the bitter cup of *superlative misery* to the dregs!

Nothing, we fondly imagined, could be much worse than this—but Mr Snart has explored the charnel-house to still greater purpose, and the son of the silk-mercer and milliner and Mayor of Bath may be looked on as a happy man, in comparison with the more obscure tenant in his cell at Bermondsey.

"But this example is but *preparatory* to the following case of *consummate horror!* which was discovered about the same time in Bermondsey church-yard, Surrey! In digging a grave then about to be occupied, the operator came to a previously interred coffin, whose cover, or side, by a cause (hereafter to be explained), gave way, which induced the removal of that part entirely; perhaps to examine whether the bones were fit to be taken out, as is usual, and deposited in the *charnel* or bone house! when a spectacle presented itself to view, the *relation* only of which turns the course of nature, and makes her crimson tide run *retrograde* toward its own original source for protection! A spectacle! that must appal the heart of any being who is not *more* or *less* than *man!*

We cannot think so ill of our readers as to sûspect, for a moment, that they stand in need of any more anecdotes of this sort—else we would give them a very striking account of *premature* interment which Mr Snart maintains occurred about a year ago in Edinburgh.

"The next case that has transpired within the writer's knowledge is not a twelvemonth back, and, according to newspaper reports, is well authenticated. It happened at Edinburgh, and teems with similar horrors to those cases at *Bath* and *Bermondsey*."

We recollect something of the circumstance. The old lady died in the High Street, and, at her own especial request, was buried in a blue gown. But we believe Mr Snart to be misinformed as to the prematurity of her interment, for she was dead enough in all conscience; and the idle rumour of her having been restored to life, though asserted by a few, was believed by none, and has now wholly died away. Mr Snart then adds:

"Reader, here is a *matchless tragedy indeed!* not founded upon *fiction*, but upon *facts!* a subject of supreme misery and superlative distress! one that will justify *any* mode of expression, and for which, instead of *suppressing* the exuberance of thought and intensity of description, it requires a pen dipped in *liquid fire* to depict.—No language can be adequate to the immensity

of the horrors! and even *hyperbole* itself, which distorts and exaggerates all other things beyond their natural size and dimension, *fails here*, and cannot produce a metaphor equivalent to the *plain matter of fact*; and, if dramatic writers want a *transcendent* figure for their future fictions, to harrow up the soul! let them find the motive to it in the *untimely grave!!!*"

Having thus established the existence of the evil, and depicted it in such fearful colours, Mr Snart proposes the remedy. "Let not," says he, "men rest, till they see the ultimate issue of it reduced into a permanent law, established by *Act of Parliament*, enacting, that no person shall, *upon pain of death*, bury their relatives or friends under a *month*," &c. He even goes so far as to recommend torture in addition to death, as the punishment for this heinous crime; "death *in the common way* is too lenient a punishment for so great a crime *as smothering another in the grave!*"

We had intended to indulge in a few reflections and speculations on premature interment, but our limits forbid. If we are to believe Mr Snart, and his reasoning seems unanswerable, a vast number of worthy people are at this very moment in no enviable situation; and though before this article has gone to press, all will be over with them, we do trust that the bill hinted at by him will be brought on during the present meeting of Parliament. It may seem invidious to mention names; but we seriously beseech Mr Colburn to consider what he is about, and that he will infallibly get the character of a most notorious quack, if he suffers any more of his poor patients to suffer premature interment, during a syncope, like Dr Polidori.*

* For the particulars of this poor wretch's fate, see in a late Number of the New Monthly Magazine.

MACNAB ON THE UNIVERSE.†

This is one of the best systems of universal knowledge that have lately fallen into our hands; and, when rightly understood, will go a long way towards rendering useless most books that have been published in modern times. Mr MacNab calls himself, on the title page, Solicitor of the Supreme Courts of Scotland—a designation by no means worthy or characteristic of the man who has explained, upon a principle entirely new, the moral and physical system of the universe. It is painful to think, that he who has roamed through the gardens of Eden, and all the wonders of the antideluvian world like Mr MacNab, should pore upon parchments; and that the same ears which have drank the harmony of the spheres, should be tortured by the dissonance of the Scottish bar. But such is often the hard law of life; and, after all, there is something sublime in thus uniting activity with contemplation. A Jeremy Bentham is a less wonderful occurrence than a Francis Maximus MacNab.

It would not be acting fairly to this gentleman were we to explain his theory to the world. Let them buy his work. It is no business of a journal such as this, to deal in systems of the universe. They would cause our contents to run into too great length, and indeed give the whole miscellany a frowning and philosophical physiognomy. At the same time, there is nothing in our plan to hinder us from giving "specimens" of such systems; and we have no doubt that a few extracts from that of Mr MacNab will induce many to study the great work itself. It is, perhaps, impossible to compose any theory of the system of the universe that shall be, in all points, correct and satisfactory; and it would not be acting candidly to Mr MacNab, nor fairly to the world, to assert that he has overcome all the difficulties inseparable from so great an undertaking. But it seems highly probable that he will succeed in rendering his theory more perfect before there is a call for a second edition.

Mr MacNab seems to us to understand the character of Adam better than any one who has treated of our first parent. "In him," says he, "that natural sensibility which is first in the scale of intelligence was brought to its *ne plus ultra*," &c. "From this source flowed an exquisitely per-

† A Theory of the Moral and Physical System of the Universe, demonstrated by Analogy; in which the Elements of General Science are explained upon a principle entirely new; by Francis Maximus MacNab, Solicitor of the Supreme Courts of Scotland. 8vo, Edinburgh, Nivison. 1817.

fect *natural taste*, whereby Adam enjoyed a complete *depictive or figurative* knowledge of himself, of the universe, and of the scheme of providence, down to the consummation. He felt its harmony by a kind of *innate tact*, extending *in space* as far as the visible universe, *and in time* as far as the last day," &c. "But all his knowledge was of *natural* facts expressed by *sensible* objects, for as yet he knew *the reason or final cause* of nothing. His *capacity* was consummate, but as yet there was no *improvement* of it." This is quite the notion we ourselves have long had of Adam's character, but to Mr MacNab belongs the merit of having so well expressed it. His opinion of paradise is also the same as our own. "Paradise was a condition rather of exquisite *passive* enjoyment, than of *active* moral virtue. It was but the *infancy* of nature when she lay at rest on a bed of roses, *undergoing* a kind of rapture, a state of natural fruition, without fatigue, without satiety." At this period, Mr MacNab is of opinion "that *fire* which now destroys all things, was then the instrument for their preservation, that all nature was then bathed in a *preserving fire*." He also believes that Adam could fly, and was an excellent diver. "It is reasonable to think that man enjoyed a power of counteracting, to a certain extent, the laws of gravitation, so as to exercise to its fullest *rational meaning*, his '*dominion over the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea.*'"—With equal good sense he holds, that "in the solar system every thing was then perfectly *balanced*, and hence the idea of *libra*, or the scales of justice." "No inequalities then disturbed the planetary nations, but they exhibited throughout the *perfect* figures of the *square* and the *circle*, save where the orbits of the comets displayed the variety of the *oval*. At that time (he adds) it is probable that all the worlds were *far nearer the sun*, being enveloped in the blaze of that glorious luminary." He afterwards adds, that "the *viscera* of the different worlds were known by external indications like those of animals." Mr MacNab is equally at home with Eve as with her husband. When she was created, "Adam's promise no longer lay in the depictive train of sensual pleasure, taste and sentiment, and all the delirium of exquisite enjoyment, for these were the province of woman, whereby she was eminently fitted to afford delight. But the pursuits of man lay in the *didactive* train of practical judgment, speculation, and *immortal glory*. Then arose the province of man whereby he was fitted to afford instruction. Thus were they adapted to each other, with *perfect correspondence*; for it was well observed by the ancients.

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci."

The state of man and wife in paradise, differed from that in our days principally in this, "that the wife was not *required* to obey her husband—she did it *naturally*, and by doing so, enjoyed the most exquisite pleasure." We regret extremely that our limits will not allow us to give the whole of MacNab on the Fall. He seems to understand that unfortunate occurrence as thoroughly as if he had been one of the parties. In particular, he mentions with the exactness of an Aberdeen Almanack, the situation of the heavens, at the moment when the fatal apple was cut.

314. "The whole analogy indicates, that the temptation must have succeeded *at that critical moment*, or *never*. For had the tempter lost that moment, Adam would have reached and tasted the *tree of life*, and to that side of the scale the balance would have irreversibly inclined. Had Eve adhered to her husband's side, notwithstanding the first attempt of the seducer, it is *natural* to suppose she would have persevered to the end: and as *nature* then was *perfect*, what is *now a natural supposition*, must have been *then a moral certainty*. For we all know the effect of *habit*, or reiteration, in blunting our *passive* feelings, and quickening our *active* energies;* so that the serpent could never afterwards have succeeded, unless by offering a *greater* temptation.

315. "But this could not possibly have been. For, in the first place, he could not have told, without detection, a falsehood, in any thing falling within the scope of *intelligence or reason*; because it would have been repugnant to the analogy of nature, then *consummately* known by Eve, and would therefore have *shocked* her exquisite *innate taste*. The same limitation required, that the falsehood which he should tell, even in regard to things *transcending* human reason, should seem to *harmonize* with the analogy of nature, and to *the most desirable* truth which man could know. All these requisites were essential to constitute a temptation, adequate to move the heart of

* Wilberforce on Practical Christianity.

a being *perfectly happy*, and *infallibly secured* from *error*, in any thing lying within the ken of created intelligence.

He dwells at great length upon the various accomplishments of the serpent—for all of which singing—walking—as well as wisdom—he finds an adequate explanation in the probability of the animal having itself abstracted a few apples from the tree of knowledge, for, says he, "This tree the serpent now occupied."

316. The primitive serpent walked erect. Like man, his lofty crest pointed towards heaven, and he scarcely seemed to touch the earth with his lower extremity. That his voice was exquisitely melodious, is deducible from many of the heathen traditions after-mentioned, associating the serpent with ideas of *music* and *fascination*.* Instead of being *startled* or *shocked*, Eve was actually *charmed* with it, though she was endowed with perfect taste, and was herself the consummation of rapture. The melody of the primitive serpent's voice, is also deducible by *antithesis*, from the fatal *perversion*, changing that voice into the *hiss*, the natural expression of *derision and shame*. The powers of *fascination* possessed by the serpent, though affected by the same horrid change, are said to be still observable in some degree in the modern rattlesnake; and there are many facts connected with the natural history of serpents, tending to throw additional light on the allegory.

The brave neglect of usual systems of etymology and chronology, manifested in the following passage, is worthy of the only writing successor of the imperial Stagyrite.

319. The same facts also gave rise to many heathen traditions of *Eden* עדן, i. e. *pleasure* or delight; hence the Greek νδσν, the '*gardens of Adonis*,' (אדון, i. e. *the Lord*), the '*gardens of Alcinous*.' (i. e. αλκη νου, *strength of mind or knowledge*,) the 'gardens of the Hesperides,' where golden *apples* were guarded by an enormous *serpent*, that *never slept*, the '*gardens*' mentioned by Isaiah, (56—17,) where they worshipped '*behind one (tree) in the midst*,' the '*gardens*,' '*pleasant places*,' and '*groves*,' of the ancient idolators, the innumerable stories of *enchanted gardens*, which occur in *oriental tales*, all refer to the primeval state."

We very unwillingly skip over 4 or 500 pages of MacNabism, and conclude our notice of this invaluable work with a short account of some part of the chapter on the "Intermediate State of the Departed Soul." Our author, aware that the earth is an "oblate spheroid," of which the mean diameter is about 8000 miles, very reasonably conceives, that if all this mass were a solid body, "*there would be a prodigious waste of material.*" He is of opinion that there is "an interior rind or shell, upon which the terraqueous matter of the earth and sea are spread. This shell is a hollow sphere; and, from analogy, it is obvious that its recesses must have their inhabitants, "though secluded by walls of iron from all converse with the external universe. Who then can they be, if not the disembodied souls of the human race?"

Throughout this chapter are interspersed some philosophical opinions respecting the poles, which, we are afraid, had not attracted the notice of the Admiralty, when they sent out the expedition last year, under Captain Buchan. Mr MacNab is of opinion, that at the "poles there is neither land nor sea. The three central steps of the scale, the animal, vegetable, and chemical kingdoms, vanish there, leaving exposed, *something* we know not what, connected with iron, and intense *preternatural cold*. It is the empty place where the north is stretched out. (Job. xxvi. 7.)

"1107. These things are strange; '*but, what is not strange?*' Can our Sophists explain the phenomena of *magnetism*, which evidently point at something connected with this subject? Excepting at the Poles, the iron shell of the Globe is everywhere else deeply buried under the superincumbent terraqueous mass of the Kingdoms of Nature, the Earth, and the Abyss, or '*Waters under the Earth*,' like its *flesh and blood, spread over its iron ribs*. At the bottom of the Sea, there is doubtless a thick sediment, which may impede the transmission of the magnetic effluvia, and by its variable density, account in part for the *variation of the compass*. I say *in part*, because that variation is also affected by a periodical change, embracing a long secular revolution, and by other anomalies, the causes of which I cannot explain. But the phenomena of the *dipping needle*, clearly shew that the cause, whatever it be, *lies deep beneath* the surface. It is connected, as I have said, with *iron*; and had it not been for the phenomena of the *dipping needle*, we might have suspected that the iron shell of the Globe, (which is everywhere else *covered*) is *exposed* at the Poles, by the disappearance of Land and Sea. But the *dipping* indicates, that the great

* Bryant's Analysis of Ancient Mythology.

mass of *iron* is deeply sunk, even beneath the low level of the Poles. From all these circumstances, I infer that the main body of the iron, lies below the terraqueous mass; below the '*Great Deep*,' or '*Abyss*,' whose waters, communicating with the main ocean, undermine all the continents; washing their way among the solid subterraneous rocks, and supplying, by capillary attraction, that *moisture, or humidity*, which pervades the superincumbent *earth*.

We entreat Mr Barrow to read, with attention, the following paragraph:—

"The intense cold which prevails near the poles, and in the upper regions of the atmosphere, all round the earth, was introduced by the deluge. The latitude, or *mechanical position* of a place, in relation to the direct or oblique rays of the sun, is the most inconsiderable of all the *data* which determine the temperature of its climate; for it depends much more on the chemical state of the atmosphere, at different degrees of elevation from the level of the sea. A *condensing frigorific* influence, destructive of every species of *life*, and strangely *opposed* to all the other laws of Nature, environs this globe at a certain height from the ground. This height is greatest at the equator, and descends inversely, as the latitude; till, at the poles, it comes in contact with the earth, rendering those spots inaccessible to any living creature. The frigorific influence at the poles is *more than natural*. It is essentially destructive of every kind of life, animal or vegetable. But it operates in a way the very reverse of *decomposition*; for it *squeezes, compresses*, or *condenses*, every expansive effort of vitality.

It is with reluctance that we part with Mr MacNab; and seriously do we wish that his philosophical writings may not, in this ignorant and prejudiced age, lessen his practice as a solicitor of the Supreme Courts of Scotland. He tells us in his preface, that his work derives no recommendation from the name, talents, erudition, rank, or circumstances of the author. "If I have spoken according to the word of God, my work will stand in need of no human patronage; if it be not according to the word, I myself will assist in suppressing it." For our own parts, we wish to preserve a perfect neutrality—for Mr MacNab, speaking of his opponents, says, "when they met me full in the front, and would have me turn back, or to the right or left, *I have felled them to the ground*, without respect of parties or persons." We might find it, like the Lord High Commissioner, somewhat difficult to parry these "argumenta ad hominem," and as our motto has always been "May ne'er waur be amang us," we beg leave to assure Mr MacNab, that we are, with the highest consideration, his most obedient humble servants,

TRES JUNCTI IN UNO.

THIRD SERIES OF THE TALES OF MY LANDLORD.*

We have delayed the publication of our miscellany this month in order that we might have it in our power to see these new tales, and give some account of them, ere the first brush of curiosity be over. And yet we are well aware that our zeal in this particular may appear very misplaced—that not a few of our readers will be inclined to say or to think that every body will immediately read the tales, and that therefore the review might have been spared.

Since we have deferred our forthcoming, however, we must not allow ourselves to be cheated out of our intended luxury—the greatest which the critics of this time and country ever met with—that of expatiating on the plan and subjects and merits of a new work of the great author of Waverley. It is truly a most epicurean custom which we have all got into of expecting three or four volumes of this kind every year; and in spite of the threats—the somewhat serious threats—at the close of this publication, we would hope there is no chance in our being henceforth deprived of this regale.—But to our text.

The Bride of Lammermoor, which is the first of these new tales, will probably be preferred to the Legend of Montrose, which occupies only a volume and a half out of the four volumes. The public will soon perceive, that in both of them many parts of the narrative are executed in a slovenly and careless manner; but every now and then the hand of the master appears, and throws in parts so expressive and admirable as to counterba-

* Tales of My Landlord. Third Series, containing "The Bride of Lammermoor," and "A Legend of Montrose." 4 vols. 12mo. Constable & Co. Edinburgh; and Longman & Co. London. 1819.

lance the dryness of some of the intervening spaces. In neither of the present tales is the progressive interest of the story equal to what is found in the best of the former novels. The actors are fewer, the incidents less crowded, and the story less entangled with collateral trains of circumstances. But in other respects the general character of the present tales very much resembles that of the former ones. There is the same alternation of comic and sombre spectacles, of Cervantic drolleries, and of tragic terror and pity. But the fancy of the author seems always to brood with peculiar relish over the ludicrous—not over that cheap species of the ludicrous which gratifies the appetite for derision—but those deeper comic relations of persons and circumstances which are detected by the serene penetration of a contemplative mind, and the detection of which is not necessarily accompanied with any feeling of scorn or bitterness, but is merely an intellectual perception, compatible with whatever other feelings may be, at the same time, excited by the spectacle.

The interest of the Bride of Lammermoor is not founded like that of Old Mortality, on any broad representation of popular manners, and habits of thinking, but chiefly on the evil destinies of a noble family, and on the tragical situations in which particular individuals are involved. It is certainly by broad pictures of popular manners, that the characteristics of a nation, or of an era, are most strikingly presented to the imagination. The tracing of the private history of individuals opens up sources of interest of a different nature, and takes a stronger hold of our sympathies, by concentrating our attention on a smaller number of actors, with whose feelings we consequently acquire a more prolonged and intimate acquaintance. But no narrative is so well calculated to produce a solemn and terrible effect as that which makes to pass before our view the fates and fortunes of some conspicuous family, through successive generations, so as to shew the entailed consequences of the events and passions in which they have been involved. The Greeks found the most favourite subjects for their tragedies in those complicated misfortunes, which tradition represented as pursuing some of the royal lines of antiquity. Whatever befals a race of persons exalted and placed aloof from the common crowd of mankind, is seen distinctly both in reference to its causes and its results; but the catastrophes which overwhelm more obscure individuals, appear insulated and unprepared, and are less interesting, because we cannot have so long a retrospect into the fatal concatenations of circumstances which lead to them. The fortunes of an individual likewise impress the imagination much more strongly when we have to consider him not as at liberty to choose his own situation and mode of life, but as succeeding to ancestors in whose steps he must tread, and who have left him a complicated and difficult part to play. This was particularly the case among the old feudal barons of Scotland, the past history of whose families was generally the subject of poetry and tradition, while their future destinies were the subject of obscure prophecies and enigmas circulated among the people.

Although the Bride of Lammermoor is not so replete with representations of popular manners as some of the former novels, yet it may still be considered as in some measure bringing into view the passions and pursuits which filled up the lives of the old aristocracy of Scotland. Perhaps in none of his novels has the author explored this field so completely as might have been done by one who seems so well acquainted with family history. Fergus and Flora Maciver are persons of a very modern date; and they appear chiefly in relation to the civil war. The interest of the novel, in which they are pourtrayed, hinges very much on those numerous manifestations of national character which are turned up among all ranks by the commotions of the times. Guy Mannering is more a picture of the ordinary tenor of existence, and that chiefly among the middle and lower classes—but a representation full of poetry and meaning in every trait. The events intermingle and interweave themselves with admirable verisimilitude, and the varied characteristics of the different actors break out always spontaneously and in place; though the personages are humble, they are, for the most part, embued with some fresh and unevapoured spirit of existence, which naturally shews itself in poetical forms; and the re-

ference which the different incidents bear to the affair of Warroch Point, helps to breathe in from time to time a feeling of tragical solemnity, amidst the humorous parts of the story. The Antiquary is partly filled up with materials similar to those of Guy Mannering; but is, in other respects, chiefly an intellectual progeny of the author, and consists oftener of pleasantries and reflections on the events of life, than of the events themselves, employed as objects for representation. It is distinguished from the others by greater *verve* in the composition. In the Tale of Old Mortality, our attention is throughout more earnestly engaged with the characteristics of the times, than with the history of any particular individual; and the story is made up of so many collateral trains of events, that no one catastrophe can be considered as embracing and winding up the whole.

But of all the novels of our author there is no one which has a catastrophe so complete, and which shakes the mind so strongly as that of the Bride of Lammermoor. It is the only true romance of the whole set;—in purpose, tenor, and conclusion—it is a pure and magnificent tragical romance.—From begininng to end the interest is fixed intensely upon the fortunes of two individuals, on whom, although they are often surrounded by ludicrous characters, and ludicrous incidents, and although the narrative that developes their fate be often written in a tone that at first sight might appear rather too merry when viewed in relation to the final issue—on whom there hangs all along a deep and pensive shadow which separates them from all that is about them, and marks them out as the chosen and vindicated victims of a terrible destiny.

The hero is the last of a noble race, Edgar Ravenswood, whose family title has been attainted, but who still bears among the people of his neighbourhood the title of Master of Ravenswood.—He is an energetic and high-minded young man, whose naturally violent passions, embittered and exasperated by the misfortunes and decline of his house, have rendered him, to outward appearance, a gloomy and ferocious misanthrope—but in whose heart, notwithstanding these, remains abundant capacity for entertaining, in equal fervour, a softer passion which has been destined to put the last touch upon the fortunes of the Ravenswoods.

The principal agent in the downfall of the last Lord of this line, the father of Edgar, was one Sir William Ashton;—a lawyer, a courtier, and a profound and crafty politician, who, taking advantage of the civil tumults of the times, has risen to high wealth and to the station of Lord Keeper of Scotland. Among other acquisitions he has gained possession (in a way which it would require some knowledge of Scots law to comprehend) of the bulk of the Ravenswood estate, and of the ancient castle from which it takes its name. The heir of the old family in the meantime occupies a little antique tower overlooking the German ocean near St Abbes Head—by name Wolfscrag—and from this it would appear he now and then wanders for the purposes of sportmanship among the richer chases and domains which *should* have been his. During one of these excursions, the Lord Keeper and his daughter pass not far from the thicket in which he is pursuing his sport—at that moment a bull of the old Caledonian breed of wild cattle rushes suddenly upon them, and the instant destruction of one or both is unavoidable, but for Ravenswood, whose sure aim arrests the ferocious animal when within a few yards of his prey. Lucy Ashton, in the meantime, has fainted, and Sir William being himself exhausted with the shock he had undergone, requests Ravenswood to bring water. The master obeys by lifting the girl from the ground and carrying her to the brink of an ancient fountain, whose situation was well known to him, and which had already been associated in the traditions of the country with many circumstances of evil omen to his house. It is here that in gazing on the pale loveliness of Lucy Ashton, there are planted in the fierce breast of Ravenswood the first embers of a flame, which was never to be extinguished but with the life it illuminated, and the heart it consumed. From this moment, the tenor of their destinies flows on in one sad stream, broken by scarcely more than a single ray of hope—and by no ray of security.

Ravenswood vanishes in the woods, and leaves the Lord Keeper and his daughter to gather the name and quality of their preserver from the foresters,

who soon assembled around them, and to whom his person was familiar. Sir William feels, as might be expected from his character, the unpleasantness of having been obliged in such a way by one who he is well aware regards him as his mortal and hereditary foe. By degrees, however, he begins to reflect that the circumstance may be of use to his interests—the political condition of the country is uncertain—the character and connexions of young Ravenswood are formidable and important—he himself is not entirely secure in the elevation to which he has attained—and altogether he is not sorry that an accident should have occurred which may enable him to establish a more friendly intercourse with the heir of the family to whose ruin he had been so instrumental. With the view of forwarding the designs which have thus begun to be entertained by him, he encourages the interest which Ravenswood's adventure had excited in the mind of his daughter, and even goes so far as to lay a plan by which that unfortunate youth is made to receive himself and Lucy as his guests for a whole night in the desolate mansion of Wolfscrag. A hunting party in the vicinity of that place, and a storm which follows it, are the incidents of which use is made in bringing about this unexpected hospitality, and during his stay at Wolfscrag, the skilful old courtier works upon the mind of his young host in such a way as to weaken not a few of his ancient prejudices—which, indeed, had already received no inconsiderable shock in consequence of the more guileless fascinations of Lucy Ashton. Next day Ravenswood is made to accompany his guests homewards, and returns their visit in the hall of his fathers. The keeper leaves Lucy to be the chief entertainer of the youth,—they pass every morning in strolling together about the woods, and at last plight their troth to each other by the side of the same Mermaid's Well to whose margin Lucy had been carried by Ravenswood before he was her lover.

Lucy Ashton is, we think, the most happily conceived character of all our author's heroines. She has not, indeed, the majestic interest of a Flora Macivor, nor the dazzling magic of a Diana Vernon—but she is a sweet gentle creature, made, as it would seem, to glide quietly through the scenes of human life. In the beginning of the novel she is represented as singing the following beautiful little song—little dreaming what a contrast it was ultimately to afford to her own destiny.

Look not thou on beauty's charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
Taste not when the wine cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,—
Easy live and quiet die.

But the unforeseen sequence of events involves blind mortals in its current, and hurries them into situations which they would never have sought spontaneously, as adapted to their own nature. As it is, the modest and unmarked character of this maiden is contrasted throughout in a masterly manner, with the desperate part she plays in the sequel—and the whole tragedy, therefore, produces a deeper feeling of horror than could have been commanded by any exhibition of a more masculine heroine.

There are many obstacles to the love of Ravenswood—his own aversion (not easily overcome even by his passion) to an alliance with the family which had supplanted his own, is reinforced and redoubled by the warnings of an old female dependent of his family, who still lingers in the neighbourhood of their ancient castle, and who, being made aware of the yet unconfessed love of Lucy, urges every argument of honour and of superstition to deter Ravenswood from making suit to her. The character of this ancient person is admirably drawn, but we must abide by the main thread of the narrative. A still more formidable obstacle lies in the person of Sir William's lady—a high-born woman of the name of Douglas, bold, ambitious, designing, tyrannical, a kind of inferior Lady Macbeth, whose energy of character gives her unlimited power over her husband when present—but who is at this time absent in England, and supposed to be ignorant of all that has happened since the commencement of the novel. This lady, however, learns from another quarter, that Edgar Ravenswood is a visitor at the house of her husband, and that report has already given him out as the favoured lover of her daughter. She no sooner hears all this than she quits the place where she has been in England, and arrives, to the

dismay of Sir William, and the ruin of Ravenswood, at the very moment when the reconciliation of these men is about to be completed in the presence of the Marquis of Athol, a kinsman of Ravenswood, who has condescended, chiefly on account of his relation, to spend a night under the roof of Ashton.

From the moment that Lady Ashton appears, the interest of the piece hurries on from one tragic scene to another, with a rapidity and power which we do not think have been equalled in any of the predecessors of this novel. She seems, by the first glance of her eye to wither the whole resolution of her husband. She dismisses Ravenswood from her castle by a gross insult—and does every thing that is in her power to hurry Lucy into a marriage with a rude squire of the neighbourhood, one Hayston of Bucklaw, who has lately succeeded to a splendid fortune, and by whose interest she is extremely desirous to increase the political influence of her son Colonel Ashton—who has long aspired to be representative of the county in Parliament. The traits of Bucklaw's character have no great novelty or intricacy, but they are hit off with great spirit, and in some scenes his blunt, restless, and inconsiderate, but, at the same time, estimable nature, is contrasted most happily with that of Captain Craigengelt, a profligate gamester, who having been his companion in a period of penury, now that Bucklaw has emerged from all his difficulties, fastens upon him in the character of a parasite or serviceable retainer. In the mean time, while the suit of Bucklaw is aided on the one hand by Lady Ashton's ambition, and on the other by the more unprincipled subserviences of Craigengelt,—Ravenswood is sent abroad on a political mission, through his friend the Marquis—enduring his absence only because he relies, with implicit fervour, on the pledged vows of Lucy. But Lady Ashton, among other contrivances, intercepts all his letters—and, by degrees, procures a report to be circulated that he is unfaithful to his love, and about to be wedded to a wealthy bride abroad. Lucy with difficulty listens to this report, but she writes again and again to procure its contradiction from Ravenswood—and all (as might be suspected from what we have seen) in vain. Wearied at last by the obstinate silence of her apparently careless or faithless lover, there is wrung from her a cold half-consent to her marriage with Bucklaw. She stipulates, however, that one more letter shall be addressed to Ravenswood, and calculating the latest day on which it might be possible for his answer to arrive, she agrees to sign the contract on that day in case no such answer should make its appearance.

Her letter had never been sent, so that Lady Ashton was under no apprehension of an answer; but Lucy, unknown to her mother, had despatched a duplicate—but the scene will explain itself.

"There were only present, Sir William Ashton, and Colonel Douglas Ashton, the last in full regimentals—Bucklaw in bridegroom trim—Craigengelt freshly equipped from top to toe by the bounty of his patron, and bedizened with as much lace as might have become the dress of the Copper Captain, together with the Rev. Mr Bide-the-bent; the presence of a minister being, in strict presbyterian families, an indispensable requisite upon all occasions of unusual solemnity.

"Wines and refreshments were placed on a table, on which the writings were displayed, ready for signature.

"But before proceeding either to business or refreshment, Mr Bide-the-bent, at a signal from Sir William Ashton, invited the company to join him in a short extemporary prayer, in which he implored a blessing upon the contract now to be solemnized between the honourable parties then present. With the simplicity of his times and profession, which permitted strong personal allusions, he petitioned, that the wounded mind of one of these noble parties might be healed, in reward of her compliance with the advice of her right honourable parents; and that, as she had proved herself a child after God's commandment, by honouring her father and mother, she and her's might enjoy the promised blessing—length of days in the land here, and a happy portion hereafter in a better country. He prayed further, that the bridegroom might be weaned from those follies which seduce youth from the path of knowledge; that he might cease to take delight in vain and unprofitable company, scoffers, rioters, and those who sit late at the wine, (here Bucklaw winked to Craigengelt), and cease from the society that causeth to err. A suitable supplication in behalf of Sir William and Lady Ashton, and their family, concluded this religious address, which thus embraced every individual present, excepting Craigengelt, whom the worthy divine probably considered as past all hopes of grace.

"The business of the day now went forward; Sir William Ashton signed the contract with legal solemnity and precision; his son, with military *non-chalance*; and Bucklaw, having subscribed as rapidly as Craigengelt could turn the leaves, concluded by wiping his pen on that worthy's new laced cravat.

"It was now Miss Ashton's turn to sign the writings, and she was guided by her watchful mother to the table for that purpose. At her first attempt, she began to write with a dry pen, and when the circumstance was pointed out, seemed unable, after several attempts, to dip it in the massive silver ink-standish, which stood full before her. Lady Ashton's vigilance hastened to supply the deficiency. I have myself seen the fatal deed, and in the distinct characters in which the name of Lucy Ashton is traced on each page, there is only a very slight tremulous irregularity, indicative of her state of mind at the time of the subscription. But the last signature is incomplete, defaced, and blotted; for while her hand was employed in tracing it, the hasty tramp of a horse was heard at the gate, succeeded by a step in the outer gallery, and a voice, which, in a commanding tone, bore down the opposition of the menials. The pen dropped from Lucy's fingers, as she exclaimed with a faint shriek—"He is come—he is come!"

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"Hardly had Miss Ashton dropped the pen, when the door of the apartment flew open, and the Master of Ravenswood entered the apartment.

"Lockhard and another domestic, who had in vain attempted to oppose his passage through the gallery or anti-chamber, were seen standing on the threshold transfixed with surprise, which was instantly communicated to the whole party in the state-room. That of Colonel Douglas Ashton was mingled with resentment; that of Bucklaw, with haughty and affected indifference; the rest, even Lady Ashton herself, shewed signs of fear, and Lucy seemed petrified to stone by this unexpected apparition. Apparition it might well be termed, for Ravenswood had more the appearance of one returned from the dead, than of a living visitor.

"He planted himself full in the middle of the apartment, opposite to the table at which Lucy was seated, on whom, as if she had been alone in the chamber, he bent his eyes with a mingled expression of deep grief and deliberate indignation. His dark-coloured riding cloak, displaced from one shoulder, hung around one side of his person in the ample folds of the Spanish mantle. The rest of his rich dress was travel-soil'd, and deranged by hard riding. He had a sword by his side, and pistols in his belt. His slouched hat, which he had not removed at entrance, gave an additional gloom to his dark features, which, wasted by sorrow, and marked by the ghastly look communicated by long illness, added to a countenance naturally somewhat stern and wild, a fierce and even savage expression. The matted and dishevelled locks of hair which escaped from under his hat, together with his fixed and unmoved posture, made his head more resemble that of a marble bust than of a living man. He said not a single word, and there was a deep silence in the company for more than two minutes.

It was broken by Lady Ashton, who in that space partly recovered her natural audacity. She demanded to know the cause of this unauthorised intrusion.

"'That is a question, madam,'" said her son, 'which I have the best right to ask—and I must request of the Master of Ravenswood to follow me, where he can answer it at leisure.'

Bucklaw interposed, saying, 'No man on earth should usurp his previous right in demanding an explanation from the Master.—Craigengelt,' he added, in an under tone, 'd—n ye, why do you stand staring as if you saw a ghost? fetch me my sword from the gallery.'

"'I will relinquish to no man,' said Colonel Ashton, 'my right of calling to account the man who has offered this unparalleled affront to my family.'

"'Be patient, gentlemen, said Ravenswood, turning sternly towards them, and waving his hand as if to impose silence on their altercation. 'If you are as weary of your lives as I am, I will find time and place to pledge mine against one or both; at present I have no leisure for the disputes of triflers.'

"'Triflers!' echoed Colonel Ashton, half unsheathing his sword, while Bucklaw laid his hand on the hilt of that which Craigengelt had just reached him.

"Sir William Ashton, alarmed for his son's safety, rushed between the young men and Ravenswood, exclaiming, 'My son, I command you—Bucklaw, I entreat you—keep the peace, in the name of the queen and of the law.'

"'In the name of the law of God,' said Bide-the-bent, advancing also with uplifted hands between Bucklaw, the Colonel, and the object of their resentment—'In the name of Him who brought peace on earth, and good will to mankind, I implore—I beseech—I command you to forbear violence towards each other. God hateth the blood-thirsty man—he who striketh with the sword, shall perish with the sword.'

"'Do you take me for a dog, sir,' said Colonel Ashton, turning fiercely upon him, 'or something more brutally stupid, to endure this insult in my father's house?—Let me go, Bucklaw! He shall account to me, or, by heaven, I will stab him where he stands.'

"'You shall not touch him here,' said

Bucklaw; 'he once gave me my life, and were he the devil come to fly away with the whole house and generation, he shall have nothing but fair play.'

"The passions of the two young men thus counteracting each other, gave Ravenswood leisure to exclaim, in a stern and steady voice, 'Silence!—let him who really seeks danger, take the fitting time when it is to be found; my mission here will be shortly accomplished.—Is *that*, madam, your hand?' he added in a softer tone, extending towards Miss Ashton her last letter.

"A faultering 'Yes,' seemed rather to escape from her lips, than to be uttered as a voluntary answer.

"'And is *this* also your hand?' extending towards her the mutual engagement.

"Lucy remained silent. Terror, and a yet stronger and more confused feeling, so utterly disturbed her understanding, that she probably scarcely comprehended the question that was put to her.

"'If you design,' said Sir William Ashton, 'to found any legal claim on that paper, sir, do not expect to receive any answer to an extra-judicial question.'

"'Sir William Ashton,' said Ravenswood, 'I pray you, and all who hear me, that you will not mistake my purpose. If this young lady, of her own free will, desires the restoration of this contract, as her letter would seem to imply—there is not a withered leaf which this autumn wind strews on the heath, that is more valueless in my eyes. But I must and will hear the truth from her own mouth—without this satisfaction I will not leave this spot. Murder me by numbers you possibly may; but I am an armed man—I am a desperate man,—and I will not die without ample vengeance. This is my resolution, take it as you may. I WILL hear her determination from her own mouth; from her own mouth, alone, and without witnesses, will I hear it. Now chuse,' he said, drawing his sword with the right hand, and, with the left, by the same motion taking a pistol from his belt and cocking it, but turning the point of one weapon and the muzzle of the other to the ground,—'Chuse if you will have this hall floated with blood, or if you will grant me the decisive interview with my affianced bride, which the laws of God and the country alike entitle me to demand.'

"All recoiled at the sound of his voice, and the determined action by which it was accompanied; for the ecstasy of real desperation seldom fails to overpower the less energetic passions by which it may be opposed. The clergyman was the first to speak. 'In the name of God,' he said, 'receive an overture of peace from the meanest of his servants. What this honourable person demands, albeit it is urged with over violence, hath yet in it something of reason. *Let him hear from* Miss Lucy's own lips *that she hath dutifully* acceded to the will *of her parents,* and repenteth her of her covenant with him; and when he is assured of this, he will depart in peace unto his own dwelling, and cumber us no more. Alas! the workings of the ancient Adam are strong even in the regenerate—surely we should have long suffering with those who, being yet in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity, are swept forward by the uncontroulable current of worldly passion. Let then the Master of Ravenswood have the interview on which he insisteth; it can but be as a passing pang to this honourable maiden, since her faith is now irrevocably pledged to the choice of her parents. Let it, I say, be thus: it belongeth to my functions to entreat your honour's compliance with this healing overture.

"'Never,' answered Lady Ashton, whose rage had now overcome her first surprise and terror—'never shall this man speak in private with my daughter, the affianced bride of another. Pass from this room who will, I remain here. I fear neither his violence nor his weapons, though armed,' she said, glancing a look towards Colonel Ashton, 'who bear my name, appear more moved by them.'

"'For God's sake, madam,' answered the worthy divine, 'add not fuel to firebrands. The Master of Ravenswood cannot, I am sure, object to your presence, the young lady's state of health being considered, and your maternal duty. I myself will also tarry; peradventure my grey hairs may turn away wrath.'

"'You are welcome to do so, sir,' said Ravenswood; 'and Lady Ashton is also welcome to remain, if she shall think proper; but let all others depart.'

"'Ravenswood,' said Colonel Ashton, crossing him as he went out, 'you shall account for this ere long.'

"'When you please,' replied Ravenswood.

"'But I,' said Bucklaw, with a half smile, 'have a prior demand on your leisure, a claim of some standing.'

"'Arrange it as you will,' said Ravenswood; 'leave me but this day in peace, and I will have no dearer employment on earth, to-morrow, than to give you all the satisfaction you can desire.'

The other gentlemen left the apartment; but Sir William Ashton lingered.

"'Master of Ravenswood,' he said, in a conciliating tone, 'I think I have not deserved that you should make this scandal and outrage in my family. If you will sheathe your sword, and retire with me into my study, I will prove to you, by the most satisfactory arguments, the inutility of your present irregular procedure——'

"'To-morrow, sir—to-morrow—to-morrow, I will hear you at length,' reiterated Ravenswood, interrupting him; 'this day hath its own sacred and indispensible business.'

"He pointed to the door, and Sir William left the apartment.

and in its stead that of old Sir Malise Ravenswood seemed to frown wrath and vengeance upon the party assembled below. The exchange must have been made while the apartments were empty, but had not been observed until the torches and lights in the sconces were kindled for the ball. The haughty and heated spirits of the gentlemen led them to demand an immediate enquiry into the cause of what they deemed an affront to their host and to themselves; but Lady Ashton, recovering herself, passed it over as the freak of a crazy wench who was maintained about the castle, and whose susceptible imagination had been observed to be much effected by the stories which Dame Gourlay delighted to tell concerning 'the former family,' so Lady Ashton named the Ravenswoods. The obnoxious picture was immediately removed, and the ball was opened by Lady Ashton with a grace and dignity which supplied the charms of youth, and almost verified the extravagant encomiums of the elder part of the company, who extolled her performance as far exceeding the dancing of the rising generation.

"When Lady Ashton sat down, she was not surprised to find that her daughter had left the apartment, and she herself followed, eager to obviate any impression which might have been made upon her nerves by an incident so likely to affect them as the mysterious transposition of the portraits. Apparently she found her apprehensions groundless, for she returned in about an hour, and whispered the bridegroom, who extricated himself from the dancers, and vanished from the apartment. The instruments now played their loudest strains—the dancers pursued their exercise with all the enthusiasm inspired by youth, mirth, and high spirits, when a cry was heard so shrill and piercing, as at once to arrest the dance and the music. All stood motionless; but when the yell was again repeated, Colonel Ashton snatched a torch from the sconce, and demanding the key of the bridal-chamber from Henry, to whom, as bride's-man, it had been entrusted, rushed thither, followed by Sir William and Lady Ashton, and one or two others, near relations of the family. The bridal guests waited their return in stupified amazement.

"Arrived at the door of the apartment, Colonel Ashton knocked and called, but received no answer, except stifled groans.—He hesitated no longer to open the door of the apartment, in which he found opposition, from something which lay against it. When he had succeeded in opening it, the body of the bridegroom was found lying on the threshold of the bridal-chamber, and all around was flooded with blood. A cry of surprise and horror was raised by all present; and the company, excited by this new alarm, began to rush tumultuously *towards the sleeping* apartment. Colonel *Ashton, first whispering* to his mother,—'Search for her—she has murdered him!' drew his sword, planted himself in the passage, and declared he would suffer no man to pass excepting the clergyman, and the medical person present. By their assistance, Bucklaw, who still breathed, was raised from the ground, and transported to another apartment, where his friends, full of suspicion and murmuring, assembled round him to learn the opinion of the surgeon.

"In the meanwhile, Lady Ashton, her husband, and their assistants, in vain sought Lucy in the bridal bed and in the chamber. There was no private passage from the room, and they began to think that she must have thrown herself from the window, when one of the company, holding his torch lower than the rest, discovered something white in the corner of the great old-fashioned chimney of the apartment. Here they found the unfortunate girl, seated, or rather couched like a hare upon its form—her head-gear dishevelled; her night-clothes torn and dabbled with blood,—her eyes glazed, and her features convulsed into a wild paroxysm of insanity. When she saw herself discovered, she gibbered, made mouths, and pointed at them with her bloody fingers, with the frantic gestures of an exulting demoniac.

"Female assistance was now hastily summoned; the unhappy bride was overpowered, not without the use of some force. As they carried her over the threshold, she looked down, and uttered the only articulate words that she had yet spoken, saying, with a sort of grinning exultation,—'So, you have ta'en up your bonnie bridegroom?' She was by the shuddering assistants conveyed to another and more retired apartment, where she was secured as her situation required, and closely watched. The unutterable agony of the parents—the horror and confusion of all who were in the castle—the fury of contending passions between the friends of the different parties, passions augmented by previous intemperance, surpass description.

"The surgeon was the first who obtained something like a patient hearing; he pronounced that the wound of Bucklaw, though severe and dangerous, was by no means fatal, but might readily be rendered so by disturbance and hasty removal. This silenced the numerous party of Bucklaw's friends, who had previously insisted that he should, at all rates, be transported from the castle to the nearest of their houses.—They still demanded, however, that, in consideration of what had happened, four of their number should remain to watch over the sick-bed of their friend, and that a suitable number of their domestics, well armed, should also remain in the castle. This condition being acceded to on the part of Colonel Ashton and his father, the rest of the bridegroom's friends left the castle, notwithstanding the hour and the darkness of

the night. The cares of the medical man were next employed in behalf of Miss Ashton, whom he pronounced to be in a very dangerous state. Farther medical assistance was immediately summoned. All night she remained delirious. On the morning, she fell into a state of absolute insensibility. The next evening, the physicians said, would be the crisis of her malady. It proved so, for although she awoke from her trance with some appearance of calmness, and suffered her night-clothes to be changed, or put in order, yet so soon as she put her hand to her neck, as if to search for the fatal blue ribbon, a tide of recollections seemed to rush upon her, which her mind and body were alike incapable of bearing. Convulsion followed convulsion, till they closed in death, without her being able to utter a word explanatory of the fatal scene."

At the funeral of Lucy, when all her near kinsmen are assembled in the vault of death, it is remarked that one is present for whom no place had been appointed, and Colonel Ashton knows full well that this is the Master of Ravenswood. He draws him aside immediately after the dust had been scattered into the grave, and, in a few words, challenges him to fight early in the morrow—alone—and on the sands in the neighbourhood of Ravenswood's own residence. Ravenswood is unwilling that the tragedy should be carried into any farther depths of blood by his means,—but is at last compelled to accept the challenge.

"'Alone we meet,' said Colonel Ashton, 'and alone will the survivor of us return from that place of rendezvous.'

"'Then God have mercy on the soul of him who falls!' said Ravenswood.

"'So be it!' said Colonel Ashton; 'so far can my charity reach even for the man I hate most deadly, and with the deepest reason. Now, break off, for we shall be interrupted. The links by the sea-shore to the east of Wolf's-hope—the hour sun-rise—our swords our only weapons.'

"'Enough,' said the Master, 'I will not fail you.'"

Ravenswood goes home to pass his last sleepless night at Wolfscrag. He is received by the only attendant who still remains faithful to the fallen fortunes of his house.

"Caleb would have said something of the disrepair of the chamber, but was silenced by the irritable impatience which was expressed in his master's countenance; he lighted the way trembling and in silence, placed the lamp on the table of the deserted room, and was about to attempt some arrangement of the bed, when his master bid him begone in a tone that admitted of no delay. The old man retired, not to rest, but to prayer; and from time to time crept to the door of the apartment, in order to find out whether Ravenswood had gone to repose. His measured heavy step upon the floor was only interrupted by deep groans; and the repeated stamps of the heel of his heavy boot, intimated too clearly, that the wretched inmate was abandoning himself at such moments to paroxysms of uncontrolled agony. The old man thought that the morning, for which he longed, would never have dawned; but time, whose course rolls on with equal current, however it may seem more rapid or more slow to mortal apprehension, brought the dawn at last, and spread a ruddy light on the broad verge of the glistening ocean. It was early in November, and the weather was serene for the season of the year. But an easterly wind had prevailed during the night, and the advancing tide rolled nearer than usual to the foot of the crags on which the castle was founded.

"With the first peep of light, Caleb Balderstone again resorted to the door of Ravenswood's sleeping apartment, through a chink of which he observed him engaged in measuring the length of two or three swords which lay in a closet adjoining to the apartment. He muttered to himself, as he selected one of these weapons, 'It is shorter—let him have this advantage as he has every other.'

"Caleb Balderstone knew too well, from what he witnessed, upon what enterprise his master was bound, and how vain all interference on his part must necessarily prove. He had but time to retreat from the door, so nearly was he surprised by his master suddenly coming out, and descending to the stables. The faithful domestic followed, and from the dishevelled appearance of his master's dress, and his ghastly looks, was confirmed in his conjecture that he had passed the night without sleep or repose.—He found him busily engaged in saddling his horse, a service from which Caleb, though with faultering voice and trembling hands, offered to relieve him. Ravenswood rejected his assistance by a mute sign, and having led the animal into the court, was just about to mount him, when the old domestic's fear giving way to the strong attachment which was the principal passion of his mind, he flung himself suddenly at Ravenswood's feet, and clasped his knees, while he exclaimed, 'Oh, sir! oh master! kill me if you will, but do not go out on this dreadful errand. O! my dear master, wait but this day—the Marquis of A—— comes to-morrow, and a' will be remedied.'

"'You have no longer a master, Caleb,' said Ravenswood, endeavouring to extricate himself; 'why old man, would you cling to a falling tower?'

"'But I *have* a master,' cried Caleb, still holding him fast, 'while the heir of Ra-

venswood breathes. I am but a servant; but I was your father's—your grandfather's—I was born for the family—I have lived for them—I would die for them—Stay but at home, and all will be well!'

"'Well? fool! well?' said Ravenswood; 'vain old man, nothing hereafter in life will be well with me, and happiest is the hour that shall soonest close it.'

"So saying, he extricated himself from the old man's hold, threw himself on his horse, and rode out at the gate; but instantly turning back, he threw towards Caleb, who hastened to meet him, a heavy purse of gold.

"'Caleb,' he said, with a ghastly smile, 'I make you my executor;' and again turning his bridle, he resumed his course down the hill.

The gold fell unheeded on the pavement, for the old man ran to observe the course which was taken by his master, who turned to the left down a small and broken path, which gained the sea-shore through a cleft in the rock, and led to a sort of cove, where, in former times, the boats of the castle were wont to be moored. Observing him take this course, Caleb hastened to the eastern battlement, which commanded the prospect of the whole sands, very near as far as the village of Wolf's-hope. He could easily see his master riding in that direction, as fast as the horse could carry him. The prophecy* at once rushed on Balderstone's mind, that the Lord of Ravenswood should perish on the Kelpie's Flow, which lay half way betwixt the tower and the links or sand-knolls, to the north-east of Wolf's-hope. He saw him accordingly reach the fatal spot, but he never saw him pass further.

Colonel Ashton, frantic for revenge, was already in the field, pacing the turf with eagerness, and looking with impatience towards the tower for the arrival of his antagonist. The sun had now risen, and shewed its broad disk above the eastern sea, so that he could easily discern the horseman who rode towards him with speed which argued impatience equal to his own. At once the figure became invisible, as if it had melted into the air. He rubbed his eyes, as if he had witnessed an apparition, and then hastened to the spot, near which he was met by Balderstone, who came from the opposite direction. No trace whatever of horse or rider could be discerned; it only appeared, that the late winds and high tides had greatly extended the usual bounds of the quicksand, and that the unfortunate horseman, as appeared from the hoof-tracks, in his precipitate haste, had not attended to keep on the firm sands on the foot of the rock, but had taken the shortest and most dangerous course. One only vestige of his fate appeared. A large sable feather had been detached from his hat, and the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted it to Caleb's feet. The old man took it up, dried it, and placed it in his bosom.

Such is the catastrophe of the Bride of Lammermoor—a catastrophe more striking in itself, and more wisely and profoundly adapted to all the circumstances of the story was never invented nor adorned by novelist or tragedian. The scene of the bridal chamber is the most terrible of conceptions, and yet where was ever fictitious terror less productive of distrust? It is indeed an awful close—but the mind has been wrought up to a steady and gloomy expectation of miseries—and the eye scarcely starts when it sees above the final chapter, the prophetic inscription,

"Who cometh from the bridal chamber?—
It is Azrael, the angel of death."

In like manner, the dreary and desolate destruction of young Ravenswood is conceived in perfect harmony with the ideas which the whole plan of the story have tended to make us connect with his person. We feel that the cup of the calamities of his house is full, and the echoes of those old prophecies which hags and witches muster in our ears, have a fearful horror about them, which nothing can render vulgar. The use of Scottish superstitions in this tale is indeed managed with very singular skill—and in a way too of which no example had hithertoo been afforded by the author. But the black feather that ripples in the rising wave, above the trackless grave of Ravenswood, is a more awful image than all the incantations of witches or wizards ever had power to evoke.

There is, perhaps, more poetry, and that of the finest kind, in the last two or three scenes of this novel, than any similar number of pages, written by this author, ever contained. The merit is not diminished, but we think increased, if, as he tells us at the close, the Bride of Lammermoor be in its essence no fiction—but owes TRUE A TALE.

We have no room to say much of the more ludicrous scenes which are copiously intermingled with the earlier parts of this tragic narrative. The chief source of the comic interest

* *This* old prophecy had been introduced at an early part of the story.

in the piece, is the character of that Caleb Balderstone, who, as we have seen, is the only remaining servant of the heir of the Ravenswoods. In the first two volumes, the part which this man plays is that of a steward, extremely anxious to support the credit of his master, and to conceal from his guests the poverty of his household, by all sorts of shifts and fabrications. Some of these are very diverting; but it is probable that the generality of readers will think Caleb's inventions are too much dwelt upon, and that the joke is pursued till its interest is exhausted. Although the shifts he resorts to are various, yet, in all of them, the fundamental circumstances from which the comic effect arises, remain pretty much the same. The pleasantry besides hinges more upon the position of circumstances, than upon the nature of the characters engaged in them. Bailie Jarvie's journey into the Highland's, for instance, was a better source of the ludicrous; for while the circumstances were changing around him, the habits of the man were continually forming new contrasts with the situations in which he was placed.

Nothing, however, can be better than the scene in which Balderstone replenishes his master's larder, by a forcible spoiling of a cooper's christening dinner—and indeed the whole picture of the domestic economy of this citizen's family is conceived in the very best spirit of our author.

The name of the Legend of Montrose is such, that we suspect the impression produced by a perusal of the novel itself will be rather a disappointing one. And yet so far as it goes, nothing can be better than it is —It is not the story of Montrose—*that* we hope to see treated by the same pen hereafter, in a very different style of fulness—but is a little sketch of the manners of Scotland as they existed during that period of convulsion of which the genius of Montrose was so principal an ornament—and as such may be an extremely well-judged means of preparing our minds for a more detailed view of a great man of whom, compared with the celebrity of his name, it is wonderful how little is known by the greater part even of his countrymen. The true hero of the piece, however, is not at all Montrose but a certain Major Dalgetty, a soldier of fortune, who, in his time, has fought under every belligerent prince in Europe, and who is ultimately enlisted in the service of "the great Marquis." The novel, which occupies about a volume and a half, is almost entirely taken up with his adventures—and his character is certainly among the best comic inventions of the author. His talkative pedantry—his clear-headed selfishness —the admirable presence of mind with which he extricates himself from difficulties—and a certain vein of dry mockery which accompanies him in every situation, render him a most agreeable person for the reader to follow through the various chances of war. He would make a good figure on the stage, if the tale were such as to furnish more ample materials for a dramatic piece.

We cannot afford to give any account of his achievements in this Legend of Montrose, but in order to give a notion of his character, shall quote a few passages from his own narrative of his preceding history.

"'May I be permitted to ask, then,' said Lord Menteith, 'to whom I have the good fortune to stand quarter-master?'

"'Truly, my lord,' said the trooper, "my name is Dalgetty—Dugald Dalgetty, Ritt-master Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, at your honourable service to command. It is a name you may have seen in *Gallo-Belgicus*, the *Swedish Intelligencer*, or, if you read High-Dutch, in the *Fliegendien Merceur* of Leipsic. My father, my lord, having by unthrifty courses reducted a fair patrimony to a nonentity, I had no better shift, when I was eighteen years auld, than to carry the learning whilk I had acquired at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen, my gentle bluid and designation of Drumthwacket, together with a pair of stalwarth arms, and legs conform, to the German wars, there to push my way as a cavalier of fortune. My lord, my legs and arms stood me in more stead than either my gentle kin or my book-lear, and I found myself trailing a pike as a private gentleman under old Sir Ludovick Leslie, where I learned the rules o' service sae tightly, that I will not forget them in a hurry. Sir, I have been made to stand guard eight hours, being from twelve at noon to eight o'clock of the night, at the palace, armed with back and breast, head-piece and bracelets, being iron to the teeth, in a bitter frost, and the ice was as hard as ever was flint; and all for stopping an instant to speak to my landlady, when I should have gone to roll-call.'

"'And doubtless, sir,' replied Lord Menteith, 'you have gone through some hot

service, as well as this same cold duty you talk of?'

"'Surely, my lord, it doth not become me to speak; but he that hath seen the fields of Leipsic and of Lutzen, may be said to have seen pitched battles. And one who hath witnessed the intaking of Frankfort, and Spanheim, and Nuremberg, and so forth, should know something about leaguers, storms, onslaughts and outfalls.'

"'But your merit, sir, and experience, were, doubtless, followed by promotion.'

"'It came slow, my lord, dooms slow,' replied Dalgetty; 'but as my Scottish countrymen, the fathers of the war, and the raisers of those valourous Scottish regiments that were the dread of Germany, began to fall pretty thick, what with pestilence and what with the sword, why we, their children, succeeded to their inheritance. Sir, I was six years first private gentleman of the company, and three years lance-speisade; disdaining to receive a halbert, as unbecoming my birth. Wherefore I was ultimately promoted to be a fahndragger, as the High Dutch call it, (which signifies an ancient) in the King's Lief Regiment of Black-Horse, and thereafter I arose to be lieutenant and ritt-master, under that invincible monarch, the bulwark of the Protestant faith, the Lion of the North, the terror of Austria, Gustavus the victorious.'

"'And yet, if I understand you, Captain Dalgetty,—I think that rank corresponds with your foreign title of ritt-master,——'

"'The same grade preceesely,' answered Dalgetty; 'ritt-master signifying literally file-leader.'

"'I was observing,' continued Lord Menteith, 'that, if I understand you right, you had left the service of this great Prince.'

"'It was after his death—it was after his death, sir,' said Dalgetty, 'when I was in no shape bound to continue mine adherence. There are things my lord, in that service, that cannot but go against the stomach of any cavalier of honour. In especial, albeit the pay be none of the most superabundant, being only about sixty dollars a month to a ritt-master, yet the invincible Gustavus never paid above one-third of that sum, whilk was distributed monthly by way of loan; although, when justly considered, it was, in fact, a borrowing by that great monarch of the additional two-thirds which were due to the soldier. And I have seen some whole regiments of Dutch and Holsteiners mutiny on the field of battle, like base scullions, crying out Gelt, gelt, signifying their desire of pay, instead of falling to blows like our noble Scotch blades, who ever disdained, my lord, postponing of honour to filthy lucre.'

"'But were not these arrears,' said Lord Menteith, 'paid to the soldiery at some stated period?'

"'My lord,' said Dalgetty, 'I take it on my conscience, that at no period, and by no possible process, could one cruetzer of them ever be recovered. I myself never saw twenty dollars of my own all the time I served the invincible Gustavus, unless it was from the chance of a storm, or victory, or the fetching in some town or dooryp, when a cavalier of fortune, who knows the usage of wars, seldom faileth to make some small profit.'

"'I begin rather to wonder, sir,' said Lord Menteith, 'that you should have continued so long in the Swedish service, than that you should have ultimately withdrawn from it.'

"'Neither I should,' answered the ritt-master; 'but that great leader, captain, and king, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant faith had a way of winning battles, taking towns, overrunning countries, and levying contributions, whilk made his service irresistibly delectable to all true-bred cavaliers who follow the noble profession of arms. Simple as I ride here, my lord, I have myself commanded the whole stift of Dunklespiel on the Lower Rhine, occupying the Palsgraye's palace, consuming his choice wines with my comrades, calling in contributions, requisitions, and caduacs, and not failing to lick my fingers, as became a good cook. But truly all this glory hastened to decay, after our great master had been shot with three bullets on the field of Lutzen; wherefore, finding that fortune had changed sides, that the borrowings and lendings went on as before out of our pay, while the caduacs and casualties were all cut off, I e'en gave up my commission, and took service with Wallenstein in Walter Butler's Irish regiment.'

His account of his posterior doings in the Imperial service under Wallenstein—and in the Spanish troops in the Low Countries, is equally edifying.

A considerable part of the interest, however, turns upon Allan Macauley, a Highland gentleman, endowed with the second sight; but this gift, upon the whole, is not the means of producing a very impressive effect, although he has otherwise a good deal to do in the story. A more profound feeling is awakened by Ranald Maceagh, one of the last survivors of a clan nearly extirpated—the "children of the mist," as they are expressively called—one of the races of lawless freebooters or caterans. In him we have a specimen of the wildest and most primitive species of mountaineer of which any remained in the time of Montrose. Ranald, being mortally

wounded, calls his son to receive his last words, and charges him to continue the same mode of life as had been practised by his forefathers. He tells him to sow no grain, to enclose no pastures, nor, in any respect, to follow the vocations of civilized life, but to live by hunting, and if that should fail, to prey upon the flocks of those clans that now occupied the original territories of his ancestors. The words in which this dying command is delivered are full of poetry, and carry the imagination far back into antiquity.

And now before concluding, we must again protest against the resolution which the author professes to have formed of giving us no more of his novels. Our consolation is, that in that sort he has heretofore been more than once a sad vow-breaker. For the time, however, we have no doubt he is quite sincere in all that he says—and in nothing more sincere, we will believe, than in the high compliments he bestows upon a certain unknown author or authoress (his words are, "a brother or a sister-shadow,") whom he considers as well qualified to follow in the same field which he talks of as abandoned by himself.—We hope this commendation—the highest commendation that could have been bestowed—will not be without its due effect as a stimulus upon the accomplished person, of whatever sex, to whom the world is indebted for the tale of "MARRIAGE."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

College Museum.—Thirty or forty years ago this museum was neither extensive nor splendid. It contained, as we are well informed, an enormous and very ill looking white Greenland bear, a few distorted stuffed birds, an old black skeleton or two, a wretched looking alligator, (fit for an apothecaries study,) some equally miserable snakes, and a heap of the more common and coarser minerals. Sir Robert Sibbald, it is true, left a considerable collection of natural curiosities, which were presented to the college, but these, in the course of time, disappeared. Many, through neglect, became useless, and others, from want of cases, were *appropriated* by curious collectors with the view of adding them to their own stores, as *interesting memorials or relics* of the college museum. This collection is again on the increase, and ere long promises to be one of the most scientific and beautiful in Europe. The classical zoological cabinet of Dufresne of Paris has been purchased for a great sum by the college, and is now on its way to Edinburgh. The sale of Bullock's museum in London was attended by a gentleman on the part of the University, and he, we understand, has made purchases to a considerable amount. Every month collections and specimens are pouring into the museum from different parts of the world, as donations by those who feel an interest in the advancement of natural history, and in our national museum.

Trebra on Central Heat of the Earth.—Very long ago, the aged Trebra, now captain-general of the mines of Saxony, conjectured that all the decomposition and recombinations which he fancied to be taking place in the interior parts of the earth, were occasioned by the action of a central heat. This idea seems to have haunted him for sixty or seventy years; and now he thinks its truth has been demonstrated by a few experiments he made with the thermometer in the mines of Saxony. The following are the experiments, of which an account is given in the Annales des Mines for 1818:

At the depth of 255½ feet below the surface, the thermometer stood at 7 degrees above zero.

At 601.½ feet . .	10½°
953 feet . . .	12°
1348½ feet . ,	15°

The heat thus appears to increase as the depth increases, in the ratio of one degree of Reaumur for every 150 feet of depth; from whence it results, according to Trebra, that at the depth of 1,196,250 feet, iron would be in a state of fusion. The worthy captain-general has thus landed us on the confines of the *Hell* of the Volcanists, but not in the warmest part, for he assures us, it must be infinitely hotter farther down. Unfortunately, this mode of discovering the actual situation of the *internal burning regions*, is highly unsatisfactory; for the facts stated by Trebra, prove not the existence of a central fire, but of a sun which warms the surface of the earth.

Coal not of Vegetable Origin.—In the Wernerian Memoirs, it is said that common coal is an original chemical deposite, and therefore is not formed from vegetables. This opinion, which is fully warranted by the geological relations of coal, has been further confirmed and illustrated by the experiments of John of Berlin, and of Dr Thomson of Glasgow. Dr Thomson, we understand, has planned and exe-

cuted a most beautiful and interesting series of experiments on the different coals of our coal fields, from which it results that coal is essentially different from vegetables, whether in their perfect or altered state; and also possesses characters very different from those which vegetables exhibit when exposed to heat in close vessels or under compressions.

Humboldt on the Geography of Plants.—ALEXANDER Count Humboldt has submitted to the Institute a curious paper, on the laws observed in the distribution of vegetable forms over the globe. Botany, long confined to the simple description of the external forms of plants, and their artificial classification, now presents several branches of study, which place it more on a footing with the other sciences. Such are the distribution of vegetables, according to a natural method founded upon the whole part of their structure; physiology, which displays their internal organization; botanical geography, which assigns to each tribe of plants their height, limits, and climate. The terms alpine plants, plants of hot countries, plants of the sea-shore, are to be found in all languages, even in those of the most savage nations on the banks of the Oronoko. They prove that the attention of men has been constantly fixed on the distribution of vegetables, and on their connexion with the temperature of the air, the elevation of the soil, and the nature of the ground which they inhabit. It does not require much sagacity to observe, that on the slope of the high mountains of Armenia, vegetables of a different latitude follow each in succession, like the climates, superposed, as it were, upon each other.

The vegetables, says he, which cover the vast surface of the globe, present, when we study by natural classes or families, striking differences in the distribution of their forms. On limiting them to the countries in which the number of the species is exactly known, and by dividing this number by that of the glumaceæ, the leguminous plants, the labiated, and the compound, we find numerical relations which form very regular series. We see certain forms become more common, from the equator towards the pole, like the ferns, the glumaceæ, the ericineæ, and the rhododendrons. Other forms, on the contrary, increase from the poles towards the equator, and may be considered in our hemisphere as southern forms: such are the rubiaceæ, the malvaceæ, the euphorbia, the leguminous, and the composite plants. Finally, others attain their maximum even in the temperate zone, and diminish also towards the equator and the poles; such are the labiated plants, the amentaceæ, the cruciferæ, and the umbelliferæ. The grasses form in England 1-12th, in France 1-13th, in North America 1-10th, of all the phanerogamous plants. The glumaceæ form in Germany 1-7th, in France 1-8th, in North America 1-8th, in New Holland, according to the researches of Mr Brown, 1-8th, of the known phanerogamous plants. The composite plants increase a little in the northern part of the new continent; for, according to the new Flora of Pursch, there is between the parallels of Georgia and Boston 1-6th, whereas in Germany we find 1-8th, and in France 1-7th, of the total number of the species, with visible fructification. In the whole temperate zone, the glumaceæ and the composite plants, form together, nearly one-fourth of the phanerogamous plants; the glumaceæ, the compositæ, the cruciferæ, and the leguminosæ, together, nearly one-third. It results from these researches, that the forms of organized beings are in a mutual dependence; and that the unity of nature is such, that the forms are limited, the one after the other, according to constant laws easy of determination.

The number of vegetable species described by botanists, or existing in European herbals, extends to 44,000, of which 6000 are agamous. In this number we had already included 3000 new phanerogamous species enumerated by M. Bompland and myself. France, according to M. Decandolle, possesses 3645 phanerogamous plants, of which 460 are glumaceæ, 490 composite, and 230 leguminous, &c. In Lapland there are only 497 phanerogamous plants; among which are 124 glumaceæ, 58 composite, 14 leguminous, 23 amentaceous, &c.

Mr Pursch has made us acquainted with 2000 phanerogamous plants which grow between the parallels of 35° and 44°; consequently, under mean annual temperatures of 16° and 7°. The flora of North America is a mixture of several floras. The southern regions give it an abundance of malvaceæ and composite plants; the northern regions, colder than Europe, under the same parallel, furnish to this flora abundance of rhododendrons, amentaceæ, and coniferæ. The caryophylleæ, the umbelliferæ, and the cruciferæ, are in general more rare in North America, than in the temperate zone of the old continent.

These constant relations observed on the surface of the globe, in the plains from the equator to the pole, are again traced in the midst of perpetual snows on the summits of mountains. We may admit, in general, that on the cordilleras of the torrid zone, the boreal forms become more frequent. It is thus that we see prevail at Quito, on the summit of the Andes, the ericineæ, the rhododendrons, and the gramineous plants. On the contrary, the labiatæ, the rubiaceæ, the malvaceæ, and the euphorbiaceæ, then become as rare as they are in Lapland. But this analogy is not supported in the ferns and the composite plants. The latter abound on the Andes, whereas the former gradually disappear when they rise above 1800 fathoms in height. Thus the climate of the Andes resembles that of northern Europe only with respect to the mean tem-

perature of the year. The repartition of heat into the different seasons is entirely different, and powerfully influences the phenomena of vegetation. In general, the forms which prevail among the alpine plants, are, according to my researches, under the torrid zone, the graminæ (ægopogon, podosæmum, deyeuxia, avena); the compositæ (calcitium, espeletia, aster, baccharis); and the caryophylle (arenaria, stellaria.) Under the temperate zone, the compositæ (senecio, leontodon, aster); the caryophylleæ (cerastium, cherleria, silene); and the cruciferæ (draba, lepidium.) Under the frozen zone, the caryophyllæ (stellaria, alsine); the ericineæ (andromeda), and the ranunculaceæ. It has been long known, and it is one of the most interesting results from the geography of animals, that no quadruped, no terrestrial bird, and, as appears from the researches of M. Latreille, almost no insect is common to the equatorial regions of the two worlds. M. Cuvier is convinced, by precise inquiries, that this rule applies even to reptiles. He has ascertained, that the true boa constrictor is peculiar to America; and that the boas of the old continent, were pytons. Among the plants, we must distinguish between the agamæ and the cotyledoneæ: and by considering the latter between the monocotylodens and the dicotyledons. There remains no doubt that many of the mosses and lichens are to be found at once in equinoctial America and in Europe. But the case is not the same with the vascular agamæ as with the agamæ of a cellular texture. The ferns and the lycopodiaceæ do not follow the same laws with the mosses and the lichens. The former, in particular, exhibit very few species universally to be found; and the examples cited are frequently doubtful. As to the phanerogamous plants (with the exception of the rhizophora, the avicennia, and some other littoral plants), the law of Buffon seems to be exact with respect to the species furnished with two cotyledons. It is absolutely false, although it has been often affirmed, that the ridges of the cordilleras of Peru, the climate of which has some analogy with the climate of France or Sweden, produce similar plants. The oaks, the pines, the yews, the ranunculi, the rose-trees, the alchemilla, the valerians, the stellaria, the draba of the Peruvian and Mexican Andes, have nearly the same physiognomy with the species of the same genera of North America, Siberia, or Europe. But all these alpine plants of the cordilleras, without excepting one among three or four thousand which we have examined, differ specifically from the analogous species of the temperate zone of the old continent. In general, in that part of America situated between the tropics, the monocotyledontal plants alone, and among the latter almost solely the cyperaceæ and the graminæ, are common to the two worlds. These two families form an exception to the general law which we are here examining,—a law which is so important for the history of the catastrophes of our planet, and according to which, the organized beings of the equinoctial regions differ essentially in the two continents.

Variation of the Magnetic Needle.—The mistake seems to have prevailed, pretty generally, that the western variation of the direction of the magnetic needle from the meridian or true north, had sometime ago reached its *maximum*, and was now decreasing, and the needle, at a very slow rate, approaching again towards the true north. The reverse of this seems, however, to be the case, from the recent and delicate observations of Coll. Mark Beaufoy, made at his seat near Stanmore in Middlesex; whence it appears that the variation uniformly *increased* from the month of April 1817 until January 1819, and has fluctuated since. The total of increase in two years to the 31st of March, as deduced from the monthly means of all the observations, is 2′ 25″;—the mean of all the observations made in the first quarter of the present year, shows the variation to have been then 24° 37′ 0″.

Medical Properties of Hydrosulphurate of Iron.—Professor Van Mons has discovered that the hydrosulphurate of iron, produced by iron, sulphur, and water, possesses, when taken internally, the property of making salivation instantly cease as if by enchantment; and when administered externally, of curing the worst of scabs and sores.—*Journal de la Médecine de la Belgique.*

Receipt for Making the Purple Enamel used in the Mosaic Pictures of St Peter's, Rome.—One lb. sulpher, 1 do. saltpetre, 1 do. vitriol, 1 do. antimony, 1 do. oxide of tin, 20 lbs. minium, oxide of lead 40 lbs.; all mixed together in a crucible and melted in a furnace: it is next to be taken out and washed to carry off the salts: afterwards melt it in the crucible, add 19 ozs. rose copper, ½ oz. prepared zaffre, 1½ oz. crocus martis made with sulpher, 3 oz. refined borax, and 1 lb. of a composition of gold, silver, and mercury: when all are well combined, the mass is to be stirred with a copper rod, and the fire gradually diminished to prevent the metals from burning. The composition thus prepared is finally to be put into crucibles and placed in a reverberatory furnace, where they are to remain twenty-four hours. The same composition will answer for other colours, by merely changing the colouring matter. This composition has almost all the characters of real stone, and when broken exhibits a vitreous fracture.

The above receipt was received from an Italian clergyman who has considerable chemical knowledge, and he had it from one of the persons employed in St Peter's during his residence there at college.

Paper from Beet-Root.—A M. Sinisen has published at Copenhagen, an account of a series of experiments which he has made

for ascertaining the practicability of manufacturing paper from the pulp of beet-root. As a proof of the success of his experiments, he has printed his work on paper manufactured from this material.

Pyroligneous Acid.—A discovery of great importance engages at this moment the attention of the physicians, the chemists, and the government in France. A person named Mange has discovered, that the pyroligneous acid, obtained by the distillation of wood, has the property of preventing the decomposition and putrefaction of animal substances. It is sufficient to plunge meat for a few moments into this acid, even slightly empyreumatic, to preserve this meat as long as you may desire. Cutlets, kidneys, liver, rabbits, which were as far back as the month of July last, are now as fresh as if they had been just procured from the market. I have seen, says Mange, carcases washed three weeks ago with pyroligneous acid, in which there is yet no sign of decomposition. Putrefaction not only stops, but it even retrogrades. Jakes exhaling infection, cease to do so, as soon as you pour into them the purifying acid. You may judge how many important applications may be made of this process. Navigation, medicine unwholesome, manufactories, will derive incalculable advantages from it. This explains why meat merely dried in a stove, does not keep, while that which is smoked becomes unalterable. We have here an explanation of the theory of hams, of the beef of Hamburgh, of smoked tongues, sausages, red herrings, of wood smoked to preserve it from worms, &c. &c. &c.

Paper from the Alga Marina—This is not a new invention, but it is possible that in the improved state of manufactures, and especially of chemistry, some alteration may have been made on the process before used. It is also well known, that there are several other plants, at present of no use, from which very good paper might be made, but the expense has not yet been ascertained.

Oil from Pumpkins.—The seeds of pumpkins are commonly thrown away; but abundance of an excellent oil may be extracted from them. When peeled they yield much more oil than an equal quantity of flax. This oil burns well; gives a lively light; lasts longer than other oils, and emits very little smoke. The cake remaining after the extraction of the oil may be given to cattle, who eat it with avidity. The oil, when cold, is greasy, soft and pure; it does well for frying, especially fish.

New Metal.—Dr Vert, professor of chemistry at Gratz, has discovered in the mine of Nickel, at Scaldmig, in Styria, a metal, differing from all those hitherto known. Its principal characters are, that it is not reducible, except when combined with arsenic; its oxides are white, as are also the salts resulting from it. He proposes to give it the name of Vestium.

Cast-Iron rendered Malleable.—The Society for the encouragement of Arts, &c. (in France) has for these fourteen years past proposed premiums for a process by which cast-iron could be rendered malleable, and proper to be made into common utensils, such as boilers, stew-pans, &c. usually made of copper, the use of which is dangerous, and often attended with accidents. This interesting problem of domestic economy has been solved by Messrs Baradelle and Dedor, and the Society in consequence decreed to them, on 23d September last, the premium offered for it.

The Marquis de St. Croix, who is a member of the Society, has since turned his attention to the application of this discovery; and he has just had experiments made in the manufactory of Loulans, upon pieces of this iron, which leave no doubt of their malleability, and of the advantages which result from it. Pots, vessels of different kinds, nails, keys, spoons, and forks were first rough cast, then submitted to the process of malleabilisation. The malleabilized pieces not only resisted shocks which would have fractured the brittle cast iron, but were not even broken by falls from the height of ten feet and more on the pavement. They could not be broken without letting them fall upon stones from the height of 20 or 30 feet. These pieces were turned and filed with more facility than pewter. The broken parts, the grain of which is fine and nearly the same as that of steel, were bronzed and perfectly well soldered; the keys answered in the hardest locks as well as the usual iron keys; the nails did not rivet well, but entered easily and without breaking the hardest wood. The vessels designed for tinning received it very well; lastly, the malleabilised cast iron exceeds in strength by more than one half the cast iron hitherto in use.

Chinese Stone Yu.—Many of our readers are aware that there is a stone of a greenish white colour, and considerable hardness, to which the Chinese give the name of Yu, and which they prize more than any other stone. It is said to occur in the form of nodules, in the bottom of ravines, and in the beds of torrents, and in larger masses in the mountains themselves, especially in Yunan, one of the most northern provinces of the empire. It has been long known in this country under the name of Chinese jade or nephrite; but Professor Jameson, in the last edition of his Mineralogy, Vol I, page 505, assures us that it is prehnite. The following are the characters of this mineral, as given by Mr Clarke Abel, in his Narrative, &c. p. 134.

"Its colour is greenish white, passing into greyish green and dark grass green. Internally, it is scarcely glimmering. Its fracture is splintery; splinters white. It is semi-transparent and cloudy. It scratches glass strongly; and is not scratched by, nor scratches rock crystal. Before the blow-pipe it is infusible without addition.

	Sp. Gr.
1. Whitish green, marbled with dark green	3.330
2. Dark Green variety	3.190
3. Whitish green variety, same as No I.	3.400
4. Light-coloured greenish white variety	2.858

"The specimens, of which the specific gravities are as above, were all, except the last, furnished me by the kindness of Sir George Staunton. The last is precisely of the same nature as the sceptre sent to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and was put into my possession for the purpose of examination by the Hon. Mr Amherst, to whom it was presented by one of our attendant Mandarins."

The only part of this description which cannot be reconciled to prehnite is the infusibility before the blow-pipe. The specific gravity of the fibrous variety of prehnite is 2.901, its hardness is nearly the same as that of the Yu; and though its fracture is always fibrous, yet I can conceive it to be described by a person not familiar with the external characters, as having a splintery fracture, which is not altogether erroneous. The infusibility before the blow-pipe seems to separate the Yu both from prehnite and from nephrite, to which Mr Abel refers it.*

Power of the Screw.—The Admiralty yacht, lately under repair in Woolwich dock-yards, was, on the 12th instant, raised from her bearings sufficiently high to have the bottom of her keel coppered, by the application of a single pair of screws, under the direction of Mr W. Hookey, assistant builder. The vessel is one of 120 tons, having on board 30 tons of ballast, with all the stageing, &c. attached. The whole operation was performed by eight men, in five minutes; and Mr Hookey is decidedly of opinion, that he could, by the application of ten such pair of screws, which are those used in his bending machine, raise any frigate in the service, an operation which, in many cases, would be of great public advantage.

Prevention of Dry Rot.—Mr Gavin Inglis, in some observations on the prevention of dry-rot, concurs with several gentlemen, who recently published the results of their experience, that timber, especially for ship-building, ought never to be cut till after the fall of the leaf. In examining masses of oak, says he, dug from the alluvial strata of the country, where it has lain for ages, many of them are found fresh and sound as the day on which they had been thrown from their respective roots. In this case the timber is uniformly black as ebony, and obdurately hard. I was led from curiosity to examine chemically several of these old trunks, and found a far greater proportion of iron than could be supposed to exist in the natural state of the tree. To this iron I attribute the incorruptibility and high state of preservation of this antediluvian timber. This extraneous iron must have been supplied from the ore of the soil or chalybeate waters; in this state of solution it would penetrate the substance of the wood, unite with the astringent principle, and produce not only the black colour, but such a density of texture as almost to resist the sharpest instrument. The same means will season new timber, and render it proof against dry rot that will cure old: namely, the application of iron in a state of solution. This can be obtained at a comparatively small expence from a solution of green copperas, in which the wood must be soaked till it has acquired the colour of new ink. This would completely counteract every vegetable principle, and communicate durability and firmness of texture, with this additional advantage, that the sulphur of the solution, penetrating the substance of the plank, would defend it against the ravages of insects.

The Royal Medical Society of Copenhagen, which has existed more than forty years, and is similar to those established at London, Edinburgh, and Paris, has just published a fifth volume of a new series of its transactions, entitled, *Acta nova Regiæ Societatis Havniensis*, which had been postponed for sixteen years. Twenty-six papers, on various medical subjects, form this collection; many of them display a considerable degree of research: from the industry and accuracy with which the description of the diseases, mode of treatment, and dissections, are detailed, they will tend equally to elucidate the object of their enquiries.

The first part of a French translation of Dr Wilson Philip's Treatise on Febrile Diseases, by Dr Letie, was published in Paris last month.

* The Yu stone is probably massive arroganite.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

DIALOGUES, Letters, and Observations, illustrative of the Purity and Consistency of the Established Church.

The collection of essays on *Men* and *Manners*, entitled "The Hermit in London," some specimens of which have been printed in the Literary Gazette, will shortly appear.

Memoirs of Lord Byron are reported to be forthcoming, under the title of Harold the Exile.

An Essay on the Diagnosis, Morbid Anatomy, and Treatment of the Diseases of Children; by Marshall Hall, M.D. F.R.S.E. &c. is preparing for publication.

A comprised View of the Religious Principles and Practices of the Age, in Eight Sermons, at the Bampton Lecture in 1819; by Hector Davies Morgan, M.A.

Mr Pye, who compiled a Dictionary of Ancient Geography, has in the press, a Description of Modern Birmingham, emphatically termed the *Toy Shop of Europe*; whereunto are annexed, Observations made during an Excursion round the Town, in the Summer of 1818.

John Gamble, Esq. author of Irish Sketches, &c. will shortly publish Views of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland, in a Series of Letters written in the year 1818.

Dr Edward Nares has in the press a volume of Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, on the Three Creeds, the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ.

The Eleventh Volume of Dr Shaw's Zoology.

Mr Partington, of the London Institution, is preparing for the press, an Historical Account of that Establishment, with plates, &c. to which will be prefixed, a Biographical Memoir of the late Professor Porson, with anecdotes, *jeux d'esprit*, &c. to be entitled *Porsoniana*.

Memoirs of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, and of his sons, Richard and Henry, with some original letters and other family papers; by Mr Oliver Cromwell, one of the family.

A new and greatly enlarged Collection of Speeches, by the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran, late Master of the Rolls in Ireland; including his memorable Speech on the Trial of the Shearses, and several others never before collected, with a Memoir and Portrait of Mr Curran, will shortly appear.

The Third Part of Mr Bagster's quarto Polyglott Bible.

Shortly will be published, the Wandering Jew; being an Authentic Account of the Manners and Customs of the most distinguished nations, interspersed with anecdotes of celebrated men of different periods since the last destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem; in a narrative, supposed to have been written by that mysterious character.

Hallamshire; being the History and Topography of the Parish of Sheffield in the County of York; by the Rev. J. Hunter.

A volume of Select Fables is in the press, and will speedily be published, with cuts, designed and engraved on wood; by Thomas and John Bewick, previous to the year 1784; and embellished with a highly finished portrait of T. Bewick, engraved on wood, by Charlton Nesbit, from an original picture. It will be printed uniform with the Histories of Quadrupeds and British Birds, and the Fables of Æsop.

The Population and Riches of Nations considered together, not only with regard to their positive and relative increase, but with regard to their tendency to Morals, Prosperity, and Happiness; by Sir Egerton Bridges, Bart. K. J.

A Third Volume of Sermons, by Mr Clapp.

The Third and Last Volume of Church History; by the Rev. Johnson Grant.

Dr Harrington has in the press, and will publish shortly, an extension of his Theory and System of Chemistry, elucidating all the phenomena without one single anomaly.

The Thirteenth Part of Dupin's Universal History.

A Prospectus has been published by Mr Ackermann, of an Historical and Characteristic Tour of the Rhine, from Mayence to Coblentz, in six monthly parts. It will contain a complete history and picturesque description of a portion of country so full of curious and interesting circumstances, as well as so resplendent for its landscape, grandeur, and beauty; and it will be embellished with twenty-four highly finished and coloured engravings, from drawings expressly made by an eminent artist, resident near the banks of the Rhine, and habitually familiar with every part.

A new edition of Mr Darcy Lever's Young Sea Officer's Sheet Anchor, or a Guide to Practical Seamanship; in 1 vol 4to. with considerable improvements, will appear shortly.

The Baron de Saõ Lourenço, Principal Treasurer of the Royal Treasury of Brazil, Knight Commander (Commendador) of the Orders of Christ, and of the Conception, and one of the Council of his Most Faithful Majesty, has translated the Essay on Man of Alexander Pope into Portuguese verse, completing his version within exactly the same number of lines as the original. This translation, with a large Appendix of Notes, Critical, Historical, Political, and Explanatory, elucidated by copious extracts from the works of many of the principal poets and philosophers of ancient and modern times, is now on the eve of publication, by a Literary Society in this country. The work will consist of three volumes in quarto, printed in a handsome form, and will be embellished by Portraits of the Author, (from a painting by Jervas, never before engraved), and of the Translators, as well as an Illustration of each Epistle, designed by an artist of eminence, and engraved in the first style of line-engraving. The avowed object of this publication is to excite a stimulus favourable to the progress of Letters and the Arts in Portugal and Brazil, and to promote the cultivation of the English language and literature in those countries. This most desirable aim is strengthened by the immediate sanction of the king of Portugal and Brazil, to whom the work is expressly dedicated.

Dr W. E. Leach has nearly ready for publication, a Synopsis of British Mollusca; being an introduction to the method of arranging the shells of Great Britain, according to the structure of the animals, with descriptions and illustrative engravings.

Letters from Palestine, descriptive of a Tour through Galilee and Judea, with some account of the Red Sea, and of the present state of Jerusalem, illustrated with plates.

The Author of Conversations on Chemistry, &c. has a new work in the press, entitled, Conversations on Natural Philosophy.

A Picturesque Tour through Persia, illustrated with numerous engravings by Sir Robert Ker Porter, is preparing for the press.

A short Account is in the press, of some of the principal Hospitals of France, Italy, Switzerland, and the Netherlands; with remarks upon the climate and diseases of those countries; by Henry William Carter, M.D. F.R.S.E. one of Dr Radcliffe's travelling Fellows from the University of Oxford.

Memoirs of John Tobin, author of "The Honey Moon," &c. &c. With two unpublished plays, and other Selections from his MSS.; by Miss Benger.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—*June* 11, 1819.

Sugar. The demand for both Muscovadoes and refined has of late considerably revived, which, in the former, may be attributed to the arrival of the new Sugars at the market, which suit purchasers better than the old; and in the latter, to the spring shipments for exports. The prices, however, may be stated as being without any material alteration. The accounts from the colonies are favourable, as to the state of the weather, for taking off the crops, which are expected to be finished early; and average crops are expected. The quantity of Sugar on hand is more considerable than would have been if it had not been for the severe commercial difficulties of the country; but nevertheless, the quantity is not very great, and the probability is, that Sugar will advance. Molasses are heavy, and on the decline.—*Coffee.* This article has fluctuated greatly, and prices are very unsteady. Generally speaking, the price has declined, and that considerably. Some days ago the demand was considerable and lively; but owing to duller accounts from the Continental markets, the demand has become less brisk. It is almost impossible to calculate, with any degree of correctness, the future prospects in the Coffee markets. Every thing depends upon the situation and means possessed by the Continental nations, to make them come forward to make purchases.—*Cotton.* The pressure of the times, and the great stagnation in business, still keeps the Cotton market depressed. Several arrivals also, with large cargoes, have, within these few days, taken place, and many more are expected. Prices have given way in America, and they must, on some kinds, give way still further. The quantity imported for the five months of this year, ending the 1st June, amount to 315,472 bags, which is more than what was at the same period last year. The prices now, however, cannot be expected to fall lower except in one or two kinds. Much has, however, been forced into the market, on any terms, owing to the pressure upon this branch of our trade in particular, and on all the trade of the country in general. This is not likely, however, to be much longer the case, nor to any extent.

It would be altogether unnecessary to take up the time of our readers to specify particularly the state of the market for other articles of commerce. Suffice it to say, that in every one there is a complete stagnation, and prices nominal, or on the decline. The great question, however, of the resumption of cash-payments, and the loan and extent thereof for the year being now set to rest, and we think in a favourable manner for the interests of the country, and now that the great glut of goods in various markets are beginning to grow less, we may confidently anticipate a general revival of trade all over the country, which is at present, and may yet continue for a little while longer, in a gloomy and depressed state. Funded property, which had declined greatly, is again on the advance, with every appearance of improvement. We trust, by the time our next Number appears, we shall be able to report more favourably of the commercial interests and prospects of the country.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 4th to 25th May 1819.

	4th.		11th.		18th.		25th.	
Bank stock,	251	251¾	249	247	237	238½	212	214
3 per cent. reduced,	71¼	½	71⅜	½	70¾	71	66½	65½
3 per cent. consols,	72¼	72	72	72¼	71⅝	⅞	67⅜	66½
4 per cent. consols,	90	¼	90⅛	89⅞	89⅝	⅜	83½	79½
5 per cent. navy ann.	105	104¾	104⅝	105	104¾	105	101¼	98¾
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.					69			
India stock,	218	219			218		206	205
—— bonds,	28	30 pr.	26	28 pr.	29	30 pr.	5 pr.	10 dis.
Exchequer bills, 2d. p.d.	9	11 pr.	6	7 pr.	9	7 pr.	2	7 dis.
Consols for acc.	71⅞	72	72⅛	71¾	71⅜⅛⅛⅜		67⅛	58
American 3 per cent.								
—— new loan, 6 p. c.								
French 5 per cents.					67			

Course of Exchange, June 4.——Amsterdam, 11 : 13 : 2 U. Antwerp, 11 : 16. Hamburgh, 35 : 2 : 2½ U. Frankfort, 144½ Ex. Paris, 25 : 15 : 2 U. Bourdeaux, 25 : Madrid, 36½ effect. Cadiz, 37 effect. Gibraltar, 33. Leghorn, 50. Genoa, 45½. Ma 50. Naples, 40. Palermo, 120 per oz. Oporto, 54. Rio Janeiro, 61½. Dublin, 1 Cork, 14. Agio of the Bank of Holland, —.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign go in bars, £0 : 0 : 0. New doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0. New dollars, 5s. 0½d. Silver, in ba 5s. 2½d.

PRICES CURRENT.—*May* 29.—*London, June* 4, 1819.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.
SUGAR, Muse.					
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	68 to —	62 to 63	58 to 66	60 to 62	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76 84	69 82	67 84	65 72	£1 10
Fine and very fine, . .	88 96	— —	85 91	78 84	
Refined, Doub. Loaves, .	140 150	— —	— —	130 148	
Powder ditto, . .	118 124	— —	— —	94 115	
Single ditto, . .	114 119	— —	116 120	101 115	
Small Lumps . .	101 115	— —	116 122	93 97	
Large ditto, . .	98 110	— —	105 112	98 107	
Crushed Lumps, . .	56 64	— —	— —	86 88	
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	34 6 36	30 32	34 —	30 31	0 7
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.					
Ord. good, and fine ord.	95 110	— —		88 95	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	115 125	— —	Uncertain.	98 126	
Duteh, Triage and very ord.	85 90	— —		75 95	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	95 110	— —		95 104	0 0
Mid. good, and fine mid.	112 122	— —		105 124	
St Domingo,	90 100	— —		90 93	
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	8 —	7 7½	6½ —	7½ 8	0 0
SPIRITS,					
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 10d 4s 0d	3s 7d 3s 8d	— —	3s 0d 4s 0d	0 8
Brandy, . . .	5 6 5 9	— —	— —	3 10 5 6	B.S. 0 17
Geneva, . . .	3 4 3 6	— —	— —	2 10 3 0	F.S. 0 17
Aqua, ...	7 0 7 2	— —	— —	15 6 —	
WINES,					
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 64	— —	— —	£35 65 0	B.S. tun. 143 18
Portugal Red, pipe.	48 54	— —	— —	54 60 0	F.S. 148 1
Spanish White, butt.	54 55	— —	— —	30 65 0	B.S. tun. 25 11
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 35	— —	— —	25 38 0	F.S. 28 18
Madeira, . . .	60 70	— —	— —	50 63 0	B.S. 26 17
					F.S. 29 16
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£8 —	7 0 7 7	6 6 —	7 15 0 0	
Honduras, . .	9 —	7 10 7 15	6 10 6 15	8 0 —	
Campeachy, . . .	9 —	8 10 9 0	7 10 —	9 0 9 9	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	9 10	— —	7 10 8 10	11 11 12 0	
Cuba, . . .	11 —	— —	10 10 11 0	14 0 14 10	
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	8 6 9 6	8 0 8 9	10s 0d —	
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 4 2 6	— —	2 6 2 8	— —	60 c.f.
Ditto Oak, . .	4 5 5 6	— —	— —	— —	
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 3 2 4	— —	— —	— —	
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	0 10 1 8	1 2½ 1 6	1 3 1 4	
St Domingo, ditto .	— —	1 2 3 0	1 6½ 2 0	1 6 1 10	ton. per 18 brls.
TAR, American, . brl.	— —	— —	14 6 16 6	20 —	B.S. 1 1
					F.S. 1 2
Archangel, . .	21 23	— —	16 6 17 6	16 —	1 1
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 —	— —	— —	10 6 —	B.S. 1 8
					F.S. 1 10
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	68 69	69 70	63 69	60 0 —	0 3
Home Melted, . .	68 70	— —	— —	— —	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	51 52	— —	— —	£60 0 —	B.S. cwt. 0 9
Petersburgh Clean, .	45 46	— —	47 48	45 0 —	F.S. 0 10
FLAX,					
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	74 —	— —	— —	75 0 —	
Dutch, ...	60 130	— —	— —	70 90	B.S. cwt. 0 0
Irish, ...	50 55	— —	— —	— —	F.S. 0 0
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	78 80	— —	— —	£4 5 4 10	B.S. 1 3
					F.S. 1 4
BRISTLES,					B.S. 0 3
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 0 16 0	— —	— —	15 10 —	F.S. 0 3
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	40 42	— —	— —	38 39	B.S. 0 4
					F.S. 0 6
Montreal ditto, . .	54 55	49 50	46 —	52 54	0 1
Pot, . .	40 42	40 42	38 41	41 42	
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	35 —	35 —	36 —	33 —	
Cod, . . .	37 (p. brl.)	— —	38 —	38 —	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	9 9¾	10 10½	0 5½ 0 7	0s 7d 0 8	
Middling, . . .	8 8¾	8½ 9¼	0 4½ 0 5	0 5½ 6½	0 1
Inferior, . . .	7 8	7 8	0 3½ 0 4	4½ 5½	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	1 0 1 2	0 11 1 1	1 0 1 2½	
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	2 4 2 8	2 3 2 6	1 9 2 6	
Good, . .	— —	2 2 2 3	2 0 2 2	— —	per 100 lbs.
Middling, .	— —	1 10 2 0	1 2 1 7	— —	B.S. 0 8
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 3 1 6	1 2½ 1 6	1 4 1 7	F.S. 0 17
West India, . . .	— —	1 0 1 2	— —	1 1 1 4	
Pernambuco, . .	— —	1 7 1 7½	1 4½ 1 6½	1 7 1 9	
Maranham, . .	— —	1 5 1 6	1 2½ 1 4½	1 5 1 6	

Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st and 31st May 1819, extracted from the London Gazette.

Appleyard, J. Hull, bricklayer
Austin, J. Aldersgate-street, corn-dealer
Abrahams, L. and R. Camomile-street, oil-merchants
Bates, J. Leybourn, Kent, miller
Blackburn, W. and P. C. S. Rousseau, City-road, corn-dealer
Bourne, S. Leek, ironmonger
Brooke, G. Lockwood, Yorkshire, woollen-manufacturer
Ball, J. Poole, shoemaker
Beckett, S. and J. Roberts, Silver-street, Wood-street, trimming-manufacturers
Blachford, R. Little Tower-hill, stationer
Basham, C. Norwich, coach-maker
Bromley, J. jun. Stafford, shoemaker
Ball, T. Frome Selwood, woolstapler
Brown, R. and G. H. Harris, Botolph-lane, wholesale ironmongers
Bevis, T. Oxford-street, coach-maker
Barlow, J. Bolton, druggist
Blake, T. Cowes, brewer
Birt, W. Bristol, broker
Beardsworth, J. and J. Bealey, Blackburn, cotton-manufacturers
Cooper, G. Walton on Thames, brewer
Cohen, G. A. St Swithin's lane, merchant
Cox, J. St John-street, linen-draper
Clunie, R. A. Berwick-upon-Tweed, corn-merchant
Cummings, J. Osburn-street, brewer
Dixon, W. jun. Liverpool, wine-merchant
Dyer, W. sen. Aldersgate-street, jeweller
Dorning, D. Worsley, Lancashire, innkeeper
Dawson, G. and W. Longden, Silver-street, Wood-street, colour-manufacturers
Dickenson, J. Manchester, dealer
Duffil, J. Bromsgrove, grocer
Ewbank, J. Little Bush-lane, Cannon-street, bottle-merchant
Elliott, W. jun. Tunbridge Wells, cheesemonger
Evans, S. Bristol, victualler
Fox, R. jun. Norwich, silk-mercer
Foot, B. Gracechurch-street, tavern-keeper
Firth, M. Cooper Bridge, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, lime-burner
Flaction, F. Berwick-steeet, Soho, jeweller
Grimsby, J. B. Hull, haberdasher
Goode, T. Leominster, draper
Gottreux, J. Mincing-lane, broker
Goode, J. Liverpool, merchant
Golding, J. Colchester, tanner
George, S. and R. Webb, Bristol, sugar-refiners
George, W. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier
Goldney, T. Chippenham, clothier
Hale, S. Bishopsgate-street, tavern-keeper
Henderson, J. and J. Morley, Ludgate-hill, linen-drapers
Holder, E. Puddlestone, Herefordshire, auctioneer
Hartley, C. Whitehaven, joiner
Hornby, G. Liverpool, brewer
Hall, W. Highgate, victualler
Harrold, D. Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, coach-maker
Higton, I. and J. Brewer, Broadway, Blackfriars, warehouseman
Harris, H. Bradford, Wilts, baker
Hainshaw, J. and J. Swallow, Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, carpet-manufacturers
Hirst, A. Beverley, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer
Jopson, W. and C. Wignall, Liverpool, turpentine distillers
Jackson, R. W. Melksham, Wilts, grocer
Kleft, H. W. V. Narrow-wall, Lambeth, oil-merchant
Kain, R. Curtain-road, and W. H. Cath, New Union-street, Little Moorfields, merchants
Lindsey, W. J. W. and A. Hewer, Bath, silk-mercers
Lowe, G. Manchester, merchant
Langston, R. sen. Manchester, cotton-merchants
Lever, J. Ashby de la Zouch, draper
Lowe, G. and B. Cohen, Manchester, fustian-manufacturers
Lavell, J. York-wharf, Lambeth, stone-merchant
Lansdell, J. Northampton-square, victualler
Lewis, J. Mincing-lane, merchant
Langton, R. London, merchant
Manning, W. Bristol, dealer
Mallinson, D. and T. Lepton, Yorkshire, clothiers
Meaden, W. Bath, coach-maker
Montague, D. West-street, West Smithfield, soap manufacturer
Moss, B. Chamber-street, Goodman's-fields, watch-maker
Midgley, R. Harden, Yorkshire, worsted-manufacturer
Martin, M. D. Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, jeweller
Mamford, E. Liverpool, silver-smith
Norris, T. White Hart Yard, Drury-lane, victualler
Orr, J. Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, merchant
Oughton, J. Deretend Mills, Warwickshire, manufacturer
Pierce, R. Exeter, stone-mason
Pyer, G. Newport, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper,
Puxley, J. Aldermanbury, carpenter
Prattington, W. and A. L. Bewdley, Worcestershire, grocers
Peake, T. Great Coggershall, corn-factor
Parker, W. Bridgwater, maltster
Powell, J. and E. Holborn-hill, oil and colourmen
Rhoades, T. jun. Queen-street, Hoxton, glass-mounter
Read, J. and J. Hellyer, St Mary at Hill, merchants
Richardson, T. King-street, Spitalfields, silk-weaver
Richards, J. E. C. and J. Martin's-lane, merchants
Slingby, J. Manchester, calico-printer
Shepherd, M. Fareham, Lancashire, dealer in hops
Smith, E. Tothill-street, chinaman
Smith, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer
Shoobridge, C. Kensington, draper
Snowden, R. Canterbury, linen-draper
Scudamore, G. Manchester, woollen cord manufacturer
Smithson, R. Whalley, Lancashire, butter-factor
Swanzy, J. Austin Friars, merchant
Thompson, J. Joiner-street, Southwark, victualler
Taylor, G. Guildford, liquor-merchant
Tittensor, C. W. and J. Foster-lane, button-sellers
Wyatt, T. St John-street, Smithfield, Stage-coach-master
Warne, W. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Wharton, W. and J. Leominster, carriers
Wild, R. Craven-street, Strand, tailor
Watts, W. P. Gosport, victualler
Wotherspoon, M. Liverpool, merchant
Wilson, E. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant
Walker, B. West Smithfield, tailor
Wood, B. Market Harborough, hosier
Williams, P. G. Prince's-street, Mary-le-bone, painter and glazier
Williams, S. Brighthelmstone, carpenter
Yates, G. Tottenham-court road, plumber
Zimmer, J. Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, merchant

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between 1st and 31st May 1819, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Adam, John, senior, merchant, muslin manufacturer and agent, late in Paisley, now in Glasgow.
Adams, Samuel, seedsman and nurseryman, Aberdeen
Braid, John, merchant, Kirkcaldy
Barclay, James, grain-dealer in Templand, and Charles Barclay, do. at Inchbroom
Cochran, Joseph, and Co. manufacturers, Glasgow, and Joseph Cochran and William Leitch, partners thereof
Christie, Andrew, corn-merchant, Leith
Coats, John, muslin-manufacturer, Glasgow
Graham, Thomas, merchant and manufacturer, Glasgow
Irving, Edward, merchant, Leith
Kay, Archibald and Sons, wrights and cabinet-makers, Glasgow, as a company, and Archibald Kay, senior, and Archibald Kay, junior, as individuals.
Martin, John, manufacturer, Glasgow

Mitchell, Thomas, soap-manufacturer, Dundee
Nimmo, Robert, grocer, Edinburgh
Paterson, Walker and Co. merchants and general commission agents, Leith, and John Paterson, hardware merchant, Stirling, and Peter Walker, merchant and agent, Leith, as individuals
Pollock, John, cotton-spinner, Greenhead, Glasgow
Patison, Alexander, merchant, Edinburgh, partner of the company of Patison and Co. merchants there, as an individual
Stewart, John, innkeeper and wheelwright, Pittencree
Symon, John, merchant, Aberdeen
Tyrie, Thomas, vintner, Paisley

DIVIDENDS.

Burnet, William, late merchant, Leith, on 15 June; by the Trustee
More, John, late agent for the Royal Bank of Scotland, Glasgow; by James Syme, banker, Glasgow.
Urquhart, William, merchant, Glasgow; by Matthew Porter, accountant, Glasgow, on 12 June.

London, Corn Exchange, June 7.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, Red	50 to	56	Boilers	40 to	42
Fine	56 to	62	Small Beans	40 to	42
Superfine	61 to	63	Fine	44 to	48
White	50 to	58	Tick	32 to	36
Fine	60 to	64	Fine	38 to	42
Superfine	66 to	68	Feed Oats	15 to	18
Foreign	48 to	68	Fine	19 to	22
Rye	32 to	34	Poland do	20 to	22
Fine	54 to	56	Fine	24 to	27
Barley	22 to	26	Potato do.	25 to	25
Fine	28 to	31	Fine	27 to	30
Superfine	32 to	35	Flour, p. sack	50 to	55
Malt,	50 to	56	Seconds	45 to	50
Fine	60 to	63	North Country	45 to	50
Hog Pease	38 to	40	Pollard	20 to	28
Maple	42 to	44	Bran	15 to	17
White	33 to	36			

Seeds, &c.—June 7.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Must. Brown,	12 to	21	Hempseed	56 to	—
—White	20 to	0	Linseed, crush.	56 to	65
Tares	10 to	14	New, for Seed	— to	—
Turnips	12 to	20	Ryegrass,	56 to	—
—New	0 to	0	Clover, Red,	95 to	—
—Yellow	0 to	0	—White	95 to	—
Carraway	66 to	—	Coriander	25 to	30
Canary	140 to	—	Trefoil	56 to	—

New Rapeseed, £42 to £—.

Liverpool, June 5.

Wheat, per 70 lbs.	s. d.	s. d.
English	11 0 to	0 0
Scotch	11 0 to	0 0
Welsh	11 0 to	0 0
Irish	9 3 to	9 9
Dantzic	10 6 to	10 9
Wismar	10 6 to	10 9
American	8 6 to	9 0
Quebec	8 9 to	9 0
Barley, per 60 libs.		
English, grind.	4 5 to	4 6
Malting	5 0 to	6 0
Irish	3 3 to	3 6
Scotch	5 0 to	6 0
Foreign	3 6 to	3 9
Malt p. 9gls.	10 0 to	0 0
Rye, foreign	32 to	36
Oats, per 45 lb.		
Eng. new	3 2 to 3	4
Scotch pota.	3 2 to 3	4
Welsh	3 2 to 3	4
Irish,	3 0 to 0	0
Common	2 9 to 3	0
Foreign	2 9 to 3	0
Beans, pr qr.		
English	40 0 to 46	0
Irish	42 0 to 44	0
Pease, per quar.		
— Boiling	35 0 to 37	0

Rapeseed, £ to £ .

	s. d.	s. d.
Foreign,		
Rice, p. cwt.	21 0 to	24 0
Flour, English, p. 280lb.	fine 51 0 to	0 0
—Seconds	49 0 to	0 0
Irish p. 240lb.	45 0 to	0 0
Ameri. p. bl.	34 0 to	35 0
—Sour do.	28 0 to	31 0
Clover-seed, p. bush.		
— White	0 to	0
— Red	0 to	0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.		
English	28 0 to	30 0
Scotch	22 0 to	24 0
Irish	24 0 to	26 0

Butter, Beef, &c.

Butter, per cwt.	s.	s.
Belfast	88 to	0
Newry	82 to	84
Drogheda	0 to	0
Cork, 3d	70 to	0
Pickled,	90 to	0
Beef, p. tierce	85 to	95
—— p. barrel	55 to	65
Pork, p. brl.	85 to	95
Hams, dry,	60 to	65
Bacon,		
Short middles	60 to	66
Long ——	60 to	62

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 22d May 1819.

Wheat, 71s. 4d.—Rye, 47s. 1d.—Barley, 43s. 4d.—Oats, 28s. 5d.—Beans, 51s. 11d.—Pease, 51s. 10d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 30s. 1d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 *lbs. Scots Troy, or* 140 *lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th May* 1819.

Wheat, 63s. 2d.—Rye, 46s. 6d.—Barley, 40s. 6d.—Oats, 25s. 5d.—Beans, 41s. 3d.—Pease, 44s. 10d.—Big, 35s. 8d.—Oatmeal, 20s. 11d.

EDINBURGH.—June 2.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 6d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.
2d,.....35s. 0d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.
3d,.....31s. 0d.	3d,.....23s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 6d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 15 : 8 : 4-12ths.

Tuesday, June 8.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d.	to 0s. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 9d.	to 0s. 10d.
Mutton	0s. 7d.	to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 6d.	to 0s. 8d.
Lamb, per quarter	4s. 0d.	to 5s. 6d.	Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d.	to 1s. 4d.
Veal	0s. 6d.	to 0s. 8d.	Salt ditto,	1s. 4d.	to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 6d.	to 0s. 7d.	Ditto, per stone	20s. 0d.	to 00s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	12s. 0d.	to 15s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 9d.	to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—JUNE 4.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....39s. 0d.	1st,.....32s. 0d.	1st,.....23s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.	1st, ...21s. 6d.
2d,.....36s. 0d.	2d,.....29s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.
3d,.....33s. 0d.	3d,.....26s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,..... 15s. 0d

Average of Wheat, £1 : 15 : 6 : 11-12ths.

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE range of the Thermometer on the 1st of May, was from 44 to 56, and the temperature continued gradually to increase till about the 17th, the maximum of that day being 63, and the minimum 49. After this period the temperature declined, the average of each day between the 20th and 26th being nearly the same as at the commencement of the month. On the 27th a still farther reduction took place. The Thermometer for several nights successively sunk below the freezing point; and on the 30th the hills were covered with snow. The average of the whole month, however, is not quite half a degree lower than that of May 1818; the mean daily range is precisely the same; and the temperature of spring water is a degree and a half higher. During the first week of the month the wind blew steadily from the east, and the Hygrometer indicated considerable dryness. About the 9th the wind shifted to the west, the Hygrometer sunk, and heavy showers followed. These were succeeded by ten days of dry weather, with a brisk wind from the west, and the Hygrometer stood higher than before. On the 21st the wind again shifted, and the change as before was accompanied with rain. From this till the end of the month the weather was variable, though the atmosphere was upon the whole dry. The mean point of deposition is about 2½ degrees lower than the mean minimum temperature, owing to the prevalence of dry east winds, especially about the beginning and end of the month. The same circumstance will account for vegetation having made so much less progress than might have been expected from the average temperature. As a proof of the unfavourable nature of the weather in this respect, it may be mentioned, that the leaves of the larch tree on the side exposed to the east and north-east are as brown as they generally are in the middle of winter. This was observable as early as the middle of the month.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25′, Elevation 185 feet.*

MAY 1819.

Means.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	57.4
.....cold,	43.5
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	52.4
..... 10 P. M.	46.6
..... of daily extremes,	50.5
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	49.5
..... 4 daily observations,	49.9
Whole range of thermometer,	456.0
Mean daily ditto,	14.1
..... temperature of spring water,	48.0

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 54)	29.787
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 54)	29.787
..... both, (temp. of mer. 54)	29.787
Whole range of barometer,	1.010
Mean ditto, during the day,	.082
..... night,	.047
..... in 24 hours,	.129

HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Rain in inches,	1.238
Evaporation in ditto,	2.650
Mean daily Evaporation,	.086
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	25.7
..... 10 P. M.	11.3
..... both,	18.5
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A. M.	39.3
..... 10 P. M.	40.7
..... both,	40.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A. M.	67.6
..... 10 P. M.	82.9
..... both,	75.3
.....Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A. M.	.180
..... 10 P. M.	.182
..... both,	.181

Extremes.

THERMOMETER.		Degrees.
Maximum,	17th day,	63.0
Minimum,	28th	30.0
Lowest maximum,	26th	51.5
Highest minimum,	24th	50.5
Highest, 10 A. M.	17th	60.0
Lowest ditto,	30th	42.0
Highest, 10 P. M.	10th	53.5
Lowest ditto	28th	36.5
Greatest range in 24 hours,	28th	25.0
Least ditto,	24th	5.5

BAROMETER.		Inches.
Highest, 10 A. M.	24th	30.050
Lowest ditto,	18th	29.415
Highest, 10 P. M.	25d	30.060
Lowest ditto,	17th	29.420
Greatest range in 24 hours,	31st	.565
Least ditto,	11th	.005

HYGROMETER.		Degrees.
Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M.	27th	47.0
..... Lowest ditto,	26th	7.0
..... Highest, 10 P. M.	15th	31.0
..... Lowest ditto,	20th	3.0
Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A. M.	11th	53.0
..... Lowest ditto,	27th	7.0
..... Highest, 10 P. M.	7th	48.6
..... Lowest ditto,	27th	21.6
..... Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A. M.	9th	90.0
..... Least ditto,	27th	27.0
..... Greatest, 10 P. M.	20th	96.0
..... Least ditto,	27th	56.0
..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A. M.	11th	.268
..... Least ditto,	27th	.057
..... Greatest, 10 P. M.	10th	.254
..... Least ditto,	27th	.095

Fair days, 19; rainy days, 12. Wind west of meridian, 14; east of meridian, 17.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
May 1	M. 56	29.388	M. 53	S.	Clear.
	A. 64½	.443	A. 51		
2	M. 56	.598	M. 55	S.	Do.
	A. 41½	.594	A. 54		
3	M. 51	.520	M. 56	E.	Do.
	A. 40	.509	A. 56		
4	M. 52	.518	M. 58	E.	Frost even. Clear.
	A. 41½	.552	A. 58		
5	M. 50	.530	M. 56	E.	Do. Do.
	A. 41	.616	A. 54		
6	M. 54	.666	M. 57	S.	Clear.
	A. 41	.770	A. 58		
7	M. 56	.751	M. 58	S.	Cloudy, rain after.
	A. 43	.751	A. 58		
8	M. 51	.822	M. 57	S.	Showers.
	A. 47	.822	A. 58		
9	M. 51	.811	M. 55	S	Heavy Showers.
	A. 45	.837	A. 55		
10	M. 60	.727	M. 63	S.	Showers.
	A. 43	.683	A. 57		
11	M. 58	.750	M. 58	W.	Clear.
	A. 44	.651	A. 60		
12	M. 54	.680	M. 60	W.	Do.
	A. 44	.673	A. 58		
13	M. 50	.579	M. 58	N. W.	Ditto, very cold.
	A. 43	.581	A. 56		
14	M. 54	.792	M. 58	N. W.	Clear.
	A. 41½	.858	A. 58		
15	M. 52	.793	M. 58	Cble.	Do. cold.
	A. 40½	.725	A. 60		
16	M. 54	.720	M. 60	S.W.	Showers.
	A. 45½	.678	A. 56		
May 17	M. 59	.586	M. 60	S. W.	Cloudy.
	A. 45½	.455	A. 60		
18	M. 52	.350	M. 58		Changeable.
	A. 47	.419	A. 57		
19	M. 50	.407	M. 58	S. W.	Clear.
	A. 40	.419	A. 58		
20	M. 48	.402	M. 55	Cble.	Showers.
	A. 45	.528	A. 54		
21	M. 44	.584	M. 50	N. E.	Rainy.
	A. 41½	.678	A. 46		
22	M. 45	.628	M. 48	E.	Showers.
	A. 41	.724	A. 50		
23	M. 40	.804	M. 48	N. E.	Clear.
	A. 42½	.870	A. 52		
24	M. 46	.889	M. 50	N. E.	Cloudy.
	A. 41	.889	A. 50		
25	M. 46	.863	M. 50	N. E.	Clear.
	A. 39	.801	A. 50		
26	M. 48	.840	M. 52	N. E.	Cloudy.
	A. 40	.885	A. 49		
27	M. 46	.511	M. 51	Cble.	Cloudy, hail aftern.
	A. 41	.564	A. 49		
28	M. 44	.564	M. 52	N.	Cble. shower of hail.
	A. 30½	.679	A. 48		
29	M. 39	.678	M. 49	N. W.	Frost, morn. showers after.
	A. 29	.698	A. 50		
30	M. 40	.680	M. 48	E.	Clear, lowr. rain after.
	A. 33	.680	A. 50		
31	M. 55	.741	M. 47	S.	Showers.
	A. 35½	.741	A. 55		

Average of Rain 2.3 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Mr Ebenezer Bradshaw Wallace, Preacher of the Gospel, has been presented to the church and parish of Barr, vacant by the death of the Rev. Stephen Young.

Mr Boyd, formerly Minister of the Caledonian Chapel, London, has been presented to the church and parish of Auchinleck, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Mr Lindsay to Ochiltree.

The Rev. John Fraser, lately of the Scots church, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland, has been appointed assistant and successor to the Rev. Dr Miller of Old Cumnock.

II. MILITARY.

Brevet. Capt. J. Fraser, 1 Ceylon Regt. to be Major in the Army 31 Oct. 1818

2 Dr. G. F. W. C. Smith (late Page of Honour to the Prince Regent), to be Cornet, vice Broderick, dead 22 April 1819

Cornet H. F. Finch to be Lieut. by purch. vice Cathcart, W. I. Rang. 6 May

Gent. Cadet J. S. Brymer to be Cornet by purch. vice Finch do.

R. H. Symons to be Cornet by purch. vice Blaquiere, 18 Dr. 13 do.

4 Dr. Capt. R. Kerr, fm. h. p. 14 F. to be Paymaster, vice Patrickson, h. p. 17 March

11 Lieut. J. Moore to be Capt. by purch. vice Lieut.-Col. Childers, 60 F. 15 Apr.

Cornet R. Hollingworth to be Lieut. by purch. vice Moore do.

T. O. Partridge to be Cornet by purch. vice Hollingworth do.

12 Gent. Cadet R. Harrington to be Cornet by purch. 6 May

18 Assist. Surg. J. Quincey, from h. p. to be Assist. Surg. vice Pulsford, dead 13 do.

3 F. Gds. Qua. Mast. Serj. William Thompson to be Qua. Mast. vice Steel, dead 6 do.

1 F. Lieut. M. M'Dermott, fm. h. p. 36 F. to be Paym. vice Hodgson, dead 29 Apr.

9 Ensign S. Hart to be Lieut. vice M'Dermott, dead 6 May

Gent. Cadet C. Brownrigg to be Ensign, vice Hart do.

19 2d Lieut. J. Wardell, fm. 2 Ceylon R. to be Lieut. vice Hatherly, dead 1 Aug. 1818

J. H. Lewis to be Ensign, vice Barnes, 73 F. 15 Apr. 1819

24 Ensign Everard to be Lieut. vice Maling, dead 10 Sept. 1818

A. Dirom to be Ensign, vice Hawkins, East India Comp. Service 15 do.

24 F. D. Campbell to be Ensign, vice Everard 16 do.
25 Lieut. W. Anderson, fm. h. p. 31 F. to be Paym. vice Smith, dismissed 13 May 1819
28 Surg. S. C. Rae, from 55 F. to be Surg. vice Byrtt, h. p. 71 F. 29 Apr.
30 Lieut. Wm. Atkinson, fm. h. p. to be Adj. and Lieut. vice Stephenson, dd. 25 July 1818
31 —— F. J. Ryan to be Capt. vice Cumming, dead 29 April 1819
Ensign W. A. Hardcastle to be Lieut. vice Ryan do.
Gent. Cadet H. Calvert to be Ensign, vice Hardcastle do.
45 Lieut. T. Parr to be Capt. vice Given, dead do.
Ensign F. Ebhart to be Lieut. vice Parr do.
A. A. Dalzell to be Ensign, vice Ebhart do.
47 Ensign T. Luttrell to be Lieut. vice Kendall, dead 29 May 1817
53 Lieut. C. Williams to be Captain, vice Parker, dead 25 Aug. 1818
55 Surg. E. O'Reilly, M.D. from h. p. 71 F. to be Surg. vice Roe, 28 F. 29 Apr. 1819
60 Brevet Lt. Col. M. Childers, fm. 11 Dr. to be Major by purch. vice Bouverie, ret. 15 do.
72 T. A. Blair to be Ensign, vice Aitkin, dead 6 May
73 Ensign M. Lidwell to be Lieut. vice Helridge, ret. 7 Aug. 1818.
—— J. Barnes, from 19 F. to be Lieut. vice Holmes, dead 7 Oct.
—— C. Irwin, from 83 F. to be Lieut. vice Lidwell, dead 9 do.
Gent. Cadet J. Roskrow to be Ensign, vice Lidwell, prom. 15 Apr. 1819
83 Ensign L. Brown to be Lieut. vice Smith, dead 4 Aug. 1818
R. G. Geddes to be Ensign, vice Brown 13 Apr. 1819
B. Young to be Ensign, vice Irwin, 73 F. 14 do.
A. Tyndall, to be Ensign, vice M'Nabb, dead 15 do.
87 Ensign E. Cox to be Lieut. vice Coghlan, dead 1 Oct. 1816
—— J. Hassard to be Lieut. vice Higginson, dead 16 Aug.
Serj. Major J. Shipp, from 14 Dr. to be Ensign, vice Cox 4 May 1815
Gent. Cadet W. Gossip to be Ensign, vice Carroll, prom. 29 Apr. 1819
Rifle Br. 1st Lieut. T. F. Uniacke to be Adjutant, vice Middleton, res. Adj. only 6 May
2W.I.R. Capt. W. Appleton, fm. African C. to be Capt. vice Walton, ret. on h. p. 25 Apr.
R.Y.Rang. Serj. — Surman, from 10 Dr. to be Ensign, vice M'Intosh, dead 29 do.
R.W.I.Rang. Lieut. Hon. G. Cathcart, from 6 Dr. Gds. to be Capt. vice Angelo, ret. 24 Dec. 1818
Yk.Chas. Ensign G. Laze to be Lieut. vice Maxwell, dead 29 Apr. 1819
Troop Serj. Maj. J. Rind, from 9 Dr. to be Ensign, vice M'Carthy do.
1 Ceylon R. Brevet Major P. Delatre to be Major, vice Coxon, dead 28 Sept. 1818
1st Lieut. P. Secluno to be Captain, vice Delatre do.
2d Lieut. J. Foster, from 2 Ceylon R. to be 1st Lieut. vice Layton, dead 14 do.
—— M. Conradi to be 1st Lieut. vice Secluno 28 do.
R. Basset to be 2d Lieut. vice Green, dead 14 Apr. 1819
P. Reyne to be 2d Lieut. vice Conradi 15 do.
Ensign J. Basset, fm. 4 W. I. R. to be 2d Lieut. vice R. Basset, cancelled 14 do.
2d Lieut. W. Stewart to be 1st Lieut. vice Tranchell, dead 18 Sept. 1818
G. Fretz to be 2d Lieut. vice Wardell, 19 F. 14 Feb. 1814
R. Price to be 2d Lieut. vice Barbier, dead 15 Apr. 1819
Lieut. C. F. Button to be Adjutant, vice Boyton, res. Adjutancy only 26 Sept. 1818

Royal Artillery.

Capt. F. A. S. Knox, from h. p. to be Captain 1 May 1819
1st Lieut. H. L. Sweeting to be 2d Captain do.
—— R. L. Garstin, from h. p. to be 1st Lieut. do.
2d Lieut. H. Chamberlain, from h. p. to be 2d Lieut. do.
—— R. C. Smyth, from h. p. to be 2d Lieut. do.

Medical Staff.

Deputy Inspector J. R. Hume, M.D. to be Inspector of Hospitals 3 Dec. 1818

Exchanges.

Brevet Lt.-Col. Irby, from 2 Life Gds. with Major Vyse, 1 W. I. R.
Major Ross, from 21 F. with Major Leahy, h. p. 7 F.
—— Lawrence, from 13 Dr. with Major Paterson, 22 Dr.
Brevet Major Hamerton, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Disney, h. p. 67 F.
—— Moray, from 13 Dr. with Captain Browne, 19 Dr.
—— Wood, from 4 F. with Capt. De Montmorency, h. p. 21 F.
Capt. Smith, from 24 F. rec. diff. with Captain Brown, h. p. 54 F.
—— Daly, from 34 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Price, h. p. 53 F.
—— Considine, from 13 Dr. rec. diff. with Brunton, h. p. 60 F.
—— Fead, from 3 F. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Digby, h. p. 25 F.
—— Tupman, from 2 Ceylon Regt. with Brev. Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
—— Harvey, from Coldst. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Armytage, h. p.
Lieut. Jones, from 24 F. with Lieut. Lee, 87 F.
—— Harvey, from Coldst. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hall, h. p.
—— J. Brownlow, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Sweeting, h. p.
—— Carroll, from 15 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Bonnor, h. p. 3 F. G.
—— M'Cullock, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Taylor, h. p. 57 F.
—— Turnstall, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lewis, h. p.
—— Nunn, from 46 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Stuart, 86 F.
—— Birkett, from 65 F. with Lieut. Madden, h. p. 89 F.
—— Lee, from 87 F. with Lieut. Jones, 24 Dragoons.
—— Aldrich, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Lieut. Uniacke, h. p.
—— Brauns, from Staff Corps, with Lieut. Frazer, h. p.
—— Hawley, from 1 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dickens, h. p. 14 F.
—— Clavering, from 14 Dr. with Lieut. Ormsby, h. p. 3 Dr. G.
—— Crawford, from 43 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Matthews, h. p.
—— Ross, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Green, h. p. Cavalry Staff Corps.
Cornet Sir J. Radcliffe, from 6 Dr. with Cornet Richardson, h. p. 23 Dr.
—— Ives, from 18 Dr. with Ensign Seton, 32 F.
2d Lieut. Baillie, from 23 F. with Ensign Matthews, h. p. 14 F.
Ensign Connolly, from 37 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Gosselin, h. p. 60 F.
—— Williams, from 3 F. rec. diff. with J. Cameron, jun. h. p. 92 F.
—— M'Lachlan, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Ferrier, h. p. 56 F.
—— Anderson, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Bainbrigge, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.
Ensign and Adjut. Myers, from 60 F. with Ensign and Adjut. Adams, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-Col. Bouverie, 60 F.
Capt. Angelo, Roy. West India Rang.
Lieut. Heseltidge, 75 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Cornet Clyde, 24 Dr.
2d Lieut. Rich. Basset, 1 Ceylon Regt.

Deaths.

Colonel, the Duke of Buccleugh, Dumfries Militia 20 Apr. 1819
Lieut.-Col. D. J. Cameron, late 1 R. Vet. Bn. Apr. 1819
——— Lawson, R. Art. 23 Apr. 1819
Major Campbell, R. Art. 7 May 1819
Capt. Given, 45 F. 16 Apr. 1819
——— Campbell, 67 F.
——— Gethin (killed in action with the Caffres) 72 F. 3 Feb. 1819
——— Enraght, R. York Ran. 10 Feb. 1819
——— Magius, h. p. K. G. L. 23 Mar. 18
Lieut. Tomlinson, 17 Dr. 25 Sept. 18
——— M'Dermott, do. 6 Sept. 18
——— Lidwell, 75 F.
——— George, R. West Ind. Rang.
——— Hunt, late 2 R. Vet. Bn. 6 May 18
——— Fair, h. p. 81 F. 31 Ma
——— Blackburn, Dumfries Militia 31 Oct. 18

Cornets, 2d Lieuts. and Ensigns.

Broderick, 2 Dr. G. 4 Apr. 18
Arrow, 67 F. 21 Nov. 18
Aitken (drowned) 72 F. 17 Jan. 18
Drayton, R. W. I. Ra. 2 March 18
M'Konachie, do. 18 March 18
T. B. Cooper, R. Art. 21 Feb. 18
Town, h. p. 24 F. 20 Aug. 18
Bevan, Dumfries Mil. 29 Mar. 18
Adj.-Lieut. Warde, 65 F.
Quarter-master Steel, 3 F. G.
Assist.-Surg. Pulsford, 18 Dr.

Miscellaneous.

Sams, Assist. Commis. Gen. at Tobago 21 Feb. 18

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

April 7, 1819. At Rome, the lady of John Macpherson, Esq. a daughter.

18. At Weedon Barracks, the lady of Captain Campbell, 71st light infantry, a son.

20. At Bath, the lady of Sir Alexander Hood, Bart., a son.

23. At Pudliot House, Oxon. Lady Edward Somerset, a daughter.

24. The lady of Dr James Hare, of Handywood, a daughter.

— In Nottingham Place, London, Viscountess Newport, a son and heir.

25. At 52, Thistle-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Smart, a daughter.

26. At Langley, Derbyshire, the lady of Godfrey Meynell, Esq. a son.

— In Wimpole-street, the lady of Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart. a daughter.

— At Bonnington Bank, Edinburgh, Mrs Wyld, a daughter.

— At Dumbuck, Dumbartonshire, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Geils, a son.

27. At Blanfield, Mrs William Macdowall, a son

28. At Heriot-row, Mrs Wishart, a son.

— At Leith, Mrs Grimes, a daughter.

29. At Aberdour House, Mrs Gordon, a son.

— At Dundee, the lady of John Maxwell, East Tay-street, a daughter.

30. At Mansfield, Lesmahagow, Mrs Wilson, a son.

— At Mount Pleasant, Thurso, the lady of Captain Calder, royal engineers, a son.

May 1. At Cairnhill, the Honourable Mrs Hamilton, a son.

2. At Urr manse, Mrs M'Whir, a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Campbell, of Dalserf, a son.

4. At Eastley End House, Surrey, the lady of G. W. Lawrence, Esq. of St James's, Jamaica, a daughter.

— In George-street, Edinburgh, the lady of John Mansfield, Esq. a daughter.

8. At Portobello, Mrs William Watt, a son.

9. At Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Hopkirk, a son.

— In Queen-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Hume, a son.

10. At London, Lady James Stuart, a daughter.

— Mrs Baillie of Jerriswood, a daughter.

12. At Stockton, on Tees, Lady Charlotte Macgregor Murray, a son.

13. At 27, Dundas street, Edinburgh, Mrs Lee, St Andrews, a son.

14. At Ruchill, the Lady of H. Maclean, jun. of Coll, a daughter.

15. At 3, Brown Square, Edinburgh, Mrs William Smith, a daughter.

16. At 17, Nelson-street, Mrs Matheson, a son.

17. At Stonehouse, the lady of Sir John [illegible] Sinclair, Bart., a daughter.

18. At Skedsbush, Mrs Crichton, a daughter.

24. At Hill Place, Edinburgh, Mrs [illegible] Bridges, a son.

Lately, At Edinburgh, Countess [illegible] daughter.

Lately, At Lanark, the wife of John [illegible] weaver, of three fine boys, who, with their [illegible] are likely to do well.

A few days since, a farmer's wife at Ballyhaise delivered of five female children, three of [illegible] are living.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 24. At Trinchinopoly, Captain Edward James Foote, 7th Madras native infantry, [illegible] quarter-master of brigade, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late Peter Begbie, Esq. of the Stamp-office, London.

At Calcutta, in November last, James Dewar, Esq. of the civil service, eldest son of James Dewar, Esq. of Vogrie, to Miss Emily Dyer, youngest daughter of the late General Dyer.

March 26. At the English Ambassador's, at Paris, Colonel Arthur Onslow, nephew to the Earl of Onslow, to Miss Wetherell, daughter of ——— Wetherell, Esq. and grand-daughter of Mr Serjeant Runnington.

30. At London, Alexander Maclean, Esq. of Orange Hill, Jamaica, to Miss Baigrie, eldest daughter of Mackenzie Baigrie, Esq. of the county of Edinburgh.

April 21. At Belton Church, in Holderness, Yorkshire, John Lang, M. D. surgeon, Dumfries, to Miss Christiana Elizabeth Gibb.

— At Balteagh, county of Derry, Thomas Walker, Esq. of the Scots Greys, to Constantia Frances Ann, eldest daughter of J. C. Beresford, Esq.

22. Sandford Graham, Esq. M. P. (only son of Sir James Graham, Bart. M. P. for Carlisle) to Caroline, third daughter of the late John Langston, Esq. of Sarsden House, in the county of Oxford.

— At Lugwardine, near Hereford, Charles David Gordon, Esq. of Dulwich Hill, Surrey, to Marian, eldest daughter of Robert Phillipps, Esq. of Longworth, Herefordshire.

25. At Westham, Essex, Henry Cheape, Esq. eldest son of John Cheape, Esq. of Rosie, to the

county of Fife, to Margaret, second daughter of John Carstairs, Esq. of Stratford Green, Essex.

26. At Kirklee, Mr R. Stewart, merchant, Glasgow, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr John Walker of Kirklee.

— At Edinburgh, William Johnston, Esq. of Lathrisk and Bavelaw, to Miss Jean Douglas, youngest daughter of Mr Sholto Douglas.

— At London, Captain J. Ogilvie, of the Honourable East India Company's service, to Helen, second daughter of Mr William Allan, merchant in Edinburgh.

27. At Carron, Surgeon David Wyse, royal navy, to Susan, eldest daughter of Mr Alexander Burgess.

— At St George the Martyr, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, Alexander Grant, Esq. of Clapham, Surrey, and Adam Street, Adelphi, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Rev. William Thorold of Wielsby House, Lincolnshire.

— At Whitekirk, Mr David Syme, Newmains, to Beatrice, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Ker, Whitekirk.

29. At Kinclaven, the Rev. John Craig, Kinkell, to Catherine, only daughter of the Rev. James Pringle, Kinclaven.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Begg, surgeon, Nicolson-street, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr Alexander Baillie.

30. Mr Robert Honeyman, Grangemouth, to Christian, youngest daughter of Mr David Findlay, Prince's Street.

30. At Tranent, the Rev. George Brown, Ramsbotham, Lancashire, to Miss Elizabeth Spence.

— At Edinburgh, William Scott, Esq. farmer at Mislington, to Jessy, daughter of Mr John Arres, Fairnington.

May 3. At Hythe, Lieutenant Longmore, of the royal staff corps, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Wright, Wilcocks.

10. At Hampton Court, Middlesex, John Kirkland, Esq. of Glasgow, to Augusta Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Major-General John A. Vesey.

13. At London, the Earl Temple, to Lady Campbell, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Breadalbane.

— At London, the Honourable Richard Neville, son of Lord Braybrooke, to Lady Jane Cornwallis, daughter of the Marquis Cornwallis.

17. At Stonehaven, Mr James Tindal, writer, to Miss Jessie Park, youngest daughter of the late William Park, Esq.

20. At Clerkseat, William Stratton, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Black, Esq. of Warridgemuir.

Lately, Hugh Denoon, Esq. Pictou, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the Rev. Alexander Fraser, one of the ministers of Inverness.

At London, Henry St John Georges, Esq. of the 19th lancers, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late David Mitchell, Esq.

At Cork, Captain Thomas Hobbs, 92d Highlanders, to Margaret, third daughter of Simpson Hucket, Esq. Rivers Town, Tipperary.

At Dusseldorf, Lieutenant-General Baron Hompesch, of the British service, to the Countess Isabella, of Nesselrode, Freehoven.

At London, Woodbine Parish, jun. Esq. son of the Chairman of the Board of Excise in Scotland, to Amelia, only daughter of Leonard Becher Morse, Esq. of Norwood.

At Edinburgh, Mr Jonathan Lyons, merchant, Market-street, to Mary, youngest daughter of Mr George Skede, Sciennes.

DEATHS.

At sea, in June last, on his passage from Bengal to the Cape of Good Hope, Captain Donald Macleod, of the Bengal artillery service, eldest son of the late Roderick Macleod, D.D. Principal of King's College, Aberdeen.

Oct. 11. At Sumbulpoor, in Bengal, Lieutenant Douglas, only son of Admiral James Douglas.

29. In India, at Malligaum, near the camp in Kandeish, Lieutenant James Anderson, of the Madras European regiment, eldest son of the late Rev. John Anderson, minister of Stronsay, most sincerely regretted by his brother officers, and all who knew him.

Nov. 5. At Mussulipatam, in the house of James O. Todd, Esq. judge and chief magistrate there, in the 27th year of his age, Lieutenant Alexander D. Coull, of the Madras artillery, son of James Coull, Esq. of Ashgrove, in the county of Moray.

9. At Jubbulpore, East Indies, Captain Alexander Black, of the Bengal army, son of Dr Black, Kirkaldy.

17. At Calpee, near Cawnpore, Lieutenant Hutton Watkins, 1st regiment Bengal native infantry; and on the 29th April, at Mountsfield Cottage, near Shrewsbury, Mrs Elizabeth Watkins, wife of Mr Higgins of that place.

22. At Calcutta, Mrs Archibald Trotter, in the 27th year of her age.

25. At Calcutta, Mrs Jennet Hunter, relict of the late James Scott, Esq.

Feb. 23. At sea, on his voyage to the island of Trinidad, Duncan, seventh surviving son of James Lamont of Knockdow, Esq.

March 21. At Montrose, Mr Jonathan Forbes, merchant there.

28. Lieutenant-Colonel John Wardell, half-pay 66th foot, aged 65.

April 2. At Lisbon, Major Angus Macdonald, in the Portuguese and British service.

3. At Alyth, James Sandy, the celebrated Alyth mechanic. The originality of genius and eccentricity of character which distinguished this remarkable person, were, perhaps, never surpassed. Deprived at an early age of the use of his legs, he contrived, by dint of ingenuity, not only to pass his time agreeably, but to render himself a useful member of society. He soon displayed a taste for mechanical pursuits, and contrived as a work-shop for his operations a sort of circular bed, the sides of which being raised about 18 inches above the clothes, were employed as a platform for turning lathes, table vices, and cases for tools of all kinds. His genius for practical mechanics was universal. He was skilled in all sorts of turning; and constructed several very curious lathes, as well as clocks and musical instruments of every description, no less admired for the sweetness of their tone than the elegance of their execution. He excelled, too, in the construction of optical instruments; and made some reflecting telescopes, the specula of which were not inferior to those finished by the most eminent London artists. He suggested some important improvements in the machinery for spinning flax; and we believe he was the first who made the wooden-jointed snuff-boxes, generally called Laurencekirk boxes, some of which, fabricated by this self-taught artist, were purchased, and sent as presents to the Royal Family. For upwards of 50 years he quitted his bed only three times, and on these occasions his house was either inundated with water, or threatened with danger from fire. Naturally possessed of a good constitution, and an active, cheerful turn of mind, his house was the general coffee-room of the village, where the affairs both of church and state were discussed with the utmost freedom. In consequence of long confinement, his countenance had rather a sickly cast, but it was remarkably expressive, and would have afforded a fine subject for the pencil of Wilkie, particularly when he was surrounded by his country friends. This singular man had acquired, by his ingenuity and industry, an honourable independence, and died possessed of considerable property. In short, his history holds out this very instructive lesson—that no difficulties are too great to be overcome by industry and perseverance; and that genius, though it should sometimes miss the distinction it deserves, will seldom fail, unless by its own fault, to secure competency and respectability. He was married only about three weeks before his death.

5. At Spa, Lieutenant-Colonel D. I. Cameron, late of the first royal veteran battalion.

8. At Leith, in the 86th year of his age, Mr William Coke, bookseller, who carried on business, within the same premises, for the long period of 55 years, and was the father of the bookselling profession in Scotland.

9. At Heligoland, Major Cumming, of his Majesty's 31st regiment of foot.

— At Fort William, aged 82, Captain Angus Macdonald of Tulloch, the oldest branch of Sliochd-Tigh Ian-Duibh, of the Keppoch family.

15. At Aberdeen, Mrs Aberdein, of Glasseli, relict of William Aberdein, Esq.

— At Gladfield, Ross-shire, Hugh Ross, Esq. of Aldie and Gladfield.

17. In Baker-street, London, Sarah Maynadier Rush, eldest daughter of Richard Rush, envoy extraordinary, and minister plenipotentiary fr the United States.

— At Aberdeen, William Innes, Esq. of Thu

18. At Edinburgh, William, eldest son of Mr William Simpson, Esq. solicitor at law.

— At Dundee, Mrs Crow, relict of Colonel John Crow.

19. At Mount Pleasant, Thurso, Benjamin Calder, Esq. aged 75.

— At Belmont, Thomas Mouat, Esq. of Garth, Shetland.

— At Dingwall, Miss Margaret Mackenzie, daughter of the late William Mackenzie, Esq. of Strathgarve.

20. At the manse of Lochcarron, in the 66th year of his age, and 37th of his ministry, the Rev. Lachlan Mackenzie, minister of Lochcarron. He was a man of undissembled piety, great integrity, and remarkable for [illegible]al, sacred eloquence, and usefulness.

— At Aberdeen, Mrs Burnet, relict of Alexander Burnet, Esq. late a deputy-commissary of ordnance, in the service of the honourable East India Company.

21. In Old Aberdeen, Miss Teresa Lumsden, daughter of the Rev. John Lumsden, some time professor in the University of King's College, Old Aberdeen.

— In Great Portland-street, London, in the 39th year of his age, Robert Martin Herne, Esq. of the Commissariat Department, Treasury.

— At Pittenweem, Mrs Margaret Robertson, relict of George Gourlay, Esq. of Kincraig.

— At Kinross, at the advanced age of 94 years, Mr John Millar, weaver. He had 8 children, 34 grand-children, and 28 great grand-children—of whom are in life, 4 children, 24 grand-children, and 22 great grand-children.

22. At Berwick, John Clunie, Esq. corn-merchant, one of the magistrates of that burgh.

— At Kelso, Mrs Elizabeth Young, widow of the late Mr John Bruce, farmer at Maxton.

23. At Ayr, Mrs Allason, wife of William Allason of Whitehill, Esq.

— At his house in Hans Place, London, in the 81st year of his age, Christopher Savile, Esq. M.P. for Oakhampton.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Christian Scott, fourth daughter of the deceased Dr John Scott of Coats.

24. Mr John Mitchell, printer of the Tyne Mercury, aged 47. On Tuesday, his remains were interred, according to his own desire, in the garden of his residence, on the leases, near Newcastle.

25. At Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Forbes, relict of the late James Gordon, Esq. at Tillynaught, Banffshire.

— At his Lordship's house in Charges Street, London, in her 69th year, Charlotte, Countess of Onslow.

26. At London, the right honourable Mary, Countess Dowager Poulett.

— At Fraserburgh, Mrs Shand, relict of William Shand, Esq. of Craigellie.

— At Edinburgh, Christina Margaret, youngest daughter of John Sinclair, Esq. of Covent-Garden Theatre.

— At her father's house, Dundas street, Isabella Gardner, eldest daughter of Mr Campbell Gardner, aged 23.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr Adam Elder, late baker there.

— At his house, Maize Hill, William Collins, Esq. of Frolesworth.

— At Elgin, the Rev. Walter Stuart, lately presented to the church and parish of Alves.

— At Leith, Thomas, the youngest son of Mr Grimes.

28. At Huntly, Mr Charles Macdonald, agent for the Aberdeen Bank.

29. At Edinburgh, James Chalmers, Esq. solicitor.

— At Roxburgh Manse, the Rev. Andrew Bell, in the 65th year of his age, and 38th of his ministry.

30. At Edinburgh, Leveson Douglas Stewart, Esq. R. N. third son of the Honourable Keith Stewart of Glasserton, deceased.

May 1. At 10, Hanover-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Marion Gray, wife of Mr Gray, solicitor at law.

2. Robert, aged 8 years, fifth son of Mr Archibald Ronaldson, Leith.

2. At Dublin, John Gifford, Esq. at an advanced age.

— At his house at Brighton, after a lingering illness, the Lady of Admiral James Douglas.

4. At Edinburgh, Bridget Bonnar, youngest daughter of the late Rev. David Black, one of the ministers of this city.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Marion Craufuird, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Lauriston, of the Honourable East India Company's service.

5. At Edinburgh, Gordon Duff Cockburn, youngest son of Robert Cockburn, Esq.

— At the Manse of Newburgh, Fife, the Rev. Thomas Stewart, D. D.

— At Ayr, at the house of her son, the Rev. Dr Auld, Mrs Auld, sen. aged 93.

— In Half-Moon-street, Piccadilly, Major Scott Waring.

6. At Glasgow, Dame Elizabeth Campbell, widow of the late Sir Humphrey Trafford Campbell of Asknish, sheriff-depute of Argyllshire.

— At Elgin, Dr Thomas Stephen, physician, aged 75.

— At Edinburgh, aged 23, Mr James Scott, late of James' Court.

— In Sloane-street, Chelsea, Mrs Christian Maxwell, wife of Anthony Todd Thomson, Esq.

7. At Edinburgh, Mr John Currie, depute-clerk of the justice of peace court.

8. At the Manse of Culter, Eliza Howison Strachan, daughter of Alexander Strachan, Esq. Assistant Commissary-general.

— At Burnshott, Mr Robert Todd, farmer there.

— At Livingston's Yards, Mrs Comb, relict of Mr George Comb, brewer.

9. At Morebattle, the Rev. David Morrison.

— At Edinburgh, at his house in Union-street, Edward Lindsay Watt, Esq. M.D. of the island of Jamaica.

— At Howard Place, near Edinburgh, Mrs Marjory Robertson, relict of Captain Alexander Donald, late of the 41st regiment of invalids, aged 86.

— At Kircudbright, Dr John Walker, physician there.

10. At Ravelrig, Alexander Hay, Esq. of Ravelrig.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Macfarlan, widow of the late Dr John Macfarlan, one of the ministers of the Canongate.

— Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr George Gordon, Canongate.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Wemyss, wife of Mr Alexander Reid, Castle-street.

12. At Edinburgh, the Right Honourable Margaret, Countess of Buchan.

16. At Aberdeen, George, youngest son of George Gordon, Esq. of Auchleuchries.

17. At Edinburgh, John Flint of Polbeth, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— At Leith, Essex, youngest daughter of the late Mr Ellis Martin, merchant there.

— At his father's house, in Piccadilly, London, at the age of 15 months, Frederick, the only son and heir of the Honourable Mr Drummond Burrell.

18. At Leith, Lieutenant Hill Christie, aged 78.

19. At No 4, Shandwick Place, Henry Glassford, Esq. of Dougalston.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Kennedy of Dunure, Esq.

Lately, at Tewkesbury, in distressed circumstances, Mr Thomas Morgan, long known in the gaming circles at Brighton, and other fashionable places. Previous to his death, he requested all his gambling apparatus to be brought to him, and burnt in his presence, observing, that as they had been the ruin of him, he would prevent them injuring any one hereafter.

At Weymouth, aged 82, Robert Bayard, Esq. of Bath. He is supposed to be the last surviving officer who fought under the command of the brave General Wolfe, at the battle of Quebec, in the year 1759, and was near him when he fell.

At Calcutta, Alexander Colvin, Esq. the senior partner of the firm of Messrs Colvins, Bazett, and Co. the oldest and one of the most respectable members of the mercantile body of Calcutta.

At her house in Maitland Street, Mrs Newbigging, relict of the late James Newbigging, Esq.

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ON THE PROPOSED NATIONAL MONUMENT AT EDINBURGH.

We gladly avail ourselves of the first opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to the proposed National Monument, a subject in which we think not only the citizens of the metropolis, but all the inhabitants of Scotland should feel interested. It is not, indeed, without some surprise that we have witnessed the remarkable apathy towards this undertaking which seems to prevail in most parts of the country; and the singular perversion of understanding by which its important effects are misunderstood or overlooked. A few plain observations, on this subject, will not, it is hoped, prove unacceptable to such of our countrymen as take an interest in the station which Scotland holds either in arts or arms.

The indifference of the great majority of the public to this undertaking cannot arise from any insensibility to the glorious events which the proposed building is destined to commemorate. It is but a few years since the military enthusiasm of the nation was roused to its highest pitch, and the achievements of her soldiers, in foreign wars, had awakened into new life, the ancient and hereditary spirit of her people. The animation which these glorious events excited has not and cannot have decayed. It is not to a want of public spirit, but to a want of a due sense of the importance of the proposed edifice on the national character, that the indifference of which we complain is to be ascribed.

Some there are who consider this as an object in which the citizens of Edinburgh only are interested, but which does not call for contribution from the remoter parts of the country. Others, who are aware of the importance of national edifices in fostering the spirit of a nation, think that the object in view will be sufficiently gained by the great national monument in London, and that to erect a similar edifice in this metropolis is not only unnecessary but improper, since the two kingdoms have now been so long united into one great empire. It requires but little knowledge of human character, as it is pourtrayed in the history of past events, to perceive that these ideas are essentially erroneous.

The history of mankind, from its earliest period to the present moment, is fraught with the proofs of one general truth, that it is in *small states*, and in consequence of the emulation and ardent spirit which they develope, that the human mind arrives at its greatest perfection, and that the freest scope is afforded both to the grandeur of moral, and the brilliancy of intellectual character. It is to the citizens of *small* republics that we are indebted both for the greatest discoveries which have improved the condition or elevated the character of mankind, and for the noblest examples of private and public virtue with which the page of history is adorned. It was in the republics of ancient Greece, and in consequence of the emulation which was excited amongst her rival cities, that the beautiful arts of poetry, sculpture, and architecture were first brought to perfection; and whilst the genius of the human race was slumbering in the innumerable multitudes of the Persian

and Indian monarchies, the single city of Athens produced a succession of great men, whose works have improved and delighted the world in every succeeding age. While the vast feudal monarchies of Europe were buried in ignorance and barbarism, the little states of Florence, Bologna, Rome, and Venice were far advanced in the career of arts and in the acquisition of knowledge; and at this moment, the traveller neglects the boundless but unknown tracts of Germany and France, to visit the tombs of Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Tasso, to dwell in a country where every city and every landscape reminds him of the greatness of human genius, or the perfection of human taste. It is from the same cause that the earlier history of the Swiss republic exhibits a firmness and grandeur of political character which we search for in vain in the annals of the great monarchies by which they are surrounded, and that the classical pilgrim forgets the splendour of the Eternal city in his devotion to the spirit of its early republic; and sees not in the ruins which surround him the remains of imperial Rome, the mistress and the capital of the world; but of Rome, when struggling with Corioli and Veii; of Rome, when governed by Regulus and Cincinnatus—and traces the scene of her infant wars with the Latian tribes, with a pious interest which all the pomp and magnificence of her subsequent history has not been able to excite.

Examples of this kind have often led historians to consider the situation of small republics as that of all others most adapted to the exaltation and improvement of mankind. To minds of an ardent and enthusiastic cast, who delight in the contemplation of human genius, or in the progress of public improvement, the brilliancy and splendour of such little states forms the most delightful of all objects; and accordingly, the greatest of living historians, in his history of the Italian republics, has expressed a decided opinion that in no other situation is such scope afforded to the expansion of the human mind, or such facility afforded to the progressive improvement of our species.

On the other hand, it is not to be concealed, that such little dynasties are accompanied by many circumstances of continued and aggravated distress. Their small dimensions, and the jealousies which subsist betwixt them, not only furnish the subject of continual disputes, but aggravate to an incredible degree the miseries and devastations of war. Between such states, it is not conducted with the dignity and in the spirit which characterises the efforts of great monarchies, but rather with the asperity and rancour which belongs to a civil contest. While the frontiers only of a great monarchy suffer from the calamities of war, its devastations extend to the very heart of smaller states. Insecurity and instability frequently mark the internal state of these republics; and the activity which the historian admires in their citizens, is too often employed in mutually destroying and pillaging each other, or in disturbing the tranquillity of the state. It is hence that the sunny slopes of the Appenines are everywhere crowned by castellated villages, indicating the universality of the ravages of war among the Italian States in former times; and that the architecture of Florence and Genoa still bears the character of that massy strength which befitted the period when every noble palace was an independent fortress, and when war, tumult, and violence, reigned for centuries within their walls; while the open villages and straggling cottages of England bespeak the security with which her peasants have reposed under the shadow of her redoubted power.

The universality of this fact has led many wise and good men to regard small states as the prolific source of human suffering; and to conclude that all the splendour, whether in arts or in science, with which they are surrounded, is dearly bought at the expence of the peace and tranquillity of the great body of the people. To such men it appears, that the periods of history on which the historian dwells, or which have been marked by extraordinary genius, are not those in which the greatest public happiness has been enjoyed; but that it is to be found rather under the quiet and inglorious government of a great and pacific empire.

Without pretending to determine which of these opinions is the best founded, it is more important for our present purpose to observe, that the

union of the three kingdoms promises to combine for this country the advantages of both these forms of government without the evils to which either is exposed. While her insular situation, and the union and energy of her people, secure for Great Britain peace and tranquillity within her own bounds, the rivalry of the different nations of whom the empire is composed, promises, if properly directed, to animate her people with the ardour and enterprise which have hitherto been supposed to spring only from the collision of smaller states.

Towards the accomplishment of this most desirable object, however, it is indispensible that each nation should preserve the remembrance of its own distinct origin, and look to the glory of *its own people*, with an anxious and peculiar care. It is quite right that the Scotch should glory with their aged sovereign in the name of Britain: and that, when considered with reference to foreign states, Britain should exhibit an united whole, intent only upon upholding and extending the glory of that empire which her united forces have formed. But it is equally indisputable that her ancient metropolis should not degenerate into a provincial town; and that an independent nation, once the rival of England, should remember, with pride, the peculiar glories by which her people have been distinguished. Without this, the whole good effects of the rivalry of the two nations will be entirely lost; and the genius of her different people, in place of emulating and improving each other, will be drawn into one centre, where all that is original and characteristic will be lost in the overwhelming influence of prejudice and fashion.

Such an event would be an incalculable calamity to the metropolis, and to the genius of this country. It is this catastrophe which Fletcher of Salton so eloquently foretold, when he opposed the union with England in the Scottish Parliament. Edinburgh would then become like Lyons, or Toulouse, or Venice, a provincial town, supported only by the occasional influx of the gentlemen in its neighbourhood, and the courts of law which have their seat within its walls. The city and the nation which have produced David Hume, and Adam Smith, and Robert Burns, and Henry Mackenzie, and Walter Scott, would cease to exist; and the traveller would repair to her classical scenes, as he now does to Venice or Ferrara, to lament the decay of human genius which follows the union of independent states.

Nor would such an event be less injurious to the general progress of science and arts throughout the empire. It is impossible to doubt, that the circumstance of Scotland being a separate kingdom, and maintaining a rivalship with England, has done incalculable good to both countries—that it has given rise to a succession of great men, whose labours have enlightened and improved mankind, who would not otherwise have acted upon the career of knowledge. Who can say what would have been the present condition of England in philosophy or science, if she had not been stimulated by the splendid progress which Scotland was making? and who can calculate the encouragement which Scottish genius has derived from the generous applause which England has always lavished upon her works? As Scotchmen, we rejoice in the exaltation and eminence of our own country; but we rejoice not less sincerely in the literary celebrity of our sister kingdom; not only from the interest which, as citizens of the united empire, we feel in the celebrity of any of its members, but as affording the secret pledges of the continued and progressive splendour of our own country.

It is impossible, however, to contemplate the effects of the union of the two kingdoms, from which this country has derived such incalculable benefits in its national wealth and domestic industry, without perceiving that in time, at least, a corresponding *decay* may take place in its literary and philosophic acquirements. There are few examples in the history of mankind, of an independent kingdom being incorporated with another of greater magnitude, without losing, in process of time, the national eminence, whether in arts or in arms, to which it had arrived. A rare succession of great men in our universities, indeed, and an extraordinary combination of talents in the works of imagination, has hitherto prevented this effect from taking place. But who can insure a continuance of men of such extraordinary genius, to keep

alive the torch of science in our northern regions? Is it not to be apprehended that the attractions of wealth, of power, and of fashion, which have so long drawn our nobles and higher classes to the seat of government, may, ere long, exercise a similar influence upon our national genius, and that the melancholy catastrophe which Fletcher of Salton described, with all its fatal consequences, may be, even now, approaching to its accomplishment?

Whatever can arrest this lamentable progress, and fix down, in a permanent manner, the genius of Scotland to its own shores, confers not only an incalculable benefit upon this country, but upon the united empire of which it forms a part. The erection of the *National Monument* in Edinburgh, seems calculated, in a most remarkable manner, to accomplish this most desirable object.

To those, indeed, who have not been in the habit of attending to the influence of animating recollections upon the developement of every thing that is great or generous in human character, it may appear that the effects we anticipate from this building, are visionary and chimerical. But when a train is ready laid, a spark will set it in flames. The Scotch have always been a proud and an ardent people; and the spirit which animated their forefathers, in this respect, is not yet extinct. Upon a people so disposed, it is difficult to estimate the effects which a splendid edifice, filled with monuments to the greatest men whom the country can boast, may ultimately produce.—It will give stability and consistence to the national pride, a feeling which, when properly directed, is the surest foundation of national eminence.—It will perpetuate the remembrance of the brave and independent Scottish nation—a feeling, of all others, the best suited to animate the exertions of her remotest descendants.—It will teach her inhabitants to look to their own country for the scene of their real glory; and while Ireland laments the absence of a nobility insensible to her fame, it will be the boast of this country, to have erected on her own shores, a monument worthy of her people's glory, and to have disdained to follow merely the triumphs of that nation, whose ancestors they have ere now vanquished in the field.

Who has not felt the sublime impression which the interior of Westminster Abbey produces, where the poets, the philosophers, and the statesmen of England, "sleep with her kings, and dignify the scene?" Who has viewed the church of *St Croce* at Florence, and seen the tombs of Galileo, and Machiavelli, and Michael Angelo, and Alfieri, under one sacred roof, without feeling their hearts swell with the remembrance of her ancient glory; and, among the multitudes who will visit the sacred pile that is to perpetuate the memory of Scottish greatness, how many may there be whom so sublime a spectacle may rouse to a sense of their native powers, and animate with the pride of their country's renown; and in whom the remembrance of the "illustrious of ancient days" may awaken the noble feeling of Correggio, when he contemplated the works of the Roman masters; "I too am a Painter."

Nor do we think that such a monument could produce effects of less importance upon the military character and martial spirit of the Scottish people in future ages. The memory of the glorious achievements of our age, indeed, will never die, and the page of history will perpetuate, to the higher orders, the recollection of the events which have cast so unrivalled a splendour over the British nation, in the commencement of the nineteenth century. But the study of history is confined to few, comparatively speaking, of the population of a country; and the knowledge which it imparts can never extend universally to the poorer class, from whom the materials of an army are to be drawn. In the ruder and earlier periods of society, indeed, the traditions of warlike events are preserved for a series of years, by the romantic ballads, which are cherished by a simple and primitive people. The nature of the occupations in which they are principally engaged, is favourable to the preservation of such heroic recollections. But in the state of society in which we live, it is impossible that the record of past events can be thus engraven on the hearts of a nation. The uniformity of employments in which the lower orders are engaged—the severe and unremitting toil to which they are exposed—the division of labour which fixes them down to one limited and

unchanging occupation, all contribute to destroy those ancient traditions, on the preservation of which so much of the martial spirit of a people depends. The peasantry in the remoter parts of Scotland can still recount some of the exploits, and dwell with enthusiasm on the adventures of Bruce or Wallace; but you will search in vain among the English poor for any record of the victories of Cressy or Azincour, of Blenheim or Ramillies. And even among the higher orders, the experience of every day is sufficient to convince us that the remembrance of ancient glory, though not forgotten, may cease to possess any material influence on the character of our people. The historian, indeed, may recount the glorious victories of Vittoria, Trafalgar, and Waterloo; and their names may be familiar to every ear; but the name may be remembered when the heart-stirring spirit which they should awaken is no longer felt. For a time, and during the lifetime of the persons who were distinguished in these events, they form a leading subject of the public attention; but when a new generation succeeds, and new cares and fashions and events occupy the attention of the nation, the practical effects of these triumphs is lost, how indelibly soever they may be recorded in the pages of history. The victories of Poictiers, and Blenheim, and Minden had long ago demonstrated the superiority of the English over the French troops; but though this fact appeared unquestionable to those who studied the history of past events, every body knows with what serious apprehension a French invasion was contemplated in this country, within our own recollection.

It is of incalculable importance, therefore, that some means should be taken to preserve alive the martial spirit which the recent triumphs have awakened; and to do this, in so prominent a way as may attract the attention of the most thoughtless, and force them on the observation of the most inconsiderate. It is from men of this description—from the young, the gay, and the active, that our armies are filled; and it is on the spirit with which they are animated that the national safety depends. Unless *they* are impressed with the recollection of past achievements, and a sense of the glories of that country which they are to defend, it will little avail us in the moment of danger, that the victories on which every one now dwells with exultation, are faithfully recorded in history, and well known to the sedentary and pacific part of our population.

It is upon the preservation of this spirit that the safety of every nation must depend.—It is in vain that it may be encircled with fortresses, or defended by mountains, or begirt by the ocean; its real security is to be found in the spirit and the valour of its people. The army which enters the field in the conviction that it is to conquer, has already gained the day. The people, who recollect with pride the achievements of their forefathers, will not prove unworthy of them in the field of battle. The remembrance of their heroic actions preserved the independence of the Swiss republics, amidst the powerful empires by which they were surrounded; and the glory of her armies joined to the terror of her name, upheld the Roman empires for centuries after the warlike spirit of the people was extinct. It is this which constitutes the strength and multiplies the triumphs of veteran soldiers; and it is this which renders the qualities of military valour and prowess hereditary in a nation.

Every people, accordingly, whose achievements are memorable in past history, have felt the influence of these national recollections, and received them as the most valuable inheritance from their forefathers. The statesmen of Athens, when they wished to rouse that fickle people to any great or heroic action, reminded them of the national glory of their ancestors, and pointed to the acropolis crowned with the monuments of their valour; and invoked the shades of those who died at Marathon and Plataea, to sanctify the cause in which they were to be engaged. The Swiss peasants, for five hundred years after the establishment of their independence, assembled on the fields of Morgarten and Laupen, and spread garlands over the graves of the fallen warriors, and prayed for the souls of those who had died for their country's freedom. The Romans attached a superstitious reverence to the rock of the capitol, and loaded its temples with the spoils of the world, and looked back with a mixture of

veneration and pride, to the struggles which it had witnessed, and the triumphs which it had won.

"Capitoli immobile Saxum."

When Scipio Africanus was accused by a faction in the forum, in place of answering the charge, he turned to the capitol, and invited the people to accompany him to the temple of Jupiter, and return thanks for the defeat of the Carthagenians. Such was the influence of local associations on that severe people; and so natural is it for the human mind to embody its recollections in some external object; and so important an effect are these recollections fitted to have, when they are perpetually brought back to the public mind by the sight of the objects to which they have been attached.

The erection of a national monument, on a scale suited to the greatness of the events it is intended to commemorate seems better calculated than any other measure to perpetuate the spirit which the events of our times have awakened in this country. It will force itself on the observation of the most thoughtless, and recal the recollection of danger and glory, during the slumber of peaceful life. Thousands who never would otherwise have cast a thought upon the glory of their country, will by it be awakened to a sense of what befits the descendants of those great men who have died in the cause of national freedom. While it will testify the gratitude of the nation to departed worth, it will serve at the same time to mark the distinction which similar victories may win. Like the Roman capitol, it will stand at once the monument of former greatness, and the pledge of future glory.

Nor is it to be imagined that the national monument in London is sufficient for this purpose, and that the commencement of a similar undertaking in this city is an unnecessary or superfluous proceeding. It is quite proper, that in the metropolis of the United Empire, the trophies of its common triumphs should be found, and that the national funds should there be devoted to the formation of a monument, worthy of the splendid achievements which her united forces have performed. But the whole benefits of the emulation between the two nations, from which our armies have already derived such signal advantage, would be lost, if Scotland were to participate only in the triumphs of her sister kingdom, without distinctly marking its own peculiar and national pride, in the glory of her own people.—The valour of the Scottish regiments is known and celebrated from one end of Europe to the other; and this circumstance, joined to the celebrity of the poems of Ossian, has given a distinction to our soldiers, to which, for so small a body of men, there is no parallel in the history of the present age. Would it not be a subject of reproach to this country, if the only land in which no record of their gallantry is to be found, was the land which gave them birth; and that the traveller who has seen the tartan hailed with enthusiasm on every theatre of Europe, should find it forgotten only in the metropolis of that kingdom which owes its salvation to the bravery by which it has been distinguished?

The animating effects, moreover, which the sight of a national trophy is fitted to have on a martial people, would be entirely lost in this country, if no other monument to Scottish valour existed than the monument in London.—There is not a hundredth part of our population who have ever an opportunity of going to that *city*; or to whom the existence even of such a record of their triumph could be known. Even upon those who may see it, the peculiar and salutary effect of a national *Scottish* monument would be entirely lost. It would be regarded as a trophy of *English* glory; and however much it might animate our descendants to maintain the character of Britain on the field of European warfare, it would leave wholly untouched those feelings of generous emulation by which the rival nations of England and Scotland have hitherto been animated towards each other, and to the existence of which, so much of their common triumphs have been owing.

It is in the preservation of this feeling of rivalry that we anticipate the most important effects of the national monument in this metropolis. There is no danger that the ancient animosity of the two nations will ever revive, or that the emulation of our armies will lead them to prove unfaithful to the common cause in which they must hereafter be engaged. The stern feelings of feudal hatred with which the

armies of England and Scotland formerly met at Flodden or Bannockburn, have now yielded to the emulation and friendship which form the surest basis of their common prosperity.

But it is of the last importance that these feelings of national rivalry should not be extinguished. In every part of the world the good effects of this emulation have been experienced. It is recorded, that at the seige of Namur, when the German troops were repulsed from the breach, king William ordered his English guards to advance; and the veteran warrior was so much affected with the devoted gallantry with which they pressed on to the assault, that, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "See how my brave English fight." At the storm of Bhurtpoor, when one of the British regiments was forced back by the dreadful fire that played on the beach, one of the native regiments was ordered to advance, and these brave men cheered as they passed the British troops, who lay trembling in the trenches. Every body knows the distinguished gallantry with which the Scottish regiments, in all the actions of the present war, have sought to maintain their ancient reputation; and it is not to be forgotten, that the first occasion on which the Cuirassiers of France were broken, was when the leading regiments of England, Scotland, and Ireland, bore down with rival valour on their columns; and in the enthusiastic cry of the Greys, "Scotland for ever," we may perceive the value of those national recollections which it is the object of the present edifice to reward and perpetuate.

If this spirit shall live in her armies; if the rival valour which was formerly excited in their fatal wars against each other, shall thus continue to animate them when fighting against their common enemies, and if the remembrance of former division is preserved only to cement the bond of present union, England and Scotland may well, like the Douglas and Percy both together "be confident against the world in arms."

Foreign foe or false beguiling,
Shall our union ne'er divide,
Hand in hand, while peace is smiling,
And in battle side by side.

Before concluding, we cannot avoid saying a few words on the design which should be followed in this national edifice, and the influence which the adoption of a perfect model is fitted to have on the national taste.

There is no fact more certain than that a due appreciation of the grand or the beautiful in architectural design, is not inherent in any individual or in any people; and that towards the formation of a correct public taste, the existence of *fine models* is absolutely essential. It is this which gives men who have travelled in Italy or Greece so evident a superiority in considering the merits of the works of art in this country over those who have not had similar advantages; and it is this which renders taste hereditary among a people who have the models of ancient excellence continually before their eyes. The taste of Athens continued to distinguish its people long after they had ceased to be remarkable for any other and more honourable quality; and Rome itself, in the days of its imperial splendour, was compelled to borrow from a people whom she had vanquished, the trophies by which her victories were to be commemorated. To this day the lovers of art flock from the most distant parts of the world to the Acropolis, and dwell with rapture on its unrivalled beauties, and seek to inhale, amid the ruins that surround them, a portion of the spirit by which they were conceived. The remains of ancient Rome still serve as the model of every thing that is great in the designs of modern architects; and in the Parthenon and the Colisseum we find the originals on which the dome of St Peters and the piazza St Marco have been formed. It is a matter of general observation, accordingly, that the inhabitants of Italy possess a degree of taste both in sculpture, architecture, and painting, which few persons of the most cultivated understanding in transalpine countries can acquire. So true it is, that the existence of fine models lays the only foundation of a correct public taste; and that the transference of the model of ancient excellence to this country is the only means of giving to our people the taste by which similar excellence is to be produced.

Now it has unfortunately happened that the Doric architecture, to which so much of the beauty of Greece and Italy is owing, has been hitherto little understood, and still less put in prac-

tice in this country. We meet with few persons who have not visited the remains of classical antiquity, who can conceive the matchless beauties of the temples of Minerva at Athens, or of Neptune at Pestum. And, indeed, if our conceptions of the Doric be taken from the few attempts at imitation of it which are here to be met with, they would fall very far short, indeed, of what the originals are fitted to excite.

In the National Monument of Scotland an opportunity is afforded of opening the public mind to a just appreciation of the beauties of this style of architecture, and of presenting it, in its most engaging form, and under circumstances peculiarly calculated to excite attention. If the PARTHENON of ATHENS were transferred to Edinburgh, the public taste would be formed on the finest model which exists in the world, and to the perfection of which the experience of two thousand years has borne testimony. The taste which sprung up round the work of Phidias might then be transferred to our northern regions; and the city whose genius has already procured for it the name of the Modern Athens, might hope to vie with its immortal predecessor in the fine arts. Nor would such an attempt be at all inconsistent with the extent of the funds which may be looked to for the purpose proposed. The Parthenon might be imitated in all its dimensions for £30,000 or £40,000; and although in such a copy the Frize would of course be wanting, yet this would not diminish the effect of the edifice when seen from the distance of a few hundred yards.

We are far from underrating the genius of modern architects, and when our metropolis is increasing in splendour, under the auspices of Playfair and Elliot, it would be ungrateful to insinuate, that sufficient ability for the formation of an original design is not to be found. But in the choice of designs for a building which is to stand for centuries, and from which the taste of the metropolis in future ages is in a greater measure to be formed, we conceive that it is absolutely essential to fix upon some model of known and approved excellence. The erection of a monument in bad taste, or even of doubtful beauty, might destroy the just conceptions on this subject, which are beginning to prevail, and throw the national taste a century back at the time when it is making the most rapid advances towards perfection. It is in vain to expect that human genius can ever make any thing more beautiful than the Parthenon. It is folly, therefore, to tempt fortune, when certainty is in our hands.

There are many reasons besides, which seem in a peculiar manner to recommend the Doric temple for the proposed monument. By the habits of modern times, a different species of architecture has been devoted to the different purposes to which buildings may be applied; and it is difficult to avoid believing, that there is something in the separate styles which is peculiarly adapted to the different emotions they are intended to excite. The light tracery, and lofty roof, and airy pillars of the Gothic, seem to accord well with the sublime feelings and spiritual fervour of religion. The massy wall, and gloomy character of the castle, bespeak the abode of feudal power and the pageantry of barbaric magnificence. The beautiful porticos, and columns, and rich cornices of the Ionic or Corinthian, seem well adapted for the public edifices in a great city; for those which are destined for amusement, or to serve for the purpose of public ornament. The Palladian style is that of all others best adapted for the magnificence of private dwellings, and overwhelms the spectator by a flood of beauty, against which the rules of criticism are unable to withstand. If any of these styles of architecture were to be transferred from buildings destined for one purpose to those destined for another, the impropriety of the change would appear very conspicuous. The gorgeous splendour of the Palladian front would be entirely misplaced, in an edifice destined for the purpose of religion; and the rich pinnacles and gloomy aisles of the Gothic, would accord ill with the scene of modern amusement or festivity.

Now the National Monument is an edifice of a very singular kind, and such as to require a style of architecture peculiar to itself. The Grecian Doric, as it is exhibited in the Parthenon, appears singularly well adapted for this purpose. Its form and character is associated in every cultivated mind with the recollections of

classical history; and it recalls the brilliant conceptions of national glory as they were received during the ardent and enthusiastic period of youth; while its stern and massy form befits an edifice destined to commemorate the severe virtues and manly character of war. The effect of such a building, and the influence it would have on the public taste, would be increased to an indefinite degree, by the interest of the purpose to which it is destined. An edifice which recalled at once the interest of classical association, and commemorated the splendour of our own achievements, would impress itself in the most indelible manner on the public mind, and force the beauty of its design on the most careless observer. And there can be no doubt that this impression would be far greater, just because it arose from a style of building hitherto unknown in this country, and produced an effect as dissimilar from that of any other architectural design, as the national emotions which it is intended to awaken are from those to which ordinary edifices are destined.

We cannot help considering this as a matter of great importance to this city, and to the taste of the age in which we live. It is no inconsiderable matter to have one building of faultless design erected, and to have the youth of our people accustomed from their infancy to behold the work of Phidias. But the ultimate effect which such a circumstance might produce on the taste of the nation, and the celebrity of this metropolis, is far more important. It is in vain to conceal, that the wealth and the fashion of England is every day attracting the higher part of our society to another capital; and that Edinburgh can never possess attractions of the same description with London, sufficient to enable her to stand an instant in the struggle. But while London must always eclipse this city in all that depends on wealth, power, or fashionable elegance, nature has given to it the means of establishing a superiority of a higher and a more permanent kind. The matchless beauty of its situation, the superb cliffs by which it is surrounded, the magnificent prospects of the bay, which it commands, have given to Edinburgh the means of becoming the most *beautiful* town that exists in the world. And the inexhaustible quarries of free stone, which lie in the immediate vicinity, have rendered architectural embellishment an easier object in this city than in any other in the empire. It cannot be denied, however, that much still remains to be done in this respect, and that every stranger observes the striking contrast between the beauty of its private houses, and the deplorable scantiness of its public buildings. The establishment of a taste for edifices of an ornamental description, and the gradual purification of the popular taste, which may fairly be expected from the influence of so perfect a model as the Parthenon of Athens, would ultimately, in all probability, render this city the favourite residence of the fine arts; the spot to which strangers would resort, both as the place where the rules of taste are to be studied, and the models of art are to be found. And thus, while London is the Rome of the empire, to which the young, and the ambitious, and the gay, resort for the pursuit of pleasure, of fortune, or of ambition, Edinburgh might become another Athens, in which the arts and the sciences flourished, under the shade of her ancient fame, and established a dominion over the minds of men more permanent than even that which the Roman arms were able to effect.

Should the Parthenon be finally fixed on as the model for the national monument, it seems hardly necessary to hint at the *situation* in which it ought to be placed. It is observed by Clarke, that of all the cities which he had visited during his extensive travels, Edinburgh bears the closest resemblance to the cities of ancient Greece. Its position on a rock, in the middle of a fertile and champagne country; the vicinity of the sea, and the disposition of the town at the base of the fortress, resemble in the most striking manner the situation of Corinth, Athens, Argos, and most of the Grecian capitals. To make the resemblance complete, he adds, it is only necessary to have a temple of great dimensions placed on the Calton Hill; and such an edifice, seen from all quarters, and forming an object in every landscape, would give a classical air to that beautiful city of which the value cannot easily be conceived. We are thoroughly persuaded, that the erection of the Parthenon on the Calton Hill would do more to add to the

beauty of Edinburgh, than a million laid out in any other situation.

The Greeks always fixed on an eminence for the situation of their temples, and whatever was the practice of a people of such exquisite taste is well worthy of imitation. The Acropolis of Athens, the Acrocorinthus of Corinth, the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius in Eginâ, are instances of the beauty of these edifices when placed on such conspicuous situations. At Athens in particular, the Temple of Jupiter Olympius and of Theseus are situated in the plain; but although the former is built in a style of magnificence to which there is no parallel, and is double the size of the Parthenon, its effect is infinitely less striking than that of the temple of Minerva, which crowns the Acropolis, and meets the eye from every part of the adjacent country. The Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the island of Egina, is neither so large nor so beautiful as the Temple of Theseus; but there is no one who ever thought of comparing the effect which the former produces crowning a rich and wooded hill, to that which is felt on viewing the latter standing in the plain of Attica. The Temple of Neptune, at Pestum, has a sublime effect from the desolation that surrounds it, and from the circumstance of there being no eminence for many miles to interfere with its stern and venerable form; but there is no one who must not have felt that the grandeur of this edifice would be entirely lost if it was placed in a modern city, and overtopped by buildings destined for the most ordinary purposes. The Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli, perched on the crag which overhangs the cataract, is admired by all the world; but the temple to the same goddess, on the banks of the Tiber at Rome, is passed over without notice, though the intrinsic beauty of the one is nearly as great as that of the other. To come nearer home, the Temple of St Bernard's Well is perhaps nearly as beautiful a building as the observatory on the Calton Hill, but no one we believe ever thought of comparing the delight experienced by the sight of the one to that which the other produces; and the county rooms are built precisely, so far as the columns go, on the model of the Erychtheum at Athens; but no one who has seen these columns only in their present situation, overtopped by the lofty piles by which they are surrounded, could conceive the beauty of the originals, standing on the rock of the Acropolis, and gilded by the rays of an Athenian sun.

In the landscapes too of Claude and Poussin, who knew so well the situation in which every building appears to most advantage, the ruins of temples are almost always placed on prominent fronts, or on the summit of small hills; in such a situation, in short, as the Calton Hill presents. The practice of the ancient Greeks, in the choice of situations for their temples, joined to that of the modern Italian painters in their ideal representations of the same objects, leaving no room to doubt that the course which they followed was that which the peculiar nature of the building required.

If it shall be said that the Calton Hill would be too crowded, and that there is not sufficient room for the observatory and such a temple as has now been proposed, the answer is, that on the Acropolis of Athens, which has been admired for two thousand years, the temples are much more crowded, and in particular that the Erychtheum bears nearly the same proportion to the Parthenon which the observatory would do to the proposed edifice. If the monument to Lord Nelson is an obstacle to such a building, nothing would be easier than to pull it down and build up another in some other situation more worthy of the hero to whom it is consecrated, and more consonant to the public taste, which has improved so remarkably since it was built. The expense of such a proceeding would not be a fourth part of the cost *of the ground* in any other central situation in the city.

It is difficult to estimate the addition which the Parthenon, if placed on the rock where Nelson's Monument now stands, would make to the beauty of Edinburgh. To a stranger who enters the city from the London Road, it would be the most splendid of all objects, both in approaching the eastern slope of the Calton Hill, and crowning the superb cliff that overhangs the road immediately before you enter Waterloo place. From the North Bridge it would rise in une-

qualled majesty above the other edifices with which the southern front of the Calton Hill is covered; and give the last finish to that romantic group of towers, rocks, and castellated buildings, which are collected on that interesting spot. From Prince's Street it would form the appropriate background to the magnificent vista of Waterloo Place, and exhibit at the close of that beautiful Grecian Street the most splendid of Grecian triumphal edifices. From every side it would give a classical air to the scenery in the vicinity of the metropolis, and blend the interest of recent events with the delightful recollections of ancient glory. And we cannot help thinking, that as the Calton Hill is the most conspicuous and the most beautiful situation which the city can afford, so it is the only one worthy of the sublime purpose to which the national monument is destined, and alone fit to be the depositary of a nation's gratitude for the memorable events and unrivalled glory of the present age.

BOWLES'S ANSWER TO CAMPBELL.*

In his Essay on English Poetry, Mr Campbell has found fault with Mr Bowles for certain alledged observations on the genius and moral character of Pope. Mr Bowles feels himself rather unfairly dealt with by the distinguished Critic, and in a very temperate and manly letter has pointed out his unintentional misrepresentations. It is always to be lamented when any misunderstanding takes place between men of genius,—more especially with regard to those subjects dearest to their hearts, and on which it is natural to believe their opinions would perfectly harmonize, were they fully and clearly expressed. Mr Bowles is evidently much hurt at being held up by so high an authority as Mr Campbell as an unfair and unphilosophical critic on the genius of a poet whom it has lately been the vulgar fashion to decry, and we think he has done perfectly right in thus publicly vindicating himself from such a charge. It must have been unpleasant enough to Mr Bowles to hear this most unfounded charge against him widely circulated by the Edinburgh Review—and chanted by so many mocking birds from all the shrubberies of criticism,—but while it would have been beneath his dignity to notice the abuse of those "whose professed trade," he says, "is misrepresentation," it would have shewn either a consciousness of its truth or an indifference to its falsehood, to have remained silent when such an accusation was repeated or echoed by one of the greatest poets of the age. We think that Mr Campbell, though one of the fairest and most generous of critics, has altogether misconceived the scope and tendency of Mr Bowles's observations, and that this may be put in a clear light in a very few words.

Mr Bowles courteously but plainly tells Mr Campbell, that he could not have read his criticism on Pope, except in the pages of the Edinburgh Review where it is so grossly misrepresented, and therefore he gives it, verbatim, as follows:

"'All images drawn from what is BEAUTIFUL or SUBLIME in the WORKS of NATURE, are MORE beautiful and sublime than images drawn from art, and are therefore more poetical. In like manner, those PASSIONS of the HUMAN HEART which belong to nature in general, are, *per se*, more adapted to the HIGHER SPECIES of poetry than those which are derived from *incidental* and *transient manners*.'

"The reader will instantly perceive, that these propositions are connected and consecutive; and to prevent the possibility of their being understood otherwise, I added, as illustrations, the following *instances*, equally connected and consecutive.

"'A description of a forest is more poetical than a cultivated garden; and the passions which are pourtrayed in the EPISTLE OF ELOISA, render such a poem more poetical, (whatever might be the *difference* of merit in point of composition) intrinsically *more poetical*, than a poem founded on the characters, incidents, and modes of

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* The Invariable Principles of Poetry; in a Letter addressed to Thomas Campbell, Esq.; occasioned by some critical observations in his Specimens of British Poets, particularly relating to the poetical character of Pope; by the Reverend W. L. Bowles. London, Longman & Co. 1819.

artificial life; for instance, the Rape of the Lock.'

"The reader will see, in this statement, a general proposition connected with its illustrations. Further, to prevent misconception, I added,

"'Let me not, however, be considered as thinking that the *subject alone* constitutes *poetical excellency*. The *execution* is to be taken into view at the same time; for, with LORD HARVEY, we might '*fall asleep* over the CREATION of BLACKMORE, but be alive to the touches of animation and satire in Boileau.' By execution, I mean not only the *colours* of *expression*, but the *design*, the contrast of light and shade, the masterly management, the judicious disposition, and, in short, every thing that gives to a GREAT SUBJECT INTEREST and animation.'

"'The SUBJECT and the EXECUTION are equally to be considered; the one, respecting the poetry; the other, the *art* and *talents* of the poet. With regard to the *first*, POPE cannot be placed among the HIGHEST ORDER of POETS: with regard to the second, NONE WAS EVER HIS SUPERIOR.'

We think that all this is so very rational, judicious, and true, that neither Mr Campbell nor any other person can have a single word to say against it. Mr Campbell, however, has somehow or other taken up an erroneous view of Mr Bowles's opinions, and in the following well-written, and indeed beautiful paragraph, he is obviously combating a shadow.

"Pope's works have been twice given to the world by editors who cannot be taxed with the slightest editorial partiality towards his fame. The last of these is the Rev. Mr Bowles, in speaking of whom I beg leave most distinctly to disclaim the slightest intention of undervaluing his acknowledged merit as a poet, however freely and fully I may dissent from his critical estimate of the genius of Pope. Mr Bowles, in forming this estimate, lays great stress upon the argument, that Pope's images are drawn from art more than from nature. That Pope was neither so insensible to the beauties of nature, nor so indistinct in describing them as to forfeit the character of a genuine poet, is what I mean to urge, without exaggerating his picturesqueness. But before speaking of that quality in his writings, I would beg leave to observe, in the first place, that the faculty by which a poet luminously describes objects of art, is essentially the same faculty which enables him to be a faithful describer of simple nature; in the second place, that nature and art are to a greater degree relative terms in poetical description than is generally recollected; and, thirdly, that artificial objects and manners are of so much importance in fiction, as to make the exquisite description of them no less characteristic of genius than the description of simple physical appearances. The poet is 'creation's heir.' He deepens our social interest in existence. It is surely by the liveliness of the interest which he excites in existence, and not by the class of subjects which he chooses, that we most fairly appreciate the genius or the life of life which is in him. It is no irreverence to the external charms of nature to say, that they are not more important to a poet's study than the manners and affections of his species. Nature is the poet's goddess; but by nature no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face—however charming it may be—or the simple landscape painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers. Why then try Pope, or any other poet, exclusively by his powers of describing inanimate phenomena? Nature, in the wide and proper sense of the word, means life in all its circumstances—nature moral as well as external. As the subject of inspired fiction, nature includes artificial forms and manners. Richardson is no less a painter of nature than Homer. Homer himself is a minute describer of works of art; and Milton is full of imagery derived from it. Satan's spear is compared to the pine that makes 'the mast of some great ammiral,' and his shield is like the moon, but like the moon artificially seen through the glass of the Tuscan artist. The 'spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war,' are all artificial images. When Shakspeare groups into one view the most sublime objects of the universe, he fixes first on 'the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples.' Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me—I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being."

Mr Bowles then makes some remarks on this passage, which we think admirably expressed, and therefore quote.

" I beg you to observe, Sir, that, in my first proposition, I do not say that WORKS OF ART are in no instance *poetical;* but only that ' what is sublime or beautiful in works of nature is MORE SO !' The very expression ' *more so*' is a proof that poetry belongs, though not in the same degree, to both. I must also beg you to remark, that, having laid down this position, I observe, in the very next sentence, (lest it should be misunderstood as it now is, and was by a writer in the Edinburgh Review,) substantially as follows,—that the general and loftier passions of human nature are *more* poetical than artificial *manners;* the one being eternal, the other local and transitory. I think the mere stating of these circumstances will be sufficient to shew, that both the Edinburgh Review and yourself have completely misrepresented my meaning. With respect to the images FROM ART, which you have adduced as a triumphant answer to what I laid down, I shall generally observe, that *your own illustrations* are against you. The Edinburgh Review, in the same manner, had spoken of the Pyramids. Now the Pyramids of Egypt, the Chinese Wall, &c. had occurred to me, at the time of writing, as undoubtedly POETICAL in WORKS of ART; but I supposed that any reflecting person would see that these were poetical, *not essentially as works of art*, but from associations both with the highest feelings of nature, and some of her sublimest external works. The generations swept away round the ancient base of the Pyramids, the ages that are past since their erection, the mysterious obscurity of their origin, and many other complex ideas, enter into the imagination at the thought of these wonderful structures, besides the association with boundless deserts; as the Wall of China is associated with unknown rocks, mountains, and rivers. Build a pyramid of *new* brick, of the same dimensions as the pyramids of Egypt, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and then say how much of the poetical sublimity of the immense and immortal piles in the deserts of Egypt is derived, *not from art*, but from the association with GENERAL NATURE! Place your own image of the ' GIANT OF THE WESTERN STAR' upon such a pyramid, if it could be made as HIGH as the Andes, and say whether it would be considered as *poetical* as now it appears, ' looking from its throne of clouds o'er half the world.' I had often considered these and such instances generally and specifically; and think, if you reflect a moment, you will agree with me, that though they are works of art, they are rendered POETICAL chiefly by those moral or physical associations of GENERAL NATURE with which they are connected. But to come to your most interesting example. Let us examine the ship which you have described so beautifully. On what does the poetical beauty depend? not on *art*, but NATURE. Take away the *waves*, the *winds*, the *sun*, that, in association with the streamer and sails, make them look so beautiful! take all poetical associations away, ONE will become a strip of blue bunting, and the *other* a piece of coarse canvass on three tall poles! !

" You speak also of the *poetical* effect of the *drum* and *fife!* Are the drum and fife poetical without other associations? In the quotation from Shakspeare, which you adduce, the fife is ' ear piercing,' and the drum is ' spirit stirring;' and both are associated, by the consummate art of Shakspeare—with what?—with ' PRIDE, POMP, and CIRCUMSTANCE of GLORIOUS WAR!' and passions and pictures are called up; those of fortitude, of terror, of pity, &c. &c.; arms glittering in *the sun*, and banners waving in the AIR. It is these pictures and passions from GENERAL NATURE, and these alone, which make a drum or fife poetical; and let the same drum or fife be heard before a booth in a fair, or in a regiment with *wooden* guns, and this poetical effect will be lost. I therefore turn your own instances against you.

" Having laid down my first position, I proceeded to speak of a minor province of the poet's art, *descriptions of external nature.* I had spoken of the higher order of poetry, as derived from the loftier passions of NATURE. What I said of the knowledge of EXTERNAL NATURE was not with a view of shewing that a poet should be a botanist, or even a Dutch painter; but that no one could be ' *preeminent*,' as a great (*descriptive*) poet, without this knowledge, which peculiarly distinguishes COWPER and THOMSON. The objects I had in view, when I used the expressions objected to, were *Pope's Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest;* and I thought my meaning could not have been misunderstood. I will appeal to your own quotation from the first of these poets. Why is COWPER so eminent as a descriptive poet? for I am now speaking of this part of his poetical character alone. Because he is the most accurate describer of the works of *external nature*, and for that reason is superior, as a *descriptive poet*, to POPE. Every tree, and every peculiarity of colour and shape, are so described, that the reader becomes a spectator, and is doubly interested with the truth of colouring, and the beauty of the scene, so vividly and so delightfully painted from nature herself; and you yourself have observed the same in your criticism on this exquisite poet, in WORDS AS DECISIVE AS MY OWN.

" Having thus merely stated my sentiments in general, as they stand in order and connection in the Essay on the Poetic Character of POPE, I shall now pursue your arguments more in detail.

" You say, ' as the subject of *inspired* fiction, *nature includes* artificial forms and

manners.' 'RICHARDSON is no less a painter of nature than HOMER!' I will not stoop to notice your vague expression of '*inspired fiction*;' but will admit that RICHARDSON is not less a painter of nature than HOMER. For, indeed, RICHARDSON,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus!

But let us take Clarissa Harlow, the most affecting of RICHARDSON'S 'inspired fictions!' Though Lovelace be a character in ARTIFICIAL LIFE, the interest we take in the history of Clarissa is derived from FEELINGS of GENERAL NATURE. Its great characteristic is PATHOS; and this I have distinguished as a far more essential property of poetry than flowers and leaves! The passions excited are those of GENERAL NATURE; and so far, and no farther, is RICHARDSON poetical. There is nothing poetical in the feathered hat or the sword-knot of Lovelace; nor in the gallant but *artificial* manners of this accomplished villain. In Sir Charles Grandison the character of Clementina is *poetical*, and for the same reasons; but there is nothing very *poetical* in Sir Charles himself, or 'the venerable Mrs Shirley!'

"I must here observe, that when I speak of passions as poetical, I speak of those which are most elevated or pathetic; for it is true, passions are described in TERENCE as well as SOPHOCLES; but I confine my definition to what is *heroic*, *sublime*, *pathetic*, or *beautiful*, in human feelings; and this distinction is kept in view through the Essay on the Poetic Character of POPE. SHAKSPEARE displays the same wonderful powers in Falstaff as in Lear, but not the same *poetical* powers; and the provinces of comedy and tragedy will be always separate; the one relating to abstract emotions, the other combined with the *passing fashions*, and incidental variations of the 'Cynthia of the minute.'

"To proceed; you say, 'HOMER himself is a minute describer of works of art!' But are his descriptions of works of art more poetical than his descriptions of the great feelings of nature? Nay, the whole of the Odyssey derives its peculiar charm from the scenes of NATURE; as the Iliad does from its loftier passions. But do you really think that the catalogue of the Grecian ships is as *poetical* as the animated horses of Achilles; and do you think HOMER would have been so great a poet, if he had been only a minute describer of works of art? Jejune as the catalogue of the leaders and ships is, how much more interesting and poetical is it rendered by the brief interspersions of varied and natural landscape, and it is this very circumstance that gives the dry account any interest at all. Besides, was the age of HOMER an æra of refinement or *artificial* life? by whom not even such a *poetical work* of *art* as a *bridge* is mentioned!

"But Richardson and Homer are not sufficient to overwhelm me and my hypothesis; and it is remarked, as if the argument was at once *decisive*, that Milton is full of imagery derived from art; 'Satan's spear,' for example, is compared to the 'MAST OF SOME GREAT ADMIRAL!' Supposing it is, do you really think that such a comparison makes the description of Satan's spear a whit *more poetical*; I think *much less* so. But Milton was not so unpoetical as you imagine, though I think his simile does not greatly add to our poetical ideas of Satan's spear! The 'mast of the great admiral' might have been left out; but remark, in this image Milton DOES NOT compare Satan's spear '*with the mast of some great admiral*,' as you assert. The passage is,

'His spear, to equal which the TALLEST PINE
'HEWN ON NORWEGIAN HILLS, TO BE the mast
'Of some great admiral, were but a wand!'

You leave out the chief, I might say the only, circumstance which reconciles the 'mast' to us; and having detruncated Milton's image, triumphantly say, 'Milton is full of imagery derived from art!!' You come on, '*dextraque sinistraque*,' and say, not only Satan's spear is compared to an '*admiral's mast*,' but '*his shield to the moon seen through a telescope!*'

"My dear Sir, consider a little. You forget the passage; or have purposely left out more than half of its essential poetical beauty. What reason have I to complain, when you use Milton thus? I beseech you recollect Milton's image.

'His pond'rous shield,
'Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
'Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
'AT EVENING, FROM THE TOP OF FESOLE,
'OR IN VALDARNO, TO DESCRY NEW LANDS,
'RIVERS, OR MOUNTAINS, IN HER SPOTTY GLOBE.'

"Who does not perceive the art of the poet in introducing, besides the telescope, as if conscious how unpoetical it was in itself, all the circumstances from NATURE, *external nature*. The evening—the top of Fesole—the scenes of Valdarno,—and the LANDS, MOUNTAINS, and RIVERS, in the moon's orb? It is these which make the passage poetical, and not the '*telescope!*'

This is, we think, a complete and satisfactory explanation; and we are sure that none of our readers will find fault with our long quotation. Mr Bowles, afterwards alluding to the accusation brought against him of "trying Pope exclusively by his power of describing inanimate phenomena," asks Mr Campbell,

"Have I ever tried Pope by the exclusive power of painting *inanimate phenomena*? Have I ever denied that nature, in the pro-

per sense of the word, means nature *moral* as well as external? Have I not, in the very first sentences of the observations on Pope's Poetical Character, said nearly the same thing? Could this utterly escape your notice, if you had (I will not say read the *criticism*,) but only *looked at* the two first sentences?"

Mr Campbell, after speaking of Pope's power of description, goes on as follows.

"I am well aware that neither these, nor similar instances, will come up to Mr Bowles's idea of that talent for the picturesque which he deems essential to poetry. 'The true poet,' says that writer, 'should have an eye attentive to, and familiar with, every change of season, every variation of light and shade of nature, every rock, every tree, and every leaf in her secret places. He who has not an eye to observe these, and who cannot, with a glance, distinguish every hue in her variety, must be so far deficient in one of the essential qualities of a poet.' Every rock, every leaf, every diversity of hue in nature's variety! Assuredly this botanizing perspicacity might be essential to a Dutch flower painter; but Sophocles displays no such skill, and yet he is a genuine, a great, and affecting poet. Even in describing the desert island of Philoctetes, there is no minute observation of nature's hues in secret places. Throughout the Greek tragedians there is nothing to shew them more attentive observers of inanimate objects than other men. Pope's discrimination lay in the lights and shades of human manners, which are, at least, as interesting as those of rocks and leaves. In moral eloquence he is for ever *densus et instans sibi*. The mind of a poet employed in concentrating such lines as these descriptive of creative power, which

'Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And bids th' eternal wheels to know their rounds,'

might well be excused for not descending to the minutely picturesque. The vindictive personality of his satire is a fault of the man, and not of the poet. But his wit is not all his charm. He glows with passion in the Epistle of Eloisa, and displays a lofty feeling, much above that of the satirist and the man of the world, in his prologue to Cato, and his Epistle to Lord Oxford. I know not how to designate the possessor of such gifts but by the name of a genuine poet—

——qualem vix repperit unum
Millibus in multis hominum consultus Apollo. *Ausonius.*"

To the charge thus eloquently brought forward, Mr Bowles replies, we think, very triumphantly.

"The minute knowledge of *external* nature, which I laid down as one essential of a great descriptive poet, you apply to *tragedians*, in whose more elevated works (the subject of which are the loftier passions of *general* nature) descriptions of *external* nature ought least of all to have place. But perhaps I ought to thank you for thus bringing me back to the delightful remembrance of the most interesting studies of my youth, —the tragedies of Sophocles, and particularly the Sperchian fountains, the Lemnian rock, and the solitary cave of Philoctetes.—There is no minute description of leaves and flowers; no, sir, certainly not; but you have forgotten that the affecting story of the desolate Philoctetes displays not only the higher passions of GENERAL NATURE, but exhibits the interesting admixture of many of the external beauties of her most romantic scenery, of her most secluded solitudes. It is many years since I read it; but recalled to its wild poetic scenery, and impassioned language, I repeated, with a sigh,

Νυν δ' ω κρηναι, γλυκιον τι ποντου,
Λειπομεν υμας, λειπομεν ηδη,
Δεξης, υποτε τηδ' ικοιμεθα.
Χαιρ', ω Λημνια πεδον αμφιαλον, &c.

"It is the rocks, the caves, the wild and solitary scenery, the desert island, and the surrounding seas, all images of nature, that, mixed with the language of human passions derived from the same general nature, give this ancient and unique drama its peculiar charm; reminding us of the romantic imagery in the Tempest and Midsummer Night's Dream, so beautifully interwoven by Shakspeare with those interesting dramas.

"The miserable abode of the lonely inhabitant of Lemnos is marked by one image drawn from art, which is so minute, and sets so strongly before us the wants and poor resources of the desolate exile, that none of the minute circumstances which render so natural the narrative of Robinson Crusoe, can be imagined more affecting. I allude to the 'αυτοχυλου Εκπωμα φαυλοεργου τινος τεκτηματ' ανδρος' in the cave of Philoctetes. There is nothing poetical in an ill-carved cup; but in this place it is rendered so, and most strikingly affecting, by the associated circumstances.

"I forgot to notice one of your instances, and that too striking to be passed over. To return, therefore, from Sophocles to Shakspeare, from general *passions* to description. In the quotation from Shakspeare, where you triumphantly appeal to the '*towers*, and solemn *temples*, and *gorgeous palaces*;' recollect, sir, the tower is '*cloud-capt*;' the temple is associated with the 'solemnity' of religious awe; and '*palaces*' with the splendour of earthly magnificence: and all these images are brought into one grand and awful picture, to shew the mighty devastation of final ruin; and are associated with that leading idea of the destruction of the *globe* itself, which will leave not a WRECK behind! Thus the '*cloud-capt towers*' become highly poetical; nor can I leave this point without speaking a word of the particular object of the tower. Pope himself has

thought its image so pleasing, that, in the catalogue of ships from Homer, he sets before us the prospect of English spires, not Grecian. If the 'cloud-capt tower' itself be a striking, and often a beautiful, object; now much more poetical, when, grey with years, or illumined by the setting sun, it carries the thought to that worship with which it is connected, the sabbaths of our forefathers; or harmonizes with the soft, sinking landscape of evening, and the ideas of another world."

This is written like a gentleman, a scholar, a poet, and a Christian. As we have quoted *all* that Mr Campbell has charged Mr Bowles with, we are in justice bound to give, as entire as our limits will permit, that gentleman's reply. It concludes thus:

"But, enough of this! I have read your observations with greater attention than you could have read mine; and having so read them, I must confess I do not find one point established against those positions which I had distinctly laid down, unless that may be called an answer, where, in refutation of so plain a position, you say the same thing.

"For another circumstance, which almost persuades me you never read my Criticism on Pope's Poetic Character, is this. You say, 'He glows with passion in the Epistle of Eloisa; and displays a lofty feeling, much *above* that of the satirist and man of the world, in his Prologue to Cato, and his Epistle to Lord Oxford.'—*Campbell.*

"This may be called by Mr Perry 'an answer!' how complete an answer it is, will be shewn by the following few lines of my Criticism: 'We regret that we have little more truly pathetic from his pen than the Epistle of Eloisa; the Elegy to the unfortunate Lady; and let me not forget one of the sweetest and most melodious of his pathetic effusions, the Address to Lord Oxford,

'Such were the notes my once-lov'd Poet sung.' *Bowles.*

"As I am conscious of having been misunderstood, may I again intreat pardon for shewing what I did say of a poem founded on *manners*, and what I did *not*. I said this of the Rape of the Lock. 'In this composition Pope stands alone, unrivalled, and possibly never to be rivalled. All his successful labour of correct and musical versification, all his talents of accurate description, though in an inferior province of poetry, are here consummately displayed; and as far as artificial life, that is, "*manners*," not PASSIONS, are capable of being rendered poetical, they are here rendered so by the fancy, the propriety, the elegance, and the poetic beauty of the machinery.'

"Now I would put to you a few plain questions; and I would beseech you not to ask whether I *mean* this or that, for I think you must now understand *what I do mean*. I would beseech you also not to write *beside* the *question*, but answer simply and plainly, whether you think that the sylph of Pope, 'trembling over the fresh of a coffee-pot,' be an image as poetical as the delicate and quaint Ariel, who sings, 'Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;' or the elves of Shakspeare:

'———Spirits of a[illegible]
'That with the morning light [illegible] sport.'

Whether you think the description of a game of cards be as *poetical*, supposing the execution in the artists equal, as a description of a WALK in a FOREST? Whether an age of refinement be as conducive to [illegible] poetry, as a period less refined? Whether passions, affections, &c. of the human [illegible] be not a higher source of what is pathetic and sublime in poetry, than habits or manners that apply only to artificial life? If you agree with me, it is all I meant to say; if not, we differ, and always shall, on the principles of poetical *criticism*.

"Your last observation is this: 'I know not how to designate the possessor of such gifts, but by the name of a genuine poet.' Nor do I, nor did I ever; and I will venture to assert, that if you examine well what I here have said on POPE's several writings, you will not think I ever shewed reluctance to attribute to him that high name.

"Again. You say, 'POPE's discrimination lies in the lights and shades of "*human*" *manners*, which are at least as interesting as *those of rocks and leaves!*' Does it require more than the commonest understanding to perceive the *fallacy* of this language.

"I fear it would be thought impertinent to ask you at what University you acquired your logic; but I guess your knowledge of the art was not acquired at Oxford. Your logic is this: '*Human manners* are the province of poets;' therefore, 'the *general* and *loftier passions* are *not more* poetical than *manners of artificial life*.' Shall I hint further, that the expression *human manners* is vague and inapplicable. *Human* manners may designate equally the red Indian in the forests of the Mississippi; the plumed soldier, and the grey-haired minstrel of chivalry; or Peggy Moreen, in a Bath ball-room. Every comedy, every farce, has *human* manners; but my proposition was confined to *manners* of a *refined* age, which I called artificial; and which you have *artificially* slurred over with irrelevant expressions, that prove nothing. Artificial manners are *human*, but '*human manners*' need not be '*artificial*.'

"I beg further to say, that there is not one passage, concerning the poetical beauties of which you have so justly spoken, which I have not expressly pointed out myself, as the reader may find in turning to the passages; particularly let him remember what I have said respecting the PATHOS and the PICTURES, and the SOLEMN and SWEET HARMONIES, of the Epistle of Eloisa. And can I help pointing out, *not with triumph*, but with regret, that you not only

agree with me in some points, but that where we differ your criticism conflictingly labours against your own argument; for when, nearly in the last sentence, you say, 'he, POPE, *glows with passion* in the Eloïsa, and displays a LOFTY feeling, much ABOVE that of the SATIRIST and man of the world, in his Prologue to Cato, and his Epistle to Lord OXFORD;' what is that but to say, that 'glowing passions and *lofty feelings* are much ABOVE those which distinguish the SATIRIST and man of the world!!'

In the concluding pages of his pamphlet, Mr Bowles notices, with much earnestness, but perfect temper, an assertion of Mr Campbell that "he had kept in the shade the good qualities of Pope, and exaggerated his bad." He is, we think, equally successful in repelling this accusation—but we have no room for any part of his able defence. It would delight us to meet with Mr Bowles again on some more important occasion. He has written some of the most beautiful and pathetic poetry in our language—and though he has, of late years, rather retired from the world, that world has not forgotten him, but, on the contrary, he is remembered by many thousand hearts with admiration and love. He is, without doubt, an English classic—and we see no reason, while Crabbe and Rogers are still coming forward with unimpaired power or elegance, why he too, who we believe is a younger man than either of them, should not rouse himself to some new labours in which it is quite impossible that he should be otherwise than completely successful.

REMARKS ON TYTLER'S LIFE OF THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.*

WE imagine it will be allowed by all Scottish men of letters who read this little book, that its author has conferred a considerable service on his country by publishing it; and yet we are not prepared to say that we find in the book any very important addition to the sum of what had before been known and said concerning its very remarkable subject. If we except a single curious enough document discovered last year by Mr Hibbert of Clapham, we do not think there is any thing in this life, of which former memoirs of Crichton have not contained some hints. But the merit of Mr Tytler consists in his having thrown together, in a regular form, all the scattered materials of information concerning Crichton, which, till now, had been afloat in the world—in other words, in his having presented his country with a compact and elegant view of all the facts, arguments, and speculations, with which the name of this wonderful person had ever been connected. The former biographers were all either too credulous, or too sceptical, or too superficial, or too hasty. Mr Tytler has examined his subject in the proper spirit of rational veneration, as well as of sobriety and calmness—he has examined it with much patience, and apparently to the very bottom—and he has embodied the results of his studies in a memoir which is extremely interesting and beautiful in every respect, and shews, altogether, that its author has inherited a full measure, both of that taste for elegant research, and that talent for elegant writing, which distinguished his father—the late amiable and accomplished Lord Woodhouselee.

Henceforth, we shall never be troubled with any of that silly levity which has made so many of our second and third rate critics and collectors attempt, to throw discredit on the surpassing powers and achievements of this prince of precocious genius. For the honour of our nature, (for as to our country, that is but a small matter indeed in regard to such a person as this) it will now be a thing denied by no one, that there did exist a being so exquisitely entitled to go down to all posterity by the name of THE ADMIRABLE—a man, who, having run through all the career of competition, and placed himself by one voice at the head of all his contemporaries, whether in respect to the accomplishments of mind or body, died at the age of twenty-two,—and left behind him, in the unanimous admiration of all that ever saw him, a

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* Life of James Crichton of Cluny, commonly called the Admirable Crichton. With an Appendix of Original Papers. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F.R.S.E. Advocate. Edinburgh, Tait, 1819.

monument of glory, only less grand (although after all not less lasting,) than he might have left behind him in the history of letters and of arms, had Heaven allotted him such a length of life as is usually bestowed on the less wonderful specimens of the race to which he belonged. It would seem, indeed, as if the untimely destiny which cut off Crichton, had been one of the very darkest of all the inexplicable mysteries of Providence.—

" Chrichtonum Superi voluere ostendere mundo tantum :
Non mundo hunc hi voluere dare."

It is not necessary for us to go into the details of the incidents of Crichton's life, as they now have been set forth by Mr Tytler. It is better to quote one or two passages from his disquisition on the authorities from which these details have been gathered—they will be sufficient to satisfy our readers that our commendation has not been misplaced. The two chief contemporary authorities for the miraculous history of Crichton, are the celebrated Aldus Manutius, his personal friend; and a greater man still, Joseph Scaliger, who travelled in Italy within a very few years of his melancholy death. Of the evidence of the former, Mr Tytler says very justly.

" It is at once of the most unexceptionable, and the most conclusive nature. This author does not transcribe what he only heard from other persons, or had read in other books, regarding events which had passed before his own time. He was a contemporary, an intimate friend of Crichton's, and an eye-witness of those public disputations which he records. '*Tu vero me non solum auctorem consiliorum, sed spectatorem pugnarum mirificarum, habuisti.*' He accordingly describes, with the most pointed minuteness, the different scenes in which Crichton exhibited his talents; he dwells upon the various powers, which, in the different branches of philosophy, in the use of many different languages, and in his facility in poetical composition, he had exhibited before men who were Aldus's own contemporaries, some of whom must have been Crichton's literary rivals, and all of whom were ready to contradict his statement, had it been unsupported by fact. He records the illustrious descent of Crichton, the estates possessed, and the authority enjoyed by his father, the extreme beauty of his countenance and person, his excellence in all manly and martial exercises, his exact age, the eminent preceptors to whom his education was intrusted, his arrival at Venice, and the verses which he presented upon that occasion. Nor is he contented with the testimony of his own individual admiration. In the dedication of his Lælius to Lorenzo Massa, who then held one of the highest offices in the Venetian Republic, he congratulates this eminent [illegible] upon his intimacy with Crichton, " [illegible] in plane juvenem;" and he subjoins [illegible] which had been addressed by [illegible] to the Venetian secretary. [illegible] thetic dedication of the Tim[illegible] to the memory of Crichton, he [illegible] year of his death, the violence [illegible] was occasioned, and the univer[illegible] which accompanied it."

The evidence in the Scaligera[illegible] thus treated.

" There is one other testimony, which, as it proceeds from a contemporary author of distinguished celebrity, who affirms that his information was obtained in Italy, ought not to be passed over;—I allude to an account of Crichton, preserved by Joseph Scaliger. ' I have heard,' says the author, ' when I was in Italy, of one Crichton, a Scotchman, who had only reached the age of twenty-one, when he was killed by the command of the Duke of Mantua, who knew twelve different languages,—had studied the fathers and the poets,—disputed *de omni scibili*, and replied to his antagonists in verse. He was a man of very wonderful genius; more worthy of admiration than of esteem. He had something of the coxcomb about him, and only wanted a little common sense. It is remarkable that princes are apt to take an affection for geniuses of this stamp, but very rarely for truly learned men.' This passage, from the Scaligerana, is valuable in may points of view. Scaliger obtained his information in Italy, in all probability, from those who had been witnesses of the genius of Crichton; and the whole sentence bears strongly upon it the marks of truth and impartiality. Crichton, he tells us, ' was a little of a coxcomb,' a circumstance by no means inconsistent with his eminent talents, and a failing exceedingly natural in a young man possessed of such uncommon powers of mind and beauty of person, who had been tried by that severest of all ordeals—admiration; the admiration, too, not of a limited circle of friends, or of an insulated university, but of a whole people; and what is perhaps still more difficult to bear, who had listened to the praises of the sweetest tongues, and been exposed to the radiance of the fairest eyes in Italy; yet, after touching upon his failings, Scaliger does justice to his genius. ' He was a man of stupendous powers.' *C'estoit ingenium prodigiosum;* and I need not say that this encomium comes with infinite force, when we take into account the sarcastic matter with which it is accompanied."

The following elegant passage sums up the last of Mr Tytler's dissertations, which is chiefly occupied with

reclaiming the arguments against the famous Crichton, employed by some who have chosen to think his various attainments *impossible* for a person of his age.

"We may be told, (and this is the very point for which we contend,) that the union of all these talents, the combination of this variety of intellectual excellence, in so young a man, is a very remarkable circumstance. We may be told, and we do insist, that this union becomes still more remarkable, when we consider, that, in all the manly and military exercises, which are so commonly neglected even by the inferior candidates for scientific or literary eminence, this singular man, arrived at such perfection as to excel those whose lives were devoted to their study;—that in all the more elegant accomplishments which belong to the gentleman and the courtier, he was conspicuous by the facility with which he had acquired, and the ease and grace with which he displayed them;—that, from the accounts of his most intimate friends, he who concentrated in himself this various store of intellectual and physical powers, was remarkable for a modesty of manner, and a sweetness and gentleness of disposition, which endeared him to his friends, and disarmed the jealousy of his rivals; and that, to finish the picture, he was, in his figure and countenance, one of the handsomest men of his age. When all this is put together, when all these rays of excellence are traced back into one focus, and found centering in one person, we may indeed be told, and there are few who will not assent to the observation, that this person must have been no common man.—We say, that if, as has been shewn, the authors, through whom this account has been transmitted, are entitled to perfect credit, this union of talent, is, although neither supernatural or incredible, entitled to high admiration;—that it is not to be wondered at, that his contemporaries should have been astonished and dazzled by the appearance of so brilliant a vision,—a vision, too, which rose so bright and beautiful only to set so sadly and so soon. And we, lastly, contend, that the possessor of such unrivalled excellence was not only entitled to receive from them, but is now as fully entitled to demand from us, that appellation by which, as the only reward of his labours, his genius, and his misfortunes, he has descended to posterity,—*the Admirable Crichton.*"

After all that Mr Tytler has done, however, it will still be in the inimitable pages of *the Jewel* that people will seek for the most graphic, original, and delightful picture of Crichton and his fate. We wish Mr Tytler had been a little more full in his notices of that most remarkable of all his predecessors,—in our humble mind, not only one of the most curious and whimsical, but one of the most powerful, also, of all the geniuses our part of the island has produced. To give the world a good life of the exquisite Sir Thomas Urquhart, and a good edition of his exquisite works, would be a thing well worthy of Mr Tytler; and, we are sure, a thing most acceptable to the whole world. Nothing has ever, as yet, been written about this man, in a style at all corresponding to his merits; but the few passages which have been so often quoted from his Life of Crichton, are quite enough to prove the extent of his imaginative powers, even to those whose delicacy prevents them from reading the still finer monument of his genius—his translation of the two first books of Rabelais. It is well known that this cavalier was a prime member of the Saltfoot School—considering himself as the proper head of the race of Japhet, the heir male and representative of Seth the third son of Adam. But, as his genealogy, or as he calls it, ΠΑΝΤΟΧΡΟΝΟΧΑΝΟΝ, is in few hands, we shall make bold to enliven our pages with a few of the richest passages. One of his progenitors was *Esormon*, who lived in the year before Christ, 2139. He was, it seems, the first who took the name of Urquhart.

"He was sovereign prince of Achaia. For his fortune in the wars, and affability in conversation, his subjects and familiars surnamed him ευτυχάρτος, that is to say, *fortunate and well beloved.* After which time, his posterity ever since hath acknowledged him the father of all that carry the name of URQUHART. He had for his arms, three Banners, three Ships, and three Ladies in a field *Or;* with the picture of a young Lady above the waste, holding in her right hand a brandished sword, and a branch of myrtyle in the left, for his crest: and for supporters two Javanites, after the soldier habit of Achaia, with this motto in the scroll of his coat-armour, Ταυτα 'η τρια α'ξιοθεά τα: that is, *These three are worthy to behold.* Upon his wife Narfesia, who was sovereign of the Amazons, he begot Crattynter."

This high lineage became transplanted into our island a few centuries before the Christian era. Its chief was at that time Lutork Urquhart, whose history is thus summarily given. Our readers will not fail to observe, that Ensign and Adjutant Odoherty has a good claim of kindred with the house of Lutork.

"Ferguse the First, at his coming into Olbion, after he had, in honour of his predecessor Gathelus, given unto his landing place the name of Argile, and called the whole country he was to possess, Scotland,

after the Scotobrigants (by Seneca, in his satyrs, called Scutobrigantes,) by a Doric dialect, for Scotobrigantes, from Brigansa, a town in Galicia, now called Compostella, which the Scots, of old, both built and inhabited: he likewise giveth them the epithet of Cærulei, because (in my opinion) the most of the inhabitants there, were accustomed, even then, to the wearing of blue caps, after the Scotogalli, (of whom our Scots-Irish language is termed Galick, as they from Galicia) and lastly, after those that had the surname of Scot, without any other designation. He gave in marriage to Lutork ψεοχάετος, the captain-general of all his forces, because of his dexterity, both in the Macedonian and Romish discipline of war, his own sister Benedita; for which cause, the river upon whose bank the promise was made, hath ever since been called Urquhart, and the valley or *glen* (as they term it there) where the marriage was consummated, Glen-Urquhart, or Glenurchi, and that in honour of the Odocharties, Ochonchars, Clanrurie, Scotobrigants, Clanmolinespick, and Esormon, who were all of them Lutork's predecessors, and surnamed Urquharts. This Lutork, besides his own ancient inheritance from Cromarty to castle Urquhart, inclusive, and several other lands, successively derived to him from Nomostor, took possession then of the Thanedom of Lochaber, with many other territories of a large extent. On Benedita he begot Machemos."

He sums up his pedigree thus:—

The said Sir *THOMAS* is,

	By line.	*By succession.*
From Adam the	143	153
From Noah the	134	144
From Esormon the	128	138
From Molin the	108	114
From Rodrigo the	100	104
From Alypos the	91	94
From Char the	76	79
From Astioremon the	68	71
From Lutork the	67	69
From Zeron the	32	33
From Vocompos the	30	31

His account of Crichton is written throughout with the same unbridled license of imagination exhibited in this more than Allantonian pedigree. We would very fain quote the whole of it, but must confine ourselves to a single passage which has been very often quoted already, viz. the account of the death of the admirable youth. He has already told us that Crichton was spending the night in company with an Italian lady, who fell in love with him on occasion of some public displays of his genius—and the whole scene in the lady's house is described with the most pictorial minuteness—beginning from the *moment he entered into* her apartment, *" or rather into* an alcoranal paradise,'

" Where nothing tending to the pleasure of all the senses was wanting: the weather being a little chill and coldish, they on a blew velvet couch sate by one another, towards a char-coal fire burning in a silver brasero, whilst in the next room adjacent thereto, a pretty little round table of cedar-wood was a covering for the supping of them two together: the cates prepared for them, and a week before that time bespoke, were of the choisest dainties, and most delicious junkets, that all the territories of Italy were able to afford; and that deservedly; for all the Romane empire could not produce a completer paire to taste them."

And so on to the minute when they were disturbed by the noise of the young prince of Mantua and his drunken companions at the door—"the clapper up again, they rap with a flap, till a threefold clap makes the sound to rebound."

" The admirable and ever-renowned Crichtoun, who at the prince's first manning of the court taking the alarm, step'd from the shrine of Venus to the oracle of Pallas armata; and by the help of the waiting gentlewoman, having apparelled himself with a paludumental vesture, after the antic fashion of the illustrious Romans, both for that he minded not to make himself then known, that to walk then in such like disguise was the anniversary custome of all that country, and that all both gentlemen and others standing in that court, were in their mascaradal garments; with his sword in his hand, like a messenger from the gods, came down to relieve the page from the post whereat he stood sentry; and when (as the light of the minor planets appears not before the glorious rays of Titan) he had obscured the irradiancy of Pomponacio with his more effulgent presence, and that under pretext of turning him to the page to desire him to stand behind him, as he did, he had exposed the full view of his left side (so far as the light of torches could make it perceivable) to the lookers on, who being all *in cuerpo* carrying swords in their hands instead of cloaks about them, imagined really, by the badge or cognizance they saw near his heart, that he was one of my ladies chief domestic servants: he addressed his discourse to the prince, and the nine gentlemen that were with him; neither of all whereof, as they were accoutred, was he able, (either by the light of the tapers, or that of the moon, which was then but in the first week of its waxing, it being the Tuesday next to the first new moon that followed the purification day) to discern in any manner of way what they were: and for that he perceived by their unsteddist postures, that the influence of the grape had made them subjects to Bacchus, and that their extranean-like demeanour towards him (not without some amazement) did manifest his certainty of their not knowing him;

he therefore with another kind of intonation (that his speech might not bewray him) then that which waited upon his usual note of utterance, made a pathy panegyrick in praise of those that endeavoured, by their good fellowship, and Bacchanalian compagniony, to cheer up their hearts with precious liquor, and renew the golden age; whence descending to a more particular application, he very much applauded the ten gentlemen, for their being pleased (out of their devotion to the Lyæan god, who had with great respect been bred and elevated amongst the nymphs) not to forget, amidst the most sacred plying of their symposisms, that duty to ladies which was incumbent on them to be performed in the discharge of a visite: then wheeling neatly about to fetch another careere, he discreetly represented to them all the necessary circumstances at such a visit observable, and how the infringing of the meanest title or particle of any one thereof, would quite disconcert the mutual harmony it should produce, and bring an unspeakable disparagements to the credits and honours of all guilty of the like delinquency. In amplifying hereof, and working upon their passions, he let go so many secret springs, and inward resorts of eloquence, that being all persuaded of the unseasonableness of the time, and unreasonableness of the suit, none of them, for a thousand ducats that night, would have adventured to make any further progress in that affair which a little before they had been so eager: so profound was the character of reverence toward that lady, which he so insinuatingly had imprinted into the hearts of them all; wherefore they purposing to insist no longer upon the visitatory design, did cast their minds on a sudden upon another far more haire-brained consideration; when the prince, to one of his chief gentlemen said, we will do this good fellow no wrong; yet before we go hence, let us try what courage is in him, that after we have made him flee for it, we may to-morrow make one excuse for all, to the lady whom he serveth. Do not you see (says he) how he dandleth the sword in his hand, as if he were about to braveer us, and how he is decked and trimmed up in his cloaths, like another Hector of Troy, but I doubt if he be so martial, he speaks too well to be valiant: he is certainly more mercurial than military; therefore let us make him turn his back, that we may spie if, as another Mercury, he hath any wings on his heels. This foolish chat no sooner was blattered out to the ears of three of his gentlemen, that were nearest to him, but the sudden drawing of their swords, though but in jest, made the other six, who heard not the prince, as if they had been mad, to adventure the rashness wherewith the spirit of wine had inspired them, against the prudensequal and invincible fortitude of the matchless Crichtoun; who not being accustomed to turn his back to those that had any project against his breast, most manfully sustained their encounter; which (although furious at first) appearing nevertheless unto him (because of the odds of ten to one) not to have been in earnest, he for twenty several bouts, did but ward their blows, and pary with the fort of his sword, till by plying the defensive part too long, he had received one thrust in the thigh, and another in the arm; the trickling of his blood from the wounds whereof, prompted his heroic spirit (as at a desperate stake to have at all or none) to make his tith outvy their stock, and set upon them all: in which resolution, when from the door whereat he stood, he had launched forth three paces in the court (having lovely Pomponacio behind him, to give him warning case of surprisal in the reer, and all his ten adversaries in a front before him, who, making up above a quadrant of that periphery whereof his body was the centre, were about, from the exterior points of all their right shoulder-blades, alongst the additional line of their arms and tucks, to lodge home in him so many truculent semi-diameters) he retrograding their intention, and beginning his agency, where they would have made him a patient, in as short a space as the most diagrammatically-skilled hand, could have been able to describe lines representative of the distance 'twixt the earth and the several *kardagas*, or horary expeditions of the sun's diurnal motion, from his *æquinoxial horizontality* to the top of his meridian height (which, with the help of a ruler by six draughts of a pen, is quickly delineated) livered out six several thrusts against them, by vertue whereof he made such speedy work upon the respective segments of that debauch'd circumference, through the red-in-marks, which his streight-drawn stroaks imprinted, that being alonged from the centre-point of his own courage, and with a thunder-bolt-like-swiftness of hand radiated upon their bodies, he discussed a whole *quadrant* of those ten, whereof four and twenty make the circle; and laying six of the most enraged of them on their backs, left (in the other four) but a *sextant* of the aforesaid ring, to avenge the death of their dismal associates. Of which quaternity, the prince (being most concerned in the effects of this disaster, as being the only cause thereof (though his intentions levelled at another issue) and like to burst with shame to see himself loadned on all sides with so much dishonour, by the incomparable valour of one single man) did set forward at the swords point, to essay if in his person so much lost credit might be recovered, and to that purpose coming within distance, was upon the advancing of a thrust in quart; when the most agile Crichtoun parying it in the same ward, smoothly glided along the prince's sword, and being master of its feeble, was upon the very instant of making his highness very low, and laying his honour in the

dust, when one of the three courtiers whom fortune had favoured not to fall by the hand of Crichtoun, cried aloud, *Hold, hold; kill not the prince:* at which words the courteous Crichtoun recoyling, and putting himself out of distance, the prince pulled off his vizard, and throwing it away, shew his face so fully, that the noble-hearted Crichtoun, being sensible of his mistake, and sorry so many of the prince's servants should have enforced him, in his own defence, to become the actor of their destruction, made unto the prince a very low obeisance; and setting his left knee to the ground (as if he had been to receive the honour of knighthood) with his right-hand presented him the hilt of his own conquering sword, with the point thereof towards his own breast, wishing his highness to excuse his not knowing him in that disguise, and to be pleased to pardon what unluckily had ensued upon the necessity of his defending himself, which (at such an exigent) might have befallen to any other, that were not minded to abandon their lives to the indiscretion of others. The prince, in the throne of whose judgement the rebellious vapours of the tun had installed Nemesis, and caused the irascible faculty shake off the soveraignty of reason, being without himself, and unable to restraine the impetuosity of the wills first motion, runs Crichtoun through the heart with his own sword, and kills him: in the interim of which lamentable accident, the sweet and beautiful lady (who by this time had slipped herself into a cloth-of-gold petticoat, in the anterior fente whereof was an asteristick pouch, wherein were inchased fifteen several diamonds, representative of the constellation of the primest stars in the signe of Virgo; had enriched a tissue gown and wastecoat of brocado with the precious treasure of her ivory body: and put the foot-stalls of those marble-pillars which did support her microcosme, into a paire of incarnation velvet-slippers embroidered with purple) being descended to the lower door (which jetted out to the courtwards) she rending her garments, and tearing her hair, like one of the graces possest with a fury, spoke thus: "O villains! what have you done? you vipers of men, that have thus basely slain the valiant Crichtoun, the sword of his own sexe, and buckler of ours, the glory of this age, and restorer of the lost honour of the court of Mantua: O Crichtoun, Crichtoun!" At which last words, the prince hearing them uttered by the lady in the world he loved best, and of the man in the world he most affected, was suddenly seized upon by such extremity of sorrow for the unhappiness of that lamentable mischance, that not being able to sustaine the rays of that beauty, whose piercing aspect made him conscious of his guilt, he fell flat upon his face like to a dead man: but knowing *omne simile* not to be *idem*, he quickly arose; and, to make his body be what it appeared, fixed the hilt of the sword wherewith he had killed Crichtoun, fast betwixt two stones, at the foot of a marble statue standing in the court (after the fashion of those staves with iron pikes at both ends (commonly called *Swedish feathers*) when stuck into the ground to fence musketeers from the charge of horse) then having recoyled a little from it, was fetching a race to run his breast (which for that purpose he had made open) upon the point thereof (as did Cato Uticensis after his lost hopes of the recovery of the commonwealth of Rome) and assuredly (according to that his intent) had made a speedy end of himself, but that his three gentlemen (one by stopping him in his course, another by laying hold on him by the middle, and the third by taking away the sword) hindred the desperate project of that autochthony. The prince being carried away in that mad, frantick, and distracted humour (befitting a bedlam better than a serralio) into his own palace, where all manner of edge-tools were kept from him all that sad night for fear of executing his former designe of self-murder," &c. &c. &c.

And now since we have got into the making of quotations from Sir Thomas Urquhart, we must really be pardoned if we venture upon giving one more passage, which is a very ancient favourite with more than one of our fraternity. It is from the "Epistle Luminary" to this most singular work "The Jewel," and contains a minute history of the manner in which he got up that work for the press. The secret of our own partiality for the passage is, that it comes very near what sometimes happens to writers of far less pretensions than Sir Thomas Urquhart; but we might very safely leave our readers to draw their inferences for themselves.

"Thus my task increasing, and not being able to inlarge my time, for the cause aforesaid, I was necessitated to husband it the better, to over-triple my diligence, and do the work by proportion of above three dayes in the space of one; wherefore, laying aside al other businesses, and cooping myself up daily for some hours together, betwixt the case and the printing press; I usually afforded the setter Copy, at the rate of above a whole printed sheet in the day; which, although, by reason of the smallness of a *Pica* letter, and close couching thereof, it did amount to three full sheets of my writing; the aforesaid setter, nevertheless (so nimble a workman he was) would, in the space of twenty-four hours make a dispatch of the whole, and be ready for another sheet. He and I striving thus, who should compose fastest, he with his hand, and I with my brain; and his uncasing of the letters, and placing them in the composing instrument, standing for my conception; & his plenish-

ing of the gally, and imposing of the form, encountering with the supposed equivalue of my writing; we would, almost every foot so jump together in this joynt expedition, and so nearly overtake other in our intended course, that I was oftentimes (to keep him doing) glad to tear off parcels of ten or twelve lines a piece, and give him them, till more were ready; unto which, he would so suddenly put an order, that almost still, before the ink of the writen letters was dry, their representatives were (out of their respective boxes) ranked in the composing-stick; by means of which great haste, I writing but upon the loose sheets of cording-quires, which (as I minced and tore them) looking like pieces of waste paper, troublesome to get rallyed, after such dispersive scattredness, I had not the leisure to read what I had written till it came to a proof, and sometimes to a full revise: so that by virtue of this unanimous contest, and joint emulation, betwixt the *theoretic* and *practical* part, which of us should overhye other in celerity, we in the space of fourteen working dais, compleated this whole book (such as it is) from the first notion of the brain, till the last motion of the press: and that, without any other help on my side, either of quick or dead, (for books I had none, nor possibly would I have made use of any, although I could have commanded them) then what (by the favour of God) my own judgment and fancy did suggest unto me; save so much as by way of information, a servant of mine would now and then bring to me, from some reduced officer of the primitive Parliament, touching the proper names of some *Scotish* warriors abroad, which I was very apt to forget.

"I speak not this to excuse gross faults, (if there be any) nor yet to praise my owne acuteness (though there were none) but to shew that extemporaneanness, in some kinde of subjects, may very probably be more succeseful, than premeditation: and that a too punctually digested method, and over-nicely selected phrase, savouring of affectation, diminish oftentimes very much of the grace that otherwayes would attend a natural ingenuity. If the state of *England* be pleased with this book, I care neither for *Zoïl* nor *Momus;* but if otherwaes, then shall it displease me, whose resolution from its first contrivance was, willingly to submit it to their judicious censure.

So much for the present: We shall ere long present our readers with some more copious notices of the representative of the lineage of Seth.

MUSICAL QUERIES.

"Having prepared all their musical instruments, they played on them for three hours without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning till my tutor informed me. He said, * * * * SWIFT.

MR EDITOR,

THE following queries on musical expression are the sources of a scepticism as to the merits of the modern school of music, joined to an increasing admiration of the eloquent melodies of your country and of Ireland, which has long been creeping upon me. I must, however, deprecate any idea that I am counting upon nationality for their insertion. I venture to send them in the hope that they may meet with more charitable and less contemptuous treatment from some of your correspondents, than they have had from some of my musical friends. There is nothing alarming in this confession. Practical musicians are seldom metaphysical, and in reply, therefore, to any insinuations of ignorance from such, I can only humbly submit, that I have not unfrequently had opportunities of hearing scientific music, and sometimes of joining in it as far as my very limited execution will permit. My knowledge, however, such as it is, is confined to the Treble Cliff. Little more need be said by way of preface. It is only necessary to assume, that music is in itself capable of producing certain trains of sentiment. This assertion is barely an appeal to common experience. The tendency of the queries is to attempt to shew how this effect is produced, and to deduce the rationale of musical expression. This, of course, involves a consideration of the existing styles of music.

In conclusion I must note, that the term "music" is often used where "melody" or "subject" are only meant. Where the exhibition of musical concords is wished to be particularly understood, the word "harmony" is substituted.—I am, &c. &c. D. T.

Newcastle, June 24th 1819.

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1. IF music please, must it not do so either by the mere succession of clear and distinct tones, or by those tones

in certain successions, producing by some means or other a pleasing sentiment in the mind?

2. If music pleases in both these ways, separately or in combination, must not the way second mentioned be allowed to be of a more exalted kind than the first, inasmuch as a mental sensation is superior to a mere auricular vibration?

3. If music actually begins and produces sentiments or trains of thought without the aid of any contingent or arbitrary prior associations of ideas merely incidental to the individual, is it not an unavoidable consequence, that it must produce such trains of thought, from each air having some kind of connection with the sentiment it produces more close than with other sentiments which it does not produce?

4. For, if this be denied, how happens it that the sentiment follows at all rather than some other, or rather than none; and how happens it that the same succession of tones produces, in various persons, the same sentiment or description of sentiment?

5. If then music be allowed to have this particular connection with thought, so that a given succession of tones produces a certain train of thinking, or in short, if airs are strictly "expressive," is it not almost self-evident that this can only happen from such ideas having been before joined to, and connected with similar sounds, so that, in accordance with the principles of associated ideas, they reproduce each other?

6. If this connexion with similar sounds be denied, how happens it that expressive songs, that is to say, songs in the meaning of which all men agree, and the merit of which all men allow, follow in their modulation the inflections of voice with which the words would be recited by a correct and natural speaker, thus resolving music into poetical heightening and measuring of natural intonation, in short, constituting it the poetry of sound?

7. How also does it happen, admitting the last negative, that the turns of a good air may be sometimes wonderfully guessed at, after reading the words to which it has been applied, being the reverse of the process last alluded to?

8. If all these assertions and consequences be denied in toto, I ask what other kind of connexion, between music and thought, can be conceived to exist; or, if it can, what is it, and do composers follow it?

9. If no account can be given of any other well known or conceivable theory of this connexion, is it not philosophical to admit the foregoing upon such evidence as there is, in default of better?

10. This then being granted, does it not follow that music appeals to human passions and feelings in the same way that poetry does?

11. Does it not also follow that, inasmuch as the inflections of the human voice, when excited by subjects devoid of passion and feeling, are not sufficiently distinct, peculiar, or certain to be generally recognised; therefore, music which depends upon such inflections, must, when employed on subjects in which intense feeling is not comprehended, become uncertain, inexpressive, and unintelligible?

12. From which does it not directly follow that the scope and range of expressive music must be limited like any other means of expressing pathos and passion?

13. Granting this, must it not, of course, be impossible to be musically pathetic, heroic, beseeching, regretting, upbraiding, exulting, or despairing, for a longer time, without repetitions, than it is possible to depict those passions strongly, and produce them in the mind by means of poetry or prose. And supposing, therefore, a piece of music to be made to imitate, or rather express, the bursts of passion and pathos in the most consummate scene of a tragedy, must not this necessarily be done by a succession of airs, each of which embodies a passion or feeling, simple or complex, in the order in which such arises in the scene; airs being understood to be successions of musical notes to which the passages of a drama might be sung after being turned into lyrical metre, or, in a more extended sense, portions of recitativo adapted to the actual passages?

14. If this be admitted, how does it happen that elaborate music, or what is called a full piece, should be more difficult to be understood than a single expressive air, the elaborate music only amounting, as it only can amount, to a succession of expressive

airs, if it is to include meaning at all?

15. Should it be said that elaborate music appeals to the feelings in a way different from that in which simple expressive airs appeal, I ask a definition of that elaborate different way?

16. If it appeals to feeling, must it not have some connexion or other with the words expressive of that feeling, be the connexion what it will, and the words what they will, and the mode, measure, and intonation what they will?

17. Admitting this, I ask, how would, or how could the words essentially differ in their general principles or intonation and arrangement from the words of a common air; and, if they could not, how could they admit of a connexion with their music materially differing from the connexion between an air and its words?

18. If elaborate music appeals to any higher feelings than airs do, I ask, what feelings?

19. If it appeals to any other feelings than airs do, I ask, what other?

20. Should it be said that elaborate music appeals to more refined feelings than airs do, and that modern music carries on the connexion between music and words in subjects in which less passion or intense feeling being contained, the natural inflections of the voice are more delicate and evanescent, and therefore less known, and, when imitated, requiring more study than strikingly passionate airs, I ask if this is not merely trying how low in the scale of passion or feeling music can descend, that is to say, how impalpably delicate a feeling it is capable of delineating, and if this be the case, I ask, why this music, however difficult or minute, is estimated before music confessedly higher and more powerful, when a poet or painter who takes a minute or remote subject is put, very properly, below him who takes subjects on which he can be great, impassioned, and striking?

21. If the modern elaborate music have as strict a connexion with certain trains of sentiment as airs have, I ask, why words are never connected with elaborate pieces? and why modern composers attempt to set to music songs, the stanzas of which convey turns of sentiment widely differing from each other, *but which are yet to* be expressed by a repetition of the same air?

22. Further, if modern music has that refined connexion with refined sentiment, which it is asserted to have, how comes it that this music is not more difficult of composition in the same proportion?

23. If it be answered that it is, I ask, how it happens that so many voluminous refined composers exist, the works of whom exceed, in bulk, five hundred times, all the old airs that have been preserved for the last five hundred years?

24. Admitting, also, modern musicians to be refinedly conversant in feeling, how happens it that when they compose airs, professing to convey the well known passions, they generally appear, to unlearned people, to fail; and that their compositions seem not to be regulated by that connexion between sentiment and sound which exists in old airs?

25. If it be said that the modern differ from the old airs only in the expression being more perfect, and conveyed in company with more refinements, in short, that they are perfect, and the old airs imperfect, I ask, whether it would seem so from the following considerations, and, if it does not, whether it can be shewn by any other course of reasoning?

26. If the old airs are deficient in their connexion with, and conveyance of passion and feeling, must it not be in one of these two ways—either that they give the expression too strongly, or too weakly, that they are rude or weak, caricaturish or insufficient?

27. If the first and most probable side of the alternative be taken, if the old airs, like the old poetry, are affirmed to deal in strong images, violent passions, and unpolished language, if they be more artless, straightforward, and coarse than modern airs; if their fault be over-expression, I ask, in what particulars this over-expression can be shewn?

28. As the old airs extend themselves higher or lower in the musical scale, do the emphatic passages require a more unnatural emphasis; are the shakes more violent and continuous; the holds longer; the cadences more obtrusive; the shortened notes more tripsomely tipped over than in the modern airs?

29. If they be not more, are they not less coarse in these particulars; and leaving out compass, emphasis, shakes, holds, cadences, and tippings, in what particulars are they more coarse?

30. Taking the other side of the alternative; if it be said that the old airs are deficient in force and completeness of expression, I ask, how then does it happen, that unlearned people are more affected by sounds which do not fully express a well known passion than by those which do, this being an effect without a sufficient cause, and a sufficient cause failing to produce its effect?

31. If it be said, that the old airs produce feeling in the same way as that of old rude poetry, which is sufficient to produce the effect, though not so completely as if it had those additional refinements for which a modern reader involuntarily makes allowance, I ask, whether by this it is meant to be said, that modern musicians are better judges of the actual refinements of the feelings and passions than their hearers are?

32. If they explain themselves as only professing to refine music to the expression of those refinements of feeling which are common to this age, I ask, why this additional refined music is not commonly understood, as the ruder music was in a ruder age, if its relations to the things to be expressed by it is the same essentially in principle as that of the early music?

33. If it be said that these refinements are, in themselves, too delicate and evanescent to be understood, when translated into music, without some preparatory study, I ask how these delicate and almost impalpable refinements can so cover and alter the stronger and more palpable part of the passion, which must, of course, be included in the air, that unlearned lovers of music can no longer recognize it, nor see that the modern air contains any thing in common with the old airs on a similar subject?

34. If it be replied that, impalpable as they are, they yet have this effect, I demand how, then, it happens that, when an old air is re-set, ornamented, improved, and refined, by a modern composer, an unlearned ear can easily distinguish and separate the more strongly expressive parts of the old air from the modern, and to him unintelligible refinements, when he cannot do this with an air wholly modern, which professes to include the strong expression with the refinements?

35. As it is always possible that musicians, however accurate their judgment, may deceive themselves as to the actual sources and causes of their pleasure, is it probable or not from the following considerations, that professors and connoisseurs are more likely to be deceived in these respects than mere unscientific lovers of music?

36. As it is known and avowed that the style of music now prevailing had its origin with the Italians, and has been modified by the Germans, two nations notorious for their overcharged expression and delineation of the passions, both in their literature and elsewhere; that is to say, the Italians everywhere, and the Germans in their drama and romances; and as it is likewise known that composers in this country compose chiefly for the stage, is it not probable that all these combined causes tend to produce the adoption of a false and factitious style of expression, imitated not from the intonations of nature but from those of the stage, and of the worst part of the stage, which are themselves mawkish corruptions of nature, through the varnish and affectation of which, scarcely a feature of their parent is now to be recognized?

37. It being admitted, on all hands, that there exists a considerable secondary description of pleasure, arising from what is called "harmony," or different tones according with each other, is it not probable that men who are conversant in all the known varieties of chords, and employed in the search for new ones, will be inclined to give this part of music an attention too exclusive?

38. Is it not, further, probable, that those who are accustomed to develope and extend the capabilities of the human voice, and of musical instruments, will be inclined to be much more pleased with mere victories over difficulties, than men who do not understand the mechanism of music?

39. In short, is not modern music made more a trade than ancient music was; and, therefore, liable to be injured by the necessity of variety, and the caprice of fashion? And has not

this craving for variety and effect given birth to a secondary imperfect species of expressive music, in which sentiment is endeavoured to be excited by the imitation of trifling circumstances, such as the whistling of birds, the galloping of horses, the dropping of rain, &c. thus inducing puerilities worse than an utter disregard of meaning?

40. Finally; though the modern music appears to be composed in utter contempt of any theory, is it not strange that the foregoing remarks, that is to say, more or less of them, are admitted by most writers on music; for instance, by Dr Burney, Rousseau, and Jackson of Exeter; and does not this inconsistency throw a discredit upon modern musicians, particularly when it is considered that those composers who have been most regardless of the principles upon which the foregoing queries are founded, do not appear to have invented any other, but have gone on without any ostensible views of musical expression at all?

The above remarks are so ingenious, and are invested in language so precise and close, that they form an agreeable contrast with the vague manner in which questions relating to musical expression are generally discussed. As we differ considerably from our correspondent in musical faith, we shall endeavour, in next Number, to make reply to some of his queries. The nature of musical expression is a subject well worthy of discussion, and, in certain respects, appears to be involved in so much mystery, that it is a great chance whether it ever be completely understood. If the theory of it were to be ascertained, it would probably throw much light on the human constitution in general.

EDITOR.

ON A NEW AND IMPROVED METHOD OF TEACHING LATIN.

WHAT shall be taught? is a question interesting to every one; but to inquire into the management of the business of teaching, with a view to improvement, seems, in this country at least, never to have been considered as worthy of much attention. Yet surely the successful issue of the labours of pupils and preceptors must depend in a great measure on the mode of conducting the business of instruction. The system of Joseph Lancaster, as far as it was practicable, has been long introduced more or less into many of our numerous schools, but it can never be generally adopted except in charity schools. Those who are able to pay their children's education will be disposed to think, and justly, that if they are sufficiently acquainted with what they have been studying to act as monitors in teaching it to others, they ought to be employed in learning something themselves. Some alteration in the mode of teaching Latin seems essentially necessary. It is a circumstance familiar to the observation of every scholar, that however well acquainted with the reading of Latin our countrymen may be, they generally seem to feel nearly as much confusion in hearing a quotation of any length from that dead language, as they should at the appearance of one of those gentlemen who spoke it when it was living; on the continent, where many of the professors deliver their lectures in Latin, this auricular imperfection is removed by listening to discussions on subjects with which the students must previously be in some degree acquainted; while it is extremely improbable that the professors can deliver themselves so rapidly, as not to afford their auditors an opportunity to become familiarized in a short time to the language employed. The discontinuance of lecturing in Latin in our universities may have been favourable to the diffusion of knowledge, but it must be quite evident to every careful observer, that it has been very injurious to the cultivation of Latin. To remedy this, and at the same time improve the management of teaching languages in general, I submit the following plan for the consideration of all those interested in the business of education. According to the present mode of teaching languages in schools and universities, the accession of every new pupil is an advantage to the teacher, but a loss to the other pupils, at least, if actual examinations are useful. By the plan which I am about to propose, each individual will have all the ad-

vantage of going over the business of the class, nearly as if alone, together with the stimulating influence of the emulation excited by public teaching. It will be obvious to those acquainted with the subject, that a good deal of what I suggest is only a modification of Dufief's plan of teaching French, as laid down in his "Nature displayed." This plan, in opposition to a most disingenuous *cross* critic, I hold to be very ingenious, and to grown pupils, at least, it must be extremely useful. But it does not appear to me at all necessary to have recourse to so violent a change of books and of system as Dufief recommended. All the advantages he can promise, and some more, together with all the benefits of the present mode of tuition, may, I think, be obtained by the adoption of the following method: The business of a Latin class is comprised in three great divisions, 1st Lessons got by memory; 2d, Versions; 3d, Lessons to be translated into English.

1st, Lessons to be said from Memory.

In declining nouns, adjectives, &c. the whole class say at once. The master, to preserve regularity and uniformity, names each case, the pupils immediately adding the Latin and the English. In this manner all the declension is gone over. When verbs are said, the master names the word, tense, person, and number; after the first person singular it is only necessary to utter the words second, third, first plural, second, third, for the rest of each tense. In all large classes a great deal of time is lost by going over the lesson several times, so as to let every one say something; by saying at once much time will be gained though each lesson be repeated two or three times. To this part of the plan there can be only two objections. That some of the class may go wrong unobserved, or that they may not say at all. To the first objection I answer, that if a person possessed of a good ear can at once discover a false note struck by any individual of a large band of musicians, though playing a piece harmonised in many parts, much more will an attentive master be able to discover what may be called a false note, when his pupils are all going over the same part, rendered more distinct by articulation. I do not speak hypothetically when I affirm this will be found to be the fact. With respect to the second objection, it is easily answered. Supposing some, from ignorance or perverseness, not to say, still they will hear what is said; for it is one great advantage of this plan, that it breaks all combinations in idleness; as the master, though he may not always discover any one who does not say, can at once observe any one who addresses his neighbour, and check his inattention. Besides, it is supposing too much to imagine, that many should remain silent from perverseness, and none need do so from ignorance, as they may still say with the help of their class-fellows as at present; and surely that plan is to be preferred, where all may say at a time, and where many must do so, to that where only one can. To keep alive the industry of any disposed to be lazy, the lessons might be heard occasionally in the present manner; in which way also it will be necessary to hear the grammatical rules, and whatever cannot be conveniently divided into small portions. When the lessons are given out for next day, they are to be read as the others were said, the master taking particular care to articulate distinctly any word that may appear difficult to pronounce.

If dialogues are said from memory in the class, they are heard in this manner. The master gives a sentence of the English, desiring one of the class to give the Latin, and so on till he has ascertained that it has been all properly prepared. When this is done, let him give the first Latin sentence, calling on the class at once to give the English, and to add to it the Latin sentence just pronounced. In this manner, all the dialogue is to be heard, by which means each individual in the class will say the whole.

2d, Versions.

The correcting of versions is generally the most laborious part of a teacher's duty, and the most useless to the scholar. I propose to render this much more interesting and advantageous to the pupils, by employing themselves as the correctors of each other. Let the dux exchange themes with the boy at the bottom of the class, the second from the top with the second from the bottom, and so on through the

whole, in this manner the labour will be probably in proportion to the ability for it. When the exchanges are completed, the master reads from the English a small portion, calling on the class, in order, to read the Latin; he then points out what is wrong, and how it is to be altered; each individual corrects the version before him, and when he has finished, marks the number of errors at the bottom. By making the number of errors decide the place each holds in the class, he will be induced to examine the corrections, in order to see whether they be fairly stated; and in a few minutes an affair will thus be profitably gone through, which by the present plan, often occasions the teacher much labour, accompanied with the melancholy reflection, that what he painfully corrects is, without ever being looked at, carelessly thrown aside. To this part of the plan I do not anticipate any objections, the most ignorant will be able to perform, under the direction of the master, the task imposed on him, while the supervision of his class fellows will have considerable influence in exciting the attention of the student while writing his version. What may be the practice at present with respect to Latin themes in our universities I do not know; but twenty or thirty years ago, in one of them, at least, it was quite a solemn farce. The versions were regularly bundled up and carried home by the janitor to the house of the professor, and as regularly brought back, nine out of ten of them unexamined, or at least without the slightest mark of praise or reprobation. Mutatis mutandis, the plan which I have chalked out, would certainly be preferable. Should it be alleged that this would tend to spread the critical Cacoethes, already so prevalent among our countrymen, it may be answered, that perhaps it would improve the talent as well as the taste for criticism.

Translation Lessons.

These lessons are first gone over in the usual way, each pupil individually translating a portion, and undergoing the customary grammatical examination. After this is finished, the master orders all the books to be shut. He then begins the lesson, giving out a short sentence or member of a sentence, in the arrangement in which it is printed, calling on the class simultaneously to give the English, and to add the Latin sentence they have just heard; and in this manner he will go over the whole translation lessons. The importance of this part of the plan must be quite evident. Every pupil will translate the whole lesson; he will pronounce all the Latin correctly, if his master does so; and he will have the advantage of saying dialogues, according to the genuine structure and arrangement of the language, without the labour of previously learning them. After a few months, the master should give the class the English, desiring them to give the Latin, or this might be done in addition to the other mode of hearing the lesson. And I am satisfied he will be surprised at the facility with which they will give their Latin, should this plan be rigidly and regularly followed. Perhaps it may be here objected, that from the artificial structure of the Latin language, when the sentences are broken into small portions, the sense will come out awkwardly and in grotesque English. To this I reply, that the sense will meet the ear of the pupil, exactly as it did the Romans themselves; and the corrupting effect of the odd translation, will be counteracted by the previous translation in the ordinary way.

The method of conducting a public Latin class, which I have now gone over, will be attended with the following signal advantages: Every individual of the class will be almost constantly employed; he will say nearly all that should be got by memory; he will translate the entire lesson of each day; he will acquire an accurate pronunciation; he will understand the language as well when he hears it as when he reads it; certainly a great desideratum. His ear and his organs of speech will get completely attuned to its structure and melody, and by the time he has finished his course, he will be able not only to quote readily the authors he has studied, but even to speak and write in their language, with a facility and correctness totally unattainable by the present mode of tuition. Perhaps, before concluding, it may be as well to advert to the difficulties attending the adoption of this plan, even where its advantages are acknowledged. External opposition no teacher has reason to fear; if his

employers take the trouble to inform themselves, whether he be a successful teacher, they will hardly inquire what plan he follows, particularly if his castigations are moderate; and, fortunately for this plan, in that respect it will materially diminish the necessity of punishments, as the pupils, being much more employed, will have less time for idleness and mischief. Within the walls of his class room, what opposition has he to dread? Men, it is said, are but children of a larger growth, yet somehow they have all got of late rather impatient of arbitrary power, and even in many cases of legitimate sway; but where the teacher sits, he reigns uncontrolled and uncontrollable. Some little difficulty may be experienced, perhaps, on introducing the plan, in classes already advanced in the study of the language, but by a few days perseverance it will vanish; with a class beginning the study, one mode of teaching must be as easily adopted as another. But indeed the greatest opposition I anticipate, is not from pupils, nor from parents, but from teachers themselves, that genus irritable which is in many instances more apt to teach than to learn. However, as I would fain obtain, for this my lucubration, candid consideration, and intelligent patronage, I hereby dedicate it, with every feeling of respect and esteem, to the Rector and other Masters of the High School of Edinburgh.

W.

ON THE INTRODUCTION OF THE ORIENTAL BREED OF HORSES INTO EUROPE.

(Translated from an Essay of Count Wenceslas Rzeiwuski.)

The late Dr Seetzen, in his letter, dated Mocha, 14th November 1810, in which he treats of Arabian horses, proposes as a question, "Whether the period of the introduction of the first Arabian horse into Europe preceded or followed the date of the crusades.

I have not at present the means of giving a very accurate solution to this question. At the same time, as the investigation is one of considerable interest, I shall endeavour, at least, to give some account of the introduction of the Eastern breed of horses into Europe.

I. *State of the Horses of ancient Persia, India, Egypt, and Africa.*

Arabia, Persia, India, and Egypt must always have possessed horses of that description which we so much admire at the present time. The Arabians of the desert, who are proud to an extreme of the purity and antiquity of their breed of horses, allege that the five most celebrated families of them, known by the appellation El choms , are descended from five favourite mares of the Prophet. But did not Mahomet find them in that country where the race is indigenous?

The Arabians and the Persians, at the most remote period, appear most frequently as infantry. In general every nation which employs the horse in war, possesses good horses, and attaches a great value to them. Among the ancient Persians, the horse was not only the object of esteem, but of reverence. We find that horses were dedicated to the sun—and it was to the neighing of his horse that Darius was indebted for the people. The word Arb, which signifies *horse*, was attached to the end of several of the names of the ancient Persians, such as Thamurasb, Kurchasb, Lohrasb, Hystasb, Holasb, a fact which forms an additional proof of the veneration which they had for that noble animal. It may also be mentioned, that the Cilicians presented annually a certain number of white horses to Darius, as tribute.

The Arabians, and in general all other nations situated within the Ganges, Oxus, Araxes, the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian sea, did not yield to the Persians in attachment to the horse. Indeed Herodotus and Strabo both assert that the best horses were to be obtained from these regions.

The perfection of the horse, that is to say, the leanness of its head, its slender body, its great strength, combined with abundance of spirit, is derived chiefly from the excellence of the pasturage; for the fact is beyond question, that moist pasture renders the

head clumsy—the jaws of an unseemly shape—the eyes weak—the belly slack and unable to digest the food—the chest fleshy—the legs thick and liable to different diseases. It is this which debilitates the constitution, renders the movement of the horse sluggish and ungraceful, and extinguishes its fine natural spirit, and renders it vicious or stupid. On the other hand, it is in the dry pastures of Arabia, Persia, &c., that we find those horses which, on account of their superior strength, and action, and sagacity, and spirit, are admired by all the world. The interior of Arabia and of Persia is a plain, sufficiently elevated above the level of the sea to render the pasture dry, aromatic, and wholesome, surcharged with none of those saline particles which, it is true, give lustre to the skin, but which, at the same time, render it difficult for the horse to become habituated to any other country of a different climate to which it may be transported. As a proof of this, it may be remarked, that the horses of the Northern Crimea, and those belonging to the country of the Calmucks, situated within the Volga, the Kuma, the Black Sea, and the Don, do not thrive well until they have passed a year in Volognea, Podolea, and the Ukraine, where I had the opportunity of making this interesting observation.

The plains of Persia being raised to a considerable height above the level of the sea, and consisting of a bed of earth, upon a foundation of granite, and the plains of Arabia being also sufficiently, although not so much above the level of the sea, and having a portion of sand mixed with the vegetable soil (a circumstance of great advantage in pasture ground,) these two countries being thus naturally dry by means of their heat, attract the moisture from the horse; while, on the other hand, the aromatic herbs, which are strong and succulent, chase from him those humours, the exudation of which is favoured by the imperceptible but continual perspiration of a hot climate.

Thus the horses of these countries are very seldom affected with strangles and glandular diseases—their legs are well proportioned, and the hoof is compact and hard. I believe that the horses of Arabia and Persia have experienced no change either to the better or to the worse since the time of Darius.

The country of India being mountainous, presents the same advantages. But Egypt *is not quite so favourable to the breed of horses* on account of the overflowings of the Nile, which render the soil and the atmosphere more moist. I have noticed in some Egyptian horses a slight tendency to certain diseases, which I have never observed either in the Arabian or Persian horse. This tendency must, I think, become, by degrees, less apparent, and at length entirely disappear on advancing towards high Egypt and Abyssinia.

With regard to the horses of Western Africa, they are all of Arabian descent, and as the pasturage on the coast of Barbary is nearly the same with that of Arabia, the horses reared in the former country bear much resemblance to those of the latter.

The Persian, Arabian, and Numidian cavalry appear in history with the same qualities which at present characterise the cavalry of oriental and barbarous nations. Perhaps it may be objected to this statement, that the ancient Persian horses were yoked to chariots armed with scythes—but to this I reply, that every good saddle horse is capable of being a good draught horse, and especially when yoked to a light car, like the cars of the Persians, whose destructiveness depended on the swiftness of their course.

Quintus Curtius, in describing these chariots, informs us, that those who conducted them let the reins fall loosely on the neck of the horses, and pressed them on with such impetuosity, that the chariots overthrew whatever they encountered. At the same time it is proper for me to remark, that every horse which we see in harness now a days, could not be used with advantage as a saddle horse.

After all that I have said upon this subject, I think it may be safely granted, that the horses which existed in the time of Darius were of the same nature with those which now exist in the above mentioned climates.

Herodotus, in writing of the cavalry of Xerxes, makes particular mention of the horses of the Persians, Arabians, Medes, Cisians, Indians, Bactrians, the nations on the border of the Caspian Sea, all the nations occupying the country between the Ganges, Oxus, Araxes, and the Mediterranean Sea, the Red and the Indian Seas. He

lived during the time of the celebrated expedition of that prince.

Xenophon also, a contemporary author, in his Treatise De Re Equestri, giving the marks of a good horse, describes, with scarcely a shade of difference, the eastern horse of the present time. Strabo moreover entirely agrees with Herodotus in the praise which he bestows upon the horses of the above mentioned regions.

II. *Introduction of the Oriental Breed into Europe.*

The wars in which the Greeks engaged with the Persians could not fail to introduce the eastern breed into Greece. We are told by Herodotus, who lived during the time of the Persian war, that the army of Xerxes had along with it 80,000 horses, and these must, I think, have been all stallions, for I do not find either in Herodotus or Strabo, any allusion to the now common practice of mutilating the horse. The entry of the Persian troops into Greece—the abode which Macedonius there made after the defeat of Thermopylae—and the intercourse which subsisted between them and the people of the Levant, must have given rise to an improvement in the indigenous breed of Greece, while the dry pasturage and genial climate of that country would prevent them from degenerating.

Such appears to me to be the true account of the mode in which the Asiatic breed was first introduced into Europe.

As for the horses which were reared on the coast of Barbary, from Lybia to the western border of Ancient Mauritania, now the kingdom of Morocco, they must have been very much the same with those which are to be found there at present—that is to say, they must have been beautiful in their form, nimble, and high-spirited. And the same causes to which I attributed the similarity between the horses of Persia and Arabia, in ancient times, and those which exist in those countries at present, have operated here also.

The conquest of Spain by the Carthaginians, and the possession which they kept of it for more than two centuries, could not fail to diffuse the eastern blood of the Mauritanian and Numidian horses among the horses of the Peninsula.

It does not appear that the Africans ever mutilated their horses; and following probably their example, the Spaniards even to this day are averse to that practice.

Sicily must also have derived the same advantages, from the residence of the Carthaginians there.

Here then are two points by which the eastern breed may have been propagated through Europe by the south-west.

III. *The North of Europe.*

Ancient Scythia possessed the same advantages with Arabia in respect to the dryness and wholesomeness of its pastures; but on account of its more northerly latitude, it did not produce so liberal a supply of strong and aromatic herbs. When the seeds of the most aromatic and succulent plants of the south of Asia are sown in the open fields, in that country, they thrive well enough, but for the most part their natural properties are destroyed by the coldness of the climate.

I have observed, that the horses reared in the same regions at present, and possessed by the Bauzkers, the Kirguis, the Bucharians, &c. have, in common with the horses of the south of Asia, a beautiful skin, veins well marked, &c.; but you will in vain look for the elegantly shaped head, the beauty of the limbs, the luxuriance of the mane and the tail; and, in general, for that sprightliness and grace which characterize the southern horse; their hoofs, also, are more frequently clumsy than light; nevertheless, they are admirably calculated for war—they are of a hardy constitution, not easily fatigued, require little attention, of a gentle temper, sound-winded, travel an immense distance, and last for a very long time.

I must here record an interesting observation. There exists in all indigenous Asiatic horses, under whatever latitude, something peculiar in the expression of their countenance, in their mode of playing the ears, and in all the movements of their body,—which evidently shews them to be of one family, and which is to be observed in none of the western horses, with the exception of those of the English, which have a great deal of Arabian blood. I noticed this in more than 187,000 Asiatic horses, which are brought annually by the Calmucks and Tartars to the celebrated fair of Berdyezow. In 1814, there were

brought to that place 67,000 horses from the great steppe; and, I may safely say, that during the course of five years residence in Russian Poland, I must have seen upwards of 240,000 horses of that country. But to return to my subject; the blood of the Scythian horses must, on account of their connexion with the Sarmatians, and, again, from the connexion of the latter with nations more to the west, have been communicated to all the North of Europe. Two reasons, however, have combined in arresting the progress of improvement in the breed of the North. The first is, the custom, which, according to Strabo, existed among the Scythians, of mutilating their horses, in order to render them more tractable. The second, is in the circumstance of these horses being transported into the moist pastures of Lithuania, Pomerania, Germany, Switzerland, and the northern parts of France, where, instead of improving the indigenous breed of those countries, they degenerated themselves.

In general, the above mentioned countries are by no means favourable to the horse. A fine foal may, indeed, occasionally be produced; but without the most unwearied attention of the groom, the effects of the bad pasture will soon become evident in the appearance of the legs, and of the coat during winter. The horses of Europe, before its connexion with the east, must have been of a very inferior kind. Although originally descended from the horses of Asia, the influence of the bad pasture, together with that of a moist climate, must soon have effaced their resemblance to them. Perhaps the horses to be found within the regions extending from Southern Poland to the height of Kiow, from the chain of the Carpathian mountains, along the banks of the Dniester, might, on account of the superior pasture of these countries, be of a superior quality; but they were by no means distinguished by the elegance of their shape. Indeed, I think it may be relied upon, that the indigenous breed of Europe was derived at a very remote period from that of Scythia; and it is certain that the latter, although possessing in other respects much resemblance to the true Asiatic breed, are yet much inferior in the elegance of their shape.

Thus, it appears that the state of the horses of Europe, before the wars of the Greeks and Persians, and before the conquest of Spain by the Carthaginians, was deplorable in the extreme; and it is easy to see, that the communication which Europe had with the south was infinitely more advantageous to it in this respect, than that which it had with the north.

As a farther proof of the wretchedness of the unmixed European breed, I may quote the words of Polybius, in describing the passage of the Trebia. "Meantime Sempronius sounded the retreat, in order to bring back the cavalry who were ignorant of the mode of conducting themselves in regard to the enemy they had in front. In fact, they had to do with the Numidians, whose custom it was to retreat in different directions, and to return with vigour to the charge, when their enemy were in no expectation of it." This passage shews what kind of horses the Romans had, and what was their skill in riding. The Numidian cavalry was composed of fine active horses, to which the greatest attention must have been paid, for every nation of cavalry is continually occupied with its horses. The Romans, on the other hand, being a nation of infantry, had bad and heavy horses, which they knew not how to manage.

The horse of Marcus Aurelius, and the horses of their bas-reliefs, are vastly inferior in all respects to the Eastern horses.—What is strange, the beauty of the latter does not seem to have called forth their admiration, otherwise they would have preferred them as models to their own indigenous breed.

If, on the other hand, we examine the most ancient Arabic manuscripts which contain designs of horses—for example in the designs contained in the famous *MS. concerning the arms, evolutions, &c. of the East*, you see the genuine characteristics of the Eastern horse, although their designs are, as works of art, wretched in the extreme. It would be very interesting to ascertain whether the horses of the bas-reliefs of Persepolis exhibit the same features.

The observations of Pliny upon the horse are little worthy of being cited. He seems to have had no idea of the beauty of the Eastern horse.—But to return to our subject—the 4th century was distinguished by the migration

of the Greeks, who, entering Europe, by the north, overran it in a diagonal line as far as to Spain, and sent forth swarms in different directions, laterally—Their horses were Asiatic—although, however, the blood of the European horses must have been improved by this importation, yet on account of the moist pastures, their forms could not receive much amelioration. This appears to me to be the time when the common kind of horses in Southern Poland was first generally introduced.—In Hungary, where the soil is marshy, they did not thrive well—but in Transylvania, which is free from that disadvantage, they degenerated much less. Herodotus says, that beyond the Ister there are countries of a vast extent, inhabited by a race of men dressed after the fashion of the Medes—their horses are remarkable for the length of their hair, which is equal to five inches—These horses, he observes, are not so good for riding as for the draught.

Without doubt, the countries to which Herodotus referred, were the lower parts of Pannonia and Dacia, which are remarkable for their humidity even in our day.

The Moors came into Spain in the year 710, and retained the dominion for nearly eight centuries. During that period the eastern breed must have been propagated in the country, and the dry soil and elevated position of Andalusia were particularly favourable for preserving the race in its original purity and elegance—The magnificence of the Saracen princes, the splendour of the courts of Grenada and Cordova, the necessity of having an efficient cavalry, &c. must have operated in bringing a large supply of fine horses into Spain. In the tenth century we see the grand vizier Abd-el-Malek ben Cheid presenting, among other gifts of value to the caliph Abdol-Rah-man III. fifteen Arabian horses (Cardonne Hist. d' Afrique.)

It was, therefore, during the time of the Moors that the first Arabian horses were introduced into Europe as stallions.

Shortly after that period, 200,000 Saracens having, in the year 732, penetrated even to the walls of Poictiers, were totally routed by Charles Martel. This event must necessarily have left the French in possession of a number of fine horses. The horses of the Limousin, of which I have seen three true specimens, exhibit evident traces of their noble origin. The elevation of the country and dryness of the pastures are peculiarly favourable to them.

During the reign of Napoleon, 200 Arabian stallions were brought into France. I saw eighty of them in their progress through Vienna. The Limousin is the only country in which the advantages anticipated from them can be realized.

In the year 800, Harour-al-Rachid sent magnificent presents to Charlemagne, and among those we may be sure there were, according to the usual practice of eastern monarchs sending gifts, some horses. If I am not mistaken, Pere Daniel, in enumerating these presents, mentions both the elephant and the horse.

The crusades established for a considerable time a communication with the East. Christian Princes occupied the thrones of Jerusalem, Nice, and Cyprus—the first families of France, England, and Germany. Even the kings themselves engaged in the holy wars. Do their private archives contain no hints which might be useful to us?

In the thirteenth century the famous Genguiskan brought the whole of Asia under his dominion. And it was his practice to carry with him the armies of all the nations he had subdued. Hence arose a general mixture of all the breeds in the interiors of Asia—Indian, Persian, Arabian horses, &c. were scattered through the whole of Asia, and the indigenous breed of that country were brought to perfection.

In the year 1211, Baton-chan, the grandson of Genguiskan, overran the Crimea, which he erected into a province, dispersing the nation of the Cossacks. He then crossed the Dnieper with all his army—inundated Poland, advanced as far as to Lublin, Cracow, Lignitz, and Breslaw; having entered Hungary, he intended to proceed to Constantinople, but death put a stop to his ambitious views.

This incursion, followed by many others, and especially by that of Islam-Gueray, who, in the year 1649, joined himself with 300,000 Tartars of the Crimea to the famous Cossack leader, Bogdan Schmielnieki, and invaded Poland, must have introduced a great accession to the horses of that country, especially when we consider that it

is the custom of those Tartars, when they go to war, to carry two horses with them.

Poland is also indebted to its frequent communications with Turkey for the superiority of its horses. From the earliest times, the Poles seem to have been horsemen, and expended great sums in importing into their country fine stallions. In our day, Prince Sanguizko Palatin of Volognia, sent his equerry, M. Buiski, to Haleb, whence he brought six Arabian stallions of great value, and the Colonel Obodynski brought twice from Constantinople a collection of horses exceeding sixty.

During the last war of Russia against Turkey, upwards of 800 stallions entered Podolia and the Ukraine, and although these were not all capable of perfecting the form, they were at least of advantage in adding to the purity of the blood. England, which, from the excellence of its horses, I might call European North Arabia, has a breed of true Arabian origin.

King James procured from Barbary a number of eastern mares, known by the name of royal mares; and from them the English breed is derived.

The appearance and character of the English blood horses are exactly conformable to those of Arabia, but from the richness of the pastures, and humidity of the climate, they are delicate in their constitution, and peculiarly liable to certain diseases. In particular, their skin is tender, and their lymphatic system weak.

These are all the observations which I have been able to make upon this subject.

RESTORATIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF SEVEN HUNDRED PASSAGES IN SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS; BY Z. JACKSON.*

Every thing may be excused, in a commentator on Shakspeare, but stupidity. Arrogance, ignorance, folly, caprice, presumption, and absurdity—all may be forgotten or forgiven; but downright impenetrable stupidity must in this case be *damned*—that is the word, and there is no need to mince the matter. Whoever wishes to know the names of some of those *damned* stupid people, may consult Reed's edition of Johnson and Steevens' Shakspeare, in twenty-one volumes. We would wish to play the part of Peter Bell with a few of those dolts.

" 'Tis come then to a pretty pass,
Said Peter to the groaning ass,
But I will bang your bones."

When floundering on through one of those dark and entangled forests into which the genius of Shakspeare loves sometimes to lead us, one turns to a commentator for advice or guidance, his situation is not unlike that of the said Peter Bell, when

" Now he is among the trees,
And, turning round his head, he sees
A solitary Ass.

" All, all is silent, rocks and woods,
All still and silent, far and near;
Only the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear.

" Thought Peter, what can all this mean?
Some ugly witchcraft must be here,—
Once more the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turned round his long left ear.

" I'll cure you of these desperate tricks;
And, with deliberate action slow
His staff high-raising, in the pride
Of skill, upon the Ass's hide
He dealt a sturdy blow."

When gentlemen or ladies are fairly dead and damned, it is against our principles to inflict any farther chastisement upon them, being averse to all works of supererogation; but we plainly tell the living, that on the very first appearance of a stupid commentator on Shakspeare,

" 'Tis come then to a pretty pass,
But I will bang your bones."

On the other hand, every thing like ingenuity or poetical feeling, exhibited in speculation on the dark and perplexing passages of our great dramatist, gives us the greatest delight. In such cases, even when the difficulty is left as it was found, there has been an intellectual process; and we think, if it is not a very expensive one, that a book is worth buying in which twenty plausible emendations are proposed—emendations that shew a gleam of light, where before all was darkness—or that brighten into perfect beauty some idea, conception, or image, that was before incomplete or obscure. Nay, even should the author have

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* London, printed for John Major, 18, Skinner Street. 1819.

failed, in any one instance whatever, to produce complete conviction in our minds, of the felicity and truth of his restorations, yet still his book may deserve a place in that shelf of our library set apart to Shakspeare. Clever and ingenious books of this sort often reflect light upon each other; and by *comparing notes*, we imagine that we have ourselves not unfrequently seen the latent meaning of Shakspeare rising out beneath the hands of different commentators. For our own parts, we make a point of getting hold of every clever work about Shakspeare—be it boarded volume, or thin-skinned pamphlet; and we have this very day placed among them, the thick and sturdy octavo of Zachariah Jackson.

This ardent and persevering person commenced his undertaking while labouring under the accumulating miseries of a prisoner of war in France; and since his return to his native country, it does not appear that he has had access (at least in time to benefit his work) to any of the folio or quarto editions of Shakspeare. But Mr Jackson advances one claim to attention as a restorer of corrupt texts, which, though it may at first hearing provoke a smile, is unquestionably one of great strength—namely, a practical knowledge of the typographic art. This has given him, he avers, a knowledge of all the causes which introduce errors into a work while it is in the hands of a printer. These he occasionally points out during the course of his speculations; but to assist the reader's comprehension, he has also given, on a reduced scale, the plan of a pair of *letter-cases*, by referring to which, it is seen how close the connexion is between certain types, and how, when in their respective boxes, the least shaking of the frame, on which the cases rest, must dislodge the types from their own compartments, and scatter them into those of their neighbours. Such he conceives to have been the principal cause of the manifold corruptions of the text of Shakspeare; and by attending to all the possible modes in which it could operate, Mr Jackson thinks that he has acquired "an intuitive power of reason," which enables him to detect all such blunders soon as they meet his typographical eye. We love all enthusiasm, and Mr Jackson is an enthusiast indeed. Some of his proposed emendations are, we must own, most excessively absurd, and make pretty work among the rules both of rhyme and reason. Others of them are strikingly ingenious, but, at the same time, obviously wrong—while a very considerable number of them indeed seem to us very happy, and to give either the meaning of Shakspeare, or what might have been his meaning. We therefore do not scruple to recommend his volume, on account of the instruction that may, in many cases, be derived from it; and still more, on account of the simplicity, honesty, naivete, and enthusiasm of the man, which often display themselves in a very entertaining manner, and convince us that Mr Zachariah Jackson is quite a character.

We have selected a few specimens of this very amusing work, quite at random, which is the best way of shewing its pervading spirit.

TEMPEST.—*Scene I.—page* 6.

Alonso. Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the Master? *play* the men,

Although the authorities introduced by various commentators in support of the word *play*, seem plausibly strong; yet, in my opinion, the transcriber mistook the sound of the word. We certainly should read, "*ply* the men:" meaning, that he should make the men work with vigour.

Scene II.—page 91.

Caliban. ——— I'll get thee
Young sea-*mells* from the rock.

The researches of my predecessors have been great to establish the existence of *sea-mells*, or *sea-mulls*; but I profess myself unacquainted with either; and I believe our great poet was equally so: for, though many words are now obsolete which took a lead in literature two centuries ago; yet substantives have no more varied than proper names. Therefore, if *sea-mells* were known in Shakspeare's time, they must be equally so at present. But they are unknown; nor have our commentators been able to ascertain that any naturalist, from the time of Pliny to Buffon, ever mentioned such a bird. From these considerations, I am confident the original read:

——— I'll get thee
Young sea-*mews* from the rock.

The *sea-mews* make their nests in rocks close to the sea. The manner in which the error took place is obvious. The transcriber formed the *w* in *mews* larger than the other letters connected with the word; and which was taken by the compositor for *ll*.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.—*Act V. Scene I.—page* 479.

Theseus. Here come two noble beasts in, a *moon* and a lion.

Truly, the moon is paid a pretty compli-

ment: the passage is *beastly* corrupt. We should read:

Here come two noble beasts in; a *man and a lion.*

As a man is the most noble of the animal creation, so is the lion of all quadrupeds: Theseus, therefore, considers Snout as a beast from his manners and actions. The author's word, *man*, should be restored. The metamorphose of *man* to *moon* is the witchcraft of Mr Theobald.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—*Act I.*—*Scene III.*—*page* 40.

Falstaff. I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she *carves*, she gives the leer of invitation.

No doubt Mrs Ford was an excellent *carver*, perhaps equal to any in Windsor; and entertained her friends with choice viands: but the *entertainment* to which Falstaff alludes being that of love, her adroitness in the art of *carving* is not absolutely necessary.

Falstaff has *spied* a certain *craving* in the eye of this *merry wife*; and as she has given him the *leer of invitation*, he, in his lascivious humour, says,—

She *craves*, she gives the leer of invitation.

Act IV.—*Scene II.*—*page* 162.

Mrs Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with *pistols*, that none shall issue out.

This anachronism is not Shakspeare's, but the printer's. We must call to remembrance, that *Pistol* having quarrelled with Falstaff, disclosed the knight's intentions to Ford: and we also find Pistol employed as the *Crier Hobgoblin* in Windsor forest. If then, that Ford really employed *three of his brothers to watch the door*, is it not highly probable that the treacherous *Pistol* was also employed to identify Falstaff? Under these considerations, I believe our author wrote:

Three of master Ford's brothers watch the door, with *Pistol*, &c.

Act V.—*Scene IV.*—*page* 197.

Mrs Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the *night*.

The troop of supposed fairies, with obscured lights, are to display their lights, not "to the *night*," (darkness) but, to Sir John Falstaff, *knight*; and which, as Mrs Ford observes, "cannot choose but amaze *him*." We should read:—they will at once display to the *knight*.

This error has kept the true sense of the passage long enough in darkness; the light now thrown on it, will, I hope, have its effect.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—*Act III.*—*Scene I.*—*page* 304.

Claudio. ——— And the *delighted* spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, &c.

Greater nonsense cannot be exhibited! How can *the spirit be delighted*, that is condemned *to bathe in fiery floods?* We should read:

——— And the *delated* spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, &c.

Delated (accused) the spirit, or soul *accused* for its criminality, is thus condemned. The transcriber mistook the sound of the word.

Act V.—*Scene I.*—*page* 402.

Duke. ——————— laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the *forfeits* in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

This is as ridiculous a blunder as any in our author's plays; and various have been the attempts to force its elucidation: nay, forgery, it is said, was adopted by Mr Kenrick, to give a list of the supposed *forfeits* which barber-surgeons exacted from those customers that deviated from their established rules!

On the absurd idea that such a custom ever prevailed, either on the Continent or in England, I shall be silent; and, being satisfied that the passage is grossly corrupt, I hasten to restore the original reading.

This error, like numbers of the same class, originates from mistake of sound: instead of *forceps*, the very sagacious transcriber gave the more familiar word—*forfeits*. The passage corrected affords a new figure.

——————— laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the *forceps* in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

The exasperated Duke considers his laws as *mocked* by the people; and that they afford as much food for merriment, as loungers in a *barber's shop* derive by playing tricks on each other with the *forceps*, which is exposed as a *mark* of the barber's profession. Thus the *forceps in a barber-surgeon's shop*, became the *mock* of idlers, though exhibited as a *mark* of surgical knowledge; and, in like manner, the Duke's laws had become the *mock* of the dissolute, though they were the *mark* of legislative wisdom.

One use of the *forceps*, and which might have been food for mirth, was, their application in extracting a bone, when lodged in the throat of any person: and gay idle loungers in a barber's shop, no doubt, found amusement in pointing the *forceps* to the mouth of a companion, while under the operation of shaving: the position for shaving, and that when seated to have a bone extracted from the throat, being precisely the same.

Then, again: The *forceps* used by an *accouchcur*, would, to the dissolute, afford similar cause for idle mirth.

MACBETH.—*Scene III.*—*page* 48.

Macbeth. This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill:—*cannot* be good:—
Cannot be ill; cannot be good. Then what can this supernatural soliciting amount to? The text is corrupt. I am convinced the author wrote:

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill: *can it* be good?

Macbeth, reflecting on supernatural agency, debates with himself, whether *evil* or *good* may result from his credulity:—he is not, at this moment, the hardened villain; but, ambition spurring him on, he says,—If *ill*, "*why hath it given me an earnest of suc-*

cess?"—here he pauses; and taking in his mind's eye the horrid picture occasioned by ambition, he demands—*Can it be good?* If good, "*why do I yield to that suggestion whose horrid image doth unfix my hair?*" for, *can good* result from that which proceeds from evil?

The transcriber mistook the sound of the words from having just written *cannot*.

Act II.—Scene II.—page 112.

Macbeth. *Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care.*

With the information received from four commentators on the words—*ravell'd sleave*, all we can learn is, that *sleave* means "the ravelled knotty part of silk,"—HEATH. "Silk that has not been twisted,"—STEEVENS. "Coarse, soft, unwrought silk,"—MALONE. "Ravelled means entangled,"—M. MASON. Surely, these explanations of *ravelled sleave* cannot be considered as aids to unravel the passage? If the commentators knew the application of the metaphor, why not say, that the *ravell'd sleave of care*, meant—*the brain?*—and which is compared to the ball of the silk-worm. This ball becomes the insect's tomb, and wherein it remains until the heat of the sun re-animates it; when it awakens transformed:—so with man, in sleep, all his cares cease, and when he awakes, it is with renovated vigour.

Act IV.—Scene I.—page 202.

Third Witch. Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.

In this scene we perceive a cauldron, in which, it must be supposed, are various ingredients towards composing an infernal broth. In the progress of this magical preparation, the Witches await certain signals: *the mewing of the brindled cat* three times, is the first. The *hedge-pig* has *whin'd* once; but before the Witches can proceed in their infernal ceremony, the *hedge-pig* must repeat its cries, to make the magical number—*thrice*, and which they await. Scarcely hath the second Witch finished her observation, that the *hedge-pig had whined once*; when that animal *whines* again and again: this is the critical moment for the Witches to proceed in their infernal ceremony; and, immediately, the third Witch exclaims:

Hark, her cries!—'Tis time, 'tis time.

Then they go round about the cauldron and throw in the additional ingredients.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that the transcriber, who wrote as another person recited, mistook the sound of the words, and, for—*Hark her*, wrote—*Harper*.

Mr Steevens thinks *Harper* is some *imp*, or *familiar spirit!* but, in my opinion, *Mr Harper* was as little known to Shakspeare as to any of his commentators.

Scene II.—page 238.

Malcolm. ——— Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell.

I am quite of Mr Malone's opinion, that he has made *too strained an interpretation* of this passage. That the text is very corrupt, I hope to prove; though I cannot refrain from smiling at Malcolm's consideration for the inhabitants of the infernal regions; who, if he had *the power*, would *Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell*, and thereby render the subjects of Lucifer peaceable and quiet; and establish a good understanding where, hitherto, there has been discord, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

In the present passage, *we behold the mischief and confusion which a single letter produces.* Our inimitable author wrote:

——— Nay, had I power, I should
Sour the *sweet* milk of concord into hell.

Thus, we gain the designed antithesis. Elucidation is almost unnecessary. Had he *power*, he would change concord into discord:—what was *sweet* on earth, he would *sour*, to gratify his baneful passions; and, thereby, make this fair world a hell.

In RICHARD II. Act III. sc. ii. we have a similar antithesis:

"Speak *sweetly*, man, although thy looks be *sour*"

Again, Act V. sc. v.—

"How *sour sweet* musick is."

Act V.—Scene V.—page 277.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter,
There would have been a time for such a word.

Some of my predecessors say, this passage is corrupt: others, that it is a broken speech. In my opinion, the punctuation only wants correcting. We should read,—

She should have died: Hereafter,
There would have been a time for such a word.

Meaning: that she should die one time or another; but that, *hereafter*, he would have been better prepared to meet so great an affliction.

KING LEAR.—*Act I.—Scene I.—page* 375.

Lear. The *untented* woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee.

The only sense which the present reading affords, Mr Steevens has furnished; but as commentators, like doctors, differ in opinion, mine is, that the *woundings* are so corrupt, they require fresh dressing:—Assuredly, our author wrote:

The *indented* woundings of a father's curse,

What part is wounded?—the heart! Can a *tent* be applied to an internal wound?—No! What occasions the *indented woundings?* a heavy pressure of affliction: Then, as Goneril is the immediate cause of Lear's anguish, so proceeds his curse from the affected part.—See Act II. sc. iv. where Lear makes known his distress to Regan:

——— "O, Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here"
[*Points to his heart.*

The transcriber's ear deceived him:—*untented* and *indented* are nearly alike both in sound and characters.

Act II.—Scene II.—page 394.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

If he had him in a *pinfold*, from whence he could not run away, he would give him a sound drubbing. If *lipsbury* was not a phrase well known in our author's time, to imply *gagging*, it has been coined for the purpose; as it is evident Kent means,—Where the movement of thy lips should be of no avail.

Scene II.—page 395.

Kent. Three-suited knave.

I am certain our author wrote—*tree-suited. A tree-suited knave* means, one fitted for the gallows.

Act IV.—Scene III.—page 521.

Gentleman. ——— You have seen
Sun-shine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were *like a better day.*

The quartos read *a better way;* which I believe correct: the error appears to me to be in the word—*like*, which should read—*link'd*. With this correction, we have a sublime idea.

On a summer day, when the sun sends forth its rays, a shower passing through them, falls upon the earth: thus the rain and sunshine are totally separated. But, in the present picture, the tears which started from the eyes of Cordelia, as they chased each other, *they fell not to the ground*, her smiles caught them; they *link'd* each with the other, like unto a chain of pearls; and, falling on her bosom, adorned humanity: thus,—

——— her smiles and tears
Were *link'd a better way:*

i. e. Her tears were too precious to fall to the ground.

Scene IV.—page 526.

Kent. A sovereign shame *so elbows* him:

How could my predecessors reconcile this reading?—*so elbows him!* This, contrasted with our author's text, affords, I think, as ludicrous a corruption as can be met with in these plays; but see what the change of a single letter effects, and what sublimity is obtained in place of nonsense. Our author wrote:

A sovereign shame *soul bows* him: his own unkindness
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

A sovereign shame so oppresses the soul of Lear for his unnatural treatment of the virtuous Cordelia, that he cannot command sufficient resolution to behold her.

Act V.—Scene III.—page 580.

Edmund. ——— to be tender-minded
Does not become *as sword:*—

For—*a sword:*—

Such is the reading of the last edition of Johnson and Steevens. If, in the present estate of printing, such errors creep in, what must have been the case in Shakspeare's time, when the art was in a state of infancy!

———

HAMLET.—*Act III.—Scene IV.—p.* 252.

Hamlet. That monster, custom, who all sense doth *eat,*
Oft habit's *devil,* is angel yet in this.

To the carelessness of the transcriber must be attributed two errors conspicuous in this passage; for *ape* he wrote *eat*, and for *oft*—*of.* I correct thus:

That monster, custom, who all sense doth *ape,*
Oft habits devil, is angel yet in this.

Meaning: However passion might influence you to sinful acts, let it not overcome you in this: *Go not unto my uncle's bed:* assume the appearance of virtue, if *you have it not;* for even that monster, custom, whose pernicious habits all mankind *ape*, or *imitate*, and who often habits vice in the semblance of virtue, is angel yet in this: that is, however diabolical those practices may be which are sanctioned by custom, yet custom never sanctioned incestous marriages.

Act IV.—Scene VII.—page 309.

King. But that I know, love is *begun* by time.

Mr M. Mason gives the sense intended by the Author, but is not equally fortunate in the word he substitutes to obtain it.

That the text, with the word *begun*, is nonsense, all must admit: I read:

But that I know, love is *benumb'd* by time.

In the sound of *benumb'd* and *begun*, there is so far a similarity, that a transcriber, not cautiously attentive, might make such a mistake. This word gives a pure sense; the passage corrected means,—However fervent love may be, it abates by degrees, and, in the course of time, becomes, as it were, *torpid:* but, as some spark of love still remains, that spark time again qualifies, and the *flame becomes as strong as ever.*

The idea is taken from the torpid state in which some animals remain; but which, in due season, revive, and again enjoy the same strength and perfection.

Act V.—Scene II.—page 353.

Hamlet. As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand as *comma* 'tween their amities;

Though this passage, by the ingenuity of Dr Johnson, is considered correct, yet a *note of admiration*, if a point was to determine the matter, would have been more apposite; for never was *comma* so misplaced as in the present instance. I hesitate not to say, that our Author wrote:

As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a *column* 'tween their amities;

What figure can be more expressive of a good understanding between two monarchs? Peace, with her wheaten garland, denoting plenty, was to be the grand *column* to perpetuate that friendship they had sworn to maintain.

The top of the *l*, in the word *column*, not being sufficiently clear, and being immediately followed by *um*, made *lum* appear as *mm*, and the termination *n*, which, in the writings of former times, nearly resembled an *a*, was taken by the compositor for that character.

LETTERS OF ADVICE FROM A LADY OF DISTINCTION, TO HER FRIEND THE DUCHESS OF * * * * * *.†

We are not ourselves a married man, and are not without hopes of being permitted to remain a bachelor all the rest of our lives. A few months ago (we will not attempt to deny it) we had some thoughts of trying a wife, for we conjectured that we could support a small family in a flat, not uncomfortably, on the produce of our various periodical labours. We accordingly set about studying the subject, and got together Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women, Gregory's Legacy, Gisborne on Duties, Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, a few dozens of anonymous advice, and finally, these Letters from a Lady of Distinction. The consequence was, that we laid aside immediately all intentions of the sort, and after what we have been told by such high authorities, we fairly confess that we would not be induced to marry, though offered twenty guineas per sheet.

We had no idea what sort of creatures young ladies have all along been, from our great-great-grandmothers inclusive. They have been regularly instructed by aged and experienced persons of both sexes in all the arts of hypocrisy, duplicity, cunning, and hocus-pocus—and we now perceive, that the very bride on her wedding day, covered with blushes though she be, has long been in regular and scientific training, how best to humbug her husband.

Long before a young lady is matched, or the day fixed for entering the ring, she is given over to the care of those knowing old ones, Fordyce, Gregory, and Gisborne. They soon put her into excellent wind—and enable her even with gloves to administer severe punishment, while at the same time, she is taught how to stop, and hitting and getting away. She thus enters the ring, an accomplished pugilist, and the artless Johnny Raw, her husband, having no chance to win during the first rounds of the fight, relinquishes the contest severely punished both about his *ogles and his listeners.* So true it is, that light weights with skill and bottom, are, at all times, more than a match for mere strength without the benefit of science.

Who the "Lady of Distinction" may have been who penned the letters which Mr Colburn has now published, we know not—but we are told by the Editor, that she "displays a knowledge of the usages of society, more especially of that higher class of it to which the author belonged." We shrewdly suspect that those higher persons to whom she belonged owed their eminence less to their graces than their garrets—and that ladies of equal distinction might be found in inconsiderable numbers, in less lofty situations, as for example, cellars and thrice-sunken stories. We are told, also, that these letters of this lady of distinction were addressed to "the ornament of the British court, the delight of every fashionable circle, the enthusiastic patroness of genius, and the ready friend of the wretched." They were inflicted upon her, it is said, immediately after her marriage in 1774—and yet, in one of them, the writer speaks of the death of Lavater, *which* happened, if we mistake not, in 1801. It appears, therefore, that the editor has most cruelly mangled and interpolated this lady of distinction. We, however, advise our readers not to perplex themselves with this bug-bear of an aged lady inditing letters to a niece in 1774, but at once to figure to themselves some young gentleman sitting in cheap furnished lodgings, off the Strand somewhere, perhaps about seven shillings per week—such a young gentleman, for example, as Dr Polidori, or some other, that will occur—and his privacy only broken in upon by printers devils, impotent of the endurance of the want of copy. The reader is thus relieved from that feeling of giddiness which one is apt to suffer in very high places—and owns how comfortable is the change from a lady of distinction to a gentleman of no distinction at all.

But be the sex of this lady what it may, let us attend a little to her advice. And, in the first place, she

† Printed for Henry Colburn. 1819.

favours her niece with a long letter on the character of her husband, the delicacy of which idea cannot be sufficiently admired. Worthy well meaning old woman! what effect thinkest thou would a long epistle of thine produce on a young girl's mind during the honey-moon, who did indeed love her husband? We leave this question to be answered by any one of our lately married contributors. "In sincerity," says the dowager or Dr Polidori, "I look upon the disposition of your husband to be greatly similar to your own, rather open to '*foibles than to errors.*'" This is a very nice distinction—but she continues, at least in him, they are no more. For what in woman are *generally* considered as crimes, custom, *however unjustly*, has made in the sex but follies. "When I mention those things, which among men are called follies, I understand the *disposition for drinking* to be one." To get drunk, therefore, is, in the opinion of this old dame, nothing more than folly in a woman—a little act of levity, which, but for the injustice of custom, might be thought occasionally to confer a certain grace.—She then goes on with a little more freedom—slyly insinuating that the young wife may turn her husband's failings to her own advantage.

"To be free on this subject, as the present business was to point out the real character and temper of your husband, which, in some particulars, your inexperience might mistake, I must mention that I think he has some portion of pride; and obstinacy always attends this in a proportionate degree. I do not mean to reflect on him in so doing; his birth, his rank, his fortune, his connexions, all produce the one, and that is as naturally the parent of the other. But he has good nature in a much greater degree than any other quality; this would influence him to give into every thing within the bounds of prudence that you might prescribe, if it were without seeming to do so; and he dotes upon you with a sincere affection: this will give you, indeed, all that you need to wish, and continue so long as you do not abuse it: but the greater his love, the less he will bear any sort of abuse."

If, however, there be any thing insidious in the above doctrine, the old lady makes amends for it, in the following most judicious advice:

"Every thing generally fails that is attempted with precipitation and rashness.—Never complain of the time he is absent from you; for if he find you uneasy on that account, he will leave you the sooner, and expecting a repetition of complaint at his return, he will defer that return the longer. Never object to his company; for he will then think his own judgment questioned, and that he can only support it by opposition. These things of themselves weary and nauseate the mind; nothing, except what is innocent, gives lasting pleasure.—The first hours of a scene of drinking and revelry, are joyous; but the last are tedious and painful. (How do you know, my good lady?) If you receive him tenderly when he returns from one of these parties, his love for you will make him feel it in the most affecting manner. He will compare the pleasure of those hours immediately after his return, with the pain of those which he passed just before it. He will not only resolve to leave the party sooner at the next meeting, but he will do so. From leaving the bottle at the first sign of uneasiness, he will, on your continuing the pleasure of your meeting, leave it before. He at first learned to go away from pain, he will now go from the prospect of it.—This will be a certain effect from the difference he will find between his companions, and your tenderness and affection: and what is this? Why, it is what I told you would happen: the end will be effected, while you seemed not to have it in contemplation. He will no longer be fond of wine; he will leave the glass when the most sober do; and this being his own act, not yours, will continue: and being, likewise, the effect, not of your remonstrances, but of his own conviction, he will never return to the error again."

We are absolutely beginning quite to delight in this little volume, and hope that we have not said any thing disrespectful of it or its author. The dowager gives some apparently judicious advice how a young wife may gradually break off with her husband's friends without positively offending them, so as to enable the different parties to settle comfortably into coolness or dryness. And then she recommends dead silence respecting her husband's merits or defects.

"It will be doubtless natural for you, beside accidentally intrusting your more intimate acquaintance with your sentiments, to do it purposely, but, though it be natural, it is evidently wrong. Avoid it as you would the bite of an asp, or the sting of a scorpion. The minutest things that concern a husband and his wife, may be swelled into incidents of the utmost consequence. Little things may make the best friends enemies, and then the slightest hint will serve as a foundation for volumes. I do not only guard you against giving breath to the *least suspicion or disgust* with regard to your husband; I would prescribe as strict

a silence in regard to the circumstances of joy."

But what is to be thought of the tough old dame, when she adds,

"You can only be tempted to this by asking the advice of some of your friends; but few will be able, and still fewer will be ingenuous enough to give it. If you want counsel in any point which I have omitted to name in these letters, *come to me.* You will have a double advantage in this: you will be sure of honest counsel, and you will be certain the secret will not be betrayed."

We cannot even in our dreams, (and they are sufficiently horrible sometimes after a supper at Ambrose's) imagine any thing more awful than a jealous wife. The old lady resolves to strike at the root of this evil.

"There is, indeed, another particular with respect to your most intimate acquaintance, concerning which, I must not remain in silence, since I have seen the peace of many families, otherwise beyond the reach of accidents, sacrificed to it. If you have among them one whom your husband treats with a particular regard, or one who is more than ordinarily attentive to him, find an opportunity of dropping the acquaintance as speedily as you can after the discovery."

Now, we cannot help looking upon this as a very great hardship. But we beg pardon—it is a subject on which we are not entitled to speak. The old lady follows it up vigorously.

"It may happen, perhaps, that some one of your acquaintance will be the favourite of your husband; and that not the most handsome of them, for that is rarely the case; they are not always the best faces that are the favourites with men who have no ill design. There is an air of freedom and good-humour, which many put on, that wants the charms of person, and this is always agreeable to the men who mean no ill; and, in all probability, if it ever happen that you are tempted to be uneasy concerning the civilities of your husband to any of your own intimate acquaintance, it will turn on such an one as this. If this should prove the case, it will be easy for you to find some opportunity of dropping the acquaintance; so will your own mind be easy, and your husband remain free from suspicion, as he ought. Thus, by the caution I have laid down, you will be the first person who shall see it. You will be alarmed not only before your husband sees, but before your rival is conscious that she is preparing the mischief; and he will neither regret the incident that breaks the acquaintance, nor have the most remote idea of the cause of your so doing."

We know not why the Editor gave us this book to review, for to do it justice, would require at least ten years of matrimony. The wife is here instructed how to behave on small disagreements or trivial disputes—till at length she is brought slowly and cautiously to a letter on "absolute quarrels."

"And in all this I will suppose your husband in the wrong, because that will be setting all above dispute, and pointing out the line of conduct you ought to pursue in the most difficult article; the rest will be easy: let us suppose then that your husband has been out of temper, and that instead of silence or gentleness of words you have answered him peevishly or perversely, what will be the natural consequence? It would be this: if he were a weak man, he would naturally speak the louder and the more violent than you? and he would keep up the argument to shew you that he was have the victory: but he is a gentleman good understanding. All those things that I have been saying to you will be dictated to him by his own prudence and discrimination; he will see the wrong step that you have both taken in its proper light, and become uneasy at the consequences. He will stop the dispute, and, to avoid farther uneasiness, will get up to go out. But it will not be to your advantage that he should leave the house while he is in displeasure with you, and yet it may be difficult to prevent it."

What is to be done in a squabble of this sort? Let our fair readers lay down the Magazine, and consider with themselves what they would do (or may have done,) in such a matrimonial fracas. The lady of distinction says,

"I know it would be natural, between the struggles of love and anger in the first difference, to throw yourself between him and the door, to fix upon his hand, or, by a thousand other methods to oppose his going; but these are wrong notions, and they are dangerous; remember he has his share of obstinacy as well as you have yours, and he will not be conquered. It is the way to inflame things in the most fatal manner to attempt it."

The course to be pursued under such distressing circumstances, we are told, is luckily a simple one—let him go—he will walk off his anger—and, on meeting again, let neither of the parties pretend to recollect that any thing particularly disagreeable had occurred. But we submit a case to this dowager or any other,—suppose the husband will not go—but remains in the room, stamping and raging, and frothing at the mouth like a mad dog, what is to be done then? If any lady whatever will send us a solution of this difficulty, we shall

most philanthropically insert it in our next, for the sake of the poor suffering order of St Benedict.

Letter XI. is on a somewhat extraordinary topic, "natural imperfections and defects." The niece is told by her sagacious aunt, "remember that as mortal creatures all are liable to imperfections." And that pretty obvious fact is illustrated in the following rather mysterious manner.

"Men are careful to hide all their faults, especially those of nature, and it is right they should, since they are not things in which themselves are guilty, or their application can amend. That you discovered this not before is no shame; if you have not yet discovered it, it is to your honour. Your fondness has shut your eyes to the sight of it; but as the fondness of the bride does not last for ever, although a better passion supplies its place in the fixed and rational love of the wife, you will most assuredly discover something of that nature. This is a secret with which your husband entrusts you, whether he choose it or not. This is a confidence which you possess as a wife; this is of all secrets the most important, and all the duties of the wife, join in declaring it must be inviolable. It may be imprudent to betray the others, but to give breath to the least hint concerning this is criminal: it is what deserves punishment, and will meet with it. It is a secret which, when disclosed but to one person beside yourself, can never be kept. It is what your husband will be conscious none could divulge beside yourself; and as he will at once remember the obligations under which nature, love, gratitude, and reason laid you to have kept it; and as he will recollect the unjust disgrace that will be reflected upon him for your divulging it, he will have both resentment in the highest degree, and reason also, in some measure, never to forgive you. All the contempt which the world will bestow upon him on this occasion, he will return upon you; and he will have justice, for his own fault of nature, in which his own mind has no share; yours is in consequence of your own voluntary act.

"When I say that it is natural to suppose, as no man can be perfect, that he who has made you happy by his choice, must, or may have some defect, some infirmity, or some imperfection, I am as far from supposing what that may be, as I am from knowing that it is so. Some have from nature a thousand, some but one: in some the single imperfection is equal to a thousand, in others it is inconsiderable. Whatever it be, if you have not discovered it, seek not after it. It is a virtue to be insensible of the imperfections of a friend, but much more of a husband; and it accuses her, who is too inquisitive to distinguish, and too nice in the regret with which she endures them, of having in her thoughts, if not within her knowledge, others in in whom they may be, or she fancies they may be wanting.

Let not the discourse of others lead you to form ideas, and to judge from those ideas of that in which they may deceive you; and in which it is almost certain that they will. Be upon your guard even against your own senses, that they do not mislead you on so important and dangerous a subject; much more against the discourse of others, who perhaps mean nothing but to mislead you."

This doctrine is illustrated by the following very affecting anecdote.

"I shall mention a circumstance from my own experience. Your uncle had a defect in one of his legs; it had been broken when he was an infant and badly set. When he first visited me I could not keep my eye from this imperfection: not good nature, no, nor good manners, could influence me to do what I ought; but, believe me, when I was sufficiently acquainted with him to perceive the uprightness of his heart, and the goodness of his disposition, I never saw the ill shape of this limb afterwards. I was in danger from an incident which I cannot remember without despising it most completely. Some officious friend, after I had many years forgotten it, said, she had often thought it was a pity that there was such a blemish about such an otherwise agreeable man as my husband was. I had more pain to get over this second difficulty than the first. My eye was again involuntarily cast towards it, and the peace of my life was never so much endangered as by this officious person, because it renewed in my mind what I had long forgotten.

But there is another reason, it seems, why a wife should not inform the world of her husband's "natural imperfections or defects." How can she possibly know that she is without them herself, or that her husband has not for years been doing all he could to conquer his disgust?

"Fancy her beloved in the tenderest manner by her husband, who, perhaps ignorantly to himself, is subject to some defect of this kind, and fancy her revealing it to some intimate, that intimate to her acquaintance, and they to their acquaintances, and so on; suppose the husband meeting every where with the insult of this reproach, as coming from his wife, and at the same time suppose that he thinks it feigned and pretended on her part, remembering on his own that he is not only concealing from the world some real imperfection of hers, but labouring to shut his senses against it. Her real infidelity will be aggravated by the supposed malice and falsehood of the aspersion, and both by his own goodness and generosity. The consequence may be easily perceived, he must and will despise

and hate her. The present peace of her life will be destroyed, and all prospect of future happiness sacrificed, and she will either be separated from him for ever, or pass a life with him more intolerable, though less dishonourable, than the separation would be.

"Thus have I drawn at full length a most disgustful picture; but you will understand it rightly. It is fit you should be acquainted with the worst consequences that can attend the faults of a behaviour of this kind in a married person, that, seeing to what things even these in their greatest extent may be owing, you may be, as you ought to be, upon your guard against even the least of them. Adieu, then; I am as weary as you can be of so disagreeable a theme: let us forget it; but never let us forget what may be occasioned by such a conduct.

We were instructed by our mysterious Editor, not to suffer this article, on any account whatever, to exceed four pages. So we are forced to leave it in a very unfinished state. We confess that we have felt very uncomfortable during the last two hours, in being obliged to think so much on so very painful a subject—so we conclude with a well know sentiment, "may the married be single, and the single happy."

NORTHERN MEMOIRS, CALCULATED FOR THE MERIDIAN OF SCOTLAND, &c. BY RICHARD FRANCK, PHILANTHROPUS.*

THIS is a very different work indeed from Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk; but though Franck is no Morris, he is an amusing personage enough, and not without claim to originality. His chief object in visiting Scotland, was to enjoy good angling, and he seems to have fished and eat his way through the country with great spirit and perseverance. He has no fewer than four dedications of his tour—one to "my worthy and honoured friend Mr J. W. Merchant in London"—a second to "the Virtuosos of the Rod in Great Britain's metropolis, the famous City of London"—a third to "the Academics in Cambridge, the place of my nativity"—and a fourth to "the Gentlemen Piscatorians in and near the sweet situations of Nottingham, north of Trent." In the first of these he says—

"Come then, whilst it is day, let us step into *Scotland*, to rummage and rifle her rivers and rivulets, and examine her flourishing streams for entertainment; there the rocks and the groves will be our solent reception, and the cities and citadels supply us with accommodation; and there I fancy our time will be well enough spent to view the country, and give a description of all her curiosities: which I here present you, my worthy patron, in this short narrative, not doubting your clemency to absolve my stripling muse, though not fleg enough to elevate itself to the lowest elevations of your generous acceptation. But I'le do what I can in these northern tracts, to bring you a discovery of some of her rarities, whose solitary shades strike a damp to my pen, because to behold there such unexpected landskips, meanders, and labyrinths (which I frequently met with) as exposed my resolution to a farther progress, whereby to discover all her northern gaities that shined so splendidly in every fir-wood, as also in her lofty domineering hills, that over-topped the submissive shady dales, and overlooked the rapid torrents of rivers, and pretty purling gliding rivulets; where the polished rocks, and embellish'd fortifications, beyond belief, so surpris'd my genius, that it puzzles me to report these remote curiosities.

In addition to all these dedications, which are full of sundry matters, Mr Franck has a pretty long preface, in which, among other favourable things of his book, he says—

"Now to such as love travel, I have brought them history, but to such others as love fish and pleasant waters, my treatise; for the studious geographer, here are cities and countries, but for the active engineer, castles and citadels. Should thy fancy be mean, here are shallow brooks; deep rivers require the skilful art of swimming. Thus my book seems a mart, where a man may trade for trifles, or merchandise for things of greater value. The world is all purchase, and death the pay-master. Think not therefore to naturalize earth into heaven, since every thing adheres and partakes of its own nature. I advise, therefore, the lovers of a solitary life, to study sobriety, temperance, patience and chastity; for these divine blessings are the gift of God. So is contemplation, which never shines so clearly as

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* "London, printed for the author. To be sold by Henry Mortclock at the Phenix, in St Paul's Church-yard, 1694." At the end of this volume there is the advertisement of a book which we have never seen.—Rabbi Moses; or a Philosophical Treatise of the Original and Production of Things; writ in America in a time of Solitudes. By R. Franck; and are to be sold by the Author, at his house in Barbican.

when retired from the world, and worldly incumbrances. Woods, rocks, grottos, groves, rivers and rivulets are places picked out for contemplation; where you may consider creational work, and melt with the warbling notes of Philomel, and the innocent harmony of musical birds, that deliciate the air, and delight the attention. Or you may proportion your meditations with the pulse of the ocean, or the soft and murmuring complaints of purling streams, that imprint their passions as they pass along, when melting the smiling florid banks.

Not content with plain prose like this, Captain Richard Franck likewise eulogises his Angling Tour in verse, and says very prettily—

" Come, trace the angler's footsteps, he will lead
Thy genius to some grove, or rock: there feed
Thy thoughts with contemplation; whilst most men
Think such retirements but a cave, or den:
And I'll assure thee when thou com'st to know
Those vertues that from contemplation flow,
Thou surely wilt conclude the whole creation
Was made for man; man, but for contemplation."

People tire of praising themselves—at least they like a little variety—and accordingly, the captain has got some good-natured friends to compose copies of commendatory verses on himself and work. Thus, among others, John Slator singeth—

" The garb it's clothed in, indeed is rich:
Made up of neatest ornaments of Speech;
Grac'd with most pleasant fancy, and the flow'rs
Of purest elegance, pick'd at such hours
When you have sat to hear the muses sing
On the sweet banks of the Castalian Spring:
Adorn'd with most curious observations,
Join'd with most sober contemplations:
Things both divine and moral, and withal
Pleasant descriptions geographical:
Full of ingenious variety,
Mixt here and there with dainty poesy.
So that there's scarce a line throughout the book
That is not furnish'd with its line and hook,
With which the reader will be caught, when's eye
Is searching how to cheat the scaly fry.
Ladies will make it their companion,
And learn by it to fish in Hellicon."

The whole of this tour is given in dialogues between Theophilus and Arnoldus, and they discourse together for nearly 300 pages, of " Scotland, its cities, citadels, sea-ports, castles, forts, fortresses, rivers, and rivulets." Unluckily the interlocutors are prone to philosophy and disquisition, so that nearly 50 pages elapse before they get fairly to work in the River Eden at Carlisle. There, Arnoldus exclaims—

" Then have at all; and I think I have him, look how he leaps and struggles for life; but this prognostics a sign of death: for when the swan sings his own funeral-epitaph, which of the family of birds join in consort with him? So when the trout dances Coranto's to the angler; what but the line rings his funeral passing-peal? Now see how he lies gasping for breath, though every breath of air is as bad as opium; and laments his misfortune to be so unfortunate, because not to live out half his time; where every cheque of the line challengeth death, and sends him a summons to prepare for the pannier. So that you see he is no sooner deprived of natural strength, but submits himself to the fatal doom of the angler, who assures him no better quarter than death. Are not these terrible arguments to terrify the fish out of his element? who whilst he endeavours to evade the angler, falls foul upon the art with equal hazard; and designing flight, pursues the pursuer: so struggles with the artist to cheat his appetite, by proffering his life for a silly fly. By this you may see it's not difficult to court him, when with little difficulty he comes to hand, nay to his grave, merely for a mouthful; for this simple novelty cost him his life. And what was it think you? only a fly of another figure, and of a different complexion; the one artificial, but this was natural; and there he lies, naturally devoted yours, not daring to petition his judge's reprieve."

The anglers then set off into Scotland, and pass the first night in Dumfries. Before venturing on any description of that town, Theophilus observes—

" Let us summon the cook to know what is in the kitchen, and give charge to the chambermaid (if there be such a thing in *Scotland*) to take care that the windows be decked and adorned with flowers, whilst the boards and floors are strewed with greens;—for I'll examine every thread in our beds, to see if they be cleanly washed and thoroughly dried, the better to accommodate us in our northern expedition."

Next day they have excellent sport in the Nith, and before leaving " Dumfreez" they favour us with the following animated description—

" *Ar.* In the midst of the town is their market-place, and in the centre of that stands their tolbooth, round about which the rabble sit, that nauseate the very air with their tainted breath, so perfumed with onions that to an Englishman it is almost infectious. But the kirk is comely, and situated southward, furnished once a week with moveable spectrums, (you know what that means) yet the outside than the inside is more eminently embellished, if sepulchres

and tombstones can be said to be ornaments: and where death and time stand to guard the steeple, whose rings of bells seldom or rarely exceed the critical number of three. Here also you may observe a large and spacious bridg, that directly leads into the country of *Galloway*, where thrice in a week you shall rarely fail to see their maid-maukins dance Coranto's in tubs. So on every Sunday some as seldom miss to make their appearance on the stool of repentance.

"*Th.* Then it seems by your relation they keep time with their comers, that hazard their reputation for a country-custom (or the love of liquor) rather than omit a four hours drinking.

"*Ar.* That's true enough; and it is an ancient practice among the female sex to covee together about that time, as naturally as geese flocked to the capitol. Now the very name of comer they mightily honour; but that of *go sip* they utterly abominate, as they hate the plague or some mortal contagion. So that whether to conclude it a vulgar error, and an abomination among the Scots to lick up an English proverb, it matters not; or whether to fancy a more laudable emphasis in the word comer, than there is in gossip, I leave you to judge of that, and those other abominable customs, that drink till they sigh to do penance for their sins. Will this expiate the crime, and extenuate the fact?"

Next night they pass at "Zanker," where—

"The next day we recruited with some country ale, but so thick and roapy it was, that you might eat it with spoons. Besides, some small quantity of mutton was brought us, enough to discover the cookery of the country: and the linen they supplied us with, were it not to boast of, was little or nothing different from those female complexions that never washed their faces to retain their christendom. But among the rest I had almost forgot to remind you that the souldiers and the people were jointly agreed to part without the loss of one tear in the morning.

"*Th.* I hope not to see, nor would I willingly dream of such bad commons, a hungry belly, and nothing to bite on; nay, worse than that, more sluts than cooks; and in every house foul women, foul linen, and foul pewter; yet in their rivulets such silver streams. What, not a bed, nor a thread, but linsey lousy, to keep a man dry! Who could project or contrive worse entertainment for the worst of his enemies?

At break of day Theophilus thus pathetically addresses his friend—

"O Arnoldus, I'm almost worried to death with lice, my skin is mottled and dapled like an April trout. Can you blame me to relinquish this lowsy lodging, when my battered sides are pincked full of Iletholes? One brigade pursues another, and flight I find the best expedient. Dangers foreseen are the sooner prevented, and I design to sleep in a whole skin as long as I can. Zanker, farewell, I am glad to see thee behind me, and no need of a chirurgion."

* * * * *

"*Ar.* Here is no character of Zanker all this while.

"*Th.* I am just coming to tell you, that Zanker is a town and a corporation too: though not bulky in buildings, yet there is a bailiff, master sometimes of a brew-house, whose entertainments, in my opinion, may easily be guest at, provided you reflect on our late accommodation.

"There is also a market-place, such an one as it is, and a kind of a thing they call a tolbooth, which at first sight might be suspected a prison, because it is so like one; whose decays by the law of antiquity are such, that every prisoner is threatened with death before his trial; and every casement because bound about with iron bars, discovers the entertainments destined only to felons. Now the market-place is less worthy of a description than the tolbooth; for no man would know it to be such, were he not told so.

There is also a kirk, or something like it, but I might as reverently call it a barn; because so little to distinguish betwixt them, and the whole town reads daily lectures of decays—so do her ports, her avenues, and entrances. Whereupon, I call her the child of antiquity, by reason of her ruins and irreparable decays. It is true, I was not murdered, nor was I kill'd outright, yet I narrowly escaped as eminent a danger, when almost worried to death with lice.

Our friends jog on to Kilmarnock, "an incorporation crowded with mechanics and brew-houses," and seemingly not the cleanliest place in the world a century and a half ago.—

"Step into her dirty streets, that are seldom clean but on a sun-shiny day; or at other times when great rains melt all the muck, and forcibly drive it down their cadaverous channels into the river Marr, whose streams are so sullied then, that the river loses its natural brightness, till the stains are washed out, so become invisible. All which to examine, is enough to convince you, that the influence of planets are their best scavenger; for the natives in this northern latitude, are naturally so addicted to idleness and nastiness, that should not the heavens contribute the blessings of rain, they would inevitably surfeit with their own uncleanliness."

"Another part of their manufacture is knitting of bonnets, and spinning of Scotish cloth; which turns to very good account. Then for their temper of metals, they are without compeer; Scotland has not better. And as they are artizans in dirks, so are they artists in fuddling, as if there were some rule in drinking. So that to me it represents as if art and ale were insepara-

ble companions. Moreover, their wives are sociable comers too; yet not to compare with those of *Dumblane*, who pawn their petticotes to pay their reckoning.

"*Th.* Here is a jolly crew of Alemen, but very few anglers, crowded together in the small compass of a little corporation, curiously compacted."

The spirits of Theophilus and Arnoldus rise as they approach Glasgow. Like all other judicious travellers of ancient or modern times, they are delighted with all they see and hear in that elegant city, and Arnoldus drops a hint, that he could almost find it in his heart to cast anchor there for the rest of his life. Our readers will have much pleasure in comparing the following description of the Queen of the West with that lately given by Dr Morris.—

"*Ar.* I am thinking to do so, and proceed to discourse this eminent *Glasgow*. Which is a city girded about with a strong stone wall, within whose flourishing arms the industrious inhabitant cultivates art to the utmost. There is also a cathedral (but it's very ancient) that stands in the east angle, supervising the bulk of the city, and her ornamental ports. Moreover, there are two parish churches; but no more to the best of my observation. Then there is a college, which they call an university, but I am at a stand what to call it, where one single college compleats a university.

Now, let us descend to describe the splendour and gaity of this city of *Glasgow*, which surpasseth most, if not all the corporations in Scotland. Here it is, you may observe four large fair streets, modell'd, as it were, into a spacious quadrant; in the centre whereof their market-place is fixed; near unto which stands a stately *Tolbooth*, a very sumptuous, regulated, uniform fabric, large and lofty, most industriously and artificially carved from the very foundation to the superstructure, to the great admiration of strangers and travellers. But this state-house, or *tolbooth*, is their western prodigy, infinitely excelling the model and usual built of town halls, and is, without exception, the paragon of beauty in the west, whose compeer is no where to be found in the north, should you rally the rarities of all the corporations in *Scotland*.

"Here the reader (it's possible) may think I hyperbolize; but let him not mistake himself, for I write no ambiguities: truth stands naked in plain simplicity, and partiality I abhor as a base imposture. He that reads my relation, and the morals of this famous *Glasgow*, will vindicate my description, and place the fault to him that invents the fable; for it's opposite to my genius, as also to my principles, either to deface a beautiful fabrick, or contract a guilt by magnifying it beyond its due merit. I have, and therefore shall, as near as I can, in an equal poize ballance things aright. Permit me, therefore, as a Licentiat, to read you but a short, yet pertinent lecture, and I'le tell you what entertainments we met with in *Glasgow*, as also what hopes we have to meet with the like in the circuit of our intended northern progress. But this I offer to the dubious only; if peradventure there be any such as scruple, I'le refer them to the natives to evidence for me, which I am satisfied they will with ten thousand manifesto's.

"In the next place, we are to consider the merchants and traders in this eminent *Glasgow*. Whose store-houses and warehouses are stuffed with merchandize: as their shops swell big with foreign commodities, and returns from *France* and other remote parts, where they have agents and factors to correspond, and inrich their maritime ports, whose charter exceeds all the charters in *Scotland*; which is a considerable advantage to the city-inhabitants; because blest with privileges as large, nay, larger than any other corporation. Moreover, they dwell in the face of *France*, and a free trade, as I formerly told you. Nor is this all, for the staple of their country consists of linens, friezes, furs, tartans, pelts, hides, tallow, skins, and various other small manufactures and commodities, not comprehended in this breviat. Besides, I should remind you, that they generally exceed in good *French* wines, as they naturally superabound with fish and fowl; some meat does well with their drink. And so give me leave to finish my discourse of this famous *Glasgow*, whose ports we relinquish to distinguish those entertainments of *Dumbarton*, always provided we scatter no corn.

"*Th.* What to think, or what to say of this eminent *Glasgow*, I know not; except to fancy a smell of my native country. The very prospect of this flourishing city, reminds me of the beautiful fabricks, and the florid fields in *England*, so that now I begin to expect a pleasant journey. Pray tell me, *Arnoldus*, how many such cities shall we meet with in our travels; where the streets and the channels are so cleanly swept, and the meat in every house so artificially drest? the linen I also observed was very neatly lap'd up; and, to their praise be it spoke, was Lavender proof; besides, the people were decently drest, and such an exact decorum in every society, represents it to my apprehension an emblem of *England*, though in some measure under a deeper die. However, I'le superscribe it the nonsuch of *Scotland*, where an *English* florist may pick up a posie; so that, should the residue of their cities in our northern progress seem as barren as uncultivated fields; and every field so replenished with thistles, that a flower could scarcely flourish amongst them, yet would I celebrate thy praise, O *Glasgow!* because of those pleasant and fragrant flowers that so sweetly refresh'd me, and to

admiration, sweetned our present entertainments."

Nothing can more strikingly shew the changes which time produces on men and manners than this fact, that previous to the year 1694 there seems to have been no punch in Glasgow. In the short period, therefore, of 125 years, has the art of punch-making arrived at perfection. Theophilus and Arnoldus give us no sketches of the good fellows they met with in Glasgow, which had now been invaluable. With what tender melancholy would we have now read of the trotting and gaggery of those days! There was no Tontine, to be sure, then; but in spite of that want, true wit must ever have shone and sparkled in this city. It no doubt had then, as now, did we but know his name, "its valiant punster, and its stately scribe." The foundation of the Geg College might not have been laid, but the spirit breathed that has since animated the bosoms of its most celebrated professors. What though the Dirty Shirt was not?—what though the "What ye please" "slept in concreated dust?"—what though the "Banditti" were yet shapeless embryos in the womb of time? Yet all those noble Institutions had, no doubt, their prototypes in hoar antiquity, though now nameless and forgotten for ever more. It is far otherwise now. Never shall the soft sound of "What ye please" die on the ear, "a faint unheeded sound"—the "Banditti" shall, through future ages, with pleasing dread, affright the world —never shall the hand of oblivion be suffered to wash the Dirty Shirt! no—never.

But we must return from this animated digression to our worthy friends from England, who are just setting off, upwards of a hundred years ago, for Dumbarton Castle, which they thus describe.—

"*Th.* What lofty domineering towers are those that storm the air, and stand a tiptoe (to my thinking) upon two stately elevated pondrous rocks, that shade the valley with their prodigious growth, even to amazement? because to display such adequate and exact proportion, with such equality in their montanous pyramids, as if nature had stretch'd them into parallel lines, with most accurate poize to amuze the most curious and critical observer; though with exquisite perspectives he double an observation, yet shall he never trace a disproportion in those uniform piermonts.

"*Ar.* These are those natural, and not artificial pyramids, that have stood, for ought I know, since the beginnings of time; nor are they sheltred under any disguise; for nature her self drest up this elaborate precipice, without art or engine, or any other manual, till arriving at this period of beauty and perfection; and because, having laws and limits of her own, destinated by the prerogative royal of Heaven, she heaped up these massy inaccessible pyramids, to invalidate art, and all its admirers, since so equally to shape a mountain, and to form it into so great and such exact proportions.

"*Th.* Then it's no fancy I perceive, when in the midst of those lofty and elevated towers, a palace presents it self unto us, immured with rocks, and a craggy front that with a haughty brow contemns the invader. And where below, at those notty descents, *Neptune* careers on brinish billows, arm'd with *Tritons* in corslets of green, that threatens to invade this impregnable rock, and shake the foundations, which, if he do, he procures an earthquake.

"*Ar.* This is the rock, and that which you see elevated in the air, and innoculated to it, is an artificial fabrick, invelop'd, as you now observe, in the very breast of this prodigious mountain, which briefly, yet well enough, your observation directs to, both as to the form, situation, and strength. Moreover, it's a garison, and kept by the *Albions*, where formerly our friend *Fælicius* dwell; who of late, upon preferment, is transplanted into *Ireland;* however *Aquilla* will bid us welcome; and, if I mistake not, he advances to meet us; look wishly forward, and you'l see him trace those delightful fields from the ports of *Dumbarton*."

We unwillingly pass over the description of Loch Lomond, and the surrounding country, and accompany our friends to Stirling.—

"*Ar.* So let us pass on with our travelling design (by the house of *Cardrus*) to the ports of *Sterling*, where stands a beautiful and imbellished castle, elevated on the precipice of an impregnable rock, that commands the vallies (as well as the town) and all those habitable parts about it; those are the turrets that present before us, let us enter her ports, both strong and spacious, whose incircling arms surround a city (but not a great one) that's built all with stone, so is her castle, and situated close by the river *Firth*, as above explain'd, upon lofty, craggy, and mountanous rocks, almost inaccessable. More southward yet the city spreads it self into many sweet situations, that invigorate the inhabitants, and accommodate the low-land merchant rather than the mariner with profitable returns from the hills, by the Highlander. The *Firth* runs here that washeth and melts the foundations of the city, but relieves the country with her plenty of salmon; where the burgo-masters (as in many other parts of *Scotland*) are

compell'd to reinforce an ancient statute, that commands all masters and others, not to force nor compel any servant, or an apprentice, to feed upon salmon more than thrice a week.

"*Th.* Is there such a law in force now?

"*Ar.* Yes sure, for ought I know it remains to this day: and the reason of it is, as I conceive, from the plenty of salmon in these northern parts, that should the inhabitants daily feed upon them, they would inevitably endanger their health, if not their lives, by surfeiting; for the abundance of salmon hereabouts in these parts is hardly to be credited. And the reader I fancy will be of my perswasion, when he comes to consider that the price of a salmon formerly exceeded the value of sixpence sterling, which I suppose no English man will grudg, nor think it unreasonable to give at any time; so that the danger, in my opinion, lies most in the diet: for as salmon is a fish very apt to surfeit, more especially fresh salmon, when only boiled; which if too frequently fed on, relaxes the belly, and makes the passages so slippery, that the retentive faculties become debilitated; so suffers the body to be hurried into a flux, and sometimes into a fever, as pernicious as death. Which is much better prevented by abstinency, than to stand the test of uncorrected physick.

From Stirling they proceed by a route which we have in vain endeavoured to follow to Forfar. For nearly 40 pages, angling is the sole order of the day, and the only truly valuable remark or reflection that we meet with is the following—but it indeed is beyond all price.

"Now that witches inhabit near this Lough of Pitloil, I am of opinion, provided there be any. But whether there be, or be not, such mortal demons, I suspend my judgment."

From Forfar they proceed by Brechin to Inverness, and we suspect that Theophilus and Arnoldus were occasionally fuddled—for the points of the compass seem to them points of no importance, and the rising and the setting of the sun trifles not worth attending to. Indeed we recollect no traveller through Scotland who displays such a magnanimous contempt of geography, but Peter Bell the Potter, of whom Mr Wordsworth says,

"At Doncaster, and York, and Leeds,
And merry Carlisle, had he been,
And all along the Lowlands fair,
All through the bonny shire of *Ayr*,
And far as *Aberdeen*.

And he had been at *Inverness*;
And Peter, by the mountain-rills
Had danced his round with Highland lasses,
And he had lain beside his asses
On lofty Cheviot Hills."

Here the reader will not fail to admire Peter's progress. From Carlisle he first of all walks through all the Lowlands of Scotland—he next visits Ayrshire, which, we presume, not having been met with in the Lowlands, is in the Highlands—from Ayr he walks, probably before breakfast, to Aberdeen, and from Aberdeen we suppose he found it a good day's journey to the nearest point of the Cheviot Hills. This we conceive to be, on the whole, a much more judicious route than that pursued either by Miss Spence or the Bagman.

Theophilus and Arnoldus are greatly puzzled with almost every thing they meet with in the north. Above all, the county of Ross is quite inexplicable.

"*Ar.* Where the inhabitants will flatter you with an absurd opinion (an old tradition received from their ancestors) that the earth in *Ross* hath an antipathy against rats as the Irish oak has against the spider: and this curiosity, if you please to examine, you may, for the natives do; but had they asserted there were no mice in *Ross*, every tongue had contradicted them. Now mice and rats are cousin-germain, every body knows that knows any thing, and for the most part keep house together: but what difference has hapned amongst them here, as to make such a feud in this country of *Ross*, that the rats in *Ross* should relinquish their country, and give possession wholly to the mice; this is a mystery that I understand not.

"Besides this fond opinion of the natives hereabouts, some others more remote (as ignorant as themselves) transport the earth of *Ross* into most parts of *Scotland*: perswading themselves, that if they do but sprinkle it in the fields, fens, moors, mountains, morish or boggy grounds, (all is one as to that) for it alters not the property, nor does it diminish the quality, nor impair the virtue, but that still it retains a certain antipathy against that enormous vermin the rat, nay, the very scent on't shall force him to become an exile. This odd kind of creed they had when I was resident amongst them; yet to the best of my observation, I never saw a rat; nor do I remember of any one that was with me ever did: but for mice, I declare, so great is their plenty, that were they a commodity *Scotland* might boast on't. And that they have owls with horns, some favour the report, yet are they not horns, but as like horns as any thing that are not horns; nor is it any other than a sort of feathers, that's clung'd and twisted so naturally together, that represents the

idiom or form of a horn, if when to observe them at a reasonable distance, which seemingly beautifies the ivy-bush, as horns adorn the head of a buffalo.

They also visit Caithness, "in an angle of which lives John-o'-Groat, upon an isthmus of land that faceth the pleasant isles of Orkney." In the country of Stranavar "a rude sort of inhabitants dwell, (almost as barbarous as cannibals), who, when they kill a beast, boil him in his hide, make a caldron of his skin, browis of his bowels, drink of his blood, and bread and meat of his carcase. Since few or any of them hitherto have as yet understood any better rules or methods of eating." This kind of fare does not suit their English stomachs, so they bend their course southwards to Edinburgh by Cromarty,

"*Ar.* Let us then proceed methodically, and commence with the castle of *Cromerty*, where the laird *Urquart* lived in his lifetime; who had twice twenty children standing at once before him; but thirty were sons, and ten of them daughters; and all at the state of men and women, yet not one natural child amongst them (as I was told). Now this venerable laird of *Urquart* lived to the utmost limit and period of life; whose declining age invites him to contemplate mortality, and cruciate himself, by fancying his cradle his sepulchre, wherein he was lodg'd night after night, and hal'd up by pullies to the roof of his house; approaching as near as the roof would let him, to the beautiful battlements and suburbs of heaven.

"*Th.* Was not this that *Urquart* whose eldest son writ a treatise in honour of his pedigree; wherein he describes his genealogy from *Adam*?

"*Ar.* It is the very same, for he traced his descent from the garden of *Eden*.

"*Th.* Why then was his book doom'd to be stuff'd with nothing but fantastical fabulous fictions?

"*Ar.* Because his country-men thought it too ambiguous for any man to trace his pedigree from paradise.

"*Th.* Was that all? had they no antiquaries amongst them?

The next town is said to be Forres, "famous for nothing except that infamous vermin the rat, because so numerous in those northern parts, that a cat can scarcely get a living among them."

Of Elgin it is said—

"*Th. Elgin* was once a beauty, nor is it now an artificial deformity; yet such is the unconstancy of men and times, that this fabrick is defaced, and prelacy thrown down: methinks I could almost lament her ruins; these marginal notes on the frontispiece of *Elgin* intitle her cathedral a northern beauty.

They sup at Straboggy—

"*Th.* How vainly do we flatter our selves that in these solitary fields, immur'd with mountains and beseig'd with bogs, where heath and haddir are the height of our horses, there to expect moor-fowl and manchet inseparable companions? No no, let a dish of sewins serve us for supper, rather than dream of a delicious *regalia*; and instead of an *olio*, a broil'd haddock; or it may be a Scotch collop if we can get it. But I'le welcome any thing that comes seasonably to thaw the icicles that flatten the edg of my appetite; so that now if only to find the people courteous, tho not over-curious, and their pantries provided with meat, tho themselves be destitute of manners, it matters not. We are capable enough to distinguish academies from ale-houses, and change-houses from a royal-exchange. What matters it then for cooks, where every man may dress his own commons? and let the provision of this day's exercise (if trout and plover be food fit for travellers) be my care, and I'le supervise the roast, whilst you rest your self, and send you summons upon the first savory scent.

Having had, it would appear, little better than "custocks at Straboggy," they press forward to try the "*cauld* kail of Aberdeen."—

"*Th.* Is this that *Aberdeen* so generally discours'd by the Scots for civility?

"*Ar.* Yes, and humanity too, for it is the *paragon* of Scotland.

"*Th.* Why do you not call it by the name of a city?

Ar. It matters not much for that, since the general vogue of a town serves as well: however, it's a corporation, and that's enough; and I'm convinc'd it stands in a cultivated country, that never knew the force of sterrility; whose banks are bathed with the glittering streams of *Dee*, and her walls shaded with fertile corn fields, promulgates plenty; for Heaven, by the law of generosity, certainly has bless'd her: for here the sun so moderates the cold in winter, that it seldom or rarely freezes her sands; whose increase is multiplied from the generous breasts of the ocean. And from whence both mariner and merchant accumulate treasure, because to drag it forth from the solid deeps of the sea; when at other times they import their goods into the *Highlands*, as they export commodities into remote countries.

"*Th.* But the harbour, I fancy, that's somewhat too strait; and the entrance, as I conceive, much too narrow; however it's examined secure enough.

"*Ar.* Peradventure it is; yet these rocks at the entrance terrify the pilot, as her harbour, when entred, exhilarates the

passenger. Now the buildings of this city are framed with stone and timber; facing the sun, and fronting this pleasant harbour: the streets also are large and spacious, and the walls strengthned with towers and buttresses of stone, so that nothing, in my opinion, remains defective to compleat them happy; for if not to waste by an overplus, they can never pine away by a want.

" *Th.* I fancy this place situate in a pleasant part of a country; and so was that relique of antiquity we but newly past by, when approaching the suburbs of this flourishing city.

" *Ar.* You do well to remind me, for I had almost forgot it; that was old *Aberdeen*: things that grow ancient, grow out of fashion; however it is the mother city of new *Aberdeen*, and a university to boot, wherein stands an old weather-beaten cathedral, that looks like the times, somewhat irregular: but of that I have little to say, since others before me thought requisite to erect such public places for private devotion, when this present generation conform themselves, by contracting their congregations to lesser now.

" *Th.* Is this old *Aberdeen* an old university? Why then a sophister may pick up as much ethicks and politicks as will serve him to stuff out a pair of lawn sleeves. Cathedrals in some countries influence the inhabitants, as planets you know have government over the vital parts.

" *Ar.* You must have a slash at the gown I perceive; but what think you of the church in new *Aberdeen*, (that's no cathedral) where the magistrates sit under the soveraignty of the mace, and every merchant in his peculiar pew; where every society of mechanicks have their particular seats, distinguished by escutcheons, sutable to their profession; so that confusion seldom or rarely happens amongst them, in quarrelling for places; where strangers are unsuspected for informers and intruders, and the civility of the people such, that no man is left destitute of a seat to sit on, but every one entertained answerable to his quality?

" *Th.* This is something like; for it far exceeds the custom of *England*, where a man may stand in some churches till his feet are surbeat, yet nobody proffer him a remove, or a stool to sit on.

" *Ar.* But this is not all neither; for here you shall have such method in their musick, and such order and decorum of song devotion in the church, as you will admire to hear, though not regulated by a cantor or quirister, but only by an insipid parochial clerk that never attempts further in the mathematicks of musick, than to compleat the parishioners to sing a psalm in tune."

But we find that our extracts are running to too great a length, and therefore we take a hop-step-and-jump from Aberdeen to Burntisland, by the way of Dundee, St Andrews, and Kirkcaldy.—

" *Th.* Is this the vessel design'd for our passage? I fancy the waves begin to work, for my belly I'm sure begins to wamble. See how the wrack of clouds thicken the air, and the unlimited winds rend the sky. Who can judg the result of these surly beginnings, or hope a good issue in the conclusion? The very body of the sea divides, and opens like a sepulchre to swallow up the rocks, in whose concealments lie the terrors of death. The deeps to my fancy are broke up; for my nauseating stomach ebbs and flows with as strong irritations as the ebulitions of the ocean.

" *Ar.* Those tides, I confess, must run violently swift, that are hurried along by such furious agitations; but for two tides to meet in one sea together, one would think them enough to make an inundation. Yet how soon these lofty winds are suppress by a calm, and every mortal preserv'd to a miracle. So that the results of this impetuous storm, proves only a fresh and flourishing gale, occasioned by the conflict of winds and water; which forceth the sea in some measure to be sick, and compels her to vomit, as now she does those nauseous ejectments, which for ought I know constrains your stomach to lower and strike sail; so keep time it may be with the trepidating ocean; whose irritations, quickened by the universal motion, measure proportion with the rest of the creation. So that this kind of physick, if I calculate right, may protract your tampering with physicians in the fall."

We conclude with the description of Leith and Edinburgh.—

Th. Only give us a description of the situations of *Leith*.

Ar. Leith stands, as you see, situated on a level surrounded by sea on the north-east; and guarded on the south with Neals Craigs, and *Arthur's* Seat, that hangs over *Edinburgh*. But the fabricks of *Leith* are built with stone, hovering over the pier, and fronting the ocean, almost drown'd under water; and that which is worse, if worse can be, those nauseating scents suckt greedily from the sea, bring arguments of disease, and sometimes summons for death. On the other hand, *Scotland* cannot present you with a more pleasant port; for here the houses and structures are large and lofty, and the pier like a gnomen directs to the tolbooth. Here also stands a substantial cawsey that leads to the bridg, that brings you to a citadel that was, but now is not, because hudled in dust, and ruinous heaps; yet not ruin'd by age, nor torn with the scars and impressions of war; but policy, and not piety, laid her surface in the sand.

Th. What merchandise does she trade in?

Ar. For the most part she trades in

foreign commodities; except some manufactures of their own, as ticking, bedding, tartan, pladding, Scots cloth, &c. So that *Leith* for trade, with her merchandise for treasure, excels most, if not all the maritime ports in *Scotland*.

Th. Pray what other accommodation hath she?

Ar. She has fish and flesh in abundance, *viz.* oysters, cockles, muscles, crabs, crawfish, lobsters, soles, plaice, turbet, thornback, cod, keeling, haddock, mackrel, herring, &c. Then there's salmon, trout, pike, perch, eel, &c. but their flesh are beeves, veals, porks, veneson, kid, mutton, lamb, &c. And their fowl are eagles, signets, hawks, geese, gossander, duck and mallard, teal, widgeon, cock, pidgeon, heath-game, moorfowl, curlue, partridg, pheasant, plover grey and green, and many more that I cannot remember. So great is their plenty and variety, that did not the popularity in *Edinburgh* render things more chargeable than other parts more remote up the country, a man might live almost without expense. And now we relinquish the flourishing ports of *Leith*, whose foundations are daily saluted by the ocean. O how sweetly the weather smiles, the horizon looks clear, the sky is serene, and the birds you may see them beat the ambient air with their tunable notes. Come, Theophilus, let us mount our horses, and lift up your eyes to behold those lofty imbellishments of *Edinburgh*.

Th. They are obvious enough, half an eye may see them.

Ar. Welcome to these elevated ports, the princely court of famous *Edinburgh*. This city stands upon a mighty scopulous mountain, whose foundations are cemented with mortar and stone; where the bulk of her lofty buildings represent it a rock at a reasonable distance, fronting the approaching sun; whose elevations are seven or eight stories high, mounted aloft in the ambient air. But the length, as I take it, exceeds not one mile, and the breadth on't measures little more than half a mile; nor is there more than one fair street, to my best remembrance. But then it is large and long, and very spacious, whose ports are splendid, so are her well-built houses and Palaces, corresponding very much to compleat it their metropolis.

Th. What Fabrick is that on the east of *Edinburgh?*

Ar. Hallirood-House, the Regal court of *Scotland*.

Th. But there is yet another great fabrick, that presents westward.

Ar. That's *Edinburgh* Castle, elevated in the air, on an impregnable precipice of rocky earth, perpendicular in some parts, rampir'd and barrocadoed with thick walls of stone, and graffs proportionable, to contribute an additional strength. So that you are to consider this inaccessible castle shines from a natural as well as an artificial product; because part of it you see contiguous with the rock; but the other part, because affixed by cemented stone, which inoculates and incorporates them so firmly together, that the whole mass of building is of such incredible strength, that it's almost fabulous for any man to report it, or sum up the impregnable lustre and beauty of this fair fortress, that defies all attempts except famine, disease, or treachery in conduct; so that culverines and cannon signify but little, without bombs and carcasses. On the other hand the defendants must not be too liberal, lest their water forsake them sooner than their ammunition; so inevitably draw upon them the foregoing consequence, and incommode them with a thousand inconveniences. True it is, many arguments of art and artillery have been sent to examine this impregnable castle, but none were ever found more successful than hunger and disease, or the golden apples of the *Hesperides*. Such kind of magnets muzzle mercenaries, and make them a golden bridg to pass over.

" *Th.* Is this fair fabrick the Parliament-House, where the grandees sit on national affairs?

Ar. Yes, this is their palace where the Parliament sits to accommodate the kingdom; whose famous ports we now relinquish to take a review of the bars of *Musselburg*."

We are no anglers, which we regret extremely, so that we have not ventured on the sporting part of this tour. But we shall send Captain Franck's book to our correspondent, Duncan M'Farlane at Aberfoyle, who will probably return his remarks on it for our next Number. We therefore say to our readers, in the words of Theophilus, " farewell, for it's almost sunset."

MAZEPPA.*

If Lord Byron be capable of receiving any pleasure from the interest his contemporaries and countrymen take in him and his muse, the eagerness of the reception which this little tale has met with must afford abundantly such gratification. In truth the public admiration for this remarkable man has been carried to such an extreme, that to suspect the possibility of a failure in any thing he attempts, is a thing altogether out of the question. Of our other great authors even the greatest are not exempted from the workings of the common-place critical mania so entirely as Lord Byron is. We doubt very much whether there ever was any popularity so extensive as his, and at the same time founded on such deep principles, in the whole history of English poets.

Mazeppa is a very fine and spirited sketch of a very noble story, and is every way worthy of its author. The story is a well known one—namely, that of the young Pole who being bound naked on the back of a wild horse on account of an intrigue with the lady of a certain great Noble of his country, was carried by his steed into the heart of the Ukraine, and being there picked up by some Cossacks in a state apparently of utter hopelessness and exhaustion, recovered—and lived to be long after the prince and leader of the nation among whom he had arrived in this extraordinary method.

Lord Byron has represented the strange and wild incidents of this adventure, as being related in a half serious half sportive way by Mazeppa himself, to no less a person than Charles XII. of Sweden, in some of whose last campaigns the Cossack Hetman took a distinguished part. He tells it during the desolate bivouack of Charles and the few friends who fled with him towards Turkey after the bloody overthrow of Pultowa. There is not a little of beauty and gracefulness in this way of setting the picture—the age of Mazeppa—the calm practised indifference with which he now submits to the worst of fortune's deeds—the heroic unthinking coldness of the royal madman to whom he speaks—the dreary and perilous accompaniments of the scene around the speaker and the audience—all contribute to throw a very striking charm both of preparation and of contrast over the wild story of the Hetman. Nothing can be more beautiful in like manner than the account of the love—the guilty love—the fruits of which had been so miraculous. The Polish lady is indeed a glorious creature.

" She had the Asiatic eye,
Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
Hath mingled with our Polish blood,
Dark as above as is the sky;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moon-rise at midnight,
Large, dark, and swimming is the stream,
Which seemed to melt to its own beam."

Mazeppa and she fell in love with each other at a ball, and mutual confessions escape them at a card-party. He visits her by night at her Lord's castle, and, says he,—

——" The hour
In which I sought that lady's bower,
Was fiery Expectation's dower——"

But some of the menials surprise and betray them, and the stern insulted husband orders Mazeppa to be immediately bound to the horse—of the lady's fate we hear nothing.

" ' Bring forth the horse!'—the horse was brought;
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!—
Torrents less rapid and less rash.
Away!—away!—My breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:

* Mazeppa a poem by Lord Byron. Printed for John Murray. Octavo, 5s. 6d.

It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain,
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance proof.
They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank:
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

As the Hetman proceeds, it strikes us there is a much closer resemblance to the fiery flow of Walter Scott's chivalrous narrative, than in any of Lord Byron's former pieces. Nothing can be grander than the sweep and torrent of the horse's speed, and the slow unwearied inflexible pursuit of the wolves winding close behind him.

Away, Away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hounds deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the gaol already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain-roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he past—
Untir'd, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favour'd child
Balk'd of its wish or fiercer still;—
A woman piqued—who has her will.

* * * * *

The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground;
But err'd for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbb'd a while, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died.
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
I felt the blackness come and go,
And strove to wake; but could not make
My senses climb up from below:
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whelm,
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as
The fancied lights that flitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain;
But soon it pass'd with little pain,
But a confusion worse than such:
I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again;
And yet I do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
No matter; I have bared my brow
Full in Death's face—before—and now.

The next is a wonderful picture of the dream-like awaking from this swoon of utter weariness, brought about by the effect of the waves of a river into which Mazeppa plunged.

My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,
And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse
Life reassumed its lingering hold,
And throb by throb; till grown a pang
Which for a moment would convulse,
My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill;
My ear with uncouth noises rang,
My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight return'd, though dim; alas!
And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam too of the sky,
Studded with stars; it is no dream;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
The bright broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are half way, struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,

For all behind was dark and drear,
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.
With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top: a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,
Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right.
But nought distinctly seen
In the dim waste, would indicate
The omen of a cottage gate;
No twinkling taper from afar;
Stood like an hospitable star;
Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes:
That very cheat had cheer'd me then!
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill,
Of the abodes of men."

Then comes one of the dreary and limitless steppes of the Ukraine.

"Onward we went—but slack and slow;
His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
All feebly foaming went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour;
But useless all to me.
His new-born tameness nought avail'd,
My limbs were bound; my force had fail'd,
Perchance, had they been free.
With feeble effort still I tried
To rend the bonds so starkly tied—
But still it was in vain;
My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
Which but prolong'd their pain:
Up rose the sun; the mists were curl'd
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around—behind—before:
What booted it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travel—none of toil;
The very air was mute;
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still staggered on;
And still we were—or seemed—alone:
At length, while reeling on our way
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying main,
Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod.
A thousand horse, the wild the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answer'd, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immoveable,
His first and last career is done!
On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside.
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye,—
They left me there, to my despair,
Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me—and there we lay,
The dying on the dead!
I little deem'd another day
Would see my houseless, helpless head."

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

The next incident—that of the ravens—surpasses, we think, even those of the wolves and the horses.

"And there from morn till twilight bound,
I felt the heavy hours toil round,
With just enough of life to see
My last of suns go down on me,
In hopeless certainty of mind,
That makes us feel at length resign'd
To that which our foreboding years
Presents the worst and last of fears
Inevitable—even a boon,
Nor more unkind for coming soon;
Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,
As if it only were a snare
That prudence might escape:
At times both wish'd for and implored,
At times sought with self-pointed sword,
Yet still a dark and hideous close

To even intolerable woes,
And welcome in no shape.
And strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
They who have revell'd beyond measure
In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
Die calm, or calmer, oft than he
Whose heritage was misery:
For he who hath in turn run through
All that was beautiful and new,
Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave;
And, save the future, (which is view'd
Not quite as men are base or good,
But as their nerves may be endued,)
With nought perhaps to grieve:—
The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
Appears to his distemper'd eyes,
Arrived to rob him of his prize,
The tree of his new Paradise.
To-morrow would have given him all,
Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall;
To-morrow would have been the first
Of days no more deplored or curst,
But bright, and long, and beckoning years,
Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
Guerdon of many a painful hour;
To-morrow would have given him power
To rule, to shine, to smite, to save—
And must it dawn upon his grave!

"The sun was sinking—still I lay
Chained to the chill and stiffening steed,
I thought to mingle there our clay;
And my dim eyes of death had need,
No hope arose of being freed:
I cast my last looks up the sky,
And there between me and the sun
I saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait till both should die,
Ere his repast begun;
He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,
And each time nearer than before;
I saw his wing through twilight flit,
And once so near me he alit
I could have smote, but lack'd the strength;
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
Together scared him off at length.—
I know no more—my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star
Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
And went and came with wandering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death,
And then again a little breath,
A little thrill, a short suspense,
An icy sickness curdling o'er
My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain—
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more."

Mazeppa awakes in a Cossack cottage, where his slumbers of outworn nature are watched by such a figure as Allan would love to paint.

A slender girl—long haired and tall
Sat watching by the cottage wall,
The sparkle of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of thought.
For ever and anon she threw
A prying pitying glance at me,
I gazed, I gazed until I knew
No vision it would be—
But that I lived and was released
From adding to the vulture's feast.
And when the Cossack maid beheld
My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
She smiled—and I essay'd to speak,
But fail'd—and she approach'd, and made
With lip and finger signs that said,
I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free;
And then her hand on mine she laid,
And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
And stole along on tiptoe tread,
And gently oped the door, and spake
In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!
Even music follow'd her light feet;—
But those she call'd were not awake,
And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,
Another look on me she cast,
Another sign she made, to say,
That I had nought to fear, that all
Were near, at my command or call,
And she would not delay
Her due return:—while she was gone,
Methought I felt too much alone."

The whole of this charming story is worthy of Lord Byron. We wish we could say as much of an ode and a prose fragment which he had added to make up his pamphlet. The former is a foolish piece of heartless disloyal raving—truly pitiable in the son of the old Byrons—the other is a little drivelling story, not much better to our mind than *the Vampyre*—that audacious and unprincipled forgery of Dr Polidori. It is all very well for any Italian teacher or doctor to write an imitation of any author he pleases—but to publish such an imitation, with the author's name, is a vile pilfering of the pockets of the public, and alike shameful to the hack who executes, and the publisher who countenances the imposition. We are sorry to see so respectable a publisher as Mr Colburn permitting any such doings to go on under his auspices. We are sure he will never do so again.

Letter from Mr Odoherty, enclosing Three Articles.

Sauchie-haugh-road, Wednesday evening.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you for it; but I must say I think it very absurd of you at this time of day to allow yourself to be troubled with any such misgivings as those you describe. *My articles not be furthcoming!* My dear fellow, when did you ever find me disappoint you? Am I not the most regular of all your contributors? Would it not be telling my good friend De Q.— he were only half so punctual? What, finally, can be your reason for entertaining so high an idea of the fascinations of Glasgow punch and Glasgow society as to imagine that these might be able to shake Odoherty from his allegiance of love to the cause of your Divan—the cause to whose prosperity I have poured so many devout libations in every liquor from the champagne Moussu of M'Culloch to the draught porter of Ambrose? Really, my good man of the veil! your suspicions are injurious in the extreme. Remember, I pray you, that Signifer Dohertiades is your champion; one, as Maro expresses it—

"Quo non constantior alter
Seu pugnam inire gladio, pugnamve sagittis
Ducere in Eternum."

Am not I he that has already helped you at your need, with many a shaft,

"Timely to you, untimely to your foes?"

The truth is, that all the ladies in Glasgow are in love with me—not vanity this, on my honour. I cannot walk along the Trongate, without being followed by several knots of them. I assure you, one hears as well as sees them in their progress. *Entre nous*, I flatter myself that what Morris predicted of Potts, has already been realized in me: for I walk the coffee-room without a rival. Every dandy of the place is glad to shelter his legs beneath a green table when I make my *entree*. At their evening parties I reign equally unrivalled. My only difficulty is in finding any that will be bold enough to join the quadrille when the set is graced by Odoherty. You cannot conceive what a figure I cut. Even the "Dandy Divine," when the Adjutant is present, "hides his diminished head." Such are the triumphs which attend a truly knowing character, when he deigns to make his appearance among the spooneys of Glasgow.

But as these good people are always busy in their counting-houses till four o'clock, at which time the promenade of the Trongate and coffee-room begins, I find several hours every morning which I can still devote to my own private engagements and purposes. Of these the first and most sacred is unquestionably my promise to you—and *ecce signum!* here are three little articles which I enclose under cover to Old Ebony. I am sorry to hear "the Man of Letters" is off, for had he been present, I would have made bold to take a frank from him.

These articles are, 1*st*. "Billy Routing," an imitation of Wordsworth, which I send in consequence of the delight my Third Part of Christabel seems to have given. By the way, I beg you to present my most respectful compliments to your friend Mr Coleridge, and thank him in my name most warmly for the kind and good-tempered way in which he has been pleased to speak of my humble efforts. It is in little things like these that one has an opportunity of contrasting the secure and easy confidence of a true genius and a true poet, with the small, jealous, splenetic nervousness of your fifth-rates; but I give no names.

2*do*. "Gilpin and Mazeppa;" a mere *jeu-d'esprit*, which I hope will amuse you over your strawberries and cream, which I think you are judicious in having adopted as the regular supper at Ambrose's, now the oysters are over.

3*tio*. "Boxiana; No I." I hope to make this one of my very best series.

I am yours,

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

P. S. Give my compliments to Mr Murray. I see he has taken my hint about Don Juan. Well, I give him a month's law; and if he allows that to elapse, you shall certainly see MY DON JUAN in the course of a week after.

Billy Routing,

A Lyrical Ballad.

לכמה אקר קיל אמר קרא ראמר א הבשפ הציר
וכל הסדז כציא השדה:

FIT subject for heroic story,
I sing a youth of noble fame;
Town and country, ten miles round,
Awaken at the glowing sound
Of gallant Billy Routing's name!

Who wanders 'mid the summer landscape,
To scare the crows for ever shouting!
Who makes that sweet harmonious noise,
Surpassing far the raven's voice,
By heavens 'tis he, 'tis Billy Routing!!

Billy Routing walketh lamely,
Lamely—lamely walketh he;
Billy Routing cannot work;
You'd swear his leg is made of cork,
(I never saw him bend his knee.)

The doctors say he's paralytic,
Fair certificate he showeth;
Billy limpeth thro' the town,
Hawking ballads up and down;
Up and down, where'er he goeth.

Billy Routing hath a staff,
Measuring inches forty-three;
Its head is smooth; with leathern string,
I've seen it from his button swing—
(Some say it grew upon a tree!!!

Billy Routing is a sportsman;
In summer I have seen him trouting;
A poet also is the youth;
A player too, for I, in truth,
In country barns have heard him spouting.

Billy hath a goodly great-coat,
I'll take my oath it once was green,
Tho' now it shines of many a hue;
A lovelier coat, I'm certain you
On human back have never seen.

Now to my tale—It chanced that Billy
Was seven months from his home away;
And no one of him heard or saw,
Till, on the top of blue Skiddaw,
He landed on a summer day.

It chanced on that eventful morning,
While walking forth upon the plain,
I saw him with my telescope,
I saw him on the mountain top,
Holding a donkey by the mane!!

Oh! where have ye been, Billy Routing?
We dreaded much that thou wast lost;
Long did we drag each pond and river;
Fearing that thou wert gone for ever.
And stuck handbills on every post.

And hast thou been in Fairyland?
This many a month, this many a day
And hast thou seen the Danish boy?
The ideot lad, or Betty Foy?
Old goody Blake, or Lucy Gray?

Or hast thou been in Nor-ro-way,
Among the mountains gathering leeches?
That is a lovely beast of thine;
I'm sure its skin would make a fine
Soft easy pair of leathern breeches.

Now Billy tell me all your tidings;
Now Billy haste and tell me true;
What was his answer can you tell;—
With the bold front of Peter Bell,
He crowed aloud,—"Tu-whit, too-whoo!!!"

Note.—Further to illustrate this interesting subject, I have only to observe, that Mr Routing was a person of an "aspetto nobile;" in his youth he suffered a severe attack of the "eruptio popularis," commonly hight small pox; which, it must be confessed, had somewhat impaired the "contórno del suo viso." From being so much in the sun, his countenance had acquired a tawny—I had almost said—a נפרית colour. The most objectionable feature of his inward man, was the "auri sacra fames," which sometimes "αγαγι αυτον" to make free with "les oiseaux domestiques," about farm yards. I remember on speaking to him on this subject, in a friendly manner, he defended himself with this quotation from Plato de Republica, lib. 2. cap. 4. "εαν ἐχωμεν χρημαθ, ἐξομεν φιλους." I have always chimed in with that opinion, that the sayings of great men however trivial, are worthy of eternal commemoration. Vide Boswell's Life of Johnson, Hayley's Cowper, &c.

Rydal Mount. W. W.

John Gilpin and Mazeppa.

HAD the poem of John Gilpin appeared immediately after that of Mazeppa, we should have believed, in this age of parody, that Cowper wished to have his joke upon Lord Byron. As it is, we cannot help suspecting that his Lordship has been aiming a sly hit at the bard of Olney; and though his satire is occasionally rather stiff and formal, it cannot be denied that, on the whole, the Hetman of the Cossacks is a very amusing double of the train-band captain of the Cockneys.

"John Gilpin" has always appeared to us a very fine chivalrous poem. Unquestionably, the author sometimes indulges in a strain of humour which, to fastidious minds, lessens the sublimity of the principal character, and

of his destinies; yet, we believe, that by more philosophical readers, this mixture of the ludicrous with the terrible, is felt to present a more true and affecting picture of human life.

In childhood and early youth we are, after all, the best judges of representation of human passion. We see objects, incidents, and events, as they really are; we estimate their effect on the agents engaged with them, free from all bias; and mere words, mere poetry, however much they may delight us, are, during that wise and blessed age, unable to pervert our judgment, or mislead the natural affections of our heart.

Accordingly, "John Gilpin" is that poem which has drawn from youth more tears and smiles than, perhaps, any other in the whole range of English poetry. It is treasured up in every amiable and sensitive heart, and that man is little to be envied whose conjugal affection would not kindle at the inn of Edmonston, or whose filial piety would not grow warmer at the Callender's house at Ware.

It is not our intention to give an elaborate analysis of "John Gilpin," or a philosophical exposition of the principles on which that great poem is constructed. This would necessarily lead us into a discussion of the principles of all poetry, which we prefer giving some months hence, in a separate treatise. Mr Wordsworth has, to be sure, done this already, in his preface to the "Lyrical Ballads;" but, unless we are greatly mistaken, (ni fallor) he has not exhausted the subject—and we do not fear that among the numerous quartos yet to be written thereupon, ours can fail of attracting some portion of that public regard, which we gratefully acknowledge to have hithertoo been so lavishly bestowed on our lucubrations.

It seems to have been Lord Byron's intention to shew what John Gilpin's feelings would, in all probability, have been, had he been placed in circumstances different from those in which he found himself on the anniversary of his marriage with Mrs Gilpin; and surely the least imaginative reader will be of opinion that the noble lord has attained this difficult object in Mazeppa. After the perusal of the two works, we all feel that if John Gilpin's stars had permitted it, he was just the man to have become the monarch of the Ukraine; and *vice versa*, that Mazeppa, but for the accident of his birth, &c. might have established a highly respectable firm in Cheapside.

Cowper has not given us any account of the antenuptial loves of John Gilpin, but introduced him at once to our acquaintance, as a married man, with a considerable family, and in a thriving trade. Mazeppa, on the other hand, had involved himself, early in life and the poem, in a very improper intrigue. But human nature is the same in all countries; and no good objection could have been brought against either bard, though John Gilpin had been described as gallanting a citizen's wife on a water-party to Richmond, and Mazeppa comfortably settled with a wife and family in some mercantile town on the frontiers of Poland. As Mr Wordsworth remarks, "similitude dissimilitude," is one of the chief sources of the sublime in poetry.

That principle being once admitted, Mazeppa will probably seem to every one sufficiently like John Gilpin, in character and situation in life. Let us next look at the two gentlemen after they are fairly mounted. There is no occasion to quote the whole description of John, for it is probably familiar to our readers. Suffice it to remind them that

"John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Fast seized the flowing mane."

And that afterwards,

"Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw."

Lord Byron is more minute in his description; and from it we suspect that, on the whole, Mazeppa was better mounted than John Gilpin.

"Bring forth the horse—the horse was brought—
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed."

John Gilpin's horse was, we have reason to know, an Irishman—his friend the Callender having imported him from the county of Tipperary.* On the other hand, though better mounted, Mazeppa was worse dressed, for he was

"In nature's nakedness."

* He was bred by —— Blennerhasset, Esq.—See Sporting Magazine for that year.

This being the case, he was probably in the long run no better off than John Gilpin, of whom it is written that

" The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat."

Hitherto the similarity between the Hetman and the Linen-draper has been sufficiently apparent; but it is much more striking after they have fairly started.

" So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain,
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb or rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got,
Did wonder more and more."

Nothing can be finer and more headlong than this, except what follows:—

" ' Away, away! my breath had gone,
I saw not where he hurried on!
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foamed, away, away!' "

In one very remarkable particular, John Gilpin is distinguished from Mazeppa.

" So stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might."

On the contrary, Mazeppa says,

" With sudden wrath I wrenched my hand,
And snapped the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein."

It would appear, therefore, that on first starting, Mazeppa (it will, no doubt, be said *involuntarily*) had his arms round his horse's neck, but afterwards held them more like a gentleman who had taken lessons in riding, whereas John Gilpin, first of all, probably attempted to elevate his bridle-hand, but afterwards conceived it more salutary to embrace the neck of his Bucephalus. This, however, is a circumstance scarcely worth mentioning. Lord Byron then goes on to say,

" Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind!"

And Cowper in like manner writes,

" Away went Gilpin neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig,"

Which last line does, we confess, convey to our mind a more lively idea of the rapidity of motion, than any single image in Mazeppa.

It is impossible, however, to admire sufficiently the skill with which Lord Byron has contrasted the general features of Mazeppa's ride with those of John Gilpin's. John's steed gallops along the king's highway, and Mazeppa's through the desert. Yet, if danger or terror be one source of the sublime, we humbly hold that there is a sublimity in the situation of the London cit, far beyond that of the Polish gentleman. For, in the first place, Mazeppa being securely bound to his horse, need entertain no apprehensions of a severe fall, whereas John's adhesion to his nag seems to the reader almost in the light of a continued miracle, little accustomed as he must have been to that sort of exercise. Secondly, would not any person whatever prefer galloping along turf, sand, or dust, to a causeway leading from the metropolis of a great empire? Nothing surprises us so much in the poem of John Gilpin, as that the Callender's horse does not come down, which would almost force us to suspect that John was a better horseman than the world in general give him credit for. Indeed, though not much of a metaphysician ourselves, having read little on that subject, save some of the works of the celebrated Macvey Napier, Esq., we think that we may venture to assert, that a considerable portion of the delight with which we peruse, or rather pursue John Gilpin, arises from our admiration of his skill in horsemanship. This admiration of the rider is also blended with affection for the man.

" We love him for the dangers he is passing,
And he loves us because we pity them."

And this leads us, in the third place, to remark that those dangers are of the most formidable kind. We may safely assert that before he reached Edmonton, he had brushed by at least 200 carriages, coming and going, of all sorts, from the broad-wheeled waggon to the shandrydan. Yet it does not appear that he drove any of them into pieces, or in any one instance transfixed his friend's galloway on the pole of a carriage coming up to town. He seems to us to be a man under the protection of Providence. And then, what majestic calmness and composure are his! Why, Mr Editor,

not two men in eight millions, that is to say, no other man but John Gilpin, in the whole then population of England, would have exhibited such heroism.—Mazeppa, too, no doubt, had his difficulties to contend with—but they were not of so formidable a description. His feelings must have been very uncomfortable as he " neared the wild wood," " studded with old sturdy trees," and he probably laid his account with many a bang on the shins ;—but Lord Byron ought not to have told us that the trees " were few and far between ;" for, in that case, the forest must have been very pretty riding.

" He rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind."

It would almost seem from these lines as if Mazeppa were under such alarm, as to imagine the shrubs and trees to be chasing him, as well as the wolves. This is a touch of poetry beyond any thing to be found in John Gilpin. His dangers were of another sort.

" The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all"—

The extreme folly of thus suddenly throwing open their windows (an ugly trick by which many an honest man has come to any untimely end,) is almost redeemed by the deep interest which these worthy but thoughtless people take in the fortunes of the flying Cockney.

" And every one cried out—well done !
As loud as he could bawl."

We never read this agonising poem (for the interest is as intensely kept up as to be indeed agonising) without blessing ourselves for the fortunate delusion of the various turnpikemen by which John Gilpin was saved the necessity of taking many dangerous leaps, one or other of which would, in all human probability, have proved fatal.

" He carries weight—he rides a race."

This exclamation, borne before him, and just before him, on the wings of the wind, gives one a truly awful idea of velocity, and well might Cowper exclaim,

" 'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpikemen
Their gates wide open flew."

No sooner did the public mind take up the belief " he rides a race," than by a wonderful process of thought, it discovers the amount of the wager he had laid,

" 'Tis for a thousand pound."

an immense sum at that time, when horse-racing had not nearly reached its meridian splendour, and when only a very few numbers, if any, of the Sporting Magazine had been published. In all this, Cowper has manifestly the advantage over Byron. Compared with the fine passages now quoted from Gilpin, how tame are the following words of Mazeppa.

" Untired, untamed, and worse than wild,
All furious as a favoured child
Balked of its wish—or fiercer still,
A woman piqued, who has her will."

Here Mazeppa's gallantry altogether forsakes him, nor can we imagine a more inelegant compliment to the mistress whom he was then leaving, than to compare her, or indeed any of her sex, to a wild Tartar horse, on whom he was then tied " in nature's nakedness."

It does not appear that Gilpin lost his senses or his presence of mind during any portion of the Excursion, a Poem. Mazeppa, on the other hand, was completely done up, and absolutely fainted.

" He who dies,
Can die no more than then I died,
O'er-tortured by that ghastly ride."

Presence of mind is a quality indespensible in the character of a true hero. We pity Mazeppa, but we admire Gilpin.

Mazeppa complains frequently of hunger during his ride—but no such weakness degrades Gilpin, who seems almost raised above all the ordinary wants of nature.

" Stop ! stop ! John Gilpin—here's the house,
They all at once did cry—
The dinner waits, and we are tired ;
Said Gilpin—so am I !"

Not a single word of regret does he utter for the want of that dinner which has so long waited for him, but which, from the impatient appetites of Mrs Gilpin and the children, he well knows is then trembling on the brink of destruction. One solitary exclamation is all that proceeds from his lips, as he hurries by below the balcony,

" So am I !"

An ordinary writer would have filled his mouth with many needless words.

Lord Byron has evidently very closely copied this sublime passage in an early part of Mazeppa's career.

" Writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:"

It may be questioned, however, if this, fine as it is, does not want the concise energy of the original.

The dangers which Gilpin and Mazeppa encounter, arise not only from land but water. Thus quoth the Pole:

" Methought the dash of waves was nigh,
The wild horse swims the wilder stream."

In like manner, we are told by Cowper,

" Thus all through merry Islington,
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the wash
Of Edmonton so gay.
And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play."

These images are homely, but they are not, on that account, the less expressive. That of the " trundling mop," simply expresses the appearance of the " wash," thrown off on both sides of the way by the poney *en passant*; that of the wild goose at play, makes a direct appeal to the imaginative faculty, and suggests to our minds at least, a much more poetical feeling of a good gallopper, than his Lordship's images of the crying baby, or the scolding mistress. It gives one a momentary flash of the higher and hidden powers of that roadster, and convinces us that his owner would not part with him for a very considerable sum of money. This is one of those sudden and unexpected touches so characteristic of Cowper, and that prove what great things he might have accomplished, had he turned his genius more systematically to the cultivation of the higher provinces of poetry.

After swimming the river, Mazeppa's horse is not in the least degree tired, but

" With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank."

Here Lord Byron strictly follows the original.

" But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there, &c."

and what is still more strikingly similar, the two horses have the very same motive for their conduct.

" For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware."

Mazeppa's horse had hitherto been accustomed to lead a free and easy life, rather more than ten miles off in the Ukraine—and thither accordingly he set off at score, making play all the way, pretty much after the fashion of a steeple-hunt. It may perhaps be worth while to quote, for a particular reason, the following verse:

" So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly, which brings me to
The middle of my song."

Now, it is very remarkable—and we think the coincidence cannot be accidental—that the corresponding passage in Mazeppa also occurs just about the middle of the poem, which satisfactorily shews, that the original structures of the two great works do in their dimensions exactly coincide.

The termination of Gilpin's excursion therefore, evidently suggested that of Mazeppa's. But Byron has contrived to give quite a new turn to his poem—so that in the final catastrophe he almost seems to lose sight of the original. At Ware Gilpin's horse stands stock still at the door of his master's house, which, by the bye, proves that he had not that customary trick of bolting into the stable, " *sans ceremonie*," which has incommoded many a sober-headed gentleman. Mazeppa's horse, in like manner, falls down the instant he reaches home, so we observe that the transition from motion to repose is in both cases equally abrupt. Mazeppa's sufferings are now at an end—and being put instantly into a good warm bed, he soon comes to himself—marries—and in good time becomes the father of many children, and Hetman of the Cossacks. Gilpin, on the other hand, has scarcely had leisure to put on a new hat and wig, than off he sets again without ever drawing his bit—but it is unnecessary to follow him farther with any minuteness. Conclude we cannot without recalling to the memory of our readers one stanza which ever awakens in our minds a profound sense of the depth of Mrs Gilpin's conjugal affection, and of the illimitable range of the imagination when flying on the wings of terrified love.

" Now Mrs Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown."

That one line, "into the country far away," gives to us a vaster idea of distance—of time and space—than the whole 1000 lines of Mazeppa. The reader at once feels how little chance there is of the post-boy overtaking Gilpin—and owns that the worthy man ought to be left entirely to himself and his wild destinies.

We need pursue the parallel no farther. But we may remark, that though we have now proved John Gilpin to have been the prototype of Mazeppa, yet the noble author has likewise had in his recollection the punishment which used sometimes to be inflicted on criminals in Russia. They were bound on the back of an elk, and sent into Siberia or elsewhere. We refer our readers to the Sporting Magazine, where they will find a very affecting picture of a gentleman on his elk. It was always the practice to shave the criminal before he mounted, and in the picture we speak of, he has a beard of about six inches long, which informs us that he had been on his travels probably several weeks. *Ut pictura poesis.*

Boxiana; or Sketches of Pugilism.

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.*

No I.

The early history of Pugilism in this country is involved in much darkness. Few, if any, of our learned antiquaries, as is well remarked by the ingenious author of this work, have possessed a taste for the *Fancy*, and they have felt themselves more interested in speculating on old monuments or ancient coins, than investigating the arcana of the ring. Our author, beginning as far back as it is easy to go, observes, that "whether our first parent, Adam, had any pretensions to this art, is also involved in too great obscurity, at this remote period, for us to penetrate into with any probability of success." It would therefore, he says, "be sheer gammon" to attempt proving, who were the antediluvian professors of the art. And on that account he very judiciously begins with Fig, who flourished during the reign of George the Second, and who may be seen in Hogarth's picture of Southwark Fair, "challenging any of the crowd to enter the lists with him, either for love, or money, or a belly-full." It is here said of Fig, that "he was more indebted to strength and courage for his success in the battles he had gained, than *from the effects of genius;* he was *extremely illiterate*, and it might be said, that he boxed his way through life. If Fig's method of fighting was subject to the *criticism* of the present day, he would be denominated more of a slaughterer than that of a neat finished pugilist." It appears to us, that here Fig is rather too sparingly praised. Fig was a man of genius—for he was at once illustrious as a fencer, a cudgeller, and a pugilist—an union of powers which we verily believe never did nor will exist, without something beyond mere talent, and that something can be nothing but genius, and genius too of the very highest kind. It is to the establishment of Fig's amphitheatre that we are to attribute the successful cultivation of the art of defence in all its branches in England. Then, especially, was the sunrise of cudgelling and pugilism.

It is delightful to read the slightest character of a great man by one of his contemporaries. In Captain Godfrey's "Treatise upon the Useful Science of Defence," published in 1747, we find a sketch of Fig. Captain Godfrey was the Captain Barclay of that reign, and was therefore as well entitled to write of Fig as Xenophon of Socrates. "I have purchased," quoth he, "my knowledge with many a broken head and bruise in every part of me. I chose to go mostly to Fig and exercise with him, partly as I knew him to be the ablest master, and partly as he was of a rugged temper, and would spare no man, high or low, who took up a stick against him. I bore his rough treatment with determined patience, and followed him so long, that Fig at last finding he could not have the beating of me at so cheap a rate as usual, did not shew such fondness for my company. This is well known by gentlemen of distinguished rank, who

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* London. Sherwood, Neely, & Jones.

used to be pleased in setting us together."

This, we think, is very prettily said, but what follows is equal to any thing in Hume. "Fig was the atlas of the sword, and may he remain the gladiating statue. In him strength, resolution, and unparalleled judgment, conspired to form a matchless master. There was a majesty shone in his countenance, and blazed in all his actions, beyond all I ever saw. His right leg bold and firm, and his left, which could hardly ever be disturbed, gave him the surprising advantage already proved, and struck his adversary with despair and panic. He had a peculiar way of stepping in a parry. He knew his arm, and its just time of moving—put a firm faith in that, and never let his adversary escape his parry. He was just as much a greater master than any other I ever saw, as he was a greater judge of time and measure." This wonderful man was a native of Oxfordshire, but it does not appear that he enjoyed a university education. Perhaps this is not to be regretted—for, if he had, he might have remained fellow of a college all his days, or gone to a living, in either of which cases the natural bent of his genius would have been restrained. Death, we are told, "gave him his knock-down blow in 1740"—but of this, his last and only unsuccessful combat, we are not indulged with any detailed account. It is generally understood, however, that Fig stood manfully up to his antagonist—that his friends long entertained hopes that it would have been a drawn-battle—and that many good judges were of opinion that the blow which settled him was foul.

The most important battle fought during the reign of George II. or, in other words, of Fig, was that between Bob Whitaker and the Venetian Gondolier, commonly called the jaw-breaker. The naval glory of Venice had, it is true, long been on the wane, but though the city of the sea had fallen from that proud pre-eminence, she yet hoped to brighten the tarnished lustre of her name, by the prowess of her jaw-breaker. This great national quarrel is thus described:—

"The stage was ordered to be cleared, when an awful silence prevailed in the anxiety manifested for the *set-to*. The *Venetian* mounted with smiles of confidence, and was greeted welcome by loud plaudits from his countrymen and partizans, and instantly began to strip his *giant like arm*, claimed universal astonishment, and his size in general, struck terror; and even Captain Godfrey observes, "that his heart yearned for his countrymen." Bob appeared cool and steady, in a few seconds afterwards, and was cheered with huzzas. He eyed the Gondolier with firmness, and, quite undismayed, threw off his clothes in an instant, when the attack commenced. The *Venetian* pitched himself forward with his right leg, and his arm full extended, and before Whitaker was aware of his design, he received a blow on the side of the head, so powerful in its effect, as to *capsize* him over the stage, which was remarkable for its height. Whitaker's fall was desperate indeed, as he dashed completely against the ground; which circumstance would not have taken place but for the grandeur of the audience, whose prices for admission were so high on the day, as to exclude the common people, who generally sat on the ground, and formed a line round the stage. It was then all clear, and Bob had nothing to stop him but the bottom. The bets ran high, and the foreigners vociferated loudly indeed, in behalf of the *Venetian*, and flattered themselves that Whitaker would scarcely be able to *come again*, from the desperate blow and fall that he had received, and sported their cash freely in laying the odds thick against him: but Bob was not to be *told out* so soon, and jumped upon the stage like a game cock to renew the attack. *Sparring* now was all at one end, and Whitaker found out that something must be done to render the *Venetian's long arm* useless, or he must lose the fight; so, without further ceremony, he made a little stoop, ran boldly in beyond the heavy mallet, and with one '*English peg*' in the stomach, (quite a new thing to foreigners) brought him on his breech. The tables were then turned, the sporting men laughing heartily, and the foreigners a little chop-fallen. The *Venetian* shewed symptoms of uneasiness—was quite sick—and his wind being touched, he was scarcely to his time. Bob now *punished* him in fine style, drove the *Venetian* all over the stage, and soon gave him a *leveller*. The odds shifted fast in favour of Whitaker, and the foreigners displayed some terrible *long faces!* The Gondolier was completely puzzled, and in the course of a few rounds, the *conceit was so taken out of him*, that he lost all guard of his person, and was compelled to give in, to the no small chagrin of the foreigners, who were properly *cleaned out* upon this occasion; but the *Venetian* had the mortification to retire in disgrace, after his vain boasting, and with a good *milling*; or, as Captain Godfrey concludes, 'the blow in the stomach carried too much of the English *rudeness* for him to bear, and finding himself so unmannerly used, he scorned to have any more doings with his slovenly fist.'"

Bob Whitaker was afterwards vanquished by Ned Peartree. Ned

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ed, by pegs, darts, hard blows, falls, and cross-buttocks.

" ' WILLIAM WILLIS.'

" ' I, Thomas Smallwood, known for my intrepid manhood and bravery, on and off the stage, accept the challenge of this *puffing Quaker*, and will shew him that he is led by a false spirit; which means him no other good than that he should be chastised for offering to take upon him the *arm of flesh*.

" ' THOMAS SMALLWOOD.'

" *Note.* The doors will be opened at ten, and the combatants mount at twelve.

" There will be several by-battles, as usual, and particularly one between John Divine and John Tipping, for five pounds each."

" May 24th, 1742, at George Taylor's booth, Tottenham-court-road.—There will be a trial of manhood here to-morrow, between the following champions, viz.—

" ' Whereas I, John Francis, commonly known by the name of the *Jumping Soldier*, who have always had the reputation of a good fellow, and have fought several bruisers in the street, &c.; nor am I ashamed to mount the stage when my manhood is called in question by an Irish braggadocia, whom I fought some time ago, in a by-battle, for twelve minutes; and though I had not the success due to my courage and ability in the art of boxing, I now invite him to fight me for Two Guineas, at the time and place above-mentioned; where, I doubt not, I shall give him the truth of a good beating.

" ' JOHN FRANCIS.'

" ' I, Patrick Henley, known to every one for the truth of a good fellow, who never refused any one, on or off the stage, and fight as often for the diversion of gentlemen as money, do accept the challenge of this *Jumping Jack*; and shall, if he don't take care, give him one of my bothering blows, which will convince him of his ignorance in the art of boxing.

" ' PATRICK HENLEY.' "

Here our author enters into a sort of episode, which is, however, intimately connected with the action of his work. "Let us," quoth he, "now examine the most hurtful blows." He then continues with commendable seriousness:

" The blow under the ear is considered as dangerous as any that is given, if it light between the angle of the lower jaw and the neck, because in this part there are two kinds of blood-vessels, considerably large: the one brings the blood immediately from the heart to the head, while the other carries it immediately back. If a man receive a blow on these vessels, the blood proceeding from the heart to the head is partly forced back, whilst the other part is pushed forwards vehemently to the head. The same happens in the blood returning from the head to the heart, for part of it is precipitately forced into the latter, whilst the other tumultuously rushes to the head, whereby the blood-vessels are immediately overcharged, and the sinuses of the brain is overloaded and compressed, that the man at once loses all sensation, and the blood often runs from his ears, mouth, and nose."

The above scientific description would do credit to Ashley Cooper, or Liston; nor is the following one whit inferior.

" The blow between the eye-brows contributes greatly to the victory; for this part being contused between two hard bodies, viz. *the fist and os frontale*, there ensues a violent *echymosis*, or extravasation of blood, which falls immediately into the eye-lids, and they being of a lax texture, incapable of resisting this influx of blood, swell almost instantaneously, which violent intumescence soon obstructs the sight. The man thus indecently treated, and artfully hoodwinked, is beat about at his adversary's discretion."

We wish this gentleman would deliver a course of lectures in the Hall of the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh, on pugilistic anatomy. We have no doubt that they would be numerously attended, from the Peer to the W. S. We recommend another passage to the serious study of our subscribers.

" The blows on the stomach are very hurtful, as the diaphragm and lungs share in the injury. The injury the diaphragm is subject to from blows which light just under the breast-bone, *is very considerable*, because the diaphragm is brought into a strong convulsive state, which produces great pain, and lessens the cavity in the thorax, whereby the lungs are, in a great measure, deprived of their liberty; and the quantity of air retained in them from the contraction of the thorax, through the convulsive state of the diaphragm, is so forcibly pushed from them, that it causes great difficulty of respiration, which cannot be overcome till the convulsive motion of the diaphragm ceases."

We could dwell with pleasure on such interesting matter, but to use an expression peculiar to all writers, our limits forbid. Neither have we room for any criticism on the literary merits of this work. Our readers will understand what our opinion of it is, when we say that it may be classed with Campbell's Specimens of English Poetry. There is the same "springy force" in all our author says, and as in reading what Mr Campbell writes on poetry, we feel that he is himself a poet, so in the perusal of Boxiana we trace the hand of a pugilist. This is as it should be—and ought to be a lesson to Mr Jeffrey and others not to

intermeddle with subjects of which they have no practical knowledge. We cannot help adding, that we see no reason why the author of this celebrated work should remain anonymous any more than the author of Waverley. He seems to us to be, on many accounts, far better deserving than the latter personage, of the title of the GREAT UNKNOWN.

For the present we take leave of our readers with the following elegant passage, by which the GREAT UNKNOWN prepares our minds for the appearance of the first hero of the second era of pugilism.

"Several minor fights and trifling events which occurred at TAYLOR'S BOOTH, &c. might be introduced to shew that pugilism was at that period rising fast into notice, and had gained considerable patronage and support; but lest that, in pursuing this farther, when more important objects are at hand, it should appear

"'As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattler to be tedious:'—

we shall, '*sans ceremonie*,' clear the boards, to make room for the entrance of that celebrated and first-rate performer in the pugilistic art, JACK BROUGHTON."

REMARKS ON MR MITFORD'S VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION OF MACEDONIA, CONTAINED IN THE NEW VOLUME OF HIS HISTORY OF GREECE.*

THERE are very few works which do more honour to the literature of the present time than Mr Mitford's history of Greece. Its author is an English country gentleman, and the book is throughout written in the spirit proper to one of that most respectable of all classes of men—a class in which it is probable more true intellectual cultivation and more true moral dignity may be found united, than in any other which human society has as yet produced—a class of men among whom, for these many centuries, there has never been wanting an abundant representation of all that is most honourable to the country which gives them birth—a class finally, of which it is sufficient eulogy to say, that it at this moment boasts of a Surtees, a Heber, and a Mitford.

Mr Mitford has indeed conferred a very eminent service upon his country, by writing a history of Greece in the true English spirit. Passionately attached to the feelings and recollections of classical antiquity, he is still more profoundly a lover and a worshipper of the genius of his own land, and he has composed his book with the noble purpose of furnishing new food and better direction to the similar predilections with which so large a class of his countrymen are, from education and example, imbued. Undazzled with the splendour of names and of actions with which the world has rung for these two thousand years, he surveys every thing in the bright PAST of antiquity with an eye cooled and calmed by the reflection and experience of the troubled PRESENT in which himself has lived. The acquisition of scholarship seems, in his mind, to be mingled with none of its prejudices; he forms the only example, of which we have any knowledge, of a man contemplating the motives and passions and actions of the old world, at once with all the knowledge which the relics of ancient literature can convey, and with all the maturity of wisdom which the experience of modern Europe can add to this knowledge. It is truly wonderful from what an original point of view he thus shews to us the old kingdoms and republics of earth—how the atmosphere through which he makes us gaze upon them improves the distinctness of every line and every hue. Assuredly he is one of the most philosophical of historians; and to those who get over a certain impression of perplexity about some parts of his style, which is a thing very easy to be accomplished, since, in the main, the style is an excellent one—we have no doubt he must always be one of the most delightful also. Such, at least, has been our own experience. His book we think one of those which no man who reads it once will be satisfied

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* The History of Greece. By William Mitford, Esq. The Fifth Volume. 4to. London. Cadell and Davies. 1818.

without reading over and over again—we think on the contrary, it is formed to be one of the most stable companions of a reflective man's solitude. The truth is, that in every point of view, it is by far the first historical work which has been produced in England since Gibbon. In spite of the performances of Mr Hallam, and in great despite of the promises of Sir James Macintosh, we think it likely that Mitford and M'Crie are the only historians among our contemporaries whose works will take a firm place in British literature.

This new volume has brought Mr Mitford down, in his view of the history of Greece, as far as the death of Alexander the Great—and contains, beyond all question, the best arranged and most accurate and valuable account of all the incidents of his career that has ever been given to the world. It is, unless we be much mistaken, a more elaborate and a better written volume, than even the best of those which preceded it—and the value of part of this praise will be easily appreciated by those who are aware, among what a strange mass of contradictory and unsatisfactory materials the true thread of the Macedonian's history requires to be gathered and pursued.—Mr Mitford has, as might have been expected, taken Arrian throughout for his safest guide, so far as he goes—but even in that part of his account he has much to do, in bringing details from other authors to bear upon, and be fitly intermingled with the somewhat brief narrative of the soldier-historian. Those who have not read this volume may promise themselves a rich repast of instruction and amusement most delightfully blended together, throughout the whole picture of the campaigns and battles of Alexander; and in the account of his untimely death, they will, perhaps, recognise a finer and deeper command of pathetic eloquence and elegance than any other parts of Mr Mitford's book have exhibited. But as it would be quite out of the question for us, in a work of these limits, to attempt any thing like following Mr Mitford through the minutiæ of his details—wherein, of course, his principal merit consists—we must content ourselves, for the present, with noticing, in preference, the introductory part of the volume, in which it has been the aim of the historian to throw together the results of his inquiries into the poetical state of Macedonia, and of some of the neighbouring countries, at the time when the son of Philip ascended the throne, whose splendour he was destined to increase in so miraculous a manner.

He well observes in his outset, that the whole of the preceding periods of Greek history present no opportunity either so important or so favourable for taking a wide view of the state of Macedon. That state, always a powerful and often a very formidable one, had, by the imperfection of its constitution, and the jealousies of the neighbouring princes, been kept in a condition of comparative obscurity, till the time when its energies came to be wielded by the masterly hand of Philip. The successful life of that consummate politician had tended, in every point of view, to the true prosperity of his nation. At home he had bestowed tranquillity, and restored obedience to the laws by weakening the power of his neighbours—the petty chiefs of Thrace and Thessaly—and so, by taking away from the subjects of his own empire much of the power and the hope of being safe in disobedience or successful in sedition. Abroad his victories and negotiations had raised his kingdom to a very proud preeminence among the nations who spoke the language of Greece—transferring, in fact, to Macedonia, that supremacy which had previously been obtained by the governments of Athens and Lacedæmon, and, at one time, over a preponderating part of the nation, by the government of Thebes. Macedonia was now the seat of empire.—Her king was the elected chief and generalissimo of the whole Greek name, and his capital had become, as it had once before been, in some measure, under Archelaus, the favourite refuge and resort of the philosophers and artists of Greece. The murder of Philip deranged and darkened, however, not a little in this bright prospect;—the seeds of many imperfectly suppressed jealousies sprung into life when his throne was seen filled by an untried stripling—and Alexander himself, before he entered upon his proper career of Asiatic conquest, was constrained to do over again not a little of what had already been done at home and near it by his father. Altogether, it will be allowed,

there could not be a more important epoch than that of his succession, nor a matter of more interesting study, than the political constitution of the empire over which it called him to reign.

When Mr Mitford, on a former occasion, threw out a few imperfect hints of what he conceived to have been the true state and character of that constitution, his positions were attacked very fiercely by Mr Brougham in the Edinburgh Review; and no wonder;—for, in the *first* place, Mr Brougham is no scholar, and therefore incapable of examining Mr Mitford's authorities —and *secondly*, Mr Brougham is a bigot to a set of political opinions, exactly the reverse of those noble opinions which Mr Mitford has always held and defended, and therefore much indisposed to receive, without examination, conclusions so different from those which the greater number, even of more accomplished men than Mr Brougham, had formerly embraced. To say that in those ancient states, whose memory has been rendered so grand and so immortal by the intellectual energies of their citizens, those citizens possessed, in truth, but a very slender portion of security and equal government—still more to say, that in not a few of those monarchical states of antiquity, to whose names so many ideas of disgust have been associated by the genius of republican historians, the people possessed, after all, a measure of happiness and justice in their administration and legislation, well worthy of being envied by those who only abused them—these were doctrines which Mr Mitford could scarcely have hoped to promulgate without exciting the utmost wrath in the breast of such a person as Mr Brougham—a man, whose great and remarkable talents have, on most occasions, formed but a poor counterpoise to the superficial pedantry and vulgar insolence of his character—a man, whose shameful irreverence for the old institutions of his own country, harmonizes perfectly with that utter ignorance of antiquity, and the institutions and history of antiquity which he has displayed in his work on Colonies,* and, indeed in the whole of his contributions to the Edinburgh Review.

These positions, however, which were, when first broached, so very offensive to our illustrious countryman, have been taken up again by Mr Mitford, and they now make their appearance, defended by a mass of facts and arguments such as we think it would be no very easy matter for any of the knights of the blue and yellow cover to combat. The historian has shewn clearly, that the people of Macedonia lived under a government by no means tyrannical—but, on the contrary, possessing almost all the requisites of a well-governed state, in a degree superior, perhaps, to any thing that was ever exhibited out of our own happy island—and bearing, indeed, a resemblance to much of what that island exhibits, and has exhibited, strong enough to excite, we doubt not, a good deal of astonishment in the most of those who shall read the volume in which this view of the matter is contained. It is to this part of Mr Mitford's labours that we feel constrained to limit ourselves—and in doing so, we shall do little more than select a few passages of the most decisive character—nothing doubting that these will be more than enough to induce our readers to follow the whole argument through the luminous exposition of the book itself.

Mr Mitford laments, as all preceding authors have done, the scantiness of the information afforded by Aristotle's treatise on government concerning the constitution of that empire, of which, shortly after the time of his birth, his native city became a part.—So far as it goes, however, his information is undoubtedly of the highest authority and value—and it distinctly establishes the fact, that the government of Macedonia was not a tyranny, but *a limited and legal monarchy*. But of the peculiar institutions which gave to this monarchy its character of limitedness and lawfulness the philosopher has said scarcely any thing: so that our historian has been compelled to bring together his materials, as best he might, from the more casual notices of many less philosophical authors. Of these notices, one of the most striking occurs in Arrian. Classing the Macedonians with the republican Greeks,

* Heyné has taken notice of Mr Brougham's want of scholarship, as exhibited in this book, in one of his *opuscula*, and applied to him what Samuel Johnson said of Voltaire: "*Vir sane acuti ingenii, sed paucarum literarum.*"

he says, "they were a free and high-spirited people, whereas the Persians were humbled and debased by their subjection to a despotic authority."

The first check to the tyranny of the monarch was found in the armed population over which he ruled. The men of Macedon were at all times armed; and such a population, as Aristotle has well remarked, "have it always in their power to choose whether the existing constitution shall remain or be overthrown."*

This most powerful of all checks upon the tyrannical power of a single person, is however, above all other checks, likely to be abused from its proper purpose, and to become itself tyrannical. It is necessary, therefore, that there should exist a softer and more sober power of check in popular assemblies of representative and deliberative nature. And such, there can be no question, the Macedonians always possessed. It is true that there is no evidence of their having had any assemblies exactly corresponding to the Senate of Lacedæmon, or Carthage, or Rome: but they did possess assemblies capable of discharging not a few of the same duties.

"Two writers, however, Diodorus and Curtius, speak in direct terms of popular assemblies; marking decisively, so far as their authority goes, a constitutional share of the sovereinty, held, as in the kingdoms of the heroic ages, by the people at large; and it is a matter of a kind for which their authority may be least questionable. According to Diodorus, on the death of Perdiccas son of Amyntus, when his brother Philip's claim to the throne was disputed by Argæus, assemblies of the people were held in which Philip's eloquence greatly promoted his cause. On Philip's death he mentions similar assemblies held; and, on Alexander's death, when the question arose, singularly momentous then, and in a case of singular difficulty, who was best intitled to be successor to the newly acquired empire, and, afterward, what measures should follow, all was referred to a general assembly of the Macedonians present, as representatives of the Macedonian people.†

"The more immediate subject of Curtius has been the criminal law. 'Judgement on life and death,' he says, 'by the immemorial law of Macedonia, was reserved to the people: the king's authority was unavailing but under warrant of the law.' The similarity of the law of our own country, derived from our Anglosaxon forefathers, and formerly common to most of western Europe, will here be striking.

"Among the antients, very generally, the law for the city and the camp, at home and abroad, were the same. According to the Macedonian constitution then, for decision on life and death, at home the people, abroad the army, was the jury. Strongly distinguished as civil and military law commonly have been in modern times, this may appear to modern minds, among what remains reported, most doubtful, and yet is that to which the most undeniable testimony remains. Among the antients a military power, distinct from the civil, and more arbitrary, seems first observable among the Lacedæmonians, but is first clearly and strongly marked in the history of the Romans. Admitted originally among that great military people, like the tyrannical authority of a dictator, occasionally, on the plea of necessity, the crafty leaders of the Roman councils procured lasting acquiescence under it, by bribing their soldiery with the spoil of the unfortunate people they conquered; and thus, through a union, then peculiar to themselves, of severe discipline and ready zeal, they promoted their conquests. In the sequel of this history instances will occur of practice, among the Macedonians, according to the law mentioned by Curtius. A very remarkable one, of an age later than that to which this volume will extend, it may be advantageous, for immediate illustration and assurance to notice here.

"Polybius lived while the Macedonian kingdom yet existed; and not in diminished splendor; for its monarch, conquered and plundered by the Romans within the same age, was, according to their great historian, Livy, one of the richest potentates of the time. Polybius, in his history of what passed in his own country, Peloponnesus, while his father was a leading man there, relates as follows: The commander of a body detached from a Macedonian army, acting under the king in person, was arrested on accusation of high treason. The detachment, alarmed for their commander, of whose crime they were not conscious, sent hastily a deputation to the king, demanding 'that the trial of the accused should await their return to head-quarters; otherwise they should reckon themselves unworthily treated, and should

* Ὁι γαρ των ὁπλων κυριοι και μενειν και μη μενειν την πολιτειαν κυριοι. Polit. lib. 7. c. 9.
† Ἐπι το κοινον των Μακεδονων πληθος ἀνηνεγκε την περι τουτων βουλην. Diod. l. 18. c. 4.

highly resent it.' Such free communication with their kings, the historian proceeds to say, the Macedonians always held.* The circumstances being highly critical, for the king's life was threatened, the return of the detachment was not waited for; and indeed the probability that the main body of the army, actually with the king, was legally competent to try the accused, so that nothing was done against the constitution, will be found strengthened by circumstances occurring for notice in the sequel of this history.

"With the assurance that the military law of Macedonia gave to the Macedonian people, on forein military service, even upon accusation of high treason, the privilege of being tried by their fellow-soldiers, the information of Curtius, that the Macedonian people at home held equal privilege, appears completely supported. Abuses of authority, found under all governments, and prominent in the conduct of all factions among the Grecian republics, would hardly fail in a country agitated as we have seen Macedonia. But, in any monarchy, for the royal authority, limited by the military, to be unlimited by the civil law, controlled legally in the army, to be, by law or custom, uncontrolled in the state, were an extravagance, not meerly unlikely, but, it may be ventured to say, impossible.

Through the circumstances thus authentically reported then, we have assurance, with confirmation yet to come in the course of the history, not only that the royal authority in Macedonia was constitutionally limited, but how it was effectually limited; judgement, in capital cases, being reserved to the people; and the maintainance of this important right being assured by the most powerful warranty, the general possession and practice of arms by the people. Hardly have we equal proof that equal security for individuals was provided by law in any republic of Greece.

"It were very desirable to know what was the LEGISLATIVE power in Macedonia. But, as we have observed that Aristotle, neither in criticizing numerous governments existing in his time, has noticed a legislature, nor in his project for a perfect government, has proposed one, and that, excepting the Athenian, hardly any account remains of the legislature of any republic of Greece, it cannot be surprizing if concerning legislation in Macedonia information fails. Aristotle is large on the office of a legislator; meaning one authorized by the popular voice, like Minos, Solon, Lycurgus, and others, to frame a constitution, with a system of law to be complete for all purposes. But he remarks justly the impossibility of adapting the most voluminous system of law to every possible case; whence it was common, among the Grecian republics, he says, to commit much to the magistrate's discretion; so that in fact, power was by the constitution given him to make the law for the occasion. Possibly Aristotle has been urged to adopt so extravagantly hazardous an expedient, in his own system, by observation of the evils of that opposite extravagance at Athens, complained of, as we have formerly seen, by Isocrates; where decrees of the multitude, the unbalanced sovereign, at the suggestion of demagogues, favorites of the moment, were so multiplied, with such haste and so little circumspection, that, in many cases, the citizens could not know to which of many laws they were in the moment subject.

"In the regal governments of the early ages, legislation, not less than capital condemnation, evidently rested with the people at large. But, even in the smaller states this was inconvenient, and in the larger, for regular practice, impossible; whence appears to have arisen the maxim, so extensively adopted, and so decidedly approved and recommended by Aristotle, that laws, once established, were not to be altered; but the magistrate's discretion, for decision adapted to the exigency, rather to be trusted. That the legislative system, throughout the Grecian republics, was very imperfect, Aristotle has largely shown. The Roman republican constitution, probably derived from Greece, confessedly improved through diligent inquiry after Grecian models, and altogether better than any Grecian constitution of which any account remains, had yet, among its excellencies, great imperfections. Its legislature was extraordinary. Laws, binding upon the whole people, were made by the people at large; assembled, at the discretion of the magistrate, in two ways, so different that they were, in effect, different assemblies; insomuch that what the people, assembled in one way, would inact, assembled in the other way they would not inact; and laws binding on the whole people were also occasionally inacted by the senate, without the participation of the people. Such conflicting powers of legislation were likely to produce multiplied, and sometimes inconsistent, inactments. But Roman de-

* Εἶχον γὰρ καὶ τοιαύτην ἰσηγορίαν Μακεδόνες πρὸς τοὺς βασιλεῖς. Polyb. l. 5. p. 357. ed. Casaub. Hardly will any single word in any other language so strongly mark a free constitution as the Greek term ἰσηγορία, here used by Polybius.

mocracy being more constitutionally balanced than the Athenian, a discretionary power was allowed to the prætor's court to adapt decisions to the equity of the case. These decisions, recorded, obtained authority as precedents, for future decision in similar cases; and thus that court seems to have furnished the springhead of systematic equity, as distinguished from law, in our own country, and throughout modern Europe. Such distinction in the legal system is found necessary under all governments, for correction, as our Blackstone expresses it after Grotius, 'of that wherein the law, by reason of its universality is deficient.' But in our constitution alone has the advantage grown of a separation of the two powers; limiting the courts of law to decision by the letter, and committing the power of relief, where equity may require it, to courts appropriated to the purpose. These, our learned judge proceeds to say, 'have been established for the benefit of the subject; to detect latent frauds, which the process of the courts of law is not adapted to reach; to inforce the execution of such matters of trust as are binding in conscience, tho not cognizable in a court of law; to deliver from dangers owing to misfortune or oversight; and to give a more specific relief, and more adapted to the circumstances of the case, than can always be obtained by the generality of the rules of the positive or common law. This is the business of the courts of equity; which however are only conversant in matters of property. For the freedom of our constitution will not permit that, in criminal cases, a power should be lodged in any judge to construe the law otherwise than according to the letter. This caution, while it admirably protects the public liberty, can never bear hard upon individuals: a man cannot suffer more punishment than the law assigns; but he may suffer less; the law cannot be strained, by partiality, to inflict a penalty beyond what the letter will warrant; but in cases where the letter induces any apparent hardship, the crown has the power to pardon.'

"This excellence of legal system, not found among the republics of Greece, nor in Rome, nor in modern Europe beyond our own country, will hardly be looked for in Macedonia. There nevertheless the criminal law assured a large degree of freedom for the subject. The popular power, indeed, under that law, appears to have been most rudely exercised, yet perhaps not more so than in many or *perhaps most* of the Grecian republics; *and the course* of proceeding resembled *very nearly* what we find related, on highest authority, of the Jews; who seem also, conformably to Aristotle's system, to have been without a legislative power, limited to the Mosaic law. In Macedonia, the king, as of old, still executed the office of chief justice of his kingdom, if the authority of the later antient writers should be admitted, who, in consonance with Homer, have reckoned this not the privilege more than the duty of kings. Thus, like the judges of many Grecian republics, and those proposed by Aristotle for his own imaginary state, the kings of Macedonia would have a hazardous extent of power. But that they had alone authority to make laws binding on their people, any more than the king's of Homer's age, no-where appears.

Mr Mitford then enters into a minute inquiry concerning the constitution of these Macedonian assemblies—but on this head it must be admitted that, in a great measure, (to use a favourite phrase of his) "information fails." It appears, however, pretty evident, that the great extent of the Macedonian territory, and the discordant nature of the elements of which much of its power was composed, rendered it impossible to have any one assembly representative of the wisdom of the whole Macedonian people. It is more likely—nay, it seems quite certain—that all their assemblies were provincial ones, like the parliaments of modern France (in their origin,) or the courts of the Lords Marchers, and other royal deputies in England, Germany, and Spain—the provincial Ταγοι of the Macedonians corresponding to the minor Βασιλευς of Homer. The likeness between the whole constitution of the Macedonian monarchy and that of some of the feudal states is indeed very wonderful—and it had never been shewn in its proper light till the subject fell into the hands of Mr Mitford.

"The assurance that the Macedonians all held arms, that the popular institutions promoted a military spirit, and in peace incouraged the chase, as advantageous preparation for the toils of service in war, institutions marked as resting on the customary law of the land, and not depending on the pleasure or immediate needs of the monarch, implies the farther assurance that the landholders held civil rights, inabling them to assert a dignified freedom; and that these civil rights extended throughout the provinces of the Macedonian kingdom, is indicated by what presently we shall have occasion-

to observe. It seems thus altogether probable that each province and each city made regulations for itself, under some superintending controll of the king's acknowledged prerogative. Looking backward then to Homer, and forward to Alexander's history, it seems farther probable that, if laws were made for the whole nation, it was, as formerly in modern Europe, by the nation assembled in arms; its defenders being considered as its representatives. Nor is an instance of this wanting; recorded indeed only by a writer not always to be trusted, yet carrying marks of just authority. Alexander, in the midst of his conquests, having in hunting exposed himself to great danger in contest with a lion, the Macedonians of his army, according to national custom, the historian says, taking the matter into consideration, decreed 'That the king should not hunt afoot, nor without attendants of a quality to be answerable for his safety.'

A constitution capable of assuring freedom to a people, with good government and means for defence (both indispensable toward maintainance of freedom) is of necessity a very complex machine; insomuch that how it may best be constructed has been a question for many ages, not yet decided. Hence it may be the less matter for wonder, if, in looking to the construction of constitutions found, in practice and effect, most providing those benefits, parts of great importance have escaped the observation of very acute inquirers; so far at least as to have failed of due estimation. But especially those most familiar with things are apt to undervalue them. Thus it remained for the foreiner Delolme to show the just importance of some matters in the English constitution, overlooked by the many able English writers who had previously written on it. Still, such is the complexity of a free government, very important points remained for circumstances to bring forward into just notice.—The French minister of state Calonne, whom civil discord forced to seek refuge in a forein land, was led, in his residence in England, to remark the amalgamation of ranks here as a singularity among European nations, and of a most advantageous character; producing a community of interest among the millions composing the population, whence resulted a harmony, a mutual security, and a national strength, unseen elsewhere. Nevertheless, tho intimately connected with this, another matter, of vital importance, remained for another foreiner duly to remark. Local administration in the hands of the people, in divisions and subdivisions, is necessary for the very foundation of freedom in an extensive country. Among ourselves, to whom this is familiar, its peculiarity is apt to escape observation: the supposition that it is, or may be, ordinary elsewhere, readily offers itself. But, to the acute forein observer Divernois, the peculiarity has been striking. Many thousand important offices, very far the greater part of these necessary for local administration, he has observed, are in constant course of performance without salary; and, these being for all ranks, from the peer, through the high sheriff and the juryman, down to the tithingman, and in large proportion taken in rotation, some hundreds of thousands of men thus, each in his degree, partake in the energies of government. Such is the broad basis on which the English constitution rests, and on which legislation by parliament (too generally considered, even at home, but still more by foreiners, as all and all) depends for assurance of its value, and even of its existence. Promotion then being denied to none, but, on the contrary, the ascent easy and ordinary from the condition of the workman for daily pay to that which qualifies for bearing the burthen of tithing and parish offices, and thence to higher, and by degrees to the highest, the English government thus is the completest commonwealth (its ordinary title in queen Elizabeth's days) known in history.

"In the Athenian, and probably other Grecian republics, attendance on civil business was required, of the lower people, only in the general assembly, and in the courts of justice; and for attendance there a small pay was given. For the higher public offices no pay was allowed; they were imposed as honourable, but often severe, burthens on the wealthy. It was therefore esteemed a valuable reward, for eminent services, to receive a grant of immunity from such burthens. The mention then, by Arrian, of such immunity granted to Macedonians concurs with various other indications to imply that the provincial administration in Macedonia was not, as in the modern kingdoms of the continent, wholly directed by officers of the monarch's nomination; but, as in the Grecian republics formerly, and the English commonwealth now, imposed principally on those subjects who were of substance to bear the burthen of offices without salary, and to be responsible for the due execution of them."

At the risk of being supposed to make by much too free in our extracts, we shall quote at length the fine passage in which Mr Mitford sums up all this part of his subject. But, indeed, the whole of the view he gives

is so rich in application to things nearer home—and is itself so admirable—that, we dare say, no apology is necessary.

"Altogether the Macedonian constitution appears to have borne a very near resemblance to that of the modern European kingdoms in early times; when the combined civil and military powers were divided among lordships, similar in essence tho various in denomination, dukedoms, marches, earldoms, baronies; all of limited monarchal character; intermingled among which the corporate towns had constitutions truly republican. Lordships and townships together acknowledged the sovereinty of one king; especially his right to command their service in arms for common defence. Slavery existed among them, as among the antient republics, but apparently a less numerous and more mitigated slavery. The people, of all ranks, above slavery, in cities and throughout the country, held the important right of judgment on life and death, and of bearing arms for common defence against forein or domestic disturbers of the common peace.

"The perfection of civil polity in our own country, raised, in the course of more than ten centuries, within historical information, on foundation formed in times beyond knowledge, has led some eminent men, viewing the improvements at the Revolution and since, and seeing, as in all human institutions ever must be, imperfections yet remaining, to reckon themselves warranted in asserting that, before the Revolution, there was no true liberty here. Surely enough there can be no perfect liberty here, or anywhere on earth: for wherever there is government, the natural liberties of individuals must be subject to controll. But without government they are subject to far severer controll; the weak being without resource against the strong, and the few against the many. Question therefore about true, or reasonable, or sufficient liberty may be endless. But, compared with most other nations, with necessary exception always for war within the country, or its immediate results, overbearing, for a time, civil establishments, the English nation, it may be fairly said, was always free. Justice is wanting among historians, on that score, even to the Norman reigns. The debt of all posterity to the first of the Plantagenets, the second Henry, is incalculable. With institutions of less value than those of our great Alfred, the Macedonians might be reckoned a free people; yet we know not that their institutions were inferior. Such improvements as those of our second Henry, and Edward intitled first, not to bring the refinements of the Restoration, the Revolution, and aftertimes, into question, are hardly to be found anywhere else, and therefore not reasonably expected in a country in the circumstances of Macedonia. If then the general deficiency of legislative system in antient governments appear surprising, it may be well to look at those of modern Europe. In France itself, the wiser and honester of the movers of the late revolution there, anxiously exerting their diligence, with ample powers for searching, to find precedent of revered antiquity for the forms of the free constitution which they desired for their country, were unable to discover, not only the manner of passing a law in the old French assembly of the Three Estates, but any law that could with certainty be referred to that authority.—Even for our own country, tho its history is perhaps altogether more perfect than that of any other nation, antient or modern, yet many important circumstances remain in much darkness; especially in that highly interesting period, the contest for the crown between the houses of York and Lancaster. Even the character of the constitution, under the Plantagenets, has been found to have been not only imperfectly known but greatly misrepresented. The search among the records of the two houses of Parliament, for precedents for the regency, proposed to be established in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, has produced most important addition to all previous history, and correction for misrepresentations, to which historians, eminent for diligence and ability, in want of it, had been led; those records demonstrating what none suspected, that in the reigns of the fourth and sixth Henries, the constitution, however less firmly established, was as well understood, and, in critical and difficult circumstances in both reigns, as completely acted upon as it could be at this day.

Toward the character of a monarchy, whence the Royal Revenue arises, and what may be its amount, are important questions. Thucydides shows that, in his time, the kings of Macedonia held very extensive landed property; and we find no other source of royal revenue intimated, till the customs of some seaports were conceded by the Thessalians to Philip. Yet his predecessor Archelaus, to execute all that has been attributed to him, must have been wealthy. Probably, among the troubles which followed his reign, the royal domains had been

injured and diminished. Demosthenes, as formerly we have observed, seems to have thought that to impute to a king of Macedonia bribery with gold would be too extravagant to gain belief: but with timber, oxen, horses, sheep, he did not scruple to insinuate that Philip purchased the treasonable assistance of the ministers of his enemies. At a later period of that prince's reign Demosthenes reckoned him rich, not by his land but by his seaports, where duties were taken on importation and exportation. Those duties seem to have been the only taxes known in the Macedonian kingdom. The kings thus were not dependent upon their subjects for a necessary or perhaps an ample revenue in peace.—But they had not what would maintain armies, and were therefore dependent upon their subjects for service in arms, whenever their safety or their ambition, or even the good of the country required it. This formed the great security of Macedonian freedom.

"Under such a constitution, however inferior to the British, the Macedonian people, in comparison of others, not excepting any Greek republic of which any information remains, might be happy as well as free; tho, for internal improvement, such a constitution was evidently ill calculated, and, even for exertion against forein enemies, highly defective. Its deficiencies were nearly analogous to those of the French and Spanish monarchies, while yet the kings were unpossessed of despotic power. The Macedonians, under their early princes, we have seen, were conquerors; as with us the Anglosaxons of Wessex. England, becoming under Egbert one kingdom, became only by degrees afterward one state, under one law; the advantageous business begun by the great Alfred, being completed, not till three centuries after, by the second Henry. But in Macedonia such advantageous yet difficult combination failing, the extension of dominion, as formerly in France, Spain, and Germany, unless under a prince of rare abilities, producing distraction, produced weakness. Hence the opportunities for those contests for the crown, which have furnished matter for the larger portion of Macedonian history till Philip's reign. Through the deficiency of combination in the government, opportunity was continually open for the interference of forein influence. Throughout the reign of Perdiccas son of Alexander, tho a prince of considerable talents, the intrigues of Lacedæmon and Athens, sometimes alternately, sometimes together, troubled the country.—Under still abler princes, the important seaport of Pydna was withdrawn from it at least twice; and probably was among those, the best towns of the kingdom, which, at another time, seceded from it to become members of another state.—But, except in that remarkable instance, occurring in extraordinary circumstances, the very inconveniencies and defects of the Macedonian government assisted to deny opportunity for any party, not headed by a popular claimant of the crown, to give any great extent to revolutionary intrigue. Generally, if portions of the people might be gained, yet antipathy of portion to portion obviated extensive seduction. But as formerly, France, when neither the king was absolute, nor a good government, with one legislature and one jurisprudence, held the country together, was wounded through a duke of Burgundy, or a town of Rochelle, so Macedonia was assailed through a prince of Argæus, or a town of Pydna."

Leaving this passage to the consideration of our readers, we shall, for the present, break off—intending, if possible, to say something of the wonderful Macedonian himself, and of the admirable manner in which our author has cleared up many of the darkest parts in his eventful story, in an early Number.

PATAGONIA.

We understand that a ship from Liverpool has been employed in trade on the coast of Patagonia; and that some of the crew, and particularly a lieutenant of the royal navy, are returned, who give an account of that country confirmatory of those which we have before received.

The aboriginal inhabitants consist mainly of two distinct tribes. One of them is stated to be a wandering tribe, of the gigantic size, so often mentioned by voyagers, extending all along the coast from the Plata to the Straits of Magellan. The lieutenant alluded to saw two chiefs or caciques who measured certainly eight feet in height, and he had a youth, fifteen years old, some time with him, who was not less than six feet two inches. The wo-

men are said to be in the same proportion; and they are a remarkably well featured, and handsomely proportioned race. They subsist entirely by hunting; and it is supposed that if a central mart were formed, they would supply valuable furs in abundance, especially the guanaco or camel-sheep skin, the wool of which might be of importance to our manufacturers for shawls and very fine cloth. The lieutenant brought a specimen to England, which he shewed to a manufacturer, and the latter gave an opinion that it would be worth from 15s. to 16s. a pound. In exchange for these, the natives would gladly accept in barter, spirits, Brazil tobacco, coarse red or blue cloths, large iron spurs, long knives, spears, beads, and other similar articles: they do not use money, and neither this nor the other tribe use fire arms. They were very peaceable with the crew of the English ship; on entering the settlement at Rio Negro they always deposite their arms, and only take them again on quitting it.

The other tribe consists of what are called the Pampas Indians, a small race, of settled habits, who live considerably to the westward of Rio Negro. They are an agricultural and pastoral people, and have also some manufactures: they resort to the coast with cattle, coarse cloths, dried meats, &c. to barter, chiefly for spirits and tobacco. They are represented as being a numerous but inoffensive people, and as their flocks of sheep are in great abundance, it might be an object to procure wool from them; it is said, however, to be of indifferent texture.

The whole of the tracts from the Rio de la Plata to Cape Horn, has been abandoned by the Spaniards, with the exception of Rio Negro, where there are remains of a settlement, from whence the inhabitants are retiring every year. The government of Buenos Ayres have only taken nominal possession of any part of it, and merely stationed a commandant at Rio Negro, without any soldiers. Some black troops had at first been sent, who greatly distressed the inhabitants by exactions, and by the destruction of nearly all their cattle, which, before the revolution, were very abundant, and afforded means of loading many vessels every year with hides and tallow. Those oppressive exactions caused the emigration before mentioned.

The land about Rio Negro is said to be excellent for corn of a very superior quality; and there are large and well watered tracts, admirably adapted for the rearing of cattle. The bull and cow of Patagonia are about the size of the English; but the ox, at three years old, is half as large again, and grows to an immense size. From these, and from the wild cattle, with which the interior swarms, cured provisions, especially jerked beef, might very easily be exported to the West Indies in any quantity: At the Havannah, jerked beef is in such request as to bring 14 dollars per quintal of 100 pounds; and the passage would take two or three months. The country abounds also with wild horses, the skins of which might be available.

On the banks of the Rio Negro, there are an abundance of willow-trees, fit for beams and rafters of houses: there is no other timber; but for fuel there are ample supplies of faggot wood; and for the erection of buildings, bricks dried in the sun are used, although there is plenty of stone. The climate is one of the mildest and healthiest in the world.

Along the coast from latitude 37. to 42. south, there are innumerable islands or sand banks, extending to the distance of seven or eight leagues from the main; and within them are found some convenient harbours for ships to lie in, and numerous creeks navigable for boats. The chart published by Faden from the survey of Malespinas, though on a small scale, was found very correct, and indeed the only one to be relied on. During the months of September, October, November, and December, the banks are covered with sea elephants, in such numbers, that from fifteen to twenty sail, of 200 tons each, might annually load with oil, if the fishing were pursued under proper restrictions, such as not to kill any elephant under two years old, nor the females till they have pupped and brought up their young. A pup three or four weeks old, can shift for itself. These animals have been very much destroyed by the Americans, who kill pups producing only four or five gallons of oil, whilst if they were left to the age of two or three years, they would pro-

duce as many barrels. The whole coast abounds besides with hair and fur seals; the trade in which, either for the London or China markets, might be worth attention.

The ship, from the crew of which this information has been obtained, was unfortunately wrecked whilst pursuing a profitable traffic on the coast. She was the only English vessel remembered there, although about twenty ships annually resort thither, a few of them French, but the greater number Americans.

A DISCOURSE ON MISSIONS, BY JOHN FOSTER. *

In the first part of this most eloquent and powerful composition, the Preacher observes, that there is a certain principle of correspondence to religion throughout the economy of the world. Things bearing an apparent analogy to its truths, sometimes more prominently, sometimes more abstractly, present themselves on all sides to a thoughtful mind. This lofty view of God and nature, he illustrates with a splendour and magnificence of thought and language, perhaps beyond the reach of any other writer of our day—exhibiting all things as a great system of emblems, reflecting or shadowing the will of the Almighty, and "religion standing up in grand parallel to an infinity of objects, receiving their testimony and homage, and speaking with a voice which is echoed by the creation."

In many parts of this sermon we are strongly reminded of our own Chalmers—and we know of none but "these brethren in power," who could have written the passages we are now about to quote. Mr Foster is enforcing on our minds this great truth, that in the character of servants of God, we are all placed under the necessity of an intense moral warfare against the powers of evil, as real and palpable as ever were encountered in the field of battle.

It is striking to observe, at the same time, in what manner many of the persons who are thus tired to loathing of these images in their moral and spiritual application, shall be all energy when the same forms of thought come in literal representation of war. Most of the excitable animated class of spirits, whether in youth or much more advanced in life, can be kindled to enthusiasm by the grand imagery of battles and heroic achievements. Those very terms of martial metaphor, under the spiritual import of which they are beginning, perhaps amidst some religious service, to sink in dulness, may relieve them by a sudden diversion of the mind away to some imagined scene of real conflict; and they shall feel a proud elation in rising from the stale and sleepy notion of a spiritual warfare, to the magnificence of the combats which are displayed in fire and blood to the eyes, and in thunder to the ears. The imagination shall follow some magnanimous mortal, of history or fiction, through scenes of tumult, and terror, and noble daring, and shall adore him as beheld exulting unhurt in victory, or breathing out his soul as a hero should die. The enthusiast while sitting still and abstracted, may at moments be almost beguiled in fancy into a personation of this favourite hero. And the scenes of destruction, thus fervidly imagined, shall really be deemed the sublimest exhibitions of man, in which human energy approaches the nearest to a rivalry with the immortals, his mind, perhaps, silently pronouncing this very term, conformably to that last perversity of human madness by which an epithet expressing negation of all relation to death, has been selected in special preference to be applied to men whose very business has been to deal in death, both as givers and receivers. If, in this enflamed state of the mind, the idea were again presented of the Christian warfare, of a contest against principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness, it would be repelled with disdain of the impertinence or arrogance which could assume for *such* matters any of the lofty terms belonging, and, (it would be proudly said), deservedly applied, to the transactions of Trafalgar and Waterloo. This contempt may be inspired by the imagination alone of the glories of war, but it would be felt in a still stronger degree by most of the men who have actually witnessed and shared the terrors and triumphs of martial exploit, if it could happen that they should hear the figurative language in question, and lend for a moment attention enough to understand what it should mean. In short, between distaste for its insipidity, and almost resentful scorn of its impertinence of pretension, the metaphor would be, by the greatest number of men of spirit and imagination, flung back on the weak and dreaming religionists, as an idle fancy just fit for their jargon. Let these wars, enemies, and heroes of vapour, they would say, busy the feeble souls to which they can have the effect of realities.

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But while this is their feeling, what shall we think of the state of their perception? Alas for the condition of the senses of the souls that have so little cognisance of a most fearful reality which exists on every side and presses upon them! How deplorable to see men exercising their faculties, in observation, and interest, and caution, on the elements and agents around them, and yet scarcely apprehending the presence of the worst of them all, and, excepting the Divinity, the mightiest; and to see them "sporting themselves with their own deceivings," while they are turning away with slight or scorn from the representations by which divine or human admonition is attempting to alarm them to a sense of their danger from this grand enemy, Moral Evil. And then to observe that among creatures so insensible there is, the while, a quick and ardent recognition of enemies, a martial spirit, and all the pomp and pride of wars, battles, victories! Truly it is a spectacle for the most malignant intelligences in the creation to exult over, that such creatures should be seeking glory in destructive conflicts with one another, while their most dreadful foe is invading them all. It is a spectacle of still darker character than that which would have been presented by opposed armed parties or legions, gallantly maintaining battle on the yet uncovered spaces of ground, while the universal deluge was rising.

He soon afterwards proceeds still more eloquently in the same strain.

Sometimes we contemplate, perhaps, the mighty progress of destruction, as carried over a large tract of the earth by some of the memorable instruments of the divine wrath, such as Attila, Zingis Khan, or Timour. We behold a wide spreading terror preceding, to be soon followed by the realisation of every dreadful presage in resistless ravage and extermination. The doomed countless multitudes crowd tumultuously on our view, in all the forms of dismay, and vain effort, and suffering, and death; a world of ghastly countenances, desperate struggles, lamentable cries, streaming blood, and expiring agonies; with the corresponding circumstances of fury and triumph, and the appropriate scenery of habitations burning and the land made a desert. The fancied forms of individual sufferers, incessantly marked forth from the confused aggregate, and presented to the mind in momentary glimpses, preserve the vividness of our perception of the misery, unconfounded in the view of its immensity, while that immensity throws over all the more distinct impressions a general character of horror.

When a man of ardent imagination has dwelt upon such a scene till it almost glows into reality in his view, let him be assured (it is the language of truth and soberness that affirms this spectacle to form but a faint and inadequate comparison for representing that other invasion, which is made upon the spirits of all mankind, that invasion of which, indeed, all these horrors are themselves but a few of the exterior circumstances and results. And yet creatures assailed and in danger of destruction by this more awful calamity, surveying in imagination, and shuddering while they survey, these furies and miseries of remote times or regions, shall bless their good fortune that *they* are not exposed to any agency of evil a thousandth part so formidable!

In following in thought those perpetrators of devastation and carnage, we have the consolation of foreseeing its end. The Cæsars and Attilas were as mortal as the millions who expired to give them fame. Of Timour, the language of the Historian kindling into poetry, relates that, "he pitched his last camp at Otrar, where he was expected by the Angel of Death." * But the power that wages war immediately on the souls of men, the power of delusion and depravity, has continued to live and destroy while all these renowned exterminators have yielded to the decree that sent them after their victims. It is perpetually invigorated by the very destruction which it works; as if it fed upon the slain to strengthen itself for new slaughter, immortal by the very means of death. For the operations of sin on human beings are of a nature to facilitate its renewed and prolonged operations. The effects are continually reflected back on the cause, with which they unite, and impart an indefinite augmentation to its force; the main principle of its strength, all the while, being in the natural aptitude of its unhappy subjects to receive the mischief which it applies. The beings therefore under the predominant power of sin are becoming, without intermission, more and more absolutely sinners; so that each step in the advance gives stronger assurance of their maintaining that character in the next. But what an awful scene is a world with a vast multitude of inhabitants of whom the great majority are incessantly growing worse! And to what dreadful perfection of evil might not such a race attain but for death, that cuts the term of individuals so short, and but for the Spirit of God, that converts some, and puts a degree of restraint on the rest.

And now, if there is really thus in action, against the souls of our race, such an enemy as all these epithets and images can but faintly represent, can a professed servant of God look round and felicitate himself on having an extremely easy test of his fidelity? Where does he find his privileged ground of immunity and indulgence, while this mighty force of evil drives and sweeps and rages, against God and truth, against goodness and happiness, and his own spirit and all men's spirits, as really as an infernal legion could do? In seeking such

* Gibbon.

exemption he must abandon all the objects and interests against which this hostility is directed; must therefore, in effect, co-operate with the enemy. Let him consider what scheme it is possible to conceive of true service to the King of heaven in this bad world which should not commit him in conflict, at every point of its execution. Against *every* good he can think of he will find an appropriate antagonist evil already in full action, an action that will not remit and sink into quiet when he approaches to effect the intended good. Nay, indeed, in what way is it that the servant of God the most promptly apprehends the nature of his vocation but in that of seeing what it is *against*? And when he puts the matter to experimental proof, does he ever find that those apprehended adversaries are nothing but menacing shadows? Let him that has made the most determined, protracted, and extensive trial, tell whether it is idle common-place and extravagance when we say, that all Christian exhortation is in truth a summons to war."

Mr Foster then remarks, that there are many powers and agencies of the grand enemy, Moral Evil, which press so immediately on a man's own personal economy, that a habitual conflict with them is an essential condition of the Christian character. But others again there are of great power and hatefulness, which do not so directly force themselves into the question of his being a Christian or not. The sphere of their malignant operation lies, perhaps, at a greater distance, and they may seem from their magnitude and consolidated establishment, to bid defiance to the efforts of individuals. Mr Foster accordingly admits freely, that the exhortation to a Christian, to exert a share of his force in this direction, may be considered as partly an appeal to those higher sentiments of the religious spirit, which aspire to the full magnanimity and zeal of the Christian character. "It is an incitement to their ambition, that it may never again be said, with respect to any part of the operations of God against evil among men, that he trod the wine-press alone, and that of the people there was none with him."

When animated to this high and enterprising spirit, a good man may wonder that the heathenism prevailing over large tracts of the world, should so little, in this country, or other protestant nations, till a comparatively recent time, have been accounted as comprehended within the sphere of required Christian exertion. The friends of religion seem to have regarded those dreadful maladies of the moral world, the delusions and abominations of paganism, with a sort of submissive awe, as if almost they had established a prescriptive right to their place on earth—"as if they were an unchangeable, uncontroulable part of the great system of things, like the destructive climates of certain portions of the globe, and the liability of others to the terrors of earthquakes."

Within a later period, however, within that chiefly which has shewn, on so vast a scale, the availableness of human agency for overturning things of ancient, and wide, and commanding establishment in the world, Mr Foster remarks, that men have begun to regard, with less prostration of feeling, those gigantic dominations which have for so many ages held so many nations in the debasement of superstition. Indeed what man who has been a philosophical observer of the events of modern history, would dare to affirm what *must* be the durability of any human establishments? Even truth, righteousness, and wisdom are not immortal on earth; and shall it be asserted, without awakening, in all thoughtful hearts, indignation and scorn, that any system, formed, built, and cemented by the most hideous superstition, must of necessity be everlasting on the land which it darkens? It is somewhat singular that those persons who first argued against all attempts to christianize India, on the ground of the essential immortality of the Hindoo Superstition, were those who, in an especial manner, arrogated to themselves the title of philosophers, while they were thus advancing a proposition which was belied by all history, both sacred and profane. While they tried to cover, with ridicule and shame, the ignorance and the fanaticism of all missionaries they themselves were standing on ground which shelved away, and crumbled beneath their feet. They were the ignorant fanatics of a false philosophy, and scoffingly preaching in their darkness to those who were walking in the sunshine. So little did they know of human nature, that they believed the fetters of fear to be stronger than the links of love; and that the human soul would cling, with more inseparable passion, to the grim idols unto whose worship it approached through

misery and blood, than it has ever been known to cling to the altar built by faith, and illuminated by revelation.

What then was the advice given to christians by those philosophers who believed in the invincible power of wickedness and falsehood? It was to leave the Hindoo Superstition to itself, for that it was a rock against which the vain efforts of Christianity would be flung back like the idle foam of the sea.

It would not be difficult to shew that the philosophers of whom we are now speaking, have not succeeded in giving the solution of any one of those moral problems, which, in our own time, have been forced upon the minds of men meditating on their own grand and melancholy destinies. They have uniformly shewn themselves ignorant of the elements of human nature, and hence, in spite of all their powers of ratiocination, they have never arrived at the truth. We would not give such a man as Foster or Chalmers for them all; and, in saying so, we speak the sentiments of Britain, for while our modern *philosophers* are talked of with that wavering and dubious admiration which mere exhibitions of intellect excite, they, and others such as they, are partakers of that deep, profound, affectionate, and grateful reverence, with which men regard the wise and benign benefactors of their species.

While the philosophers have been satisfied with the simple affirmation that Christianity can never be introduced among the natives of India, Foster has, in this discourse, entered into an examination of the causes constituting the power and the weakness of their horrid superstition. Our next extract shall be a long one, but we do not fear to say that it is not surpassed, either in eloquence or philosophy, by any composition of our time.

"There is much in the Hindoo system that is strikingly peculiar; but as it is the substantial greatness of the evil, rather than its specific discriminations, that requires to be presented to the view of Christian zeal, our brief notices will mainly place the emphasis on qualities common to this with the other principal modes of paganism. Our object is rather to exhibit the system in its strength of pernicious operation than in any explanatory statement of its form and materials. There needs no great length of description, since the communications of missionaries, and various works in common circulation, have made all who take the least interest in the subject familiarly acquainted with the prominent features of the heathenism of central Asia. For the attainment of any thing like a complete knowledge it may defy all human faculty, which faculty besides, if it might search the universe for choice of subjects, could find nothing less worth its efforts for knowledge. The system, if it is to be so called, is an utter chaos, without top, or bottom, or centre, or any dimension or proportion belonging either to matter or mind, and consisting of what deserves no better order. It gives one the idea of immensity filled with what is not of the value of an atom. It is the most remarkable exemplification of the possibility of making the grandest ideas contemptible, for that of infinity is here combined with the very abstract of worthlessness.

"But, deserving of all contempt as it is, regarded merely as a farrago of notions and fantasies, it becomes a thing for detestation and earnest hostility when viewed in its practical light, as the governing scheme of principles and rites to a large portion of our race. Consider that there is thus acting upon them, as religion, a system which is in nearly all its properties, that which the true religion *is not*, and in many *of* them the exact reverse. Look at your religion, presented in its bright attributes before you, reflecting those of its Author; and then realise to your minds as far as you can, the condition of so many millions of human spirits receiving, without intermission, from infancy to the hour of death, the full influence of the direct opposites to these divine principles,—a contrast of condition but faintly typified by that between the Israelites and the Egyptians in beholding, on the different sides, the pillar in its appearance over the Red sea. Consider in comparison the intellectual and moral systems under which we and they are passing forward to another world. While ours has, as its solar light and glory, the doctrine of One Being in whom all perfections are united and infinite, theirs scatters that which is the most precious and vital sentiment of the human soul, and indeed of any created intelligence, to an indefinite multitude and diversity of adored objects; the one system carrying the spirit downward to utter debasement through that very element of feeling in which it should be exalted, while the other, when in full influence, bears it upward in spite of a thousand things combining to degrade it. The relation subsisting between man and the divinity, as unfolded to view in the true religion, is of a simple and solemn character; whereas the Brahminical theory exhibits this relation in an infinitely confounded, fantastic, vexatious, and ludicrous complexity of form. While in the Christian system the future state of man is declared with the same dignified simplicity, the opposed paganism,

between some inane dream of an aspiring mysticism on the one hand, and the paltriest conceits of a reptile invention on the other, presents, we might say sports, this sublime doctrine and fact in the shapes of whimsey and riddle. Ours is an economy according to which religion, considered as in its human subjects, consists in a state of the mind instead of exterior formalities; the institutes of the Hindoos make it chiefly consist in a miraculously multiplied and ramified set of ritual fooleries. It is almost superfluous to notice in the comparison, that while the one enjoins and promotes a perfect morality, the other essentially favours, and even formally sanctions, the worst vices. It may suffice to add, that while the true religion knows nothing of any precedence in the Divine estimate and regard, of one class of human creatures before another, in virtue of nativity or any mere natural distinction, the superstition we are describing has rested very much of its power upon a classification according to which one considerable proportion of the people are, by the very circumstance of their birth, morally distinguished as holy and venerable, and another more numerous proportion, as base and contemptible, sprung from the feet of the creating god, that they might be slaves to the tribe which had the luck and honour to spring from his head.

"Such is this aggregate of perversions of all thought, and feeling, and practice. And yet, the system, *being religion*, acts on its subjects with that kind of power which is appropriate and peculiar to religion. The sense which man, by the very constitution of his nature, has of the existence of some super-human power, is one of the strongest principles of that nature; whatever, therefore, takes effectual hold of this sense will go far toward acquiring the regency of his moral being. This conjunction of so many delusions does take possession of this sense in the minds of the Hindoos, with a mightier force than probably we see in any other exhibition of the occupancy of religion, on a wide scale, in the world. But to the power which the superstition has in thus taking hold of the religious sense, is to be added that which it acquires by another and a dreadful adaptation; for it takes hold also, as with more numerous hands than those given to some of the deities, of all the corrupt principles of the heart. What an awful phenomenon, that among a race of rational creatures a religion should be mighty almost to omnipotence by means, in a great measure, of its favourableness to evil!

"Observe, again, the power possessed by this stupendous delusion in having direct hold on the Senses, in so many ways, even exclusively of the grosser means, (the grossest possible, as you are apprised) of which it avails itself to please them. It comes out in manifestation upon the view of its devotees in a visible striking imagery, which meets them on all sides. All their vanities of doctrine stand, as it were, embodied before them, and occupy their faculties sooner than they can think, more constantly than they think, and in a mode of possession stronger than mere thought. Indeed it is a mode of possession which, (after faith has grown into the habit of the mind), may be effectual on the feelings though thought be wanting; for we may presume that in India, as in other regions, when external forms and shows have been admitted as symbols of subjects of belief, they may preserve in the people much of the moral habitude appropriate to that belief, even at times when there is no strictly intellectual apprehension of the matter. The Hindoo is under the influence of this enchantment upon his senses, almost wherever the Christian remonstrant against the dreams and rites of his superstition can approach him, seeking access to his reason and conscience. The man thus attempting may have read idle fictions of magical spells, which obstruct the passing of some line, or preclude entrance at a gate; but here he may perceive a *real* intervening magic, between the truth he brings, and the intellectual and moral faculties into which he wishes to introduce it. In his missionary progress among the people, perhaps he shall address them for the first time where there is in sight some votive object, some consecrated relic, or the tomb of some revered impostor; things which, connected, in their apprehension, as closely with religion as their garments are with their persons, must needs be indicative that that which they belong to is there; they are felt as pledges of it reality, and signs of its authority impending over them. A very firm association has not only the effect of our being reminded by the less object of the greater, but of our having an aggravated sense of the reality of that greater.

"His next address may be uttered in the vicinity of a temple, which, if in ruins, seems to tell but so much the more emphatically, by that image and sign of antiquity, at what a remote and solemn distance of time that *was* the religion which is the religion still; if undilapidated and continuing in its appropriate use, overawes their minds with the mysterious solemnities of its inviolable sanctuary; while the sculptured shapes and actions of divinities, overspreading the exterior of the structure, have nothing in their impotent and monstrous device and clumsy execution, to abate the reverence of Hindoo devotion toward the objects expressed in this visible language. The missionary, if an acute observer, might perceive how rays of malignant but imperative influence strike from such objects upon the faculties of his auditors, to be as it were reflected in their looks of disbelief and disdain upon the preacher of the new doctrine. What a strength of guardianship is thus ar-

rayed in the very senses of the pagan for the dogmas and fables and immoral principles established in his faith!

"Or we may suppose the protester in the name of the true God to be led to the scene of one of the grand periodical celebrations of the extraordinary rites of idolatry. There, as at the temple of Jaggernaut, contemplating the effect of an intense fanaticism, glowing through an almost infinite crowd, he may perceive that each individual mind is the more fitted, by being heated in this infernal furnace, to harden in a more decided form and stamp of idolatry as it cools.

"Antiquity is, all over the world, the favourite resource of that which is without rational evidence, especially so, therefore, of superstition; and the Brahminical superstition rises imperially above all others in assumption of dignity from the past, which it arrogates as all its own, but emphatically that which appears the most solemn by remoteness. Unlike most other dominations over human opinion, which deduce themselves from an origin, and attain their honours in and by means of their enlarging progress downward in time, this proud imposture makes the past, back to an inconceivable distance, the peculiar scene of its magnificence. And it teaches its devotees to regard its continued presence on earth not as the progress of a cause advancing and brightening into greatness and triumph, but merely as something of the radiance reaching thus far, and with fainter splendour, from that glory so divine in the remote past. Its primæval manifestation was of power to prolong the effect to even this late period, in which the faithful worshippers have to look back so far to behold the glory of that vision it once condescended to unfold on this world. The grand point of attraction being thus placed in a past so stupendous as to assume almost a character of eternity, the contemplations, the devotional feelings, and the self-complacency, are drawn away in a retrospective direction, and leave behind in contempt all modern forms of faith or institution, as the insignificant follies sprung from the corruption of a heaven-abandoned period of time. The sentiments excited in them by the many signs of decay in the exterior apparatus of their system, such as the ruined state of innumerable temples, will rather coincide with this attraction in carrying the homage and the pride to the glory that was once, than lead to any suspicion of a futility for which the system deserves to grow out of use. This retrospective magnitude, this absorption of all past duration in their religion, this reduction to insignificance of whatever else has existed, (if, indeed, all that has existed has not been comprehended in it), cannot fail to produce a degree of elation in the minds of the Hindoos, notwithstanding their incapability of genuine sublimity of conception and emotion.

"And again, however slight their affections toward their contemporary relatives, the idea of an ancestry extending back through unnumbered generations, all having had their whole intellectual and moral existence involved inseparably in their religion, and surrendering in succession their souls to become a kind of guardians or portions of it, must add a more vital principle of attraction to the majestic authority and sanction of such an antiquity. Generations of little account in their own times may acquire, when passed away to be contemplated as ancestry, a certain power over the imagination by becoming invested with something of the character of another world,—a venerableness which combines with and augments the interest which they hold in our thoughts as having once belonged to our mortal fraternity. This combined interest going wholly into the sentiments of religion, in the pagans of whom we speak, they will feel as if a violation of that would be an insult to each of the innumerable souls of the great religious family departed, all worthier of respect than any that are now living in the world from which they have vanished. This habitual reference to their ancestors, with a certain sense of responsibility, is maintained by various notions and rites of their superstition, expressly contrived for the purpose, as well as by the pride which they can all feel, though they be but little sensible to the kind of poetical charm which might be felt, in thus standing connected, through identity of religious character and economy, with the remotest antiquity.

"Nor can the influence be small, in the way of confirmed sanction and cherished pride, of beholding that which has been the element of the moral existence of an almost infinite train of predecessors, attested still, as to its most material parts, by a world of beings at this hour coinciding with the devotee, in regarding it as their honour, their sanctity, and their supreme law. Let the Hindoo direct his attention or his travels whichever way he will, within the circuit of a thousand leagues, he meets with a crowding succession, without end, of living thinking creatures who live and think but to believe and act as he does. And what, in effect, do they all think and act so for, but as evidence that he is right? The mind can rest its assurance of its own rectitude of persuasion on this wide concurrence of belief, without therefore acknowledging to itself a degrading dependence. Its mode of seeing the matter is, not that the faith of a large assemblage of other minds is *its* faith, but that its faith is *theirs*; not—I think and act as they do, but, They think and act as I do. This sort of ambitious expansion outward, from the individual as a centre, saves his pride of reason from being humiliated by the consideration of the sameness of his notions with those of the great mass. The sense of community in human nature is strongly and delightfully admitted, when agreeing multitudes corroborate a man's

opinions without depriving him of the self-complacency of believing that he holds them in the strength of his own wisdom.

"This corroborating influence of the consent of contemporary multitude in the most essential points of the system, has, as we have already hinted, its effect among the Hindoos even without the intervention of social affection. Never did any where a great number of human creatures exist together with so little of the attachments of kindred and friendship. It is a striking illustration of the tendency of their superstition, that it nearly abolishes these interests, keeping the whole population in the state of detached and most selfish particles. This seems indeed to be foregoing one of the strongest means of power, since a system of notions and moral principles might find the greatest account in so combining itself with the affections of nature as to engage them for auxiliaries. But then what a triumph of this bad cause that while, instead of enticing these charities into its service it tramples on and destroys them, it can notwithstanding make this assemblage of dissocial selfish beings act upon one another in confirmation of their common delusion, with an effect even greater than that which might have arisen from friendly sympathy. Of little worth in one another's esteem as relatives and friends, it is as things which the gods have set their stamp upon that they have their grand value. The religion is regarded as attaching in so very personal a manner to all its subjects, that they have the effect of figures sculptured on their temples, or of leaves of their sacred books of mythology. The seal or brand of the deities set upon them does not indeed *dignify* them all, but it makes them all vouchers to the religion. They all in conjunction personify, as it were, that system which as much requires the existence of Soodras to verify it as of Brahmins. The 'miry clay' of the feet is as essential a part as the royal material of the head.

"Thus the vast multitude are made to serve just as surety to one another, and all to each, for the verity of the superstition. And as the existence of any of them on any other account had been impertinent, their existence in such prodigious numbers must needs seem to demonstrate a mighty importance in that for evidence and exemplification of which it was worth while for them to be so many."

Mr Foster, after a good deal more of the same fine disquisition, speaks boldly of the conduct of the Christian government over India, in becoming an auxiliary to the power of this infernal superstition. The aid has been afforded, not in the way of securing, in observance of the principle of toleration, the pagan worship, and means of worship, from violent interference, but in the form of a positive and active patronage. The administration of the funds for the ceremonial of idolatry has been taken, he observes, under the authority and care of the reigning power—

"*Composed of persons zealous, on this nearer side of a certain extent of water, for the established Christian religion, which establishment has also been recently extended to that farther side*, with what effect towards exploding or even modifying this very marvellous policy, or whether deemed to be perfectly harmonious with it, we must wait to be informed. In the mean time, the religious public is amply informed of a course of measures having been deliberately pursued tending to support and prolong the ascendency of paganism. It has been disclosed to their view, that the highest authority has taken upon itself the regulation of the economy of idols' temples, has restored endowments which had been alienated, and has made additional allowances from the public revenue, where the existing appropriations have been judged inadequate to preserve to those establishments the requisite dignity;—requisite for what, but to prevent any relaxation of the hold which the imposture has on the people? And, be it remembered, the revenue which is to afford this aid is constantly pressing heavily for its means of competence on the distressed resources of this Christian country."

Having thus stated the nature of the evil, Mr Foster devotes the remainder of his admirable discourse to an enlightened and profound argumentation on the duty of a great Christian country, to do all that in it lies to overcome the evil. As a specimen of nearly 50 pages of noble reasoning, we quote the following passage.—

"If they would for a moment put themselves, in imagination, in the case of being contemporary with Wicliff, or with Luther, and of being applied to by one of these daring spirits for advice, we may ask what counsel they can suppose themselves to have given? They cannot but be instantly conscious that, though they had been protestants at heart, their dispositions would have been to array and magnify the objections and dangers; to dwell in emphatic terms on the inveterate, all-comprehensive, and resistless dominion of the papal church, established in every soul and body of the people; on the vigilance and prompt malignity of the priests; and on the insignificance, as to any effect, of an obscure individual's efforts against an immense and marvellously well organized system of imposture and depravity, even if that individual could be beguiled enough to expect, that his protestation would not soon bring him to encounter the *ultima ratio* of his provoked enemy, in the form of tribunals, dungeons and death. In short, if in those instances such counsel had been acted u

as they would have given, that zeal which was kindling and destined to lay a great part of the mightier Babylon in ashes, would have smouldered and expired in a languid listless hope, that the Almighty would *sometime* create such a juncture of circumstances as should admit an attempt at reformation without the folly and danger of useless temerity. And so we might, for Wicliff and Luther, have been immersed in the half paganism of popery at this very day.

"And to descend to the undertaking in favour of which we are at present assembled; —all that has been accomplished by it in India, and is now accomplishing, as introductory, we trust, to a religious change not less glorious or extensive than the Reformation, may be regarded by its active friends as, in some sense, a reward for having refused to be controuled by the dissuasive arguments, and desponding predictions, of many very worthy deprecators of rashness and enthusiasm.

"It is from this quarter that we may hear disapprobation in form of the question, What can we do against an evil of such enormous magnitude, and so consolidated? It may be answered, (and this has indeed been already suggested), What you can do, in the sense of what precise quantity of effect a severe calculation may promise from a given effort, is not always to be the rule of conduct; for this would be to deny the absolute authority of the divine Master. We refuse to obey him for his own sake, and refuse with an impious arrogance, if we insist on being endowed, or on the right of acting as if we could be endowed, with his own foresight of consequences, that foresight on which, we may presume, are founded the wise reasons of his commands. It may be added, that the contrary spirit has been signally honoured, inasmuch as some of the most effectual and the noblest services rendered to God in all time, have begun much more in the prompting of zeal to attempt something for him, as it were at all hazards, than in rigorous estimates of the probable measure of effect.

"We may observe also, how all history abounds with great effects from little causes, thus indeed representing a prevailing fact in the constitution of the world. Some such consequences now existing in magnitude, bear a peculiarity of character which will hardly allow us to look at them without a reference to their origination; others have so blended in the conformation of the ordinary state of things, that they do not necessarily nor readily suggest the thought of their first causes. The actual condition of our part of the world consists of a number of grand, distinguishable, though combined effects, at various distances from their respective causes; how interesting it would be to survey backward their progress; but they are so familiarised around us that we are seldom reminded of the manner and the diminutiveness in which they began. A mysterious hand threw a particle of a cause, if we may so speak, among the elements; it had the principle of attraction in it; it found something akin to it to combine with, obtaining so an augmentation, to be instantly again augmented, of the attracting and assimilating power, which grew in a ratio that became at length stupendous; and it exhibits the final result, (if any result yet attained could be called final), in perhaps a grand modification of the condition of a people, a continent, a large portion of the globe. What was the commencement of the true religion in this land, and of those several reformations which have partly restored it from its corruptions? And what would be the term of proportion, according to our principles of judging, between the object as seen in the diminutiveness of the incipient cause, and in its present extent of prevalence?—between, (if we may be allowed the figure), the germ in the acorn and the majestic oak?

"A result thus growing to an immense magnitude from a cause apparently so inconsiderable at the commencement, is the collective consequence of a great number of causes progressively starting and multiplying into consentaneous operation, each of them respectively having in the same manner its enlarging series of consequences. And in looking to the future progress of this undertaking in India, is it not perfectly rational to assume, that many small means and little events will be, in their respective times and places, the commencements, and in a sense the causes, of trains of consequences interminally advancing and enlarging?"

After the eloquence of Foster we fear that our readers will be little disposed to care for any of our opinions on this subject, expressed in our own more homely and feebler words. Yet they may perhaps excuse us for attempting to state the whole argument in a concise form.

It is assumed then, as a fundamental principle, that the Christian religion is not only the best of all religions, but the only true one—and that it cannot exist among men without purifying, exalting, and enlightening the character of nations. To introduce Christianity into any country whatever, where it was not formerly known, even into a country where superstition may have assumed its least hideous form, would therefore be to confer an inestimable benefit on its inhabitants. This being the case, it becomes a duty incumbent upon all individuals and states, in proportion to their means, to attempt the conversion unto Christianity of all heathen nations. But it becomes, more especially, a duty in-

cumbent upon all great Christian states, to diffuse over the kingdoms subjected to their sway, that religion which has been the cause of their own superior wisdom, virtue, happiness, and power; and if they are deterred from so doing, by any fears lest the knowledge so communicated might ultimately render the subject people independent, then are they, when enjoying the greatest blessing of heaven, afraid of bestowing it on others, lest some part of their own temporal prosperity might be sacrificed to the eternal happiness of millions unborn. But it is obvious, or demonstrable, that it is for the advantage of all nations of the earth, that they should be all enlightened and free, and, that even politically, Britain, for example, would be benefited by the spread of Christianity over India. The argument, therefore, against attempting to christianize India, founded on the danger that might thence result to our dominions there (which by the way, is now well known to be a bug-bear) is untenable, because it is in direct opposition to every principle of justice to our fellow creatures, or of gratitude to our Creator. It is now universally admitted, that the Hindoo superstition, is the most odious that has ever existed among mankind, because the most immoral and unintellectual, and in all things debasing, polluting, and deforming human nature. It is therefore, clear as the light of day, that we, a nation of Christians and philosophers, are bound, by the very tenure on which we hold our elevated existence from the great God, to spread over the earth that religion, without which men are like the brutes that perish—and that we are not Christians, if we dare for one moment basely to think, that there can be any spot on that earth, for the sake of whose children Christ did die, over which Christianity *ought* not to be spread. But it is argued by others again, that certain superstitions are indestructible. This is a mere assertion, not only unsupported by facts, but at variance with all the events in the history of man. And, with respect to the Hindoo superstition, in particular, as it has no foundation in nature—however strongly it is supported by custom and institution—but on the contrary, exists in defiance and violation of all the principles of humanity—so must it be, of all religions that ever existed, the strongest when unattacked, and the weakest when those passions and affections of the soul shall be made to rise up in array against it, which are now bowed down before it in sad and hopeless captivity. That the Hindoo superstition *may* therefore be overthrown, no rational mind can deny. The question, then, is, how shall this be accomplished—and the answer at once is, by enabling the natives to discover what is Christianity. This can be accomplished only by Christian missions, and the dissemination of the Bible over India. No one has ever said or thought, that Christianity will *soon* be the religion of those vast countries. But reason, sense, experience, all tell with one united voice of thunder, that truth, if only given a fair chance for its life, will most miraculously prevail—they also tell us, that we are placed here, not to wait for the decrees of God, in the blind indolence of fatalism, but that the human soul is to work out on earth the mandates of heaven. We are not to expect to see the visible arm of God shivering the temples of idolatry, and breaking into fragments that fearful superstition which has been so long suffered to overshadow a miserable people. Neither are we to expect to do this ourselves. But our trust is in the mystery of time—and none who have understood the past need despair of the future. Let any of our readers consider this our concluding paragraph, as containing a number of consecutive propositions all linked together, and leading to the establishment of the expediency and duty of missions to the east—and point out to us, if he can, any weakness or vacancy in the chain.

SERMONS PREACHED IN THE TRON CHURCH, GLASGOW, BY THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.*

THE Astronomical Discourses of this celebrated Preacher produced, perhaps, a stronger, if not a more lasting impression, on the public mind, than any other display of pulpit oratory in our country during this age. They appeared when the author's reputation for eloquence was higher than had ever been attained by any preacher in Scotland since the reformation—and it was instantaneously and universally acknowledged that the work which he had sent from the press was equal in power and splendour to his noblest exhibitions in the pulpit. It proved to the satisfaction of all men that his command over their minds was legitimate,—and that though strengthened and made more irresistible by the living energies of the voice and eye,—it lay in the highest faculties of our nature, reason and imagination. They, however, who would characterise those discourses as exhibiting the boundless flights and fanciful illustrations of poetry,—and we believe many have done so,—seem to us very ignorant of their real merits. It is true that the language often expands into the magnificence, and kindles into the lustre of poetry, as all language does when genius speaks of the great works of God. But the power of the preacher consists in distinctly presenting to the view even of unscientific minds, all the glories of astronomy, in the grand outlines of its system,—so that the very humblest is made to feel the omnipotence of the Deity as profoundly as the very highest intellect. It is not because the preacher utters any thing new, either in subject or illustration, that he thus elevates our conceptions; but he does so, by a grand and sweeping picture of wonders which all know to exist, and by a devout and empassioned homage of the Being who upholds them in his creation. While our souls are thus filled with the most august conceptions of the Deity, the preacher does not leave us in the hopelessness of our conscious insignificance; but shows to us, from the whole analogy of nature, that in the midst of all his omnipotence and all its unimagined works, the Deity cares for us the insects of a speck, and that we live and will live in his mercy and redeeming love. The object of the Astronomical Discourses is to fill the soul with a sense of the omnipotence of God, and, at the same time, with a conviction that our own utter frailty does not exclude us from his thoughts. The preacher explains the groundlessness of that scepticism which fears because God is great, and we are less than nothing,—he heaps image upon image, and follows out train upon train of reasoning to elevate our conceptions of the Deity, and to humble those of ourselves,—but he leaves us at last, not standing at a hopeless distance from Him, but like children, strong in piety and trusting in the strength of their parent's love. Whatever objections may be made, either fairly or not, to the style or spirit of "this great argument," it has been felt by all that the Astronomical Discourses have benefited incalculably the cause of religion, by elevating, and at the same time, enlightening and cheering our conceptions of the moral government of the universe.

That work, therefore, excited throughout Britain a strong desire for sermons by the same author, on subjects, we will not say of more universal interest, for that cannot be, but of more various applicability to the religious feelings of our nature. We longed for devotional helps from the same pious and powerful mind, in all the mysteries of our faith,—and feeling that Christianity deals with the profoundest passions that shake our nature, we wished to hear of its operation on them, from the same lips that had told us of the wonders of the heavens, and of our alliance with the Power that created and sustains them.

The present volume will, we think, be gratefully accepted as, in fact, conferring upon us such a service. It is, in most things, all that we hoped; and if there be certain faults of diffuseness and repetition discernible in it, these, we are convinced, are almost necessari-

* *Smith* and Sons, Glasgow. William Whyte and Co., Edinburgh. Longman, London. *1819.*

ly inherent in compositions of such a character. Impassioned and flowing orations, such as these in general are, —and originally composed for the pulpit,—cannot but occasionally fatigue the mind in perusal,—but at the same time it is obvious, that they possess a freedom, a boldness, and an impetuosity, with which sermons written only to be read could never have been inspired. Even in reading them silently, the ear soon gets accustomed to their modulation, which is for the most part grand and harmonious—and if there be in it rather too much *manner*, it is at least, that of a master.

It cannot, we think, be denied that sermons are not, in general, very good reading. Nor is this owing to the lukewarmness of readers, so much as to the incompetency of preachers. In a printed sermon, at least, we expect something like views of human nature, and a knowledge of human life,—if not exhibiting great philosophical power, yet surely apostolic fervour and simplicity. If we find in sermons neither the one nor other of these, there seems no good reason for reading them at all—and we neither can nor ought to admit their author to be privileged to speak publicly as a teacher. This does not hold equally of sermons delivered in a church. We go to church to pray, and to worship God. The influence of the place—the sanctity of the ministerial office—the worth, it may be, of the man who holds it—the devotion necessarily inspired by the recurrence of a hallowed day—all render the Sabbath-service most blessed to human beings. Even though the sermon we then hear may be in itself of little value—it is heard by the heart in its holiest mood,—and the good which it may contain, is received among the other sacred influences of the house of God. But published sermons are not always perused in such lofty states of mind, nor can they be; and if they are not only destitute of any remarkable intellectual power, but also unadorned by the simplicity of the gospel, or the beauty of holiness—the least arrogant and self-sufficient reader may lay them aside in weariness or disgust, unwilling that high things should be debased, pure things sullied, or mysterious things profaned. The evil of dull, stupid, confused, and ill-written sermons, is one of considerable magnitude; and no more effectual plan could be devised for alienating the youthful mind from habits of religious meditation, than to weary them with such sermons by way of religious exercise. The benefit then is incalculable which a volume of truly good sermons must confer on the rising generation, when it has been widely established as a family-book, as this of Dr Chalmers will inevitably be—and that benefit is produced, as well by the good which such a family-book does, as the evil which it prevents.

But there is another class of sermons of which the evil, though it is much greater, will not by many be so readily admitted—and these are moral sermons—that is to say, sermons from which religion, as essential to all morality, is upon principle excluded. In them we find sometimes cold and bare metaphysics, in the place of the awful and sublime mysteries of the gospel—the self-sufficiency of speculative minds arranging into all their classes the duties born of human society, and that regulate the dealings of men, in place of that prostration of the true Christian spirit that looks to God alone for its duties, and the meaning of its duties—and worst of all, a confident security in the power of mere human virtues, whether of passive or active benevolence, to work out the salvation of man, in place of a humble confession of the utter worthlessness of them all, excepting as they are inspired by, and exist in the will of God, as revealed to mankind in the Christian dispensation. Let no one deny that such sermons exist, written too by men of amiable and elegant minds, and incorporated with the body of our theology. Let them at once rather say, that such sermons are the best of all. But wiser men know that all the sources of the highest eloquence are dried up in the mere moral preacher—that his faith subdues all feelings to one level, and that far from an elevated one—and that, philosopher though he may be, he is blind to the only true philosophy, that of Christianity. These are the preachers, who, by exaggerating human virtues, have sometimes come to speak of man as of God —who have not feared to bring forward a heathen philosopher by the side of a blessed name—and who, throwing into the shade the divinity of Christ, have sought for his resem-

blance in Socrates, willing, as it might seem, to consider them both in the light of pure, unoffending, and suffering mortals, put to death by men who could not understand either their wisdom or their innocence. Of the danger of such preaching as this, it is impossible to give an exaggerated picture.

But there still remains another class of preachers, of whom we would say a very few words—orthodox preachers. Mr Foster has written an essay on the causes of the aversion of men of cultivated taste to evangelical religion, and in the present volume Dr Chalmers has a sermon on a subject somewhat similar. We are almost disposed to think that neither of them has treated his theme with perfect candour. It must be, and ought to be hateful not to men of cultivated taste alone, but to all men of right feeling, to hear the pure simplicity of the language of the New Testament profaned, by being incorporated with the vile and vulgar slang of many, called orthodox or evangelical, preachers. The vital doctrines of Christianity come polluted, degraded, and vulgarised, from their mouths—in one confused and undistinguishable mass. The most dread ideas are associated with those of the most familiar sort—a rude eagerness takes the place of a lofty enthusiasm—and words, that the soul fears to hear unless in hours of high and solemn preparation, are impiously vollied out by ignorant and uneducated men, among all the hideousness or meanness of their own sectarian jargon. Now, in such cases, it is not the man of cultivated taste who feels disgust and aversion at the mere phraseology of such preachers, but it is the man of real piety, who is shocked by the blasphemous spirit of their harangues. It is shocking to see one of the blindest of the uninitiated discharging the office of high-priest—to see

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

It is true that the mysteries of Christianity are, by the influence of the Divine Spirit, made intelligible to the most humble—but, we are not to take the humility of the orthodox upon their own word, nor to believe them to speak that of God when their minds are obviously under the continued influence of thoughts, energies, feelings, and recollections of a low, grovelling, and earth-born nature, and such as are loathsome in a man, and, therefore, can form no part of a Christian. The solution of many of the great difficulties which, to an unbelieving mind, exist in the Christian faith, is to be found in the depth of human passion—and they who would explain them must know something of the mysteries of joy and grief, and of all the manifold agitations that travel like tempests through our souls—else may they rave of orthodoxy for ever without really awakening one mind to a true sense of its condition; for how can we draw light from them who are themselves sitting in darkness?

Now (using the words in a sense that will be plain,) of the two, we cannot help considering the moral preacher less pernicious than the orthodox. The one is sadly deficient no doubt, but the other is wholly blind; for he has neither cultivation of mind sufficient to enable him to discover clearly mere moral axioms, nor that wisdom of the heart sufficient to comprehend the mysteries of Christianity. The moral preacher too, provided we are on our guard, cannot lead us far astray—for, it may be said, that he walks through grounds already laid out, and provided with clear paths—whereas the orthodox preacher of the class described, is like a blind man pretending to be our guide along the shores of the sea, not only ignorant of its quick sands, but of the ebbing and flowing of the tide. The one, finally, deals with caution of the things of this world—the other rashly stumbles forward into the vastness of eternity.

Now, all this should be considered before it is asserted that men of cultivated minds are naturally averse to evangelical religion, or that they are to be blamed for being so to certain kinds of it. Shew them evangelical religion as it really is, and we believe that men of cultivated taste, provided they be also men of real intellectual power, will prefer it to mere dry and unsatisfactory morality. They will see the face of the human soul reflected in the depths of the love of God, with features more celestial than it ever before assumed to their unassisted vision. When confounded or afflicted by calamity, they will see, flowing from that source, waters of comfort more pure and copious than ever flowed over the faded verdure of life from the shallow urn of human virtue,

We well know that both Foster and Chalmers have advanced other reasons for the aversion of such men to what is called evangelical religion.—Foster, especially, has attributed it, in great measure, to the power which the virtues of magnanimity and courage, as exhibited in Greek and Roman story, continue to exert over the moral judgments of men who have, in youth, been devoted to classical literature. And we grant that there is weight in his argument. But unless we greatly mistake, none but the weakest of scholars bestow any permanent undue love or admiration on the heroes of antiquity who fight before us in the Iliad of Homer, for example, or form their moral judgments on their practice, as if they had been real living men. They exist in a world of their own, unlike in almost all things to that in which we move. Yet, though we feel that no such men ever did exist, we feel, at the same time, that they are poetical representatives of an age which is called by way of eminence, the heroic. We delight in them, therefore, as in beings like but most unlike to ourselves—beings created out of imperfect realities by the imagination of a great poet, and breathing the undecayed spirit of antiquity. The virtues which they possess, we feel to be the virtues of an early era of society, and we feel at once their strength and their weakness. No sensible man ever thought Achilles a perfect model of a hero, except as a Greek before the walls of Troy—nor does any sensible man pay much deference to the wisdom of Nestor. On the contrary, the Iliad delights and enchains us by the vivid and moving picture which it exhibits of the barbarous spirit of a barbarous age.

Though, therefore, men of cultivated taste may think, and think rightly, that such imperfect virtues, as the courage and magnanimity of the heroic ages are better than any other fitted for poetry, we do not believe that they often, if ever, carry their admiration of them so far as to prefer them, in their hearts, to the virtues inculcated by evangelical religion, and to dislike that religion because its spirit is hostile to that of the mythological religion of antiquity. On the contrary, we believe, that those scholars who have studied the Greek poetry most philosophically, and who have perused, in general with most earnestness, the character and spirit of all antiquity, feel most profoundly the utter inadequacy of all its most splendid displays, to satisfy our highest conceptions even of mere human virtue—and that their conviction of the truth of Christianity, and of the superior excellence of the character it breathes, is rendered more deep and stedfast by their knowledge of the melancholy debasement of the human mind, in the ancient world, as well during the most simple state of manners, as that of the highest refinement and civility.

When such evangelical preachers as Foster himself, or Chalmers, speak, in the language of Scripture, of Christian virtues, to men of the finest education, there is no fear of their inspiring their hearers either with disgust or aversion. If the doctrine of the depravity of human nature is true—and that it is so, the virtues of men speak as clearly as their vices, and their happiness even more affectingly than their misery—mankind must know and feel it to be true, however much they may at times wish to hide it from themselves. By such preachers they will hear that and other mysteries spoken of as mysteries ought to be—gradually unfolded in the light of the gospel, and not forced upon them in darkness; and thus, while all those feelings of our human hearts are awakened by their eloquence, on which the proof of the truth of vital Christianity depends, we will not fail to hear responses of that truth echoed back to us from all the passing scenes and events of this our agitating mortal existence.

It is because this volume of Sermons, by Dr Chalmers, contains a discussion of many of those great questions of vital Christianity, that we think it even more valuable than his Astronomical Discourses. He is the minister of Christ, and therefore feels it to be his duty not to fear to explain his Word. He is not ashamed of the sacred volume; and therefore, unlike many of the timid preachers of the day, who wish not to offend the prejudices of their hearers, he discloses its contents, however humiliating they may be to the pride of man. Yet his doctrine leaves us far happier beings than the cold comfort of the moralist. He speaks of our high alliance with God, and deals with a creed, whose

various mysteries alternately depress or elevate—as they now reveal to us our degradation and depravity, or hold up that scheme of redemption by which we are made worthy of Eternal Life.

The great object of these Discourses is stated by Dr Chalmers himself in his preface, in his very happiest manner.

"The doctrine which is most urgently and most frequently insisted on, in the following volume, is that of the depravity of human nature, and it were certainly cruel to expose the unworthiness of man for the single object of disturbing him. But the cruelty is turned into kindness, when, along with the knowledge of the disease, there is offered an adequate and all powerful remedy. It is impossible to have a true perception of our own character, in the sight of God, without feeling our need of acquittal; and in opposition to every obstacle, which the justice of God seems to hold out to it, this want is provided for in the Gospel. And it is equally impossible to have a true perception of the character of God, as being utterly repugnant to sin, without feeling the need of amendment; and in opposition to every obstacle, which the impotency of man holds out to it, this want is also provided for in the Gospel. There we behold the amplest securities for the peace of the guilty. But there do we also behold securities equally ample for their progress, and their perfection in holiness. Insomuch, that in every genuine disciple of the New Testament, we not only see one who, delivered from the burden of his fears, rejoices in hope of a coming glory—but we see one who, set free from the bondage of corruption, and animated by a new love and a new desire, is honest in the purposes, and strenuous in the efforts, and abundant in the works of obedience. He feels the instigations of sin, and in this respect he differs from an angel. But he follows not the instigations of sin, and in this respect he differs from a natural or unconverted man. He may experience the motions of the flesh—but he walks not after the flesh. So that in him we may view the picture of a man struggling with effect against his earth-born propensities, and yet hateful to himself for the very existence of them—holier than any of the people around him, and yet humbler than them all—realizing, from time to time, a positive increase to the grace and excellency of his character, and yet becoming more tenderly conscious every day of its remaining deformities—gradually expanding in attainment, as well as in desire, towards the light and the liberty of heaven, and yet groaning under a yoke from which death alone will fully emancipate him."

Our readers thus know what kind of creed they are to expect in this volume; and if they have been contented hitherto to hug themselves on their virtues, or on their proprieties, no doubt they will stumble at the very threshold; but they who have read their Bible with an understanding heart—who have meditated on the history of the species—or who can read the silent annals of their own souls—will turn with profound emotion to these commentaries on the doctrines of the New Testament. The difference between a moralist and a Christian is this, that the former considers human nature merely imperfect—but capable, by means of reason, strengthened by education, of discharging its duties on earth to the satisfaction of itself and its Creator; and thinking so, he relies for the future on the goodness of that Creator. The Christian considers human nature, not merely as imperfect, but as fallen and depraved, and utterly incapable of arriving, by the exercise of its faculties, at the noblest height of virtue. Of a future he has no hope—but over that bridge which the cross of the Redeemer forms over the chasm of sin and death, now separating us from God. That this latter creed is true, is practically acknowledged and proved by all mankind and their history. For if our nature were merely imperfect, and if human error and vice were produced entirely, or nearly so, by human institutions and the course of human affairs, there must have occurred in the world many examples of human virtue nearly approaching to perfection, both in individuals and nations. But, alas! the perfectability of human nature is but an idle dream. Wisdom, in its highest worldly sense, is akin to folly, and the man of the highest moral virtue often suddenly sinks, as through a quicksand, into shameful and fatal transgression. But admit the doctrine of depravity and the fall of man, and while thus his nature is rendered more awful and mysterious, yet does his history on earth become less unintelligible. His griefs, his agonies, his melancholy, and his despair, are then reasonable things—while, otherwise, they would be but foolishness and mockery. If human nature were never more innocent and wiser than it now is, it would seem quite impossible to account for many of its deepest dreams of remorse for the past, and of hope in the future. But in the struggle which it is constantly carrying on with its fallen self, and in its conscious dependance on the hand of God lifting it up from its degradation, may be seen

proofs of a great doctrine, by which many of the otherwise unintelligible phenomena of the human soul can be to a certain degree explained, or at least enlightened.

But we must now give our readers some specimens of the manner in which Dr Chalmers treats such themes. The volume contains seventeen Sermons,* of which we give the titles below. We find that our limits will not allow us to analyze any of these fine compositions—so we must, for the present at least, content ourselves with two extracts from the 5th and 6th Sermons.

"God is not man—nor can we measure what is due to him, by what is due to our fellows in society. He made us, and he upholds us, and at his will the life which is in us, will, like the expiring vapour, pass away; and the tabernacle of the body, that curious frame-work which man thinks he can move at his own pleasure, when it is only in God that he moves, as well as lives, and has his being, will, when abandoned by its spirit, mix with the dust out of which it was formed, and enter again into the unconscious glebe from which it was taken. It was indeed a wondrous preferment for unshapen clay to be wrought into so fine an organic structure, but not more wondrous surely than that the soul which animates it should have been created out of nothing—and what shall we say, if the compound being so originated, and so sustained, and depending on the will of another for every moment of his continuance, is found to spurn the thought of God, in distaste and disaffection, away from him? When the spirit returns to him who sitteth on the throne—when the question is put, Amid all the multitude of your doings in the world, what have you done unto me?—when the rightful ascendency of his claims over every movement of the creature is made manifest by him who judgeth righteously—when the high but just pretensions of all things being done to his glory—of the entire heart being consecrated in every one of its regards to his person and character—of the whole man being set apart to his service, and every compromise being done away, between the world on the one hand, and that Being on the other, who is jealous of his honour;—when these high pretensions are set up and brought into comparison with the character and the conduct of any one of us, and it be inquired in how far we have rendered unto God the ever-breathing gratitude that is due to him, and that obedience which we should feel at all times to be our task and our obligation—how shall we fare in that great day of examination, if it be found that this has not been the tendency of our nature at all? and when he who is not a man shall thus enter into judgment with us, how shall we be able to stand?

"Amid all the praise we give and receive from each other, we may have no claims to that substantial praise which cometh from God only. Men may be satisfied, but it followeth not that God is satisfied. Under a ruinous delusion upon this subject, we may fancy ourselves to be rich, and have need of nothing, while, in fact, we are naked, and destitute, and blind, and miserable. And thus it is, that there is a morality of this world, which stands in direct opposition to the humbling representations of the gospel; which cannot comprehend what it means by the utter worthlessness and depravity of our nature; which passionately repels this statement, and that too on its own consciousness of attainments superior to those of the sordid, and the profligate, and the dishonourable; and is fortified in its resistance to the truth as it is in Jesus, by the flattering testimonials which it gathers to its respectability and its worth from the various quarters of human society.

"A just sense of the extent of claim which God has upon his own creatures, would lay open this hiding-place of security—would lead us to see, that to do some things for our neighbours, is not the same with doing all things for our Maker—that a natural principle of honesty to man, is altogether distinct from a principle of entire devotedness to God—that the tithe which we bestow upon others, is not an equivalent for a total dedication unto God of ourselves, and of all which belongs to us—that we may present those around us with many an offering of kindness, and not present our bodies a living sacrifice to God, which is our reasonable service—that we may earn a cheap and easy credit for such virtues as will satisfy the world, and be utter strangers to the self-denial, and the spirituality, and the mortification, of every earthly desire, and the affection for the things that are

* I. The Necessity of the Spirit to give Effect to the Preaching of the Gospel.—II. The Mysterious Aspect of the Gospel to the Men of the World.—III. The Preparation Necessary for understanding the Mysteries of the Gospel.—IV. An Estimate of the Morality that is without Godliness.—V. The Judgment of Men compared with the Judgment of God.—VI. The Necessity of a Mediator between God and Man.—VII. The Folly of Men measuring themselves by themselves.—VIII. Christ the Wisdom of God.—IX. The Principles of Love.—X. Gratitude not a Sordid Affection.—XI. The Affection of Moral Esteem towards God.—XII. The Emptiness of Natural Virtue.—XIII. The Natural Enmity of the Mind against God.—XIV. The Power of the Gospel to dissolve the Enmity of the Human Heart against God.—XV. The Evils of False Security.—XVI. The Union of Truth and Mercy in the Gospel.—XVII. The Purifying Influence of the Christian Faith

above;—all of which graces enter as essential ingredients into the sanctification of the gospel."—Serm. V. *The Judgment of Men compared with the Judgment of God.*

"Before we conclude, we shall just advert to another sense, in which the Mediator between God and man may be affirmed to have laid his hand upon them both:—He fills up that mysterious interval which lies between every corporeal being, and the God who is a spirit and is invisible.

"No man hath seen God at any time,—and the power which is unseen is terrible. Fancy trembles before its own picture, and superstition throws its darkest imagery over it. The voice of the thunder is awful, but not so awful as the conception of that angry Being who sits in mysterious concealment, and gives it all its energy. In these sketches of the imagination, fear is sure to predominate. We gather an impression of Nature's God, from those scenes where Nature threatens, and looks dreadful. We speak not of the theology of the schools, and the empty parade of its demonstrations.—We speak of the theology of actual feeling,—that theology which is sure to derive its lessons from the quarter whence the human heart derives its strongest sensations,—and we refer both to your own feelings, and to the history of this world's opinions, if God is more felt or more present to your imaginations in the peacefulness of spring, or the loveliness of a summer landscape, than when winter with its mighty elements sweeps the forest of its leaves,—when the rushing of the storm is heard upon our windows, and man flees to cover himself from the desolation that walketh over the surface of the world.

"If nature and her elements be dreadful, how dreadful that mysterious and unseen Being, who sits behind the elements he has formed, and gives birth and movement to all things! It is the mystery in which he is shrouded,—it is that dark and unknown region of spirits, where he reigns in glory, and stands revealed to the immediate view of his worshippers,—it is the inexplicable manner of his being so far removed from that province of sense, within which the understanding of man can expatiate,—it is its total unlikeness to all that nature can furnish to the eye of the body, or to the conception of the mind which animates it,—it is all this which throws the Being who formed us at a distance so inaccessible,—which throws an impenetrable mantle over his way, and gives us the idea of some dark and untrodden interval betwixt the glory of God, and all that is visible and created.

"Now, Jesus Christ has lifted up this mysterious veil, or rather he has entered within it. He is now at the right hand of God; and though the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person, he appeared to us in the palpable characters of a man; and those high attributes of truth, and justice, and mercy, which could not be felt or understood, as they existed in the abstract and invisible Deity, are brought down to our conception in a manner the most familiar and impressive, by having been made, through Jesus Christ, to flow in utterance from human lips, and to beam in expressive physiognomy from a human countenance.

"So long as I had nothing before me but the unseen Spirit of God, my mind wandered in uncertainty, my busy fancy was free to expatiate, and its images filled my heart with disquietude and terror. But in the life, and person, and history of Jesus Christ, the attributes of the Deity are brought down to the observation of my senses; and I can no longer mistake them when in the Son, who is the express image of his Father, I see them carried home to my understanding by the evidence and expression of human organs,—when I see the kindness of the Father, in the tears which fell from the Son at the tomb of Lazarus—when I see his justice blended with his mercy, in the exclamation, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem," by Jesus Christ; uttered with a tone more tender than the sympathy of human bosom ever prompted, while he bewailed the sentence of its desolation,—and in the look of energy and significance which he threw upon Peter, I feel the judgment of God himself, flashing conviction upon my conscience, and calling me to repent, while his wrath is suspended, and he still waiteth to be gracious.

"And it was not a temporary change which he assumed. The human nature, and the human expression which made it intelligible to us, remained with him till his latest hour. They survived his resurrection, and he has carried them along with him to the mysterious place which he now occupies. How do I know all this? I know it from his history,—I hear it in the parting words to his mother from the cross,—I see it in his unaltered form when he rose triumphant from the grave,—I perceive it in his tenderness for the scruples of the unbelieving Thomas,—and I am given to understand, that as his body retained the impression of his own sufferings, so his mind retains a sympathy for ours, as warm, and gracious, and endearing, as ever. We have a Priest on high, who is touched with a fellow feeling of our infirmities. My soul, unable to support itself in its aërial flight among the spirits of the invisible, now reposes on Christ, who stands revealed to my conceptions in the figure, the countenance, the heart, the sympathies of a man. He has entered within that veil which hung over the glories of the Eternal,—and the mysterious inaccessible throne of God is divested of all its terrors, when I think that a friend who bears the form of the species, and knows its infirmities, is there to plead for me."—Serm. VI. *The necessity of a Mediator between God and Man.*

TALES OF THE HALL; BY THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.*

RNS, Wordsworth, and Crabbe, are three poets who, in our days, ve most successfully sought the sub- ts and scenes of their inspiration in character and life of the People. hile most of our other great poets ve in imagination travelled into eign countries, and endeavoured add to those profounder emo- ns which all representations of man passion necessarily excite, t more lively impression of no- ty and surprise produced by the ference of national manners, and all varieties of external nature—or ve restricted themselves, as, for mple, in the splendid instance of tt, to one romantic era of history— se Three have, in almost all their blest compositions, grappled closely h the feelings which at all times stitute the hearts and souls of our n Islanders, so that the haunt of ir song may be said to have lain in wide and magnificent regions of British character. Accordingly, ir poetry has been more deeply felt, ere it has been felt at all, than that any of their contemporaries. No t ever so lived in the love of the ple of his native country as Burns v lives; and his poetry has inter- ngled itself so vitally with the best lings of their nature, that it will st in Scotland while Scotland re- ns her character for knowledge, mo- ty, and religion. Crabbe is, con- sedly, the most original and vivid nter of the vast varieties of common , that England has ever produced; l while several living poets possess a re splendid and imposing reputa- n, we are greatly mistaken if he not taken a firmer hold than any er, on the melancholy convictions men's hearts ruminating on the d and evil of this mysterious world. ordsworth, again, has produced poe- reflecting the shadows of our exis- ce, which has met with a very sin- ar kind of reception among the ple of Britain. For, while he is sidered by some as a totally mis- ded man of genius, and by some as versifier of no merit at all, he is ked on by others, and among them nds of the first order, as the poet who has seen deeper into the constitution of the human soul than any other since the days of Shakspeare. Though, therefore, not yet a popular poet, (in the noblest sense of the word popular,) like Burns and Crabbe, Wordsworth has exerted a power over the mind of his age, perhaps, of deeper and more permanent operation than that of all the rest of the poetry by which it has been elevated and adorned. There is not a man of poetical genius in Britain who is not under manifold obligations to his pure and angelic muse; and though the responses of her inspiration have been neglected or scorned by the vulgar and the low, they have been listened to with the deepest delight by all kindred spirits, and have breathed a character of simplicity and grandeur over the whole poetry of the age.

But though we have thus classed these three great poets together, as the poets of human nature, who, in modern times, have thought nothing that belongs to human nature in our country unworthy of their regard, nothing surely can be more different than the views they take of its forms and shews, as well as the moods and emotions which the contemplation of all these awakens in their hearts. Each is in strength a king—but the boundaries of their kingdoms are marked by clear lines of light—and they have achieved their greatest conquests without the invasion of each other's territory.

Burns is by far the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the People, and lived and died in a lowly condition of life. Indeed no country in the world, but Scotland, could have produced such a man—and Burns will, through all posterity, be an object of intense and delighted interest, as the glorious representative of the national and intellectual character of his country. He was born a poet, if ever man was, and to his native genius alone is owing the perpetuity of his fame. For he manifestly never studied poetry as an art, nor reasoned on its principles—nor looked abroad, with the wide ken of intellect, for objects and subjects on which to pour out his inspiration. The condition of

* Murray, London. 1819. Two volumes 8vo. £1, 4s.

the peasantry of Scotland—the happiest, perhaps, that Providence ever allowed to the children of labour—was not surveyed and speculated on by Burns as the field of poetry, but as the field of his own existence; and he chronicled the events that passed there, not as food for his imagination as a poet, but as food for his heart as a man. Hence, when genius impelled him to write poetry, poetry came gushing freshly up from the well of his human affections—and he had nothing more to do, than to pour it, like streams irrigating a meadow, in many a cheerful tide over the drooping flowers and fading verdure of life. Imbued with vivid perceptions, warm feelings, and strong passions, he sent his existence into that of all things, animate and inanimate, around him; and not an occurrence in hamlet, village, or town, affecting in any way the happiness of the human heart, but roused as keen an interest in the soul of Burns, and as genial sympathy, as if it had immediately concerned himself and his own welfare. Other poets of moral life have looked on it through the aerial veil of imagination—often beautified, no doubt, by such partial concealment, and beaming with a misty softness more touching and more delicate than the truth. But Burns could not *fancy* where he had *felt*—felt so poignantly all the agonies and all the transports of life. He looked around him—and when he saw the smoke of the cottage rising up quietly and unbroken to heaven, he knew, for he had seen and blessed it, the quiet joy and unbroken contentment that slept below; and when he saw it driven and dispersed by the winds, he knew also but too well, for too sorely had he felt them, those agitations and disturbances which had shook him till he wept on the bed of toil and of misery. In reading his poetry, therefore, we feel what unsubstantial dreams are all those of the golden age. But bliss beams upon us with a more subduing brightness through the dim melancholy that shrouds lowly life; and when the Peasant Burns rises up in his might as Burns the poet, and is seen to derive all that might from the life which at this hour the noble peasantry of Scotland are leading, do not our hearts leap within us, because that *such is our* country, and such the nobility *of her* children. There is no delusion—no affectation—no exaggeration—no falsehood in the spirit of Burns' poetry. He rejoices like an untamed enthusiast—and he weeps like a prostrate penitent. In joy and in grief the whole man appears—his finest poetry was poured out before he had left the fields of his infancy, and when he scarcely hoped for other auditors but his own heart, and the simple dwellers of the hamlet. He wrote not to please or surprise others, but in his own delight; and even after he discovered the power of his talent to kindle the sparks of nature wherever they slumbered, the effect to be produced seems never to have been considered by him,—informed, as he was, by the spirit within him, that his poetry was sure to produce that passion in the hearts of other men from which it boiled over in his own. Whatever, therefore, be the faults, or defects, or deficiences, of the poetry of Burns—and no doubt it has many—it has, beyond all the poetry that ever was written, this greatest of all merits—intense, passionate, life-pervading, and life-breathing truth.

Wordsworth, on the other hand, is a man of high intellect and profound sensibility, meditating in solitude on the phenomena of human nature. He sometimes seems to our imagination like a man contemplating from the shore the terrors of the sea, not surely with apathy, but with a solemn and almost unimpassioned sense of the awful mysteries of Providence. This seeming self-abstraction from the turmoil of life gives to his highest poetry a still and religious character that is truly sublime—though, at the same time, it often leads to a sort of mysticism, and carries the poet out of those sympathies which are engendered in human hearts by a sense of our common imperfections. Perhaps it would not be wrong to say, that his creed is sometimes too austere, and that it deals, almost unmercifully, with misguided sensibilities and perverted passions. Such, at least, is a feeling that occasionally steals upon us from the loftiest passages of the Excursion, in which the poet, desirous of soaring to heaven, forgets that he is a frail child of earth, and would in vain free his human nature from those essential passions, which, in the pride of intellect, he seems unduly to despise!

But the sentiment which we have

now very imperfectly expressed, refers almost entirely to the higher morals of the Excursion, and has little or no respect to that poetry of Wordsworth in which he has painted the character and life of certain classes of the English People. True, that he stands to a certain degree aloof from the subjects of his description, but he ever looks on them all with tenderness and benignity. Their cares and anxieties are indeed not his own, and therefore, in painting them, he does not, like Burns, identity himself with the creatures of his poetry. But, at the same time, he graciously and humanely descends into the lowliest walks of life—and knowing that humanity is sacred, he views its spirit with reverence. Though far above the beings whose nature he delineates, he yet comes down in his wisdom to their humble level, and strives to cherish that spirit

"Which gives to all the same intent,
When life is pure and innocent."

The natural disposition of his mind inclines him to dwell rather on the mild, gentle, and benignant affections, than on the more agitating passions. Indeed, in almost all cases, the passions of his agents subside into affections—and a feeling of tranquillity and repose is breathed from his saddest pictures of human sorrow. It seems to be part of his creed, that neither vice nor misery should be allowed in the representations of the poet, to stand prominently and permanently forward, and that poetry should give a true but a beautiful reflection of life. Certain it is, that of all the poets of this age, or perhaps any age, Wordsworth holds the most cheering and consolatory faith—and that we at all times rise from his poetry, not only with an abatement of those fears and perplexities which the dark aspect of the world often flings over our hearts, but almost with a scorn of the impotence of grief, and certainly with a confiding trust in the perfect goodness of the Deity. We would appeal, for the truth of these remarks, to all who have studied the Two Books of the Excursion, entitled, The Church-Yard among the Mountains. There, in narrating the history of the humble dead, Wordsworth does not fear to speak of their frailties, their errors, and their woes. It is indeed beautifully characteristic of the benignant wisdom of the man, that when he undertakes the task of laying open the hearts of his fellow mortals, he prefers the dead to the living, because he is willing that erring humanity should enjoy the privilege of the grave, and that his own soul should be filled with that charity which is breathed from the silence of the house of God. It is needless to say with what profound pathos the poet speaks of life thus surrounded with the images of death—how more beautiful beauty rises from the grave—how more quietly innocence seems there to slumber—and how awful is the rest of guilt.

General and indeed vague as is this account of the genius of Wordsworth, perhaps it may serve, by the power of contrast, to bring into more prominent view the peculiar genius of Crabbe. He delights to look over society with a keen, scrutinising, and somewhat stern eye, as if resolved that the human heart should not be suffered to conceal one single secret from his inquisitorial authority. He has evidently an intense satisfaction in moral anatomy; and in the course of his dissections, he lays bare, with an unshrinking hand, the very arteries of the heart. It will, we believe, be found, that he has always a humane purpose,—though conscious of our own frailties, as we all are, we cannot help sometimes accusing him of unrelenting severity. When he finds a wound, he never fails to probe it to the bottom.

Of all men of this age, he is the best portrait-painter. He is never contented with a single flowing sketch of a character—they must all be drawn full-length—to the very life—and with all their most minute and characteristic features even of dress and manners. He seems to have known them all personally; and when he describes them, he does so as if he thought that he would be guilty of a kind of falsehood, in omitting the description of a single peculiarity. Accordingly, to make the picture in all things a perfect likeness, he very often enters into details that weary, nay, even disgust—and not unfrequently a character is forced, obtruded as it were, on our acquaintance, of whose disagreeable existence we were before happily ignorant. His observation of men and manners has been so extensive and so minute, that his power of raising up

living characters is wholly without limitation; and Mr Crabbe has thrown open a gallery, in which single portraits and groupes of figures follow each other in endless procession, habited in all the varieties of dress that distinguish the professions, orders, and occupations of the whole of human society.

Perhaps the very highest poetical enthusiasm is not compatible with such exquisite acuteness of discernment, or if it be, the continual exercise of that faculty must at least serve to abate it. Accordingly, the views which Mr Crabbe does in general take of human life, are not of a very lofty kind; and he rarely, if ever, either in principle or feeling, exhibits the idealism of nature. Accustomed thus to look on men as they exist and act, he not only does not fear, but he absolutely loves to view their vices and their miseries; and hence has his poetry been accused, and perhaps with some reason, of giving too dark a picture of life. But, at the same time, we must remember, what those haunts of life are into which his spirit has wandered. Throughout a great part of his poetry, he has chosen to describe certain kinds of society and people, of which no other poet we know could have made any thing at all. The power is almost miraculous with which he has stirred up human nature from its very dregs, and shewn working in them the common spirit of humanity. Human life becomes more various and wonderful in his hands, pregnant with passion as it seems to be, throughout the lowest debasement of profligacy and ignorance. He lays before us scenes and characters from which in real life we would turn our eyes with intolerant disgust; and yet he forces us to own, that on such scenes and by such characters much the same kind of part is played that ourselves, and others like us, play on another stage. He leaves it to other poets to carry us into the company of shepherds and dalesmen, in the heart of pastoral peace; and sets us down in crowds of fierce and sullen men, contending against each other, in lawful or in lawless life, with all the energies of exasperated passion. Mr Hazlitt, in his Lectures on English Poets, has said, that in Crabbe we find the still life of tragedy. To us it appears, on the other hand, that till Crabbe wrote, we knew not what direful tragedies are for ever steeping in tears or in blood the footsteps of the humblest of our race; and that he has opened, as it were, a theatre on which the homely actors that pass before us assume no disguise—on which every catastrophe borrows its terror from truth, and every scene seems shifted by the very hands of nature.

In all the poetry of this extraordinary man, we see a constant display of the passions as they are excited and exacerbated by the customs, and laws, and institutions of society. Love, anger, hatred, melancholy, despair, and remorse, in all their infinite modifications, as exhibited by different natures and under different circumstances, are rife throughout all his works; and a perpetual conflict is seen carried on among all the feelings and principles of our nature, that can render that nature happy or miserable. We see love breaking through in desperation, but never with impunity, the barriers of human laws; or in hopelessness dying beneath them, with or without its victim. The stream of life flows over a rugged and precipitous channel in the poetry of Crabbe, and we are rarely indeed allowed to sail down it in a reverie or a dream. The pleasure he excites is almost always a troubled pleasure, and accompanied with tears and sighs, or with the profounder agitation of a sorrow that springs out of the conviction forced upon us of the most imperfect nature, and therefore the most imperfect happiness of man.

Now, if all this were done in the mere pride of genius and power, we should look on Mr Crabbe in any other light than as the benefactor of his species. But in the midst of all his skill—all his art—we see often—indeed always—the tenderness of the man's heart; and we hear him, with a broken and melancholy voice, mourning over the woe and wickedness whose picture he has so faithfully drawn. Never in any one instance (and he claims this most boldly in his preface) has he sought to veil or to varnish vice—to confuse our notions of right and wrong—to depreciate moral worth, or exaggerate the value of worldly accomplishments—to cheat us out of our highest sympathies due to defeated or victorious virtue, or to induce us, in blindfolded folly, to bestow them on splendid guilt and dazzling crime. It is his to read aloud to us the records of our own hearts—

the book of fate—and he does not close the leaves because too often stained with rueful tears. This world is a world of sin and sorrow, and he thinks, and thinks rightly, that it becomes him who has a gifted sight into its inmost heart, to speak of the triumphs of that sin, and the wretchedness of that sorrow, to beings who are all born to pass under that two-fold yoke. We do not believe that a bad or even an imperfect moral can be legitimately drawn from the spirit of any of Mr Crabbe's poetry.

We have said this now, because we know that he has been called a gloomy, which must mean, if any accusation is implied in the term, a false moralist. No doubt, to persons who read his poetry superficially and by snatches and glances, it may seem to give too dark a picture of life,—but this, we are convinced, is not the feeling which the study of the whole awakens. Here and there, he presents us with images of almost perfect beauty, innocence, and happiness—but as such things are seldom seen, and soon disappear in real life, it seems to be Mr Crabbe's opinion, that so likewise, ought they to start out with sudden and transitory smiles among the darker, the more solemn, or the gloomy pictures of his poetry. It is certain that there are, in this writer, passages of as pure and profound pathos as in any English poet—that he dwells with as holy a delight as any other on the settled countenance of peace, and that, in his wanderings through the mazes of human destiny, his heart burns within him, when his eyes are, at times, charmed away from the troubles and the wickedness of life to its repose and its virtue.

There is, however, one point on which we cannot agree with Mr Crabbe, and on which we feel that we may, without arrogance, affirm that he is wrong. He has not made that use of religion in poetry which a poet, a philosopher, and a Christian such as he is, might—and ought to have made. On this subject, however, we intend to speak fully soon, and to shew that no poetry which aspires to the character of a picture of man and nature can be otherwise than imperfect from which are excluded, or but partially introduced, the consideration and illustration of the influence of religion on the whole structure of society and life.

But it is indeed time that we proceed to give our readers an account of Mr Crabbe's last and best work, the "Tales of the Hall;" and we hope that such of them as have perused the preceding observations, will consider them not as the dicta of authoritative critics, but as sentiments, somewhat too carelessly, perhaps, thrown out merely as food for rumination. This, after all, is not the worst kind of criticism; but be that as it may, we have no ambition to appear wiser than our readers, and only claim the right of submitting to the sympathy of their hearts some of the feelings which the contemplation of these works of genius has excited in our own.

The "Tales of the Hall" consist of many poems, in which the lives of so vast a number of individuals are unfolded, that it may almost be said that a general view is given in them of the moral character of the people of England. There is something very happy in the plan of that one poem to which all the different stories belong; and the interest that we are made to take in the destinies of the persons who recite the narrative imparts so great a charm to the whole, that our feelings never flag, but with increasing sympathy and delight watch the fortunes of every successive actor that is brought to figure before us. Two Brothers, who had been separated in youth, and had never met each other since that early separation, meet in advanced life in the paternal "Hall" of the elder—and recount to each other all the most deeply interesting events of good or bad fortune that had befallen them—drawing, in fact, a picture of their own lives, and of all those who had interested their affections or influenced their happiness. The characters of the two brothers are admirably delineated, the elder being a grave, and somewhat formal bachelor, with most of the peculiarities of that class of men, but sensitive, affectionate, and thoughtful—and the younger a generous seaman, who, having long buffetted with fortune, and learned many fine virtues in the school of adversity, had rather improvidently but happily married, and had visited his rich brother with many misgivings of mind and doubts of brotherly reception. They are delighted with each other—and when the day of parting arrives, the sailor finds that the squire has purchased for him a plea-

sant dwelling not far from the "Hall," where he, his wife, and children, are to reside for the rest of their lives. There is great tenderness and beauty in all that relates to the affection of these brothers, and the contrast of their characters is throughout most admirably sustained. All they have to tell each other is perfectly new, and consequently all their relations are given with wonderful earnestness and vivacity. Mr Crabbe lets us in at once to their characters—and loving the men, we listen with all the eager attention of friends to the varied story of their lives. The Rector of the Parish is a frequent visitor at the "Hall" during the sailor's abode there, and contributes his share of the history of his parishioners. Such is the simple and beautiful structure of the poem, in which narrative succeeds narrative, not only without weariness, but with an ever deepening interest in each successive tale—so that at the conclusion, we feel as if we had passed all our lives at the "Hall," so intimate is our knowledge of the lives and characters of all the happy and unhappy beings who have for many years dwelt around it, and in whose destinies we see an epitome, as it were, of a human existence.

From a poem of such length—for the "Tales of the Hall" is one poem—we cannot do more than give such extracts as may shew the power, and pathos, and knowledge of human nature, which it everywhere displays. Our first extract shall be from the history which the sailor (Richard) gives of his life, and of all the incidents and events which affected his happiness and formed his character. He is describing a family in a sea-port town, with whom he resided in early youth, and of which the only daughter, having lost her betrothed lover, acts a terrible tragedy. The mother is supposed to speak,—

"'Thus my poor Ruth was wretched and undone,
Nor had an husband for her only son,
Nor had he father; hope she did awhile,
And would not weep, although she could not smile;
Till news was brought us that the youth was slain,
And then, I think, she never smiled again;
Or if she did, it was but to express
A feeling far, indeed, from happiness!
Something that her bewilder'd mind conceived;
When she inform'd us that she never grieved,
But was right merry, then her head was wild,
And grief had gain'd possession of my child:
Yet, though bewilder'd for a time, and prone
To ramble much and speak aloud, alone;
Yet did she all that duty ever ask'd
And more, her will self-govern'd and untask'd:
With meekness bearing all reproach, all joy
To her was lost: she wept upon her boy,
Wish'd for his death, in fear that he might live
New sorrow to a burden'd heart to give.'"

"'She left her infant on the Sunday morn,
A creature doom'd to shame! in sorrow born;
A thing that languish'd, nor arrived at age
When the man's thoughts with sin and pain engage—
She came not home to share our humble meal,
Her father thinking what his child would feel
From his hard sentence—still she came not home.
The night grew dark, and yet she was not come;
The east-wind roar'd, the sea return'd the sound,
And the rain fell as if the world were drown'd!
There were no lights without, and my good man,
To kindness frighten'd, with a groan began
To talk of Ruth, and pray; and then he took
The Bible down, and read the holy book;
For he had learning: and when that was done
We sat in silence—whither could we run?
We said, and then rush'd frighten'd from the door,
For we could bear our own conceit no more:
We call'd on neighbours—there she had not been:
We met some wanderers—ours they had not seen:
We hurried o'er the beach, both north and south,
Then join'd, and wander'd to our haven's mouth:
Where rush'd the falling waters wildly out,
I scarcely heard the good man's fearful shout,
Who saw a something on the billow ride,
And—Heaven have mercy on our sins! he cried,
It is my child!—and to the present hour
So he believes—and spirits have the power.

"'And she was gone! the waters wide and deep
Roll'd o'er her body as she lay asleep,
She heard no more the angry waves and wind,
She heard no more the threat'ning of mankind;
Wrapt in dark weeds, the refuse of the storm,
To the hard rock was borne her comely form!

"'But O! what storm was in that mind? what strife,
That could compel her to lay down her life?
For she was seen within the sea to wade,
By one at distance, when she first had pray'd;
Then to a rock within the hither shoal
Softly and with a fearful step she stole;

Then, when she gain'd it, on the top she stood
A moment still—and dropt into the flood!
The man cried loudly, but he cried in vain—
She heard not then—she never heard again!
She had—pray, Heav'n!—she had that world in sight,
Where frailty mercy finds, and wrong has right;
But, sure, in this her portion such has been,
Well had it still remain'd a world unseen!'

" ' Thus far the dame: the passions will dispense
To such a wild and rapid eloquence——
Will to the weakest mind their strength impart,
And give the tongue the language of the heart.' "

Strong as this painting is, its strength can be fully felt by those alone who have read the whole story of "Ruth," and of all her wild and confounding afflictions. Never was hopeless distress, day by day persecuted unto the death, delineated with such fearful truth—but the whole description so hangs together in its darkness, that no fragments could present an adequate idea of the desolation.

After Richard has told the story of his life, of which we regret that we cannot give any specimens, the elder brother narrates the principal incidents of his. The most interesting part of this narration is an account of a romantic, but most unfortunate attachment which he had formed, on first sight, in very early life, to a lady whom he afterwards met with in a state of prostitution and misery.—

" ' And then she moved my pity; for she wept,
And told her miseries till resentment slept;
For when she saw she could not reason blind,
She pour'd her heart's whole sorrows on my mind,
With features graven on my soul, with sighs
Seen but not heard, with soft imploring eyes,
And voice that needed not, but had the aid
Of powerful words to soften and persuade.
' O! I repent me of the past; and sure
Grief and repentance make the bosom pure;
Yet meet thee not with clean and single heart,
As on the day we met!—and but to part,
Ere I had drank the cup that to my lip
Was held, and press'd till I was forced to sip:
I drank indeed, but never ceased to hate—
It poison'd, but could not intoxicate:
T' excuse my fall I plead not love's excess,
But a weak orphan's need and loneliness.
I had no parent upon earth—no door
Was oped to me—young, innocent, and poor,
Vain, tender and resentful—and my friend
Jealous of one who must on her depend,
Making life misery—You could witness then
That I was precious in the eyes of men;
So, made by them a goddess, and denied
Respect and notice by the women's pride;
Here scorn'd, there worshipp'd—will it strange appear,
Allured and driven, that I settled here?
Yet loved it not; and never have I pass'd
One day, and wish'd another like the last.
There was a fallen angel, I have read,
For whom their tears the sister-angels shed,
Because, although she ventured to rebel,
She was not minded like a child of hell.—
Such is my lot! and will it not be given
To grief like mine, that I may think of heaven?
Behold how there the glorious creatures shine,
And all my soul to grief and hope resign?' "

" ' I wonder'd, doubting—and is this a fact,
I thought; or part thou art disposed to act?'

" ' Is it not written, He, who came to save
Sinners, the sins of deepest dye forgave?
That he his mercy to the sufferers dealt,
And pardon'd error when the ill was felt?
Yes! I would hope, there is an eye that reads
What is within, and sees the heart that bleeds——
But who on earth will one so lost deplore,
And who will help that lost one to restore?
Who will on trust the sigh of grief receive;
And—all things warring with belief—believe!' "

" ' Soften'd,' I said—' Be mine the hand and heart,
If with your world you will consent to part.'
She would—she tried——Alas! she did not know
How deeply rooted evil habits grow:
She felt the truth upon her spirits press,
But wanted ease, indulgence, show, excess,
Voluptuous banquets, pleasures—not refined,
But such as soothe to sleep the opposing mind—
She look'd for idle vice, the time to kill,
And subtle, strong apologies for ill;
And thus her yielding, unresisting soul
Sank, and let sin confuse her and control:
Pleasures that brought disgust yet brought relief,
And minds she hated help'd to war with grief.'

" ' Thus then she perish'd:'—
' Nay—but thus she proved
Slave to the vices that she never loved:
But while she thus her better thoughts opposed,
And woo'd the world, the world's deceptions closed:—
I had long lost her; but I sought in vain
To banish pity:—still she gave me pain,
Still I desired to aid her—to direct,
And wish'd the world, that won her, to reject:
Nor wish'd in vain—there came, at length, request
That I would see a wretch with grief opprest,
By guilt affrighted—and I went to trace
Once more the vice-worn features of that face,
That sin-wreck'd being! and I saw her laid
Where never worldly joy a visit paid:

That world receding fast! the world to come
Conceal'd in terror, ignorance, and gloom:
Sins, sorrow, and neglect: with not a spark
Of vital hope—all horrible and dark—
It frighten'd me!—I thought, and shall not I
Thus feel? thus fear? this danger can I fly?
Do I so wisely live that I can calmly die?

" 'The wants I saw I could supply with ease,
But there were wants of other kind than these;
Th' awakening thought, the hope-inspiring view—
The doctrines awful, grand, alarming, true—
Most painful to the soul, and yet most healing too:
Still I could something offer, and could send
For other aid—a more important friend,
Whose duty call'd him, and his love no less,
To help the grieving spirit in distress;
To save in that sad hour the drooping prey,
And from its victim drive despair away.
All decent comfort round the sick were seen;
The female helpers quiet, sober, clean;
Her kind physician with a smile appear'd,
And zealous love the pious friend endear'd:
While I, with mix'd sensations, could inquire,
Hast thou one wish, one unfulfill'd desire?
Speak every thought, nor unindulg'd depart,
If I can make thee happier than thou art.

" 'Yes! there was yet a female friend, an old
And grieving nurse! to whom it should be told—
If I would tell—that she, her child had fail'd,
And turn'd from truth! yet truth at length prevail'd.

" 'T was in that chamber, Richard, I began
To think more deeply of the end of man.'"

Our next quotation is from the book, entitled, The Sisters. Two amiable and accomplished girls, Lucy and Mary, had been betrothed to selfish lovers, who had deserted them on a calamity by which they had been deprived of their fortunes. The sisters, whose very different characters are admirably delineated, had taken up a small school in their affliction—and the elder brother, before carrying Richard to visit them, narrates to him their melancholy story. The following passage is a beautiful one, though it gives but a faint idea of the pathos of the whole tale.—

" 'I knew not then their worth; and, had I known,
Could not the kindness of a friend have shown:
For men they dreaded; they a dwelling sought,
And there the children of the village taught;
There, firm and patient, Lucy still depends
Upon her efforts, not upon her friends;
She is with persevering strength endued,
And can be cheerful—for she will be good.

" 'Jane too will strive the daily tasks to share,
That so employment may contend with care;
Not power, but will, she shows, and looks about
On her small people, who come in and out;
And seems of what they need, or she can do, in doubt.
There sits the chubby crew on seats around,
While she, all rueful at the sight and sound,
Shrinks from the free approaches of the tribe,
Whom she attempts lamenting to describe,
With stains the idlers gather'd in their way,
The simple stains of mud, and mould, and clay,
And compound of the streets, of what we dare not say;
With hair uncomb'd, grimed face, and piteous look,
Each heavy student takes the odious book,
And on the lady casts a glance of fear,
Who draws the garment close as he comes near;
She then for Lucy's mild forbearance tries,
And from her pupils turns her brilliant eyes,
Making new efforts, and with some success,
To pay attention while the students guess:
Who to the gentler mistress fain would glide,
And dread their station at the lady's side.

" 'Such is their fate:—there is a friendly few
Whom they receive, and there is chance for you;
Their school, and something gather'd from the wreck
Of that bad Bank, keeps poverty in check;
And true respect, and high regard, are theirs,
The children's profit, and the parent's prayers.
With Lucy rests the one peculiar care,
That few must see, and none with her may share;
More dear than hope can be, more sweet than pleasures are.
For her sad sister needs the care of love
That will direct her, that will not reprove,
But waits to warn: for Jane will walk alone,
Will sing in low and melancholy tone;
Will read or write, or to her plants will run
To shun her friends—alas! her thoughts to shun.

" 'It is not love alone disturbs her rest,
But loss of all that ever hope possess'd;
Friends ever kind, life's lively pleasures, ease,
When her enjoyments could no longer please;
These were her comforts then! she has no more of these.

" 'Wrapt in such thoughts, she feels her mind astray,
But knows 'tis true, that she has lost her way;
For Lucy's smile will check the sudden flight,
And one kind look let in the wonted light.

" 'Fits of long silence she endures, then talks
Too much—with too much ardour, as she walks;
But still the shrubs that she admires dispense
Their balmy freshness to the hurried sense,
And she will watch their progress, and attend
Her flowering favourites as a guardian friend;
To sun or shade she will her sweets remove,
'And here,' she says, 'I may with safety love.'

at there are hours when on that bosom steals
ig terror—then indeed she feels;—
ow she loved the promised good, and how
els the failure of the promise now.' "

find that we have omitted a e which we had marked for quo- in Book III. It is the conclud- ene of the melancholy life of a of some genius, the natural son obleman, who had been thrown y his heartless father, in conse- e of having chosen the profession ainter, contrary to his will—and or several years experienced the t intensity of misery and want.— ars past away, and where he lived, and how,
ien unknown—indeed we know not now;
ice at twilight walking up and down,
oor alley of the mighty town,
; in her narrow courts and garrets, hide rieving sons of Genius, Want, and Pride,
him musing: sadness I could trace,
onquer'd hope's meek anguish, in his face.
m I must: but I with ease address'd,
either pity nor surprise expressed;
e both grief and pleasure to restrain,
t I saw that I was giving pain.
d, with quick'ning pace, as loth to hold er converse, that "the day was cold,
ie was well, that I had scarcely light my steps," and bade me then Good-night!
him next where he had lately come,
it pauper in a crowded room;
d his name, but he conceal'd his face,
sad mind his misery was disgrace:
a I strove to combat his disdain
compassion—"Sir, I pray refrain;"
had left my friends and stepp'd aside,
ie I fear'd his unrelenting pride.

: then was sitting on a workhouse-bed,
n the naked boards reclined his head,
d were children with incessant cry,
ear was one, like him, about to die;
ten chair's deal bottom held the store
ie required—he soon would need no more;
ow tea-pot, standing at his side,
ts half spout the cold black tea supplied.

ther, it seem'd, the fainting man was brought,
without food—it was no longer sought:
employers knew not whom they paid,
here to seek him whom they wish'd to aid:
rought, some kind attendant he ad-dress'd,
ought some trifles which he yet pos-sess'd;
named a lightless closet, in a room
at small rate, a garret's deepest gloom:
They sought the region, and they brought him all
That he his own, his proper wealth could call:
A better coat, less pieced; some linen neat,
Not whole; and papers many a valued sheet;
Designs and drawings; these, at his desire,
Were placed before him at the chamber fire,
And while th' admiring people stood to gaze,
He, one by one, committed to the blaze,
Smiling in spleen; but one he held awhile,
And gave it to the flames, and could not smile.

" 'The sickening man—for such appear'd the fact—
Just in his need, would not a debt contract;
But left his poor apartment for the bed
That earth might yield him, or some way-side shed;
Here he was found, and to this place convey'd,
Where he might rest, and his last debt be paid:
Fame was his wish, but he so far from fame,
That no one knew his kindred, or his name,
Or by what means he lived, or from what place he came.

" 'Once more I saw him, when his spirits fail'd,
And my desire to aid him then prevail'd!
He shew'd a softer feeling in his eye,
And watch'd my looks, and own'd the sym-pathy:
'Twas now the calm of wearied pride; so long
As he had strength was his resentment strong,
But in such place, with strangers all around,
And they such strangers, to have something found
Allied to his own heart, an early friend,
One, only one, who would on him attend,
To give and take a look! at this his jour-ney's end;
One link, however slender, of the chain
That held him where he could not long re-main;
The one sole interest! No, he could not now
Retain his anger; Nature knew not how;
And so there came a softness to his mind,
And he forgave the usage of mankind.
His cold long fingers now were press'd to mine,
And his faint smile of kinder thoughts gave sign;
His lips moved often as he tried to lend
His words their sound, and softly whisper'd "friend!"
Not without comfort in the thought express'd
By that calm look with which he sank to rest.' "

Dark and despairing though this picture be, our next quotation shall be one yet more terrible. In the hands of ordinary writers, tales of seduction are such maudlin things, that one almost loses his horror for the wretched criminals in pity of the still more wretched writers. But Crabbe bears us down with him into the depths of agony, and terrifies us with a holy fear of the punishment, which even on

earth eats into the adulterer's heart. The story of Farmer Ellis, might, we think, have stood by itself, instead of being introduced merely as part of another story—but Mr Crabbe very frequently brings forward his very finest things, as illustrations of others of inferior interest, or as accessories to less momentuous matter. A certain widower, hight Sir Owen Dale, having been refused by a young coquette, after some encouraging flirtation, induces his nephew, a handsome but poor soldier, to attempt to win her affections, and then to abandon her to despair. The young couple fall desperately in love with each other, and the heart of the soldier altogether misgiving him, he fairly confesses to the lady the infamous bargain into which he had entered with his uncle, and his determination to break it by marrying her on the spot. Meanwhile the worthy baronet is congratulating himself on the apparent success of this very manly scheme of revenge, when he happens to pay a visit to Farmer Ellis, who tells him a story that at once murders all revengeful thoughts, and restores him to his humanity. The farmer's wife had been seduced by a young Gentleman Farmer who had lived in the family; and Ellis thus tells to Sir Owen Dale the fate of the adulterer and adulteress.—

" ' Hear me, Sir Owen:—I had sought them long,
Urged by the pain of every present wrong,
Yet had not seen; and twice the year came round—
Years hateful now—ere I my victims found:
But I did find them, in the dungeon's gloom
Of a small garret—a precarious home,
For that depended on the weekly pay,
And they were sorely frighten'd on the day;
But there they linger'd on from week to week
Haunted by ills of which 'tis hard to speak,
For they are many and vexatious all,
The very smallest—but they none were small.'

" ' The roof, unceil'd in patches, gave the snow
Entrance within, and there were heaps below;
I pass'd a narrow region dark and cold,
The strait of stairs to that infectious hold;
And, when I enter'd, misery met my view
In every shape she wears, in every hue,
And the bleak icy blast across the dungeon flew;
There frown'd the ruin'd walls that once were white;
There gleam'd the panes that once admitted light;
There lay unsavoury scraps of wretched food;
And there a measure, void of fuel, stood;
But who shall part by part describe the scene
Of these, thus follow'd by relentless fate?
All, too, in winter, when the icy air
Breathed its bleak venom on the guilty pair.'

" ' That man, that Cecil!—he was left, it seems,
Unnamed, unnoticed: farewell to his dreams!
Heirs made by law rejected him of course,
And left him neither refuge nor resource:—
Their father's? No: he was the harlot's son
Who wrong'd them, whom their duty bade them shun;
And they were duteous all, and he was all undone.'

" ' Now the lost pair, whom better times had led
To part disputing, shared their sorrow's bed:
Their bed!—I shudder as I speak—and shared
Scraps to their hunger by the hungry spared.'

" ' Man! my good Ellis! can you sigh?—I can:
In short, Sir Owen, I must feel as man;
And could you know the miseries they endured,
The poor, uncertain pittance they procured;
When, laid aside the needle and the pen,
Their sickness won the neighbours of their den,
Poor as they are, and they are passing poor,
To lend some aid to those who needed more:
Then, too, an ague with the winter came,
And in this state—that wife I cannot name
Brought forth a famish'd child of suffering and of shame.'

" ' This had you known, and traced them to this scene,
Where all was desolate, defiled, unclean,
A fireless room, and, where a fire had place,
The blast loud howling down the empty space,
You must have felt a part of the distress,
Forgot your wrongs, and made their suffering less!'

" ' Sought you them, Ellis, from the mean intent
To give them succour?'

" ' What indeed I meant
At first was vengeance; but I long pursued
The pair, and I at last their misery view'd
In that vile garret, which I cannot paint—
The sight was loathsome, and the smell was faint;
And there that wife,—whom I had loved so well,
And thought so happy, was condemn'd to dwell;
The gay, the grateful wife, whom I was glad
To see in dress beyond our station clad,
And to behold among our neighbours fine,
More than perhaps became a wife of mine;
And now among her neighbours to explore,
And see her poorest of the very poor!—
I would describe it, but I bore a part,
Nor can explain the feelings of the heart;
Yet memory since has aided me to trace
The horrid features of that dismal place.
There she reclined unmoved, her bosom bare
To her companion's unimpassion'd stare,

And my wild wonder:—Seat of virtue! chaste
As lovely once! O! how wert thou disgraced!
Upon that breast, by sordid rags defiled,
Lay the wan features of a famish'd child;—
That sin-born babe in utter misery laid,
Too feebly wretched even to cry for aid;
The ragged sheeting, o'er her person drawn,
Served for the dress that hunger placed in pawn.'

" ' At the bed's feet the man reclined his frame:
Their chairs were perish'd to support the flame
That warm'd his agued limbs; and, sad to see,
That shook him fiercely as he gazed on me.'

" ' I was confused in this unhappy view:
My wife! my friend! I could not think it true;
My children's mother,—my Alicia,—laid
On such a bed! so wretched,—so afraid!
And her gay, young seducer, in the guise
Of all we dread, abjure, defy, despise)
And all the fear and terror in his look,
Still more my mind to its foundation shook.
At last he spoke:—' Long since I would have died,
But could not leave her, though for death I sigh'd,
And tried the poison'd cup, and dropt it as I tried.'

" ' She is a woman, and that famish'd thing
Makes her to life, with all its evils, cling:
Feed her, and let her breathe her last in peace,
And all my sufferings with your promise cease!'

" ' Ghastly he smiled:—I knew not what I felt,
But my heart melted—hearts of flint would melt,
To see their anguish, penury, and shame,
How base, how low, how grovelling they became:
I could not speak my purpose, but my eyes
And my expression bade the creature rise.'

" ' Yet, O! that woman's look! my words are vain
Her mix'd and troubled feelings to explain;
True, there was shame and consciousness of fall,
But yet remembrance of my love withal,
And knowledge of that power which she would now recal.'

" ' But still the more that she to memory brought,
The greater anguish in my mind was wrought;
The more she tried to bring the past in view,
She greater horror on the present threw;
So that, for love or pity, terror thrill'd
My blood, and vile and odious thoughts instill'd.'

" ' This war within, these passions in their strife,
If thus protracted, had exhausted life;
But the strong view of these departed years
Caused a full burst of salutary tears,
And as I wept at large, and thought alone,
I felt my reason re-ascend her throne.'

" " ' My friend!' Sir Owen answer'd, ' what became
Of your just anger?—when you saw their shame,
It was your triumph, and you should have shown
Strength, if not joy—their sufferings were their own.'

" " ' Alas, for them! their own in very deed!
And they of mercy had the greater need;
Their own by purchase, for their frailty paid,—
And wanted heaven's own justice human aid?
And seeing this, could I beseech my God
For deeper misery, and a heavier rod?'

" " ' But could you help them?'—' Think, Sir Owen, how
I saw them then—methinks I see them now!
She had not food, nor aught a mother needs,
Who for another life and dearer feeds:
I saw her speechless; on her wither'd breast
The wither'd child extended, but not prest,
Who sought, with moving lip and feeble cry,
Vain instinct! for the fount without supply.'

" " ' Sure it was all a grievous, odious scene,
Where all was dismal, melancholy, mean,
Foul with compell'd neglect, unwholesome, and unclean;
That arm,—that eye—the cold, the sunken cheek,—
Spoke all, Sir Owen—fiercely miseries speak!'

" " ' And you relieved?'
If hell's seducing crew
Had seen that sight, they must have pitied too.'

" " ' Revenge was thine—thou hadst the power, the right:
To give it up was heaven's own act to slight.'

" " ' Tell me not, Sir, of rights, and wrongs, or powers:
I felt it written—Vengeance is not ours!'

" " ' Well, Ellis, well!—I find these female foes,
Or good or ill, will murder our repose;
And we, when Satan tempts them, take the cup,
The fruit of their foul sin, and drink it up:
But shall our pity all our claims remit,
And we the sinners of their guilt acquit?'

" " ' And what, Sir Owen, will our vengeance do?
It follows us when we our foe pursue,
And, as we strike the blow, it smites the smiters too.'

" " ' What didst thou, man?'
' I brought them to a cot
Behind your larches,—a sequester'd spot,
Where dwells the woman: I believe her mind
Is now enlighten'd—I am sure resign'd:
She gave her infant, though with aching heart
And faultering spirit, to be nursed apart.'

" " ' And that vile scoundrel'——
' Nay, his name restore,
And call him Cecil,—for he is no more:

When my vain help was offer'd, he was past
All human aid, and shortly breathed his last;
But his heart open'd, and he lived to see
Guilt in himself, and find a friend in me.'
" ' Strange was their parting, parting on the day
I offer'd help, and took the man away,
Sure not to meet again, and not to live
And taste of joy—He feebly cried, 'Forgive!
I have thy guilt, thou mine, but now adieu!
Tempters and tempted! what will thence ensue
I know not, dare not think!'—He said, and he withdrew.'
" ' But, Ellis, tell me, didst thou thus desire
To heap upon their heads those coals of fire?'
" ' If fire to melt, that feeling is confest,—
If fire to shame, I let that question rest;
But if aught more the sacred words imply,
I know it not—no commentator I.'
" ' Then did you freely from your soul forgive?'—
" ' Sure as I hope before my Judge to live,
Sure as I trust his mercy to receive,
Sure as his word I honour and believe,
Sure as the Saviour died upon the tree
For all who sin,—for that dear wretch and me—
Whom never more on earth will I forsake or see.' "

This is somewhat superior to Kotzebue's Stranger and Mrs Haller. Farmer Ellis is but a homely person, it is true—but he is an Englishman, and he behaves like one, with the dagger of grief festering in his heart. Nothing can be more affecting than his conduct in granting an asylum in a lonely spot on his own grounds to the repentant wretch who had once been so dear to him—a sanctuary, as it were, where she may live within the protection of her husband's humanity, though for ever divorced from his love—and where the melancholy man knows that she is making her peace with God, in a calm haven provided for her against the waves of the world by him whose earthly happiness she had for ever destroyed. Never did a more sublime moral belong to a tale of guilt.

But we shall now lay before our readers a picture of gentler sorrows—of a calm and heavenly melancholy on which the soul can repose, as on the still beauty of a moonlight sea, after a dark day of clouds and storms. The brothers are taking their daily walk into the country round the "Hall," when George tells Richard to visit a certain cottage in which a young and fair lady dwells.

" ' Nor pass the pebbled cottage as you rise
Above the sluice, till you have fix'd your eyes
On the low woodbined window, and have seen,
So fortune favour you, the ghost within:
Take but one look, and then your way pursue,
It flies all strangers, and it knows not you.'

On his return from the cottage, Richard informs his brother that he had caught a single glimpse of this solitary maid.

" ' Fair, fragile thing! I said, when first my eye
Caught hers, wilt thou expand thy wings and fly?
Or wilt thou vanish? beauteous spirit, stay!—
For will it not (I question'd) melt away?
No! it was mortal—I unseen was near,
And saw the bosom's sigh, the standing tear!
She thought profoundly, for I stay'd to look,
And first she read, then laid aside her book;
Then on her hand reclined her lovely head,
And seem'd unconscious of the tear she shed.'
" ' Art thou so much,' I said, ' to grief a prey?'
Till pity pain'd me, and I rode away.'
" ' Tell me, my Brother, is that sorrow dread
For the great change that bears her to the dead?
Has she connexions? does she love?—I feel
Pity and grief, wilt thou her woes reveal?' "

George then tells the story of her grief. A youth of sensibility and genius, in the lowly and despised situation of tutor in her noble father's family, had fallen in love with her—but in despair left his native country.

" Greece was the land he chose; a mind decay'd
And ruin'd there through glorious ruin stray'd;
There read, and walk'd, and mused—there loved, and wept, and pray'd.
Nor would he write, nor suffer hope to live,
But gave to study all his mind could give;
Till, with the dead conversing, he began
To lose the habits of a living man,
Save that he saw some wretched, them he tried
To soothe—some doubtful, them he strove to guide;
Nor did he lose the mind's ennobling joy
Of that new state that death must not destroy;
What Time had done we know not—Death was nigh,
To his first hopes the lover gave a sigh,
But hopes more new and strong confirm'd his wish to die."

At last the death of Ellen's proud and unrelenting parent awakens hope in the young man's heart, and he returns to England. But having been, in an hour of caprice, refused an interview with Ellen, he thinks his case hopeless, and again abandons his country—for ever. The deserted lady then feels how deep is her love and her despair.

"Meantime poor Ellen in her cottage thought
'That he would seek her—sure she should be sought;
She did not mean—It was an evil hour,
Her thoughts were guardless, and beyond her power;
And for one speech, and that in rashness made!
Have I no friend to soothe him and persuade?
He must not leave me—He again will come,
And we shall have one hope, one heart, one home!'
But when she heard that he on foreign ground
Sought his lost peace, hers never more was found;
But still she felt a varying hope that love
Would all these slight impediments remove;
'Has he no friend to tell him that our pride
Resents a moment and is satisfied?
Soon as the hasty sacrifice is made,
A look will soothe us, and a tear persuade;
Have I no friend to say, "Return again,
Reveal your wishes, and relieve her pain?"'

"With suffering mind the maid her prospects view'd,
That hourly varied with the varying mood;
As past the day, the week, the month, the year,
The faint hope sicken'd, and gave place to fear.

"No Cecil came!—'Come, peevish and unjust!'
Sad Ellen cried, 'why cherish this disgust?
Thy Ellen's voice could charm thee once, but thou
Canst nothing see or hear of Ellen now!'

"Yes! she was right; the grave on him was closed,
And there the lover and the friend reposed.
The news soon reach'd her, and she then replied,
In his own manner—'I am satisfied!'

"To her a lover's legacy is paid,
The darling wealth of the devoted maid;
From this her best and favourite books she buys,
From this are doled the favourite charities;
And when a tale or face affects her heart,
This is the fund that must relief impart.

"Such have the ten last years of Ellen been!
Her very last that sunken eye has seen!
That half angelic being still must fade
Till all the angel in the mind be made;—
And now the closing scene will shortly come—
She cannot visit sorrow at her home;
But still she feeds the hungry, still prepares
The usual softeners of the peasant's cares,
And though she prays not with the dying now,
She teaches them to die, and shows them how.

"'What is the sin of grief I cannot tell,
Nor of the sinners who have loved too well;
But to the cause of mercy I incline,
Or, O! my Brother, what a fate is mine!'"

This little story, of which we fear our extracts can scarcely give an adequate idea, is, we think, one of the most simple, graceful, and pathetic of all Mr Crabbe's compositions.

For the present we close our extracts from these admirable volumes with some passages from the last of the "Tales," which is entitled "Smugglers and Poachers," and which is perhaps the most characteristic of them all, of Mr Crabbe's genius. It opens in this beautiful and natural way.

"There was a widow in the village known
To our good Squire, and he had favour shown
By frequent bounty—She as usual came,
And Richard saw the worn and weary frame,
Pale cheek, and eye subdued, of her whose mind
Was grateful still, and glad a friend to find,
Though to the world long since and all its hopes resign'd:
Her easy form, in rustic neatness clad,
Was pleasing still! but she for ever sad.

"'Deep is her grief!' said Richard—'Truly deep,
And very still, and therefore seems to sleep;
To borrow simile, to paint her woes,
Theirs, like the river's motion, seems repose,
Making no petty murmuring—settled, slow,
They never waste, they never overflow.
Rachel is one of those—for there are some
Who look for nothing in their days to come,
No good nor evil, neither hope nor fear,
Nothing remains or cheerful or severe;
One day is like the past, the year's sweet prime
Like the sad fall—for Rachel heeds not time:
Nothing remains to agitate her breast,
Spent is the tempest, and the sky at rest;
But while it raged her peace its ruin met,
And now the sun is on her prospects set;—
Leave her, and let us her distress explore,
She heeds it not—she has been left before.'

The squire then recounts this widow's melancholy history.

"There were two lads call'd Shelley hither brought,
But whence we know not—it was never sought;
Their wandering mother left them, left her name,
And the boys throve and valiant men became:
Handsome, of more than common size, and tall,
And no one's kindred, seem'd beloved of all;
All seem'd alliance by their deeds to prove,
And loved the youths who could not claim their love."

These brothers love the same damsel, and their mutual jealousy by degrees destroys their affection for each other, and at last ripens into settled aversion and hatred. Robert, whom the maiden loves, has linked himself with a desperate band of smugglers and poachers, while James has become a gamekeeper. In a nocturnal fray between some of James' assistants and

the gang to which Robert belongs, one of the former is killed; and Robert being thrown into prison, expects no punishment short of death. James tells the terrified girl that if she will marry him, he will procure his brother's pardon, but that otherwise, the law must take its course. She visits her lover in prison, and —— but hear Mr Crabbe himself.

" She saw him fetter'd, full of grief, alone,
Still as the dead, and he suppress'd a groan
At her appearance——Now she pray'd for strength;
And the sad couple could converse at length.

" It was a scene that shook her to repeat—
Life fought with love, both powerful, and both sweet.

" ' Wilt thou die, Robert, or preserve thy life?
Shall I be thine own maid, or James's wife?'
' His wife!—No!—Never will I thee resign—
No, Rachel, no!'—' Then am I ever thine:
I know thee rash and guilty—but to thee
I pledged my vow, and thine will ever be:
Yet think again—the life that God has lent
Is thine, but not to cast away—Consent,
If 'tis thy wish; for this I made my way
To thy distress—Command, and I obey.'

" ' Perhaps my brother may have gain'd thy heart!'
' Then why this visit, if I wish'd to part?
Was it, ah, man ungrateful! wise to make
Effort like this, to hazard for thy sake
A spotless reputation, and to be
A suppliant to that stern man for thee?
But I forgive—thy spirit has been tried,
And thou art weak, but still thou must decide.

" ' I ask'd thy brother, James, would'st thou command,
Without the loving heart, the obedient hand?
I ask thee, Robert, lover, canst thou part
With this poor hand, when master of the heart?'
He answer'd, ' Yes!'—' I tarry thy reply,
Resign'd with him to live, content with thee to die.'

" Assured of this, with spirits low and tame,
Here life so purchased—there a death of shame;
Death once his merriment, but now his dread,
And he with terror thought upon the dead:
' O! sure 'tis better to endure the care
And pain of life, than go we know not where!
And is there not the dreaded hell for sin,
Or is it only this I feel within?
That, if it lasted, no man would sustain,
But would by any change relieve the pain:
Forgive me, love! it is a loathsome thing
To live not thine; but still this dreaded sting
Of death torments me—I to nature cling——
Go, and be his—but love him not, be sure—
Go, love him not—and I will life endure:
He, too, is mortal!'——Rachel deeply sigh'd,
But would no more converse: she had complied,
And was no longer free—she was his brother's bride.

" ' Farewell!' she said, with kindness, but not fond,
Feeling the pressure of the recent bond,
And put her tenderness apart to give
Advice to one who so desired to live:
She then departed, join'd the attending guide,
Reflected—wept—was sad—was satisfied."

Robert and his comrades are rescued from prison by a sudden assault of the gang—and their first social meeting after liberation is thus described:

" Now met the lawless clan—in secret met,
And down at their convivial board were set;
The plans in view to past adventures led,
And the past conflicts present anger bred;
They sigh'd for pleasures gone, they groan'd for heroes dead:
Their ancient stores were rifled—strong desires
Awaked, and wine rekindled latent fires.

" It was a night such bold desires to move,
Strong winds and wintry torrents fill'd the grove;
The crackling boughs that in the forest fell,
The cawing rooks, the cur's affrighten'd yell;
The scenes above the wood, the floods below,
Were mix'd, and none the single sound could know;
' Loud blow the blasts,' they cried, ' and call us as they blow.'

" In such a night—and then the heroes told
What had been done in better times of old;
How they had conquer'd all opposed to them,
By force in part, in part by stratagem;
And as the tales inflamed the fiery crew,
What had been done they then prepared to do;
' 'Tis a last night!' they said—the angry blast
And roaring floods seem'd answering ' 'tis a last!' "

A spy in the pay of James has informed him of the intended plan of the poachers, and he and his assistants go to encounter the gang in the woods. James has by this time been married to Rachel, who makes a dutiful, and even a loving wife. She feels an unusual terror in her heart when her husband leaves her on this fearful night, and at last, unable to endure her solitary forebodings of evil, she rushes out into the stormy darkness.

" Softly she left her door, her garden gate,
And seem'd as then committed to her fate;
To every horrid thought and doubt a prey,
She hurried on, already lost her way;
Oft as she glided on in that sad night,
She stopp'd to listen, and she look'd for light;
An hour she wander'd, and was still to learn
Aught of her husband's safety or return:
A sudden break of heavy clouds could show
A place she knew not, but she strove to know;
Still further on she crept with trembling feet,
With hope a friend, with fear a foe to meet:
And there was something fearful in the sight,
And in the sound of what appear'd to-night;

For now, of night and nervous terror bred,
Arose a strong and superstitious dread;
She heard strange noises, and the shapes she saw
Of fancied beings bound her soul in awe.

"The moon was risen, and she sometimes shone
Through thick white clouds, that flew tumultuous on,
Passing beneath her with an eagle's speed,
That her soft light imprison'd and then freed;
The fitful glimmering through the hedge-row green
Gave a strange beauty to the changing scene;
And roaring winds and rushing waters lent
Their mingled voice that to the spirit went.

"To these she listen'd; but new sounds were heard,
And sight more startling to her soul appear'd;
There were low lengthen'd tones with sobs between,
And near at hand, but nothing yet was seen:
She hurried on, and 'Who is there?' she cried;
'A dying wretch!' was from the earth replied.
It was her lover, was the man she gave,
The price she paid, himself from death to save;
With whom, expiring, she must kneel and pray,
While the soul flitted from the shivering clay
That press'd the dewy ground, and bled its life away!

"This was the part that duty bade her take,
Instant and ere her feelings were awake;
But now they waked to anguish; there came then,
Hurrying with lights, loud-speaking, eager men.

"'And here, my lord, we met—And who is here?
The keeper's wife!—Ah! woman, go not near!
There lies the man that was the head of all—
See, in his temples went the fatal ball!
And James that instant, who was then our guide,
Felt in his heart the adverse shot, and died!
It was a sudden meeting, and the light
Of a dull moon made indistinct our fight;
He foremost fell! But see, the woman creeps
Like a lost thing, that wanders as she sleeps.
See, here her husband's body—but she knows
That other dead! and that her action shows."

The poet makes some moral reflections on this terrible story, and then concludes it in the same calm and subdued strain of melancholy with which he commenced the narration.

"So Rachel thinks, the pure, the good, the meek,
Whose outward acts the inward purpose speak;
As men will children at their sports behold,
And smile to see them, though unmoved and cold,
Smile at the recollected games, and then
Depart and mix in the affairs of men:
So Rachel looks upon the world, and sees
It cannot longer pain her, longer please,
But just detain the passing thought, or cause
A gentle smile of pity or applause;
And then the recollected soul repairs
Her slumbering hope, and heeds her own affairs."

We had much more to say of Mr Crabbe and his genius, but we must wait till another opportunity. We cannot, however, bid farewell to him, for the present, without observing, with real delight, that while old age has not at all impaired the vigour of his intellect, or blunted the acuteness of his observation, it seems to have mellowed and softened his feelings just to the degree that his best friends may have once thought desirable—and that while he still looks on human life with the same philosophic eye, and spares none of its follies or its vices, he thinks of it with somewhat of a gentler and more pitying spirit, as of one who has well understood it all, and who looks back upon its agitations and its guilt as on a troubled and unintelligible scene, from which, in the course of nature, he may soon be removed in the strength of that trust which can only be inspired by that religion of which he has so long been a conscientious minister.

We have just received a copy of Don Juan, (which we are happy to observe has not the respectable name of Lord Byron's Publisher on its Title-page), along with a "Letter" to the author of that most flagitious Poem, by "Presbyter Anglicanus." The "Letter" came to hand too late for insertion in this Number, but it will be the leading article in our next. It is indeed truly pitiable to think that one of the greatest Poets of the age should have written a Poem that no respectable Bookseller could have published without disgracing himself—but a Work so atrocious must not be suffered to pass into oblivion without the infliction of that punishment on its guilty author due to such a wanton outrage on all most dear to human nature.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Letter of the Royal Society of London to Thomas Edmonston, Esq. of Buness, in Shetland.—We feel much pleasure in laying before the public the following letter from the Secretary of the Royal Society, to Mr Edmondston of Buness, Shetland, as a flattering testimony of the approbation of his conduct entertained by that learned body. In 1817, when M. Biot, Colonel Mudge, and the other gentlemen engaged in the trigonometrical survey, were about to leave Edinburgh for the Shetland Islands, Professor Jameson gave them a letter of introduction to Dr Edmondston at Lerwick. As the island of Unst, the most northerly of the group, was fixed upon as the scene of their operations, the Doctor recommended them to the attention of his brother, who resides there. M. Biot, in the report of his operations presented to the Institute of France, has, with that warmth of feeling and amiability so natural to him, expressed the sense he had of the attention which he received from Mr Edmondston on that occasion. In July 1818, Captain Kater arrived at Lerwick, and brought a letter of introduction from Sir James M'Gregor to Dr Edmondston; and as Captain Kater's design was to make his experiments with the pendulum as near as possible to the spot on which M. Biot had operated, Dr Edmondston introduced him also to his brother in Unst. Some time after Captain Kater's return to England, Mr Edmondston received the letter from the Royal Society above alluded to, which may be considered as the result of the manner in which Captain Kater had expressed his opinion to its members of the services rendered him by Mr Edmondston.

Somerset House, March 1st, 1819.

Sir,—I am directed by the President and Council of the Royal Society, to express their thanks for the attentions which Captain Kater received from you during his visit to Unst.

By your assistance he was enabled to complete those experiments on the length of the pendulum, which, at the desire of his Majesty's Government, the Royal Society had requested him to undertake; and the President and Council feel much pleasure in acknowledging the sense they entertain of your zeal for the advancement of science.—I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

William Thomas Brande,
Sec. R. S.

To Thomas Edmondston, Esq. Unst.

To perpetuate the memory of these interesting events in his own neighbourhood, by exhibiting a local history of them, Mr Edmondston has built into a wall in the court in the front of his house, the large stone brought there by M. Biot, and to which the pendulum employed by him was attached, and placed under it the stone on which the repeating circles of both the philosophers stood, with the following inscription engraved on it:

To this Stone
Were attached the Clock and Pendulum
employed by the celebrated French
Philosopher Biot;
And on the one on which it rests,
Stood his Repeating Circle.
The distinguished English Philosopher
Kater,
Placed his Repeating Circle on this Stone
also.
The former was sent here by the Institute
of France in the summer of 1817,
And the latter by the Royal Society of
London, in the summer of 1818,
To determine, by their experiments and
observations,
The figure of the Earth.

These memorials are placed here as pleasing and lasting remembrances of the
splendid talents, great worth,
and amiable manners of
those eminent men,
By their friend,
Thomas Edmondston,
October 1818.

On the Magnetism of the Earth.—Hansteen, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Christiana in Norway, has proved that the earth has four magnetic poles, as Haley had conjectured. He has shewn that the polar lights, where they first appear, have the form of a luminous cross, elevated between 400 and 500 miles above the earth's surface; and that there are four such luminous crosses, viz. two in the northern, and two in the southern hemisphere, whose middle points correspond with the four magnetic poles already mentioned. This situation of the luminous crosses, and the disturbance they occasion in the magnetic needle, prove that the polar lights are magnetical phenomena, and that they are magnetical currents which flow from one magnetic pole to that directly opposite. The opinion, namely, that the aurora borealis are magnetical, was long ago proposed by the late Professor Robison of this University; and has since been supported by Rit-

ter, Dalton, Jameson, and other philosophers.

Professor Hansteen is of opinion that the sun and moon, as well as the earth, possess magnetical powers or magnetical axes, and that the different positions of these axes, in regard to the magnetic axes of the earth, occasion several magnetical phenomena enumerated by authors.

It is certain that the magnetical needle does not every where stand due north and south. In most places it declines considerably either towards the east or the west. This deviation, known at first only to seamen who made use of the magnetic needle to direct their course at sea, was afterwards found to lead to a knowledge of the spreading and diffusion of the magnetic powers over the globe, and may, perhaps, hereafter render the compass a still more perfect means of direction to the mariner than ever it could, had it every where, without variation, pointed to the same parts of the heavens. But if we desire, in this respect, to make the wished-for progress, the science must be continually enriched with observations respecting the deviations of the needle, which is perpetually changing in every place.

In the remotest times, from which we have records of the magnetic needle, it had a declination towards the east, which gradually diminished, till about the middle of the 17th century it ceased in most parts of Europe; so that the needle stood regularly north and south, which soon was followed by a declination towards the west, that since that time has increased till very lately, when this westward declination again seems to be diminishing. But it is a matter of greater difficulty than it appears to be at first sight to determine whether this alteration has taken place or not. The declination of the magnetic needle is subject to incessant variations; every day is to it a period in which it increases and diminishes; every year the same alteration is repeated, but to a greater extent. As long as the daily declination is not too great in comparison with the yearly one, we may easily, after the lapse of a few years, be enabled to determine whether the deviation has increased or diminished; but when the yearly alteration, as is now the case, is but small, when compared with the daily one, many years consequently will elapse before the amount of the yearly alterations will surmount that of the daily ones. That the yearly alteration is now become small, is a circumstance which, no doubt, makes us believe that it has attained its maximum; as every progressive series obtains its maximum when the difference of the terms becomes null.

During the year, the western deviation is greatest in the month of September; and during the day it is greatest about two o'clock in the afternoon. When no considerable disturbances appear, the daily alteration does not exceed 20 minutes.—In the year 1649, the deviation here in Copenhagen was $1\frac{1}{2}°$ east. About the year 1656, it must have been 0; as in 1672, it was 3° 35′ west. The western declination afterwards continued to increase till the year 1806, when it was 18° 25′. Since that time it has diminished, however, as usual, advancing and relapsing. In the year 1817, Sept. 8, at two o'clock in the afternoon, it was 17° 56′, consequently 29′ smaller than in 1806; it may therefore be supposed, that the western declination has reached its maximum. By drawing the curve that is produced when the times are regarded as abscisses, and the declinations as ordinates, it seems to be evident that if the point of return does not fall upon the year 1806, it ought rather to be inquired for before than after that year.

The inclination of the magnetic needle has lately been found by Professor Ærsted 17° 26′.

Mr Bankes's interesting Discoveries in Arabia.—Mr BANKES, who has visited some of the most celebrated scenes in Arabia, intends, we understand, to publish, on his return home, an account of his excursion to Wadi Moosa (the valley of Moses), with engravings of the drawings which he made of the hitherto-undescribed excavated temples there; as well as of the ruins of Jerrasch, which excel in grandeur and beauty even those of Palmyra and Balbec.

This gentleman, in company with several other English travellers, left Jerusalem for Hebron, where they viewed the mosque erected over the tomb of Abraham; an edifice constructed in the lower part of such enormous masses of stone (many of them upwards of twenty feet in length), that it must be ascribed to that remote age in which durability was the principle chiefly consulted in the formation of all edifices of the monumental kind.

They then proceeded to Karrac, through a country broken into hills and pinnacles of the most fantastic form, and along the foot of mountains, where fragments of rock-salt indicated the natural origin of that intense brine, which is peculiarly descriptive of the neighbouring waters of the Dead Sea.

Karrac is a fortress situated on the top of a hill. The entrance is formed by a winding passage, cut through the living rock. It may be described, like all the other castellated works in the possession of the professors of the Mahomedan religion, as a mass of ruins. The mosque is in that state; and a church which it also contains, as well as the ancient keep or citadel, are in a similar condition. In the vicinity, the travellers saw several sepulchres hollowed out of the

rock; and they found the inhabitants of the place a mingled race of Mahomedans and Christians, remarkably hospitable, and living together in terms of freer intercourse than at Jerusalem. The women were not veiled, nor seemed to be subject to any particular restraints.

Mr Bankes and his companions, after leaving Karrac, sojourned for a short time with a party of Bedoueen Arabs.

After quitting the tents of these Bedoueens, they passed into the valley of Ellasar, where they noticed some relics of antiquity, which they conjectured were of Roman origin. Here again they rested with a tribe of Arabs. The next day they pursued their journey, partly over a road paved with lava, and which, by its appearance, was evidently a Roman work; and stopped that evening at Shubac, a fortress in a commanding situation, but incapable, by decay, of any effectual defence against European tactics.

In the neighbourhood of this place, they encountered some difficulties from the Arabs, but which, by their spirit and firmness, they overcame; and proceeded onwards and entered on the wonders of *Wadi Moosa*.

The first object that attracted their attention, was a mausoleum, at the entrance of which stood two colossal animals, but whether lions or sphinxes they could not ascertain, as they were much defaced and mutilated. They then, advancing towards the principal ruins, entered a narrow pass, varying from fifteen to twenty feet in width, overhung by precipices, which rose to the general height of two hundred, sometimes reaching five hundred, feet, and darkening the path by their projecting ledges. In some places, niches were sculptured in the sides of this stupendous gallery, and here and there rude masses stood forward, that bore a remote and mysterious resemblance to the figures of living things, but over which time and oblivion had drawn an inscrutable and everlasting veil. About a mile within this pass, they rode under an arch, perhaps that of an aqueduct, which connected the two sides together; and they noticed several earthen pipes, which had formerly distributed water.

Having continued to explore the gloomy windings of this awful corridore for about two miles, the front of a superb temple burst on their view. A statue of Victory, with wings, filled the centre of an aperture in the upper part, and groups of colossal figures, representing a centaur, and a young man, stood on each side of the lofty portico. This magnificent structure is entirely excavated from the solid rock, and preserved from the ravages of the weather by the projections of the overhanging precipices.—About three hundred yards beyond this temple they met with other astonishing excavations; and, on reaching the termination of the rock on their left, they found an amphitheatre, which had also been excavated, with the exception of the proscenium: and this had fallen into ruins. On all sides the rocks were hollowed into innumerable chambers and sepulchres; and a silent waste of desolated palaces, and the remains of constructed edifices filled the area to which the pass led.

These ruins, which have acquired the name of *Wadi Moosa*, from that of a village in their vicinity, are the wreck of the city of *Petra*, which, in the time of Augustus Cæsar, was the residence of a monarch, and the capital of *Arabia Petræa*. The country was conquered by Trajan, and annexed by him to the province of Palestine. In more recent times, Baldwin I. king of Jerusalem, having made himself also master of Petra, gave it the name of the Royal Mountain.

The travellers having gratified their wonder with the view of these stupendous works, went forward to Mount Hor, which they ascended, and viewed a building on the top containing *the tomb of Aaron*; a simple stone monument, which an aged Arab shows to the pilgrims. Having remained in this spot, consecrated by such great antiquity, they returned next morning, and again explored other portions of the ruins of Petra; after which they went back to Karrac. They then turned their attention to other undescribed ruins, of which they had received some account from the Arabs; and finally, proceeded to view those of *Jerrasch*, which greatly exceed in magnitude and beauty those of Palmyra.

A grand colonnade runs from the eastern to the western gates of the city, formed on both sides of marble columns of the Corinthian order, and terminating in a semi-circle of sixty pillars of the Ionic order, and crossed by another colonnade running north and south. At the western extremity stands a theatre, of which the proscenium remains so entire, that it may be described as almost in a state of undecayed beauty. Two superb amphitheatres of marble, three glorious temples, and the ruins of gorgeous palaces, with fragments of sculpture and inscriptions mingled together, form an aggregate of ancient elegance, which surpasses all that popery has spared of the former grandeur of Rome.

An Electrical Man.—Dr Hartmann, of Francfort on the Oeder, has published in a German Medical Journal, a statement, according to which he is able to produce at pleasure an efflux of electrical matter from his body towards other persons. You hear the crackling, see the sparks, and feel the electric shock. He has now acquired this faculty to so high a degree, that it depends solely on his own pleasure to make an electric spark issue from his fingers, or to draw it from any other part of his body. Thus in this electrical man, the will has an influence on the developement of the electricity, which had not hitherto been observed except in the electrical eel.

Volcano in Switzerland.—A little volcano has recently made its appearance on a mountain near Morbio, a village in the Swiss canton of Tessin. The explosion was preceded by an earthquake. The flames ascended to a considerable height above the summit of the mountain, and masses of stone were hurled to a great distance. On the following day a large opening was observed in the mountain, from which the flames still issued with a strong smell of sulphur. Great damage was sustained by some houses in the neighbourhood, but no lives were lost. The date of this event corresponds with that of the late disasters in Sicily.

Petrified Trees in Russia.—Professor Kunizyn has just published several interesting observations on the petrified trees found in Russia, the object of which is, to shew that they were not, as is generally supposed, deposited in the places where they are found, by an inundation. The situation of these trees, which, separated from their stumps, are found sometimes as much as fourteen feet under ground, chiefly in marshes, proves that they were overturned by violence, and prostrated in the spots where they formerly stood erect; besides, many of them are discovered in eminences which no inundation could have possibly affected. The bed of earth which covers them consists of sand and clay. Under dry sand, the wood is reduced to dust; but the form of the tree remains visible, if the dust be removed carefully. Under wet sand, the wood is found perfectly sound, with however a blackish colour. Only large oaks appear to have been torn up by their roots. The trees, which are partly petrified, are found chiefly under a bed of potter's clay. The oaks, which have not been petrified, on being exposed to the air, harden considerably. It is remarkable, that these trees are frequently found in grounds where none of the sort now grow. Mr Kunizyn imagines, that these trees were thus prostrated and covered with earth by the same violent motion of nature, which, in the north of Russia, separated enormous masses of granite from their foundations, and carried them to a considerable distance. Perhaps also, the remains of mammoths, which are sometimes discovered, may be attributed to the same action. As the trees all lie in the same direction, north to south, that must have been the course of the shock.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

In a few days will be published, Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer; by Hannah More.

Shortly will be published, in three vols, Geraldine, or Modes of Faith and Practice, a Tale, by a Lady; price £1, 1s.

Rosamond, Memory's Musings, and other poems; by William Procter, will shortly be published.

Mr J. N. Brewer is preparing a Historical and Descriptive Account of the most interesting objects of Topography in Ireland, to accompany "The Beauties of England and Wales." This work will be published in monthly numbers, illustrated with engravings from original drawings. In the prosecution of this undertaking, every principal place in Ireland will be personally inspected by the author, and a correspondence has been established with many of the most distinguished characters in that country. Much curious novelty of intelligence will be disclosed in the historical and descriptive account of cities and towns, monastic and other antiquities, little known to the public.

A similar work, to be entitled, "The Beauties of Scotland," is also announced.

M. Bigland has in the press, Letters on Jewish History, for the use of schools and young persons.

Cornubia, a Descriptive Poem, in five cantos; by George Worldley, author of Redemption, 8vo.

Designs for Churches and Chapels of various dimensions and styles, with estimates; also some designs for altars, pulpits, and steeples; by W. F. Pocock, architect.

Narrative of the loss of the Hon. East India Company's ship Cabalva, which was wrecked on the morning of July 7, 1818, on the Cargados Garragos reef in the Indian Ocean; by C. W. Francken, sixth officer.

Fredalia, or the Dumb Recluse, a poem, by the author of the Siege of Carthage.

The Old Woman's Letter to her respected and valued friends of the parish of ———

Memoirs of Miss Caroline Smeet; by Moses Waddell.

Dr Pinckard has in the press, Cases of Hydophobia.

The Rev. Mark Wilks is preparing for publication, some Account of the Present State of France, and of the late Persecutions in the South.

Mr Byewater has in the press, which will be published in a few days, Physiological Fragments, or sketches of various subjects intimately connected with the study of physiology.

It is proposed to publish, by subscription, the Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Description, of the Pauper Lunatic Asylum lately erected at Wakefield, for the West-riding of Yorkshire; by Watson and Pritchett, architects, York. They are to consist of nine whole sheet or folio plates, in the first style of line engraving; by Lowry and Landseer, and printed on the best medium paper, in extra boards. The description will include an enlarged edition of practical hints on the construction and economy of Pauper Lunatic Asylums; by Samuel Tuk; written originally to illustrate the instructions given to the architects who prepared designs for the West-riding Asylum.

In the press, in a pocket volume, printed by Corrall, *Musæ Biblicæ*, or the Poetry of the Bible; being a selection of the most elegant poetical translations, paraphrases, and imitations of the Sacred Scriptures.

Discourses and Dissertations, by the Rev. Dr Booker, vicar of Dudley. The profits of this publication are intended to be applied towards rebuilding the author's Parish Church, now almost completed.

The History and Antiquities of the parish of Edmonston; by Wm. Robinson, F.S.A.

A Treatise on the Modes of Restoring Vision, by the formation of an Artificial Pupil; by Sir W. Adams, will shortly be published.

Mr James Ilbery is collecting materials with a view to publish a History of Waltham Abbey, Essex, from the earliest period to the present time, with Biographical Notices of the various eminent characters either born there, or that have held high appointments in the Abbey. Translations from records in the Tower, &c. &c.

In the press, and speedily will be published, the Spectator in a Stage Coach.

A new edition of Sermons on the Loss of Friends.

A new volume of Rivington's Annual Register, being the volume for the year 1808, will be published in a few weeks, and will soon be followed by another volume of the former series.

Antinomianism Unmasked; by the Rev. Samuel Chase.

The Duty and Rewards of Industry considered in select discourses; by the Rev. Isaac Barrow, D. D.

A Sketch of a Tour in the Highlands of Scotland, through Perthshire, Argyleshire, and Invernesshire, in the autumn of 1818, with an account of the Caledonian Canal, in one volume 8vo, is nearly ready for publication.

A new edition of Schleusner's Lexicon is printing in a quarto volume, from an edition now in a forward state at press on the continent.

Dr Cooke's Treatise on Nervous Diseases, is in the press, and will speedily be published.

Mr Murray the Chemist has in preparation for press, Observations on some parts of Italy during the autumn of 1818; with occasional notices, agricultural and mineralogical.

The English Gradus, or Synopsis of English Poetry, on a plan nearly similar to the Latin Gradus, is in the press.

A Tour to Claremont, by a Clergyman, with reflections suggested on the occasion, serving to illustrate the peculiar genius, character, and pursuits of the late Princess Charlotte.

The Life of Sir Christopher Wren, which will contain the whole of the Parentalia.

The Rev. Mr Bland is printing Geometrical Problems, deducible from the first six books of Euclid, arranged and solved, with an appendix, containing the Elements of plane Trigonometry.

Mr Borison has in the press a work which has for its object a full explanation of the Commerce of Russia, more particularly that of St Petersburgh, with the last export and import regulations.

A new edition of Bishop Marsh's Translation of Michaelis's Introduction to the Study of the New Testament, will appear in a few weeks.

Speedily will be published, a Synopsis of Latin Grammar, after the plan of Ruddiman, to which is annexed, a new system of prosody.

The Rev. H. D. Morgan is printing Eight Sermons preached before the University of Oxford in 1819 at the Bampton Lecture.

A History of the County of Northumberland, in six quarto volumes, may shortly be expected from the pen of the Rev. John Hodgson, of Jarrow.

Mrs Taylor, of Ongar, has in the press, the Family Mansion, a Tale.

A new edition of the Letters between Mrs Carter and Miss Talbot, the four volumes printed in three, will be speedily published.

Elements of Greek Prosody and Metre, compiled from the treatises of Hephæstion, Herman, and Porson; by Thomas Webb, Esq. are printing in 8vo.

The Rev. R. Warner will shortly publish a Chronological History of Christ, from the compounded texts of the Evangelists, or the English Diatessaron, with a map of the Holy Land, explanatory notes, illustrations from late oriental travellers and rabbinical writers, and preliminary articles of useful information.

Mr Smyth, one of the Surveyor's-General of his Majesty's Customs, is preparing for publication, a new edition of his Practice of the Customs, to which will be added, the new consolidation act, and other considerable improvements.

A Series of Letters addressed to a Friend, upon the subject of the Roman Catholic

Claims; considering them as connected with the Revolution of 1688, and the Tests and Toleration then established; by Mr Stockdale Hardy of Leicester.

Mr Pye, who compiled a Dictionary of Ancient Geography, has in the press a description of Modern Birmingham, whereunto are annexed, Observations made during an excursion round the town in the summer of 1818. The above will be ready for publication before midsummer.

In a few days will be published, the Accidents of Youth, consisting of short stories calculated to improve the moral conduct of children, and to warn them of the many dangers to which they are exposed; illustrated by engravings. 18mo.

Hareach the Wandering Jew; being an authentic account of the Manners and Customs of the most distinguished nations, interspersed with anecdotes of celebrated men of different periods since the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, &c. with maps and plates. 12mo.

The History of Gog and Magog, the Champions of London, containing an account of the origin of many things relative to the city. 18mo. with plates.

The School of Improvement, two juvenile dramas. 18mo. with plates.

Preparing for publication, a Series of Portraits of the British Poets from Chaucer to Cowper, copied from the most authentic originals, and engraved in the line manner by Engleheart, Warren, Wedgwood, &c. and in size and selection peculiarly adapted to the illustration of Mr Campbell's Specimens of British Poets. To be completed in about twenty-five parts, each part containing six portraits.

EDINBURGH.

In the press, Lays from Fairy Land; by John Wilson, author of the "Isle of Palms," "The City of the Plague," &c.

Doth Grief e'er sleep in a Fairy's breast?
Are dirges sung in the Land of Rest?
Tell us, when a Fairy dies,
Hath she funeral obsequies?
Are all dreams, there, of woe and mirth,
That trouble and delight on earth?

Speedily will be published, Verses in Memory of the Collegiate Church of Dunbar, with Historical Notes.

The Literary and Ecclesiastical History of Galloway, from the earliest records to the present time; with an Appendix, containing copious notices relative to the ancient political state of that district; by Thomas Murray, Preacher of the Gospel.

Exposition of Elementary Principles specially concerned in the Preservation of Healthiness, and productions of Distempers amongst Mariners, Travellers, and Adventurers, in tropical, variable, and unkindly climates, with miscellaneous illustrations of prophylactical administration; with some abbreviated, distinctive, and particular observations on contagion and infection; and occasional suggestions for prevention, mitigation, &c. of contagious and infectious complaints. With shortened notations for the nosologic formation of a scientifically comprehensible classification; by Andrew Simpson, Surgeon.

An edition of Schleusner's Lexicon to the New Testament has been put to press, to be handsomely printed in one volume quarto, from the author's new edition, which has just been received from the Continent. It contains several additions and improvements.

A new edition of Ruddiman's Latin Rudiments, by Mr Dymock, author of Cæsar, with notes and index, Ovid, with notes and index, &c. is printing at the University press, Glasgow, and will be published in the course of this month. The definitions which the author omitted are supplied in this edition, and notes are added wherever the text seems to require them; the whole of the Rules of Ruddiman's Grammar are subjoined, and a literal translation given of those *de generibus nominum*. This edition will supersede Ruddiman's Grammar as a primary school-book, since it includes all that is essentially necessary in that treatise.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANTIQUITIES.

The first number of the Illustrations of Lichfield Cathedral, by the same author, has also appeared; and the fourth number of his Chronological Illustrations of the Ancient Architecture of Great Britain. This work is intended to furnish the antiquary and architect with a familiar and ample display of the styles, dates, and features of the ecclesiastical architecture of this country, from the earliest examples to the time of Henry VIII.

The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral of York, by Mr Britton, is just published; and will afford an interesting treat to the lovers of Ancient English Architecture. The work makes a handsome quarto volume, and besides an ample history and description of that splendid edifice, contains thirty-five engravings, some of which are peculiarly beautiful. They are executed by J. and H. Lekeux, Scott, &c. from drawings by F. Mackenzie, and E. Blore.

ARTS.

Liber Veritatis, or a Collection of Prints after the original designs of Claude de Lorrain, in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, Richard Payne Knight, Benj. West, Charles Lambert, Edward Turner, George Gosling, and Joseph Farrington, Esqrs. Executed by Richard Earlom. Vol. 3, folio, £7 : 17 : 6.

Views in Greece; by E. Dodwell, Esq. Part 1, imperial folio. £2 : 12 : 6.

Annals of the Fine Arts, No. XIII. 5s.

Hakewill's Views in Italy, No. VI. 12s. 6d.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Typographical Antiquities of the History of Printing in England, Scotland, and Ireland, by the late J. Ames; by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin. Vol. IV. 4to. £3 : 13 : 6.

A Catalogue of Old Books, in all Languages; by Longman and Co. Vol. II. Part 2. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

General Catalogue of Books; by T. Albin. 8vo. 2s.

Barrington's Catalogue of Scarce Books in all Languages. 1s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, with Anecdotes of the Royal Family, and higher orders of the Nobility; by W. Craig. 12s.

The Life of William Lord Russel, with some account of the times in which he lived; by Lord John Russel, 4to. £1 : 11 : 6

A Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland; by Richard Ryan. 8vo. vol. 1. 12s.

The Life of the Right Reverend Father in God, Thomas Wilson, D. D. Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man; by the Rev. H. Stowell. 8vo. 12s.

Account of the Life of Rachael Wriothesley Lady Russell, with her Letters, &c. 4to. £1, 5s.

COMMERCE.

Bold's Merchant and Mariners' African Guide. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Traveller and Merchants' Financial Guide in France and Flanders, with Tables; by John Nettlestrip. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

CONCHOLOGY.

Index Testaceologicus, or Catalogue of Shells, British and Foreign, arranged according to the Linnæan System, with the Latin and English Names; by W. Wood, Esq. 8vo. 14s.

A Descriptive Catalogue of Recent Shells, according to the Linnæan Method, with particular attention to the Syncromy; by L. W. Dillwyn, F.R.S.F.L.S. &c. 8vo. 2 vols. £1, 18s.

COINAGE.

Annals of the Coinage of Great Britain and its dependencies, from the earliest period of Authentic History, to the present time; by the Rev. Rogers Reeding, B.D. F.S.A. 8vo. 5 vols in one 4to. £6.

The Medallic History of Napoleon. 4to. £3 : 13 : 6.

DRAMA.

An Essay on the Art of Acting; in three epistles. Epistle 1. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Tragic Dramas; by Francis Burney. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

The Irish Woman, a Comedy; by Lady Clarke. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Zophier, a rejected Tragedy, in five Acts; by C. Sharpe. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Young Arthur, or Child of Mystery, a Metrical Romance. 8vo. 14s.

The Siege of Carthage, an Historical Tragedy, to which is affixed, an interesting Prelude, connected with the Theatre Royal, London. 8vo. 4s.

EDUCATION.

The Art of French Conversation, with an Introduction. By D. Boileau. 4s. 6d. half-bound.

A Short History of France, including the principal events from the Foundation of the Empire, by Pharamond, to the Restoration of Louis XVIII.; for young persons; with six engravings from original designs; by Mrs Moore. 12mo. 7s.

A Short History of France, from the Foundation of the Empire, by Pharamond, to the Restoration of Louis XVIII; illustrated by thirty-two engravings from original designs, and intended as a continuation of a Series of Historical Books for Children of the late Mrs Trimmer; by her daughter, Mrs Moore. 2 vols square, 8s.

A General Outline of Profane History; by Mrs Sherwood. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

A Supplement to the Elements of Euclid, with upwards of two hundred wood-cuts; by Dr Cresswell, M. A. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Logic, from the German of Kant; by John Richardson. 8vo. 9s.

Letters from a Lady of Distinction to her Niece, shortly after her marriage.

Lectures to Young People, and an Address to Parents; by T. Morgan. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

The First Rules of Arithmetic, for the use of Junior Pupils; by J. W. Edwards. 8vo. 2s.

True Stories from Ancient History, chronologically arranged from the Creation of the World to the Death of Charlemagne. 3 vols 18mo. 7s. 6d.

The Authoress; a Tale. 8vo. 5s.

A Greek Grammar; by Augustus Matthiæ. 2 vols 8vo. £2 : 10s.

Raccolta di Lettere Scelte; da Giambattista Rolandi. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

The Child's Introduction to Thorough Bass, in Conversations of a Fortnight, between a Mother and her Daughter of ten years old, illustrated by plates and cuts of music. 4to. 8s.

A History of France for Children, intended as a Companion to Mrs Trimmer's Histories, with thirty-two plates. 2 vols. 8s.

Grecian Stories, taken from the Works of eminent Historians; by Maria Hack. 12mo. 6s.

Homeri Ilias, Greek. 7s.

A Polyglott Grammar, in ten Languages, by the Rev. F. Nolan, in parts, 2s. 6d. each.

ENTOMOLOGY.

Nomenclature of British Entomology. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

GEOLOGY.

A Critical Examination of the First Principles of Geology, in a Series of Essays; by G. B. Greenough, F.R.S. F.L.S. 8vo. 9s.

HISTORY.

The History of Seyd Sayd, sultan of Muscat, with an account of the countries and people on the shores of the Persian Gulph, particularly of the Wahabees; by Shaik Mansun, with a plan. 8vo. 12s.

Memoirs of the Court of Louis the XIV. 3 vols 8vo. £1, 16s.

Letters on History. Part I. 8vo. 5s.

The Medallic History of Napoleon. 4to. £3 : 13 : 6.

LAW.

A Digested Index to the Term Reports, containing all the points of law argued and determined in the Courts of Kings Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, during the reign of George III.; by Anthony Hammond. 2 vols royal 8vo. £1, 18s.

A Digest of the Criminal Statute Law of England; by H. N. Tomlins, Esq. P. L. royal 8vo. £1, 1s.

A complete Collection of State Trials and Proceedings for High Treason, and other Crimes, from 1783 to the present time; by J. B. Howell and F. J. Howell. Vol. XXVI. royal 8vo. £1 : 11 : 6.

Cursory Remarks on the Legislative Regulation of the Insane, with observations on some defects in the present system; by G. N. Burrows, M.D. 3s.

A Vindication of the Criminal Law; by E. Christian. 2s. 6d.

Surrenders of Copyhold Property considered; by F. W. Saunders. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Esprit, Origine et Progrès des Institutions Judiciaires des principaux Pays de l'Europe; par J. D. Meyer. 2 vols 8vo. £1 : 4s.

MEDICINE, SURGERY, &c.

An Essay on the Diognosis between Erysipelas, Phlegmon, and Erythema; by G. H. Weatherhead. 8vo. 4s.

Aphorisms, illustrating natural and difficult cases of Labour, Uterine Hemorrhage, and Puerperal Peritonitis; by Andrew Blake, M.D. crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Opinions on the Causes and Effects of Diseases in the Teeth and Gums. With coloured plates; by C. Bew. 8vo. £1, 1s.

A Treatise on Stricture of the Urethra; by J. Arnott. 8vo. 7s.

Practical Observations on the Medical Powers of the most celebrated mineral waters, and the various modes of bathing, for the use of Invalids; by P. Mackenzie, M.D. 12mo. 4s.

On the Circulation of the Blood; by C. Bell, F.R.S.E., 12mo. 2s. 6d.

A Report of the Practice of Midwifery at the Westminster General Dispensary, during 1818; by A. B. Granville. 8vo. 8s.

Medical Sketches on various subjects; by G. Kerr. 8vo. 4s.

On the Diseases of Literary Persons; by Mr Pearkes. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Sir Arthur Clarke's Essay on Bathing, with Practical Observations on Diseases of the Skin, Bilious, Liver Complaints, and Dropsy. 4s. 6d.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Sir Samuel Shephard, Knt. has been appointed Chief of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer in Scotland, vacant by the resignation of Robert Dundas, Esq.

The Honourable Alexander Maconochie has been appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Meadowbank, and also one of the Lords Commissioners of the High Court of Justiciary.

Sir William Rae of St Catharines, Bart. has been appointed Lord Advocate for Scotland, in the room of the Honourable Alexander Maconochie, appointed a Lord of Session, and one of the Lords Commissioners of Justiciary.

II. MILITARY.

Brevet Maj. R. W. H. H. Vyse, 2 Life Gds. to be Lieut.-Col. in the Army 13th May 1819
6 Dr. R. Mansell to be Cornet by purch. vice Lambert, ret. 27 March
14 Gent. Cadet E. S. Gooch to be Cornet by purch. vice Speke, ret. 27 May
22 Capt. B. J. Smith to be Maj. by purch. vice Lawrence, ret. do.
Lieut. J. Enderby to be Capt. by purch. vice Smith do.
Cornet Alfred Davis to be Lieut. by purch. vice Enderby do.
W. H. Williamson to be Cornet by purch. vice Davis do.
7 F. Lieut. R. Muter to be Capt. by purch. vice Major, ret. do.
Ensign C. Rowley, from 68 F. to be Lieut. by purch. vice Muter do.
9 Ensign C. B. Brisbane to be Lieut. vice Hart, dead 20 do.
T. Sandes to be Ensign, vice Brisbane do.
17 Lieut.-Gen. J. Champagne, from 41 F. to be Col. vice Gen. G. Garth, dead 14 June
29 Lieut. J. V. Evans to be Capt. by purch. vice Coker, ret. 20 May
33 Capt. J. Burton, from h. p. 31 F. to be Capt. vice Bennett, 69 F. do.
41 M. Gen. Hon. Sir E. Stopford, K.C.B. fm. R. A. C. to be Colonel, vice Lieut.-Gen. Champagne, 17 F. 14 June
69 Captain W. Bennett, from 33 F. to be Capt. vice Freeman, h. p. 31 F. 20 May
72 Lieut. P. Sutherland to be Capt. vice Gethin, dead do.
Ensign H. Rose to be Lieut. vice Sutherland 25 do.
T. W. Nicholls to be Ensign, vice Rose do.
Lieut. H. Jervis to be Adj. vice Coventry, res. Adj. only do.
79 Capt. James Campbell (2d) to be Maj. by purch. vice Cameron, ret. 3 June
Lieut. J. Fraser to be Capt. by purch. vice Campbell do.
Ensign Duncan M'Dougall to be Lieut. by purch. vice Fraser do.
H. F. Maule to be Ensign by purch. vice M'Dougal, prom. do.
9 Lieut. W. Pearce to be Capt. vice Croker, dead 27 May
Ensign W. H. Dougan to be Lieut. vice Pearce do.
A. R. C. Norcott to be Ensign, vice Dougan do.
A. Cor. Lieut. A. B. Armstrong to be Adj. vice Adamson, res. Adj. only 1 March

Royal Artillery.

Capt. J. Briscoe, from h. p. to be Capt. 8 May 1819
1st Lieut. G. Coles to be 2d Capt. do.
——— J. A. Wilson, from h. p. to be 1st Lieut. do.
2d Lieut. D. Thorndyke to be 1st Lt. do.
——— S. A. Severne, from h. p. to be 2d Lieut. do.

Garrisons.

Lt.-Col. G. J. Reeves, h. p. 27 F. to be Lt. Gov. of Placentia, vice Gen. G. Garth, dead 14 June 1819
Lieut. A. Lane, h. p. 98 F. to be Town-Major of Prince Edward's Island, vice M'Donnell, dead 1 Jan.

Medical Department.

Hosp. Assist. B. Conway, from h. p. to be Hosp. Assist. vice Nelson, dead 20 May

Exchanges.

Capt. Heatheote, from 10 F. with Capt. Macdowall, Staff in Ionian Islands
——— Barallier, from 33 F. with Capt. F. Barrallier, 4 h. p. 101 F.
——— Grant, from 18 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Vernon, h. p. 23 F.
——— Crosse, from 8 F. with Capt. Fraser, h. p. 78 F.
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Capt. Major	7 F.
—— Coker	29 F.
—— Jones, adj.	Anglesea Milit.
Lieut. Stoddard	Stafford Milit.
Cornet Lambert	6 Dr.
—— Speke	14 Dr.
Paym. Cayley	So. Lincoln Milit.

Appointment Cancelled.

2d Lieut. R. Basset	1 Cey. Regt.

Cashiered.

Paymas. Alexander Biggar	85 F.

Deaths.

General George Garth, 17 F. Lt.-Gov. of Placentia
Lieut.-Gen. Barton, late of 2 Life Gds.
———— Sir James Campbell, Bt. from 61 F. 5 June 1819
Colonel Walsham, Radnor Militia
Lieut.-Col. Rodewold, h. p. 2 Huss. K. G. L. 10 April
Maj. Wilmerding, h. p. 2 L. Dr. K. G. L. 15 April

Capt. Hussey, 38 F.	24 March
—— Stone, 53 F.	25 Dec. 1818
—— Elenholme, 75 F.	1 Nov.
—— M'Laine, 86 F.	20 Oct.
—— Croker, 89 F.	
—— Smith, 2 Cey. Reg.	15 Nov.
—— Hawkins, paym. South Devon. Mil.	
—— Connellan, adj. Westmeath Mil.	
Lieut. Wilton, 14 Dr.	1 May 1819
—— Hart, 9 F.	6 April
—— Ness, 30 F.	
—— Winrow, 30 F.	11 Nov. 1818
—— Macpherson, 53 F.	25 do.
—— Pelican, h. p. Wattey, R.	7 Oct.
2 Lt. & Ens. Lardner, 30 F.	do.
———— Magenis, 60 F.	27 Mar. 1819
———— Trydell, 73 F.	8 Nov. 1818
2 Lt. & Ens. Hunt, A. Cor. (killed by the Caffres)	1 Feb. 1819
———— Newnan, 1 Cey. Reg.	28 Oct. 1818
———— Henderson, 1 Cey. Reg.	3 Dec.

Medical Department.

Dr Quin, Physic. Gen. in Ireland	Nov.
Dr Harvey, Physic. Gen. in Ireland	12 Mar. 1819
Gilmour, Hosp. Assist.	April
Nelson, Hosp. Assist.	9 Aug. 1818
Mulquiny, Hosp. Assist.	20 Oct.

Additions and Alterations while Printing.

1 L. G.	Lt. Wm. S. Smith, from 10 Dr. to be Cor. and Sub-Lt. v. Burdett, exc. 7 June 1819
5 D. G.	Cornet C. H. Seton, from 18 Dr. to be Cornet, vice Battier, exc. 17 do.
6 Dr.	Lieut. A. Hassard to be Capt. by purch. vice Browne, ret. do.
	Cornet E. Armstrong to be Lieut. by pur. vice Hassard do.
	Cornet & Adj. T. Boyd to have rank of Lieut. 18 do.
18	Walter Scott to be Cornet by purch. vice Sir C. Style, ret. 10 do.
	Cornet W. Battier, from 5 D. G. to be Cornet, vice Seton, exc. do.
19	Capt. W. Major, from 2 W. I. R. to be Capt. vice Armstrong, exc. do.
	Cornet A. Bailey to be Lieut. by purch. vice Downes, ret. do.
31 F.	Lieut. A. Beamish to be Capt. by purch. vice Docwra, ret. 3 do.
	Ensign W. Smyth to be Lieut. by purch. vice Beamish do.
	F. Ward to be Ensign by purch. vice Smyth do.
43	Maj. W. Haverfield, from h. p. to be Maj. vice Napier, exc. 17 do.
54	Lieut. Col. J. Daniell, from h. p. 98 F. to be Lieut. Col. vice Earl of Waldegrave, exc. do.
79	Capt. A. F. Macintosh, from h. p. 60 F. to be Capt. vice Langley, ex. rec. diff. do.
Cape C.	Lieut. C. H. Somerset, from 21 Dr. to be Capt. by purch. vice Harding, ret. do.
2 W. I. R.	Capt. W. Armstrong, from 19 Dr. to be Capt. vice Major, exch. do.
	Lieut. H. J. Ricketts to be Adjut. vice Anderson, res. Adjut. only. 25 Mar.

III. NAVAL.

Promotions.

Names.	Names.	Names.
Captain.	*Lieutenants.*	Aug. R. L. Passingham
Wm Popham	Geo. A. Sainthill	Charles Walcot
Commanders.	J. T. Kelsall	Samuel Thornton
John Harvey	John Geddes	James Marsh
Richard John Head	J. B. L. Hay	
Richard Saumarez	H. W. Harvey	*Surgeon.*
Superannuated Commander.	Albert Croker	George Birnie
Richard Brothers.	W. Thomas Bellairs	

Appointments.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
Captains.		Wm Whitehead	Bulwark
Richard Raggett	Albion	B. M. Festing	Camelion
Richard Saumarez	Beaver	Charles Walcot	Confiance
J. W. Montagu	Brisk	J. G. Wigley	Creole
David Buchan	Grasshopper	E. A. Frankland	Ditto
Sir Charles Burrard	Hind	John Cornwall	Ditto
Henry Forbes	Larne	Francis Hart	Conway
F. Moresby	Menai	Charles C. Dent	Eden
Charles Nelson	Nimrod	D. J. Dickson	Falmouth
		T. S. Shuckburgh	Grasshopper
Lieutenants.		John Geddes	Ditto
Charles Adams	Albion	B. Aplin	Hind
Spencer Smyth	Ditto	John Adams	Ditto
Henry M. Williams	Ditto	Thomas Phipps	Hyperion
Daniel Leary	Ditto	James Roy	Ditto
Henry G. Etough	Alert	A. H. Kellet	Icarus
H. P. Lew	Brisk	Spencer Vassall	Iphigenia
Joshua Maynard	Ditto	Charles Inglis	Larne

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
Edward Biddulph	Menai	*Surgeons.*	
George J. Hay	Ditto	Wm Warden	Albion
Richard Weatherley	Ditto	James Osborn	Brisk
R. J. Nash	Myrmidon	James Lepper	Creole
George A. Sainthill	Parthian	John Davis	Hind
Edw. Fayerman	Severn	Wm Anderson	Larne
James Henderson	Snapper	James Carruthers	Menai
Thomas D. Stewart	Swan	James Little	To the Ordinary at Portsmouth.
John M. Waugh	Sybille	*Assistant Surgeons.*	
Hon. Edward Gore	Tamar	Robert Gordon	Albion
J. B. L. Hay	Tees	Wm G. Borland	Bulwark
Robert Hagan	Thistle	Thomas Thompson	Creole
W. J. H. Johnstone	Vengeur	John Riddel	Falmouth
C. P. Madryll	Wolf	Alexander Anderson	Hasty
W. P. Stanley	Swallow (Rev. Cut.)	James Low	Hind
Alexander Kennedy	Hound, ditto	Robert Marshall	Hyperion
J. C. Woolnough	Tartar, ditto	Hamilton Stewart	Larne
Richard Fegen	Tiger, ditto	C. D. Keane	Martial
Charles Fraser	Mermaid, ditto	John M'Arthur	Menai
Alexander M'Leod	Wellington, ditto	George Wilson	Snapper
Francis Little	Dove, ditto	P. H. M'Lean	Spencer
Royal Marines.		William Rogan	Superb
2d Lts. H. H. Hamilton	Iphigenia	David Bennett	Thistle
J. J. Cracknell	Spencer	J. R. Rees	Ordin. at Plymouth
Masters.		Thomas Bell	Severn
Wm Balliston	Albion	*Pursers.*	
Thomas Haydon	Bellette	Stephen Street	Albion
Wm Aykbone	Brisk	William Thomas	Brisk
Henry Jackson	Carnation	Henry Wells	Bulwark
Thomas Webb	Camel	Wm Webb	Egeria
John Craggs	Creole	John Beal	Falmouth
Wm Hall	Dwarf	Wm Thom	Grasshopper
R. Hains	Falmouth	Jos. Mason	Hind
Lewis Fitzmaurice	Hasty	James Benifold	Larne
John Browning	Helicon	Richard Sholl	Menai
Francis Gordon	Heron	C. Hunter	Nimrod
David Davies	Hind	T. G. M'Murray	Perseus
Richard Skinner	Hindostan	*Chaplains.*	
Wm Fuller	Icarus	Robert Whitehead	Bulwark
Wm White	Menai	James N. Pigott	Newcastle
James Wilshin	Morgiana	James E. Surridge	Ramillies
J. B. North	Snapper	John Taylor	Spencer
Wm Read	Spey	F. T. Kirchoffer	Tribune
James Holyoak	Thistle	Edward Brice	Windsor Castle
Robert Balfour	Jamaica-Yard		

Miscellaneous Appointments.

John Day, Naval Officer at Leith.
William Alves, Agent of Malta Hospital.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—*July* 12, 1819.

Sugar. THE prices of Sugar continued to decline, and the demand to be limited, till towards the close of last month. At this period the market became brisker, and the prices advanced considerably. Inferior qualities, however, are again become dull, but the finer qualities maintain their rise. The grocers have in general been purchasing very freely. Their stocks were greatly reduced; and the certainty that the market was at the lowest ebb, brought them forward to purchase freely. Upon the whole, the demand for Sugar may be stated to be considerable, and the prices greatly better, notwithstanding the daily arrivals from the Colonies. Early in the season the weather changed for the better in the islands, and, to the date of the latest accounts, continuing fine, the crops would be finished in proper time and in good order. The whole supplies for the year will thus be brought to market as early as possible. In Foreign and East India Sugars the demand is limited. *Molasses* remain steady.——*Coffee.* The market for this article continues subject to great fluctuations. Some weeks ago the demand became extensive, and the prices advanced nearly 10s. per cwt. Again the prices declined to nearly their former standard, and of late the demand has become more extensive, and the prices are again on the advance. The Coffee market may be stated as extremely uncertain and fluctuating. There appears no certain data to calculate either its advance or decline. These vary according to the accounts from the Continent. The market, on the whole, however, may be stated to have improved since our last.——*Cotton.* After an unusual depression, and a long period of gloom and despondence, there is some appearance of a revival in the Cotton market. The

demand has of late been more considerable, and the prices are a shade higher. But so extensive is the importations, and so great is the stock on hand, that no material improvement can be expected in this article, particularly in the present languid and depressed state of the manufacturing interests. The quantity also expected from the United States, and other places, is very great. The Cotton market, therefore, must remain nearly stationary, or but slowly improve.——*Corn.* In consequence of the very changeable and unusually cold weather during the month of June, the price of every kind of Grain has advanced. A few days of warm weather, early this month, threw a damp on the market, which the changeable weather may again remove. The crops, however, in general look well; and though later than last year, still there appears no serious ground for apprehension, that there will be any thing particularly unfavourable in the approaching harvest. The ports are now shut against Foreign Grain.——*Rum.* The Rum market has become very heavy. The sale of *Geneva* is also very dull. The accounts from France, as to the approaching vintage, is unfavourable, and the consequences are expected to be felt in the *Brandy* market, though the quantity on hand at present is very considerable. In any other article of commerce usually enumerated by us, there is no alteration sufficient to merit notice.

In this publication we had hoped to have been able to have given an account of the revival of trade, and more cheerful prospects for the commercial interests of the country. We are disappointed. The stagnation of all kinds of business continues, and is extreme, perhaps unprecedented. Numerous and severe failures cover the face of the manufacturing districts with distress and dismay, while the dreadful depreciation of all manufacturing property has swept away from thousands the labour and the profits of years. This depreciation in value amounts in many instances to more than 30 per cent. To attempt to arrest the progress of this consuming evil serves only to aggravate it. Every market is glutted, and confidence is gone at home—money scarce, and only to be procured on the best securities. The most gloomy accounts are daily received from foreign markets. The loss on Cotton, Grain, and Wool, and the very great depreciation on all manufactured goods, if accurately known, and added together, would form a sum scarcely credible. Perhaps it is not overrating the total loss on every kind of trade, on all exports and imports since last year, at fifteen millions. Things, however, cannot remain much longer in their present state. Better days, and more cheerful prospects, are at hand. The trade of this country will resume its usual vigour, and be carried on with greater stability and security. The public funds maintain their value. The revenues of the country increase rather than decrease. The demand from foreign markets is within these few days beginning to revive, and sales of different articles can now be effected. Any hasty revival of trade, however, is scarcely to be expected, and hardly to be wished for; as when the latter becomes the case, it is seldom upon a permanent foundation. The defeat of the marauding expedition of Sir Gregor M'Gregor, has averted great commercial distress from this country. Possession of Porto Bello and Chague would have cut off the whole trade of Jamaica, (almost the only trade now left us,) with all the Spanish possessions on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Across the isthmus of Darien it is all carried, and there the supplies from Jamaica go to Peru and Chili on the south, and the town and western territories of Mexico on the north. Of late years credit has been extended in this trade. The Spanish merchant takes away one cargo on credit, and pays for what he formerly got. Thus, therefore, it may be said, there was a cargo in Peru, &c.—one on the road thereto, and one on the passage from this country, or in Jamaica. All were placed in jeopardy by M'Gregor's operations. The first and second might have been wholly lost, and the last rendered almost useless. The extent of this trade is about two millions annually. The loss of such sum, in the present embarrassed state of commercial affairs, would have been severe indeed. M'Gregor's discomfiture has taken away the danger, and relieved the merchant, manufacturer, and labourer, from an additional and severe load of embarrassment, loss, and distress.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 30th June 1819.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	23d.	30th.
Bank stock,	217 218	226 223	——	217 216½	——
3 per cent. reduced,	65 ½	70 68	67⅞ ⅞	67⅞ ⅞	——
3 per cent. consols,	65¼ ¼	——	——	——	——
4 per cent. consols,	82⅝ 85	88¼ 87	86½ ¼	86½ ¼	——
5 per cent. navy ann.	99½ 100½	——	——	——	——
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	63½	——	——	65⅜	——
India stock,	210	——	——	——	——
—— bonds,	3 7 dis.	2 4 dis.	2 4 dis.	1 2 dis.	——
Exchequer bills, 2d. p.d.	2 dis. par	6 1 pr.	1 dis. par	par. 2 dis.	——
Consols for acc.	——	70¼ 68⅛	68⅝ 69⅜	——	——
American 3 per cent.	——	——	——	——	——
—— —— new loan, 6 p. c.	——	——	——	——	——
French 5 per cents.	——	——	——	68 75	——

Course of Exchange, July 2.——Amsterdam, 11 : 15 : 2 U. Antwerp, 11 : 18. Ex. Hamburgh, 35 : 8 : 2½ U. Frankfort, 147 Ex. Paris, 25 : 30 : 2 U. Bourdeaux, 25 : 30. Madrid, 37 effect. Cadiz, 37 effect. Gibraltar, 32. Leghorn, 49½. Genoa, 45. Malta, 50. Naples, 40. Palermo, 118 per oz. Oporto, 54. Rio Janeiro, 61. Dublin, 15½. Cork, 15½. Agio of the Bank of Holland, —.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £0 : 0 : 0. New doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0. New dollars, 5s. 0½d. Silver, in bars, 5s. 2d.

PRICES CURRENT.—*May* 29.—*London, July* 2, 1819.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.
SUGAR, Musc.					
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	68 to —	61 to 67	57 to 64	62 to 64	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76 84	68 84	65 81	68 75	£1 10 0
Fine and very fine, . .	88 96	— —	82 90	81 87	
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	140 150	— —	— —	135 155	
Powder ditto, . .	115 120	— —	— —	99 118	
Single ditto, . . .	112 118	— —	114 118	95 97	
Small Lumps . .	100 110	— —	114 120	94 97	
Large ditto, . .	98 108	— —	100 110	98 99	
Crushed Lumps, . .	56 64	— —	— —	67 68	
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	33 34	30 32	32 6 —	32 32 6	0 7 6½
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.					
Ord. good, and fine ord.	95 110	— —		110 116	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	115 125	— —		124 120	
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	85 90	— —	Uncertain.	100 118	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	92 108	100 112		122 130	0 0 7½
Mid. good, and fine mid.	108 122	114 126		130 140	
St Domingo,	95 105	107 110		112 116	
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	8 —	7 7½	6½ —	7½ 8	0 0 9¾
SPIRITS,					
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 10d 4s 0d	3s 5d 3s 6d	3 2 3 6	2s 9d 4s 0d	0 8 1¾
Brandy, . . .	5 3 5 6	— —	— —	3 8 4 6	B.S. 0 17 0¼
Geneva, . . .	3 4 3 6	— —	— —	2 8 2 10	F.S. 0 17 11½
Aqua, ...	7 8 7 9	— —	— —	15 6 —	
WINES,					
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 64	— —	— —	£35 65 0	B.S. tun. 143 18 0
Portugal Red, pipe.	48 54	— —	— —	54 60 0	F.S. tun. 148 4 6
Spanish White, butt.	54 55	— —	— —	28 68 0	B.S. tun. 95 11 0
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 35	— —	— —	25 38 0	F.S. tun. 98 16 0
Madeira, . . .	60 70	— —	— —	50 63 0	B.S. 96 13 0
					F.S. 99 16 6
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£8 —	7 0 7 7	6 0 6 5	7 5 7 10	
Honduras, . .	9 —	7 10 7 15	6 10 6 15	8 0 —	0 9 1¼
Campeachy, . . .	9 —	8 10 9 0	6 10 7 0	8 0 8 10	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	9 10	— —	7 10 8 5	9 9 10 0	
Cuba, . . .	12 13	— —	9 5 10 0	13 13 14 10	1 4 6½
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	8 6 9 6	8 0 8 9	10s 0d —	
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 4 2 6	— —	2 6 2 8	— —	0 0 4¾
Ditto Oak, . .	4 5 5 6	— —	— —	— —	0 0 2 4½
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 3 2 4	— —	— —	— —	0 5 6½
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	0 10 1 8	1 2½ 1 6	1 1 1 2	
St Domingo, ditto .	— —	1 2 3 0	1 5½ 2 0	1 6 1 10	3 16 0
					8 14 2
TAR, American, . brl.	17 22	— —	14 6 16 6	20 —	B.S. 1 1 4½
					F.S. 1 2 11½
Archangel, . .	19 22	— —	16 6 17 6	16 —	
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 —	— —	— —	10 6 —	B.S. 1 8 6
					F.S. 1 10 1
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	66 67	65 66	69 70	64 0 65 0	0 3 2
Home Melted, . .	67 68	— —	— —	— —	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	50 51	— —	— —	£42 10 —	B.S. 0 9 1¾
Petersburgh Clean, .	45 46	— —	44 45	45 0 —	F.S. 0 10 0½
FLAX,					
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	72 74	— —	— —	74 0 —	
Dutch, . . .	60 125	— —	— —	70 80	B.S. 0 0 4 3/8
Irish, . . .	50 55	— —	— —	— —	F.S. 0 0 7 1/8
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	78 80	— —	— —	£4 5 4 10	B.S. 1 3 9
					F.S. 1 4 11½
BRISTLES,					B.S. 0 3 6½
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 0 16 0	— —	— —	13 10 —	F.S. 0 3 11½
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	38 40	— —	— —	38 39	B.S. 0 4 6½
					F.S. 0 6 4
Montreal ditto, . .	52 53	48 50	44 —	— —	0 1 7
Pot, . .	40 42	39 40	35 39	— —	
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	35 —	— —	36 —	32 —	
Cod, . . .	87 (p. brl.)	— —	38 —	37 —	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	9 9½	9 9½	0 5¾ 0 7	0s 6d 0 6½	
Middling, . . .	8 8½	8 8½	0 4 0 5	0 5½ 6	0 10
Inferior, . . .	7 8	6 7	0 3 0 3¾	4 4½	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	1 0 1 2	0 11 1 1	1 1 1 2	
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	2 4 2 8	2 3 2 6	1 9 2 6	
Good, . .	— —	2 2 2 3	2 0 2 2	— —	
Middling, . .	— —	1 10 2 0	1 2 1 7	— —	B.S. 0 8 7
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 3 1 6	1 2 1 6	1 2 1 6	F.S. 0 17 2
West India, . .	— —	1 0 1 2	— —	1 0 1 4	
Pernambuco, . .	— —	1 6 1 7	1 4½ 1 6½	1 7 1 8½	
Maranham, . .	— —	1 5 1 6	1 3½ 1 4½	1 4½ 1 5½	

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of May and the 20th of June, 1819, extracted from the London Gazette.

Artis, J. Newgate-street, bookseller
Adams, G. Gloucester, jeweller
Amsdell, W. Plaistow, baker
Baglia, J. and T. Thompson, Piccadilly, iron-mongers
Bradley, S. Sandwich, brewer
Bowker, T. D. Warmsworth-house, Yorkshire, merchant
Bulmer, T. and R. South Shields, rope-manufacturers
Brown, W. L. and T. Hunter, Wood-street, warehousemen
Buckley, J. Mossley, Lancashire, clothier
Bealey, R. Cockey-moor, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer
Bonsor, J. Wheeler-street, Spitalfields, coal-merchant
Brown, T. Newport, Shropshire, grocer
Brockliss, J. Oxford, corn-dealer
Broomhead, Sheffield, merchant
Bulmer, J. and J. South Shields, ship-builders
Binns, J. and J. Looe, Cornwall, merchants
Browning, J. Manchester, calenderer.
Bond, F. Armitage, Staffordshire, maltster
Bond, J. Lichfield, maltster
Burch, N. and W. Smith, Birbles cum Bamford, Lancashire, calico-printers
Bell, J. R. Old Broad-street, ship-broker
Brooker, W. Eaton-street, Blackfriars-road, timber-merchant
Baldwin, W. H. Liverpool, merchant
Birch, J. Aston, near Birmingham, maltster
Budgen, J. Dartford, Kent, paper-maker
Brade, W. Preston, Lancaster, liquor-merchant
Bryant, H. Norwich, leather-cutter
Cattersen, J. Hull, currier
Cooper, R. Rawcliffe, Yorkshire, common-brewer
Case, G. Wimple, Devonshire, hop-merchant
Critchley, J. Liverpool, merchant
Coldwell, T. S. Norwich, coach-master
Clayton, J. Stockport, cotton-spinner
Chapman, W. Liverpool, laceman
Coleman, W. Gosport, baker
Corney, J. and R. East India Chambers, merchants
Chambers, S. Bordesley, near Birmingham, sword-cutler
Chilcott, T. Bristol, broker
Duke, R. Gateshead, merchant
Deakin, F. and J. Oughton, Deretend-mills, Warwickshire, wire-drawers
Daly, J. Woolwich, innkeeper
Dauncey, T. Cateaton-street, warehouseman
Eddison, T. Romford, linen-draper
Frear, W. jun. Liverpool, merchant
Fletcher, S. Doncaster, haberdasher
Frears, E. Ravenglass, Cumberland, silversmith
Finch, R. Cooper's-row, Crutched Friars, wine and spirit-merchant
Fanshawe, H. R. Addle-street, trimming-maker
Fell, W. Watling-street, Manchester, warehouseman
Gibbs, J. Bridgwater, maltster
Goddard, S. Cornhill, mapseller
Gangain, P. Church-street, Soho-square, silversmith
Gregson, E. and J. Liverpool, perfumers.
Garnet, R. Nantwich, Cheshire, shoemaker
Goode, T. Hinckley, Leicester, hosier
Hunt, R. H. Yarmouth, wine-merchant
Hederle, J. Leicester-square, tailor
Higman, J. Duke-street, Adelphi, victualler
Hall, W. Windmill-street, upholsterer
Heath, H. Islington-road, dealer in pictures
Hadley, T. Birmingham, merchant
Heginbottom, J. Ashton-under-Line, roper
Holmes, A. and H. White, Chesterfield, and T. Tindall, Chester-le-street, hat-maker
Hayton, J. B. Hull, merchant
Hawkins, C. Gosport, grocer
Horton, W. S. Rochdale, woollen-manufacturer
Hayter, J. Bristol, watchmaker
Hunsley, W. Wetherby, York, grocer
Izod, W. Redditch, Worcestershire, draper.
Ikins, J. Rochead in Mirfield, Yorkshire, merchant
Johnson, S. Skinner-street, Finsbury-market, cabinet-maker
Jorden, J. S. Birmingham, dealer
Jones, J. Upper Brook-street, tailor
Johnston, R. Freeman's-court, Cornhill, merchant
Jackson, T. and W. Liverpool, [illegible]
Kegg, E. Liverpool, master-mariner
Kay, T. Bath, dealer
Kershaw, G. Romford, shopkeeper
Kilvert, R. Bath, linen-draper
Kerr, W. Sherborne-lane, wine-merchant
Knight, A. Wilson-street, Moorfields, calenderer
Lankester, R. Blackman-street, Borough, linen-draper
Lamb, J. Great James'-street, Bedford-row, draper
Lund, J. and J. Walsh, Blackburn, cotton-manufacturers
Laughton, J. Liverpool, earthenware-dealer
Lang, H. G. and W. Ackerington, Lancashire, calico-printers
Leigh, P. Wheelock, Cheshire, currier
Longworth, D. Little Leaver, Lancaster, bleacher
Leveridge, S. Nightingale-lane, Clapham-common, merchant
Lord, E. Burnley, cotton-spinner
Moss, W. Tadley, Hampshire, carpenter
Moates, S. W. Birmingham, tobacconist
Millward, J. Riddish, Worcestershire, needle-cutter
Marshall, W. South-street, Spitalfields, oil-merchant
Marshall, W. H. Spalding-moor, Yorkshire, miller
Millichamp, F. Aston, Warwickshire, maltster
March, J. Banwell, Somersetshire, tanner
Musgrave, J. New Laithe, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer
Morgan, W. Bristol, wool-broker
Macdonald, R. and J. Waring, Liverpool, merchants
Martin, B. Middlesex-street, Whitechapel, victualler
Matthews, J. Penn, Somerset, shoemaker
Marshall, G. Bristol, corn-factor
Newell, J. Redbridge, Hampshire, timber-merchant
Nathan, S. Chandos-street, butcher
Ord, R. Deptford, butcher
Outram, J. and W. Welsh, Liverpool, brewers
Parker, J. Norwich, bombazine-manufacturer
Pritchard, J. D. Tipton, Staffordshire, linen-draper
Patterson, G. Fore-street, corn-dealer
Peacock, E. East-end, Finchley, victualler
Pollett, R. Bowker-bank, Lancashire, calico-printer
Polglase, J. Bristol, provision-merchant
Penny, M. Shepton Mallet, corn-factor
Pearcy, M. Lime-street-square, merchant
Peake, M. Handworth, Staffordshire, merchant
Perkins, T. Charlton-row, Lancashire, cotton-spinner
Pettit, C. Birmingham, glover
Poyner, R. Shareshill, Staffordshire, butcher
Parkin, W. Nafferton, Yorkshire, miller
Poyner, C. Doncaster, woollen-draper
Paine, E. jun. Lawrence, Poultney-hill, merchant
Parker, W. West Teignmouth, Devon, innkeeper
Park, R. jun. Portsea, Southampton, coal-merchant
Riding, J. Blackburn, cotton-manufacturer
Roffer, J. Wallingford, carpenter
Reddal, J. Liverpool, merchant
Rossiter, J. Shepton Mallet, clothier
Roberts, E. Cobourg-road, Kent-road, merchant
Ruffy, J. D. Paternoster-row, Christchurch, oilman
Stafford, J. Scrooby, Nottinghamshire, miller.
Smithe, T. Tardebigg, Worcestershire, butcher
Simmonds, T. Maidstone, wine and brandy-merchant
Sutherland, S. South Shields, grocer
Simpson, R. Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, merchant
Shynn, J. Maldon, coal-merchant
Stunt, T. Ludgate-street, carpet-manufacturer
Smith, J. Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, lime-dealer
Simms, W. Womborne, Staffordshire, coal-dealer
Stead, M. Ludlow, stone-mason
Salter, M. Salter-street, St George in the East, glass-blower
Sutherland, R. and R. Birmingham, gun-makers
Smith, B. Bristol, coal-merchant
Schofield, T. Kingston-upon-Thames, maltster
Shaw, J. Stonehouse, Devonshire, pawnbroker
Sankey, M. W. Canterbury, brewer
Sewell, S. Aldersgate-street, plumber
Sandell, W. and J. Newport, Isle of Wight, common-brewers

Seller, G. Lime Regis, Dorset, miller
Tadman, G. New Kent-road, straw-hat-manufacturer
Tawnend, R. and J. R. Mitre-court, Fenchurch-street, merchants
Tolley, S. Kidlington, Oxfordshire, corn-dealer
Walker, J. Harp-alley, ironmonger
Wright, B. Birmingham, victualler
Wickwar, H. and J. Colthorp-mills, Berkshire, paper-makers
Walker, W. Norwich, bricklayer
Willan, J. jun. Keswick, Worcestershire, farmer
Wilmott, J. Manchester, grocer
Winstanley, T. and W. C. Crole, Liverpool, auctioneers
Wrigley, B. Manchester, merchant
Webb, H. Bristol, pump-maker
Wood, E. and R. Belwood, Sculteoates, Yorkshire, timber-merchants
Woodward, J. Banbury, upholsterer
Waddington, G. Blackburn, factor
White, J. C. Mitre-court, Fenchurch-street, merchants
Wilmhurst, S. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, merchant
Yate, J. Worcester, leather-seller

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between 1st and 31st June 1819, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Alexander, Wm. jun. manufacturer, Paisley
Bruce, Wm. joiner and cabinet-maker, Glasgow
Broadfoot, John, merchant, Leith
Baird and Co. J. and D. calico-printers at Newlandfields, near Pollockshaws, and James Baird, residing in Greenock, the only surviving partner
Clarke, James, merchant and agent, Glasgow
Carrick, James, lately carrying on trade in the island of Martinique, West Indies, and in Glasgow
Chalmers, John, feuar, slate-merchant, and builder in Lauriston of Gorbals, Glasgow
Don, James, manufacturer, Dundee
Dove, James, merchant and ship-owner, Leith, residing at Stockbridge, near Edinburgh
Forbes, Wm. merchant and agent, Aberdeen
Jamieson, Wm. agent, Glasgow
Jamieson, Charles, and Sons, merchants, Inverness, and Charles Jamieson, John Jamieson, and George Inglis Jamieson, merchants there, as individuals
Kennedy, Hugh, cabinet-maker, Glasgow
Laird, John, and Company, merchants, Greenock, and William Laird and Company, merchants, Liverpool
M'Laren, Duncan, spirit-dealer, Edinburgh
M'Donald and Gibson, cotton-yarn merchants, Glasgow, and James M'Donald and Charles Gibson, as individuals
Philip and Taylor, merchants, Aberdeen, and Wm. Philip and Alexander Taylor, as individuals
Parker, Matthew, hardware-merchant, Dunfermline
Pitkethly, James, builder, Leith
Rankine, John, banker and messenger, Irvine
Scott, James, jun. merchant, Leith
Shortridge, Geo. Yuille, printer, Dansholm, and merchant, Glasgow.
Todd, Shortridge, and Company, printers, Leven Printfield, and William Shortridge, John Todd, youngest, and Charles Todd, as individuals
Wilson, John, merchant, Leith

DIVIDENDS.

Baxter, Wm. merchant, Dundee; by J. B. Russel, merchant there
Cotton, Elijah, china-merchant, Edinburgh
Cogill, James, sen. merchant, Wick; by William Petrie, fishcurer, Pultneytown, by Wick
Caw, John, miller and dealer in grain at Milnal, county of Perth; by James Gentle, writer, Edinburgh, 17th July—final one
Durie, Wm. grain and cattle-dealer, Firhill; by James Kerr, accountant, Glasgow
Ford, James, of Finhaven, merchant, Montrose; by Alex. Thomson, conjunct town-clerk there
Fulton, Andrew, cotton-spinner, Kilmarnock, deceased; a first and final dividend of 4s. on 9th August; by Kilmarnock bank
Hamilton, Wm. grocer and merchant, Glasgow; by M. Neilson, merchant there
Gillies, Colin, merchant, Brechin, 4s. on 4th August; by James Speid, writer there
Gourley, Oliver, farmer and cattle-dealer at Craigrothie; by James Thomson, sen. writer, Cupar Fife—second of 6s. 15th July
Glenbuck Iron Company—final by John Sloan, merchant, Ayr
M'Williams, Wm. and Thomas, merchants, Castle Douglas; by James Lidderdale, merchant there
Scott, John, and Archibald Muir, coal-merchants, at the Monkland-canal-bason, near Glasgow; by Mr Waddell of Stonefield

EDINBURGH.—July 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....42s. 0d.	1st,.....33s. 0d.	1st,.....23s. 0d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.
2d,.....38s. 6d.	2d,.....30s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.
3d,.....34s. 0d.	3d,.....27s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 18 : 9 : 3-12ths.

Tuesday, July 6.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d.
Mutton	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) . .	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.
Lamb, per quarter .	2s. 6d. to 5s. 0d.	Butter, per lb. . .	1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Salt ditto, ...	1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.	Ditto, per stone . .	20s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone .	11s. 0d. to 15s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen . .	0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—July 2.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....41s. 0d.	1st,.....32s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 0d.
2d,.....39s. 0d.	2d,.....29s. 0d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.
3d,.....37s. 0d.	3d,.....26s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d, ...19s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 18 : 1.

London, Corn Exchange, July 5.

	s.	s.
Wheat, Red	60 to	66
Fine	68 to	70
Superfine	72 to	74
White	64 to	68
Fine	72 to	74
Superfine	76 to	78
Foreign	56 to	76
Rye	32 to	34
Fine	35 to	38
Barley	24 to	28
Fine	30 to	33
Superfine	35 to	38
Malt,	50 to	56
Fine	60 to	63
Hog Pease	44 to	46
Maple	48 to	50
White	42 to	45

	s.	s.
Boilers	48 to	52
Small Beans	42 to	44
Fine	44 to	48
Tick	36 to	40
Fine	42 to	44
Feed Oats	18 to	21
Fine	22 to	25
Poland do	23 to	25
Fine	27 to	29
Potato do.	25 to	27
Fine	28 to	32
Flour, p, sack	60 to	65
Seconds	50 to	60
North Country	50 to	60
Pollard	20 to	28
Bran	14 to	15

Seeds, &c.—July 2.

	s.	s.
Must. Brown,	20 to	0
—White	18 to	0
Tares	8 to	10
Turnips	0 to	0
—New	10 to	16
—Yellow	0 to	0
Carraway	60 to	0
Canary	115 to	0

	s.	s.
Hempseed	50 to	—
Linseed, crush.	56 to	65
New, for Seed	— to	—
Ryegrass,	36 to	—
Clover, Red,	100 to	—
— White	105 to	—
Coriander	22 to	30
Trefoil	65 to	—

New Rapeseed, £40 to £—.

Liverpool, July 3.

Wheat, per 70 lbs.	s. d.	s. d.
English	11 0 to	11 9
Scotch	11 0 to	11 6
Welsh	0 0 to	0 0
Irish	10 0 to	10 9
Dantzic	11 0 to	11 6
Wismar	11 0 to	11 6
American	9 0 to	10 0
Quebec	9 0 to	10 0
Barley, per 60 llbs.		
English, grind.	5 0 to	6 0
Malting	6 0 to	7 0
Irish	4 6 to	5 0
Scotch	0 0 to	0 0
Foreign	5 0 to	6 0
Malt p. 9 gls.	9 0 to	9 6
Rye, foreign	32 to	36
Oats, per 45 lb.		
Eng. new	5 9 to 4	0
Scotch pota.	3 9 to 4	0
Welsh	3 9 to 4	0
Irish,	3 6 to 3	8
Common	3 2 to 3	4
Foreign	3 0 to 3	4
Beans, pr qr.		
English	44 0 to 46	0
Irish	42 0 to 44	0
Pease, per quar.		
— Boiling	38 0 to 40	0

Rapeseed, £ to £ .

	s. d.	s. d.
Pease, for.	36 0 to	38 0
Rice, p. cwt.	18 0 to	22 0
Flour, English, p. 280lb. fine	60 0 to	61 0
—Seconds	52 0 to	54 0
Irishp. 240lb.	49 0 to	51 0
Ameri. p. bl.	40 0 to	42 0
—Sour do.	34 0 to	36 0
Clover-seed, p. bush.		
— White	0 to	0
— Red	0 to	0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.		
English	30 0 to	32 0
Scotch	28 0 to	30 0
Irish	26 0 to	29 0

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	s.
Butter, per cwt.		
Belfast	104 to	0
Newry	102 to	0
Waterford, new	98 to	0
Cork, 3d	86 to	0
Pickled,	94 to	0
Beef, p. tierce	85 to	95
—— p. barrel	55 to	63
Pork, p. brl.	85 to	90
Hams, dry,	64 to	66
Bacon,		
Short middles	66 to	68
Long ——	62 to	64

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 26th June 1819.

Wheat, 69s. 2d.—Rye, 46s. 3d.—Barley, 39s. 3d.—Oats, 27s. 6d.—Beans, 50s. 3d.—Pease, 49s. 10d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 27s. 4d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 *lbs. Scots Troy, or* 140 *lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th June* 1819.

Wheat, 60s. 11d.—Rye, 47s. 1d.—Barley, 36s. 0d.—Oats, 22s. 5d.—Beans, 40s. 2d.—Pease, 40s. 7d.—Beer or Big, 32s. 1d.—Oatmeal, 19s. 2d.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

OUR report for the month of June will be found rather discouraging to such of our readers as are disposed to cherish the expectation of a favourable change in our climate. The maximum temperature has never approached nearer than *eleven degrees and a half* to the maximum of June 1818, and *eight degrees* to that of 1817. The mean temperature has also declined 4½ degrees, and is actually a degree lower than that of 1817. The minimum has never been lower than 41½; but in consequence of a clear atmosphere, the ground has been frequently at the freezing point, and vegetation, especially during the last part of the month, has made little progress. The mean of the extreme temperatures differs, from that of 10 morning and evening, only by three tenths of a degree. The daily range of the Thermometer is almost exactly the same as June last year. The mean height of the Barometer is nearly the annual average, and the fluctuations have been rather less than usual. Of the rain, about an inch and a half fell on the 20th, and three following days. On the day that the rain began, the Hygrometer stood higher than at any other period during the month; and the Barometer, which had previously sunk about three tenths, began again to rise, and continued to do so till the rain was over. The average quantity of moisture, in a hundred cubic inches of air, is somewhat less than June 1818, the one being .21 and the other .23 of a grain. The relative humidity, however, is three degrees greater, owing to the higher temperature of last year. The point of deposition, at 10 A. M. coincides exactly with the mean minimum temperature, and affords another proof of the accuracy of Anderson's Principles of Hygrometry. The temperature of spring water, which, in consequence of the mildness of the winter and spring, had been considerably higher than during the corresponding months of 1817, has now fallen behind that of last year, being about four degrees lower than at the same period last summer. The increase, however, since the month of May, has been considerable.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25′, Elevation 185 feet.*

JUNE 1819.

Means.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	62.6
.....cold,	45.8
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	57.4
..... 10 P. M.	50.5
..... of daily extremes,	54.2
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	53.9
..... 4 daily observations,	54.1
Whole range of thermometer,	503.5
Mean daily ditto,	16.8
..... temperature of spring water,	51.7

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 59)	29.662
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 59)	29.675
..... both, (temp. of mer. 59)	29.668
Whole range of barometer,	5.510
Mean ditto, during the day,	.948
..... night,	.889
..... in 24 hours,	1.837

HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Rain in inches,	2.617
Evaporation in ditto,	2.800
Mean daily Evaporation,	.093
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	28.4
..... 10 P. M.	13.1
..... both,	20.8
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A. M.	45.8
..... 10 P. M.	44.3
..... both,	45.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A.M.	69.9
..... 10 P. M.	82.6
..... both,	76.3
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A.M.	.216
..... 10 P.M.	.204
..... both,	.210

Extremes.

THERMOMETER.		Degrees.
Maximum,	18th day,	68.0
Minimum,	11th	41.5
Lowest maximum,	7th	57.5
Highest minimum,	23d	52.0
Highest, 10 A. M.	21st	64.0
Lowest ditto,	7th	50.0
Highest, 10 P. M.	21st	56.0
Lowest ditto	27th	46.0
Greatest range in 24 hours,	24th	23.0
Least ditto,	2d	10.0

BAROMETER.		Inches.
Highest, 10 A. M.	17th	30.190
Lowest ditto,	7th	29.175
Highest, 10 P. M.	17th	30.185
Lowest ditto,	7th	29.310
Greatest range in 24 hours,	6th	.630
Least ditto,	25th	.020

HYGROMETER.		Degrees.
Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M.	20th	55.0
..... Lowest ditto,	7th	6.0
..... Highest, 10 P. M.	16th	27.0
..... Lowest ditto,	23d	5.0
Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A.M.	21st	54.8
..... Lowest ditto,	20th	31.4
..... Highest, 10 P.M.	23d	51.2
..... Lowest ditto,	12th	38.0
..... Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A.M.	7th	82.0
..... Least ditto,	20th	42.0
..... Greatest, 10 P.M.	23d	94.0
..... Least ditto,	16th	67.4
..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A.M.	21st	.284
..... Least ditto,	20th	.152
..... Greatest, 10 P. M.	23d	.253
..... Least ditto,	12th	.165

Fair days, 17; rainy days, 13. Wind west of meridian, 22; east of meridian, 8.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
June 1	M. 45	29.466	M. 52	Cble.	Rain foren.	June 16	M. 57	.779	M. 60	Cble.	Showers.
	A. 44	.540	A. 56		clear aftern.		A. 45	.867	A. 58		
2	M. 58	.593	M. 59	S.W.	Clear.	17	M. 58	.945	M. 62	N. E.	Clear.
	A. 46	.593	A. 59				A. 43	.996	A. 58		
3	M. 60	.480	M. 62	S.W.	Do. foren.	18	M. 59	.958	M. 64	W.	Clear.
	A. 49	.480	A. 58		rain aftern.		A. 46	.951	A. 65		
4	M. 56	.591	M. 61	S.W.	Clear.	19	M. 59	.976	M. 62	W.	Clear.
	A. 44½	.591	A. 61				A. 47	.886	A. 62		
5	M. 53	.640	M. 61	S.W.	Clear.	20	M. 57	.958	M. 64	W.	Clear.
	A. 42	.737	A. 60				A. 46	.726	A. 64		
6	M. 58	.582	M. 64	E.	Clear.	21	M. 59	.694	M. 64	W.	Cloudy.
	A. 46	.522	A. 63				A. 45½	.733	A. 58		
7	M. 53	.101	M. 59	S.W.	Showery.	22	M. 59	.733	M. 57	E.	Rain.
	A. 48	.244	A. 56				A. 44½	.733	A. 56		
8	M. 55	.232	M. 60	S.W.	Fair foren.	23	M. 54	.634	M. 57	W.	Showery.
	A. 44½	.232	A. 58		rain after.		A. 48	.242	A. 56		
9	M. 62	.227	M. 63	S.	Cloudy.	24	M. 58	.244	M. 60	W.	Showery.
	A. 46½	.194	A. 58				A. 51	.310	A. 60		
10	M. 53	.205	M. 59	Cble.	Rain foren.	25	M. 56	.384	M. 60	S.W.	Cloudy.
	A. 45	.460	A. 61		clear aftern.		A. 41½	.192	A. 57		
11	M. 54	.632	M. 60	S.	Clear foren.	26	M. 55	.221	M. 60	S.W.	Clear.
	A. 42	.678	A. 59		showers after		A. 44	.205	A. 60		
12	M. 50	.686	M. 57	Cble.	Thun. fore.	27	M. 56	.259	M. 52	S.W.	Clear.
	A. 40	.745	A. 59		clear aftern.		A. 44	.291	A. 51		
13	M. 53	.686	M. 57	S.	Cloudy,	28	M. 59	.342	M. 59	S.W.	Showers.
	A. 43½	.686	A. 57		showers.		A. 42½	.396	A. 59		
14	M. 54	.566	M. 59	S.W.	Clear.	29	M. 56	.516	M. 53	W.	Clear.
	A. 41½	.392	A. 51				A. 42	.416	A. 62		
15	M. 53	.476	M. 59	W.	Clear.	30	A. 59	.379	M. 65	N. W.	Showers.
	A. 44	.476	A. 58				M. 42	.360	A. 59		

Average of Rain 1.6 inches.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 21. The lady of William Mackenzie, Esq. surgeon to the Governor's body guard, Madras, a son.

May 17. At the manse of Kilconquhar, Mrs Ferrie, a daughter.

21. At Perth, the lady of Lieut. Acheson French, 30th regiment, superintending officer at that station, a son.

25. At Edinburgh, the lady of John Stewart, Esq. a daughter.

— At Young's-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Watson, a son.

27. Mrs Dundas, Albany-street, Edinburgh, a son.

— At Dundas-street, Edinburgh, Mrs A. Gillespie of Sunnyside, a son.

— At Broomhill-house, Mrs Bruce, a daughter.

28. At Rosebank, near Wick, Mrs Macleay, a daughter.

— At Birmingham, Mrs Shortt, 6th dragoon guards, a daughter.

— At Gifford, the wife of David Crie, a labouring man, three sons, who, with the mother, are all doing well.

— At Errecht, the lady of Lieut. Col. Cameron, C. B. Kt. St. A., a son and heir.

30. At Newbattle-manse, Mrs Thomson, a son.

June 1. At George-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Major-General John Hope, a son.

3. At St John's-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Carteret Scott, a daughter.

— At Ruchlaw-house, Mrs Robert Hawthorn, a daughter.

4. At Carriden-manse, Mrs Fleming, a daughter.

— At Irvine, Mrs Sillar, a daughter.

— At Chevening, the Countess Stanhope, a son.

6. At London, Lady Catherine Halkett, a son.

8. At Ashby de la Zouch, the lady of the Rev. William Macdonald, a daughter.

9. Mrs James Simpson, Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

10. At Edinburgh, the wife of Mr John Menzies, engraver, a son.

— At Eskbank, Mrs Wood, a daughter.

12. Mrs John Brougham, a son.

13. At Portsmouth, Mrs Captain Dalzell of Glenae, a daughter.

15. At Ruchill, the lady of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Barcaldine, a son.

— At Stirling, the lady of John Cusine, Esq. a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Cochrane of Ashkirk, a son.

17. Mrs Campbell, Picardy-place, a son.

18. The Countess of March, a daughter.

— At Milton, Lady Hunter Blair, a son.

19. The wife of —— Murray, journeyman weaver, Citadel, Leith, three daughters, who, with their mother, are doing well.

— In Cleveland-row, St James's, London, the lady of John Craufurd, Esq. of Auchenames, a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Peter Macdowall, a daughter.

20. In London-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Joseph Gordon, a daughter.

— In Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, the lady of H. St. G. Tucker, Esq. a son.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of Anthony Maxtone, Esq. of Cultoquhay, a son.

21. At Edinburgh, the lady of Alexander Stephen, Esq. a daughter.

— At Corshie, Newton Stewart, the Hon. Mrs Montgomerie Stewart, a son.

22. Mrs Douglas, the lady of the late Lord Reston, a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Countess of Airly, a daughter.

24. At Edinburgh, Mrs Gillespie, York-place, a son.

— At Rome, the lady of Thomson Bonar, Esq. a son.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 2. At Columbo, in the island of Ceylon, Mitchel Gibson, Esq. to Miss Thomson, only child of Captain Thomson of the 83d regiment.

19. At Calcutta, Daniel Elliott, Esq. son of the late Sir William Elliott, Bart. of Stobs, to Georgina, youngest daughter of Lieut.-General Russel, of the Honourable East India Company's service.

March 11. At Cape-Town, Cape of Good-Hope, Robert Shand, Esq. surgeon, R. N., to Margaret, second daughter of the late Alexander Millar, Esq. of Montrose.

26. At Biggar, John Minto, for fifty-three years carrier on the road between Glasgow, Biggar, and Edinburgh, to Kathrine Ritchie. The bridegroom was seventy-three, the bride fifty-three, and the bridegroom's eldest son by a former marriage, forty-three years of age.

30. At Malta, Lieutenant Robert Tait, R. N., to Lucy, eldest daughter of John Allen, Esq. physician there.

April 14. At Cadiz, Mr Daniel Macpherson of Inverness, to Miss Josepha Hemas of Cadiz.

May 17. At Stonehaven, Mr J. Tindal, writer, to Jessie, youngest daughter of the late William Park, Esq.

20. At Clerkseat, William Straton, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Black, Esq. of Westridgemuir.

23. At Cabra, James Christie, Esq. surgeon, Deer, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Mr James Smith of Millhill.

24. Andrew Sword, Esq. Mungall-head, to Mrs Brock, Falkirk.

— At Glasgow, Mr Robert Auld, manufacturer, Saltcoats, to Jane Mercer, daughter of Mr J. Finlay, accountant, Glasgow.

27. At Glenstockdale, Appin, Lieutenant Donald Campbell, late of the 57th regiment, to Jessy, eldest daughter of the late Captain Anderson.

28. At Moreland-cottage, Canaan, Alexander Zeigler, surgeon, to Miss Ann Zeigler, daughter of Mr William Zeigler, goldsmith.

31. At Orchardton, Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, of the 30th regiment, to Miss Douglas, daughter of James Douglas, Esq. of Orchardton.

June 1. At Leith, Mr Archibald Brown, merchant, Leith, to Miss Mary Johnston, eldest daughter of Mr William Johnston, merchant there.

— At London, John Whyte Melville, Esq. of Bennochy and Strathkinness, to the Right Hon. Lady Catherine Osborne, only daughter of her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Leeds.

— At Knockbrex, Jonathan Brown, Esq. Whitehaven, to Miss M'Haffie, niece of the late Sir William Douglas, Bart. Castle-Douglas.

— In St John's-chapel, Edinburgh, John Cay, Esq. advocate, to Emily, second daughter of William Bullock, Esq. secretary of the Island of Jamaica.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Duncan, manufacturer, Kirkaldy, to Mrs Elizabeth Graham.

2. At Tiviot-row, Dr James Sanders, lecturer on the Practice of Medicine, to Miss Megget, only daughter of the late John Megget, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

3. At Leith, Mr Robert Liston, surgeon, Edinburgh, to Christiana, daughter of Mr John Crawford, Leith.

— At Blackford, William More, Esq. to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of John Forbes of Blackford, Esq.

— At Oatridge, Linlithgowshire, Mr Archibald Prentice, merchant, Manchester, to Jane, second daughter of the late Mr James Thomson, Oatridge.

4. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Grant, R. N. to Miss Dorothy Brown, only daughter of Mr J. Brown, Leith.

7. At Perth, Mr Matthew Walker, wine-merchant, Edinburgh, to Emily, eldest daughter of Mr James Davidson, Perth.

— At Dumfries, John Symons, Esq. M.D. to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Hugh Maxwell, Esq.

— At Carnegie-park, John King, Esq. of Sherwood-park, in the island of Tobago, to Margaret, only daughter of James Foster, Esq. of Carnegie-park, near Port-Glasgow.

— At the manse of Newton-upon-Ayr, the Rev. William Robison, minister of Stair, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr William Peebles.

8. At Boreland, John Menzies, Esq. to Miss Sarah Lucy Campbell, daughter of John Campbell, Esq. of Boreland.

10. At Ruletownhead, the Rev. Andrew Scott, Cambusnethan, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr Thomas Laidlaw.

— At Macduff, George Hunter, Esq. merchant, Aberdeen, to Helen, daughter of David Souter, Esq. of Gauldwell, Banffshire.

12. At Queen's-square-chapel, Bath, Sir Thomas Ramsay of Balmain, Bart. to Mrs Chisholm of Chisholm.

14. At Edinburgh, Captain A. Campbell, of the Honourable East India Company's artillery, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Charles Hay, Esq. Great King-street.

15. At London, Colonel Sir Dudley St Leger Hill, to Caroline Drury, third daughter of Robert Hunter, Esq. of Kew, Surrey.

16. At London, the Honourable Henry F. C. Cavendish, M.P. major in the 9th regiment of Lancers, to Frances Susan, widow of the Honourable Frederick Howard.

— Alexander Oswald, Esq. to Miss Dalrymple, youngest daughter of the late Sir H. D. Hamilton of North Berwick and Bargany, Bart.

17. At Aberdeen, Dr Blaikie, R.N. to Eliza, eldest daughter of Captain Livingston.

— At Church of Lerwick, Mr Lewis Macdonald, surgeon, Coldstream, to Alice, second daughter of James Bell, Esq. Woodside, Northumberland.

— At St George's, Bloomsbury, Robert Lowis, Esq. younger of Plean, to Margaret, eldest daughter of David Hunter, Esq. Montague-street, Russel-square, London.

19. At London, the Honourable Robert Clive, youngest son of the Earl and Countess Powis, to Lady Harriet Windsor, daughter to Lord and Lady Amherst.

21. At London, Charles Pascoe Grenfell, Esq. M.P. to the Right Honourable Lady Georgina Isabella Frances Molyneux, eldest daughter of the Right Honourable the Earl of Sefton.

— At Merksworth-cottage, near Paisley, James Maxwell, Esq. younger of Brediland and Merksworth, to Anna Maria, daughter of the late John Ainslie, Esq. M.D.

22. At Birkwood, James Moore Nelson, Esq. writer, Glasgow, to Miss Ann Hennery.

— At London, Edmund Hungerford Lechmere, Esq. eldest son of Sir Anthony Lechmere, Bart. of the Rhyd, in Worcestershire, to the Hon. Maria Clara Murray, maid of honour to her late Majesty, and second daughter of the late David Murray, Esq. brother to Lord Elibank.

29. At Leith, by the Rev. Dr Johnston, Mr John Gillon, wine and spirit-merchant, to Jane, eldest daughter of Robert Douglas, Esq. of North Leith.

DEATHS.

Nov. 5. At Badulla, in Ceylon, Thomas Wyllie, Esq. surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company at Madras.

19. At Ellickpore, in the East Indies, Lieutenant Alexander Tweedie, 6th regiment Madras native infantry, third son of the late Alex. Tweedie, Esq. of Quarter.

At Calcutta, in November last, Andrew Johnston Henderson, in the twenty-third year of his age, assistant-surgeon of the Marchioness of Ely East Indiaman, son of the Rev. John Henderson, minister of Queensferry, a young man of promising hopes.

Dec. 7. At Caira, in the Presidency of Bombay, Caroline, wife of George William Anderson, Esq. of the East India Company's civil service.

Jan. 7. At Jamaica, in the 24th year of his age, Mr Donald Macqueen, surgeon, son to the late Rev. Edmund Macqueen, minister of the island of Barra.

In March last, Mr Alexander Gillies, late supervisor of Excise. He was amanuensis to Dr Adam Smith, and transcribed for him his celebrated work, "The Wealth of Nations." For some time past he was supported by the Doctor's nephew, Lord Reston, who but a very short time survived him.

April 29. At Nice, of a deep decline, the Hon. William Brodrick.

— At Portaskaig, island of Islay, Mr John Hill.

May 1. At Spring-bank, John Taylor, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

5. At Loanhead, Mr Robert Riccaltown, Esq. surgeon, R.N.

5. At Jedburgh, Mr J. Thomson, town-clerk, which office he held nearly thirty-five years.

8. At Bath, Matilda, wife of Colonel Robison, 24th regiment, and niece of the Right Honourable Lord Colville.

10. At Glasgow, Mr R. Lindsay, many years a partner in the house of James Lindsay & Co.

12. At Inzievar, James Harrowar, Esq. of Inzievar.

13. At St Bris, near Auxerre, in France, Euphemia Jane, daughter of the late John Hunter, M.D. and F.R.S. and niece of the late Lieut.-General Hunter, governor and commander in Chief in Upper Canada.

15. At Haddington, Mr Alexander Whyte, baker, George-street, Edinburgh.

16. At Edinburgh, Jane Hamilton Craufuird, daughter of Archibald Craufuird, Esq. writer to the Signet.

17. At Berwick, Mrs Helen Home, relict of A. Home, Esq. of Bassendean.

— At Kippen, Christiana, daughter of Alexander Graham, Esq. of Kirkhill.

18. At Spearvale, county of Cavan, William Spear, Esq. aged 81, one of the oldest lieutenants in his Majesty's service.

— At Perth, Jane, daughter of Alexander Malcolm, Esq. supervisor of Excise.

19. At Inveresk, Archibald Skirving, portrait-painter.

— At Perth, Major Cristopher Seton of Ballinblae.

20. At Wootcot, near Stonehaven, Mrs Garden, relict of William Garden, Esq. Braco-park.

21. At Kennet, James Bruce, Esq. naval officer, Leith.

— At Manse of Rayne, in the 76th year of his age, and 44th of his ministry, the Rev. Patrick Davidson, D.D. upwards of 40 years minister of that parish.

— At Brighton, John Stirling, Esq. of Blackgrange, third son of the late John Stirling, Esq. of Kippendavie.

22. At London, of a rapid decline, Robert Hume Brown, youngest son of the late Mr William Brown of Trinidad.

— At the house of Greyfriars, near Elgin, Mrs Munro of Newmill, aged 84.

— At Grant-lodge, Miss Jane Grant, daughter of of the late Sir James Grant of Grant, Bart. and sister to the Right Hon. the Earl of Seafield.

— At Bridport, Dorsetshire, Anne, second daughter of the late Simon M'Tavish, Esq. of Montreal, Lower Canada.

23. At Paris, Miss Margaret Grant, daughter of William Grant, Esq. of Congalton.

24. At Ayr, Miss Kennedy of Drumellan.

— At his house in Charlotte-street, Edinburgh, John Ferrier, Esq. late of the island of Jamaica.

26. At Islington, the Rev. Dr Jarment, many years pastor of the Scottish-chapel in Oxendon-street.

— At Dalmarnock, near Glasgow, in the 81st year of his age, the Rev. Dr James Playfair, Principal of the United College, University of St Andrews.

— At Summerfield, in the 71st year of her age, Mrs Jacobina Todd, wife of George Fulton, Esq.

— At Grange, Burntisland, aged 8 years, Samuelina Paterson, youngest daughter of the Rev. Rob. Culbertson, Leith.

— At Leith, Mrs Elizabeth Martin, relict of the late Mr Adam Watson, Dunbar.

— At Greencroft, near Annan, Mrs Douglas, wife of Colonel Douglas of Greencroft.

— At Hayfield, Christian Maclagan, youngest daughter of the late Mr J. Maclagan, Carse of Gowrie.

27. At Rome, Robert Dinwiddie, Esq. of Germiston.

29. At Auchtermuchty, Ebenezer Marshall Gardiner, Esq. of Hilcairnie.

— At Lochmaben, in the 71st year of his age, Mr John Gardiner, late bailie of that burgh.

30. At Dumfries, Mrs Dick Glencross, daughter of the late Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Caitloch.

— At Ashgrove, Jane, daughter of James Coull, Esq. of Ashgrove.

31. At Edinburgh, William Lawson, Esq. late of Girthead.

— Edward, infant son of Robert Forsyth, Esq. advocate.

— At Dornoch, John Law, Esq. advocate in Aberdeen, sheriff-substitute of the county of Sutherland.

June 1. In consequence of a fall from his horse, aged 30, Mr James Weir of Clonkeen, surgeon.

— At Cassencarie, Mrs Campbell, wife of Geo. Muir Campbell, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At his house, Howard-place, Edinburgh, the Rev. Thomas Miller, D. D. minister of Cumnock, Ayrshire, aged 80 years.

— At her aunt's house, Thistle-street, Edinburgh, Elizabeth Campbell Dallas, aged 4 years and 10 months, only child of the late Torquill Dallas, Esq.

2. At Lauder, Mrs Jessy Allan, spouse of Alex. Dawson, Esq. chief magistrate of that burgh.

3. At Edinburgh, Mrs Graham of Orchill.

— At Cockenzie, William Thornburn, Esq. late of the North West Company.

— At Kilmarnock, Thomas Greenshields, Esq.

4. At Anderston, the Rev. James Stewart, minister of the relief congregation there, in the 74th year of his age, and the 44th of his ministry.

5. At London, Lieutenant-General Sir James Campbell of Inverneil, Bart. G. C. H. and K. S. F.

— At her house, James's-square, Edinburgh, Mrs March, in the 80th year of her age, much regretted.

6. At Barnton-house, Jean, fourth daughter of the late George Ramsay of Barnton, Esq.

— At Sanquhar, Mr William Otto, lately provost of that burgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Janet Tait, spouse of Mr William West, St Andrew's-street.

— At Edinburgh, John Young, Esq. of Bellwood, Perthshire.

— At Kirkhill, aged 15 months, Jane Mary, youngest daughter of John Tod, Esq. writer to the signet.

7. At the manse of Leuchars, Isabella, infant daughter of the Rev. David Watson.

8. At Bowmore, in Islay, Mr Fulton, for many years schoolmaster of the parish of Killarrow.

— At Sunnyside, Samuel Sandys, Esq. formerly of Liverpool, aged 85.

— At Warriston-crescent, John Drummond Orr, the infant son of Mr John Orr.

— At Edinburgh, Charles Augustin Hallard, eldest son of Mr Hallard, George-street.

9. At Beverley, aged 86 years, General George Garth, colonel of the 17th regiment of foot.

11. At Portobello, aged 17 months, William, eldest son of Mr William Watt, surgeon.

— Mr Archibald Dickson, junior, seedsman, Hawick.

— At Ludin-house, James Mayne, Esq. late of Powis and Logie.

12. At Edinburgh, suddenly, Mrs Janet Strathenry, Nicolson-street.

13. At Edinburgh, William Arnot, Esq. of Lumquhat.

— At Orchardhead, in the parish of Inverkeithing, Mrs Alison Cunninghame, spouse of Mr William Walker, farmer there.

— At Walkinshaw, Miss Campbell, Blythswood.

14. At Edinburgh, Graham Craufuird, daughter of Archibald Craufuird, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At Tillery, John Chambers Hunter, Esq. of Tillery.

15. In her house, North St David-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Georgina Walker Wilson, widow of James Fraser, Esq. treasurer to the bank of Scotland.

— At Colebrook-terrace, London, John Gardner, Esq. late banker in Edinburgh.

— At Aberdeen, Mr William Knight, bookseller.

16. Alexander, eldest son of Mr James Dickson, Pilrig-street, Leith-walk, Edinburgh.

17. At Saw-mills, Leven, Mr John Balfour, in the 89th year of his age.

17. At Spleenhill, Berks, Miss Ann Wilson, daughter of the late Alexander Wilson, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow.

— At Arniston, the Right Hon. Robert Dundas of Arniston, late Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer.

18. At Edinburgh, John Anstruther, Esq. of Airdit.

— At his house at Hawkfield, Mr John Crokat.

20. Mr Robert Howdon, farmer, West Garleton.

21. At Duddingstone, Edward, youngest son of Mr Edward Sandeman, Forth-street, Edinburgh.

— At Newton Stewart, Mrs Jean Scott, widow of the late Rev. Dr Scott of Foulshields, minister of Twynholm.

— At London, a few days after his return from India, Lieut. Thomas Carmichael, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Glassmount, Alexander, youngest son of the late Burridge Purvis, Esq. of Glassmount.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Marion Begg, widow of William Begg, Esq. Leith.

— Mrs Isabella Webster, wife of Mr Charles Campbell, teacher, Canongate, Edinburgh.

22. At Leith, Alison, youngest daughter of Mr William Lindsay.

— At Leith, Margaret, third daughter of Mr Thomas Newbigging, wine-merchant.

— At Grange, Burntisland, Jane, youngest daughter of Mr James Hamilton, accountant-general of Excise.

24. At Edinburgh, aged 85 years, Gavin Ralston, Esq. of Ralston, barrackmaster of Piershill barracks. He was the chief of the very ancient and respectable family of *Ralston of that ilk*, who held large estates in the county of Renfrew and Ayr.—From his social and convivial disposition, and the genuine goodness and benevolence of his heart, he was highly esteemed during life, and his death regretted by his friends.

Lately—At his lodgings on the North Parade, Bath, Dr Samuel Solomon, of Gilead-house, Liverpool.

The Earl of Stamford and Warrington, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Chester. His Lordship was the fifth Earl of Stamford, and first Earl of Warrington. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, George Harry, now Earl of Stamford and Warrington, born in 1765.

At Saint Maur, near Paris, aged 20 years, Madame the Countess Jules de Polignac.

At London, Phillip Dauncey, Esq. King's counsel, and a distinguished ornament of the English bar.

—— Stamp, Esq. of Queenborough, aged 80, who had been mayor of that burgh several times. He is reported to have died worth £50,000, but his appearance indicated even abject poverty; he has left no issue, and is said to have bequeathed his sister (the inmate of a neighbouring poor-house) the interest of only £500; the rest to persons of no kin: he put on a new suit of clothes to die in.

At the Royal Military College, London, Janet, the wife of Colonel Butler, the lieutenant-governor.

At a very advanced age, at his residence in Poland-street, London, the reverend and venerable Dr Strickland, grand provincial of the English Jesuits, and rector magnificus of the great college of Stoneyhurst, in Lancashire. Dr Strickland being the head of the very ancient family of Strickland, of Sizher-park in Westmoreland, and Standish-hall in Lancashire, inherited an estate of upwards of £16,000 per annum, which he relinquished in favour of his second cousin, the present Mr Standish Strickland, as his vows as Jesuit would not permit of his having any worldly property.

At Highfield-park, Hants, the Hon. Lady Pitt, relict of General the Right Honourable Sir William Augustus Pitt, K. B. &c. and sister to the late Admiral the Earl Howe.

At Mansfield, George Cartwright, Esq. aged 80, formerly aid-de-camp to the Marquis of Granby in Germany, and afterwards author of a Journal of his Residence and Adventures for some years in Labrador.

At Brook-green, London, aged 19, William, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel John West, late commanding the 3d royal veteran battalion.

At Lane-lodge, at the advanced age of 105 years, Major Leary.

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RESTORATION OF THE PARTHENON FOR THE NATIONAL MONUMENT.

MR EDITOR,

The public attention appearing to have been much roused by an article on the subject of the National Monument, in your last Number, I trust you will give admission to a few remarks on the same topic, for the reception of which that article has ably paved the way.

Complaints have been made, that the country has been backward upon this occasion; and the reasoning used in the article alluded to, endeavours to explain this, by supposing, that the patriotic principles which lead nations to raise such trophies in remembrance of past glories, are not fully understood. It is to be hoped, that in this respect the writer of the article in question is not quite correct. If he be, however, his strain of argument is well calculated to remedy the evil of which he complains.

The true cause, however, of the evident tardiness (not to call it lukewarmness) of the public on this occasion, seems to arise very naturally out of the uncertainty which prevails, as to the plan and situation of the monument itself.

We are described as being a cautious nation; but caution such as ours is not the offspring of cold indifference; nor of the narrow prudence of selfishness; it is the wise circumspection of a deliberating and enlightened people; and is quite compatible with the warmest and most enthusiastic nationality; and with those ennobling feelings of pride and patriotism, which ought to spring from the recollection of triumphs in which Scotland has had so eminent a share.

We are not, however, so highly excited as to throw away our money for no other purpose, than to give a show of sincerity to the expression of these strong emotions. We feel, that instead of contributing to the national honour, we should be degrading it, were we to countenance the erection of a monument inadequate to the full expression of our sentiments. While we are in the dark, therefore, as to the plan of any proposed monument, we must be in perpetual alarm lest, by raising an edifice unworthy of so great an object, our triumphs, as well as our appreciation of them, would come to be undervalued by posterity, and thus one of the most obvious advantages of the national monument would be destroyed. Nor should we, in our own day, be free from some feeling of humiliation, were we to display to our rivals in arms, a memorial that, instead of sustaining, should tend to depress the lofty character we have so nobly achieved.

It is no answer to this to assert, that such fears are groundless. We must judge on this as on every other occasion, by what we know. And what does this knowledge furnish? Let us look over the whole empire—shall we anywhere find, amidst modern structures, one edifice in any respect worthy of the object in view?—or can any person be found bold enough to prophecy for the works of this country, a celebrity as undeviating and enduring as that which, for more than two thousand years, has been bestowed on the magnificent structures of Antient Greece!

Innumerable attempts have been

made in all countries, to rival these works. They have all failed; and as this is admitted on every hand, the inference is irresistible, that although it be not, in the nature of things, impossible to reach, or even to surpass, that degree of excellence, yet it is in the very highest degree improbable, that the invention of any modern architect shall produce, all at once, a plan approaching, even remotely, to the perfection of those models which have been handed down to us from antiquity.

It ought to be borne in mind, that the public taste in Greece was not the growth of any particular occasion, but was the result of centuries of patient cultivation. Many Grecian temples are still in existence, which sufficiently indicate its gradual progress towards the perfection which, in the age of Pericles, it finally attained. The temples of Pæstum and Agrigentum mark the step from the heavy architecture of Egypt to the more graceful, though not less solid, proportions of the Doric order. The temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, not only in the construction of its parts, and the proportion of its columns, but in the rude sculpture of its Frize, tells, what we know from history to be true, that it was erected prior to that era of public taste which gave birth to the celebrated temple of Minerva. Thus, both from theory and experience, we are entitled to say, that long ere the sun of Grecian taste had shed its meridian lustre on the Acropolis, there must have been many bright indications of the light which was to come—a light of which we, in this country, cannot as yet perceive even the dawn. How presumptuous were it then in us to hope, that, by the mere effort of our will, however powerfully seconded by talents and wealth, we can reach at once an excellence which it cost even the Greeks so many centuries to accomplish. And what folly were it, with that admitted excellence fully within our grasp, to think of raising in its stead an edifice which, by every conceivable analogy, must be of very doubtful beauty, and almost necessarily inadequate to the great purpose at present in view.

There is but one opinion upon this subject, amongst those who have either visited Athens, or who have studied the works which describe that city. But as the great majority of those persons who are expected to contribute to this monument never saw the Parthenon, nor even a drawing of it, it cannot be expected, unless some mode be adopted of extending the knowledge of this subject, that any very general feeling will be expressed for its being adopted as the model of the national monument. There is very little doubt, however, that were means afforded to the public of comparing the Parthenon of Athens with any modern plan whatsoever, the decision would speedily be pronounced in favour of the former. The committee of management would therefore be doing the highest service to the cause of good taste, were they to circulate a drawing of the Parthenon, in a situation very nearly resembling its original position—that is to say, crowning the rock of the Calton-hill. Yet although such a measure would be very important, in as much as it could not fail to expand the public taste, yet, with reference to the object immediately under consideration, it would be of little avail, unless it were accompanied by a pledge that this model, the finest beyond all question which the world ever saw, was in fact to be adopted as the national monument.*

The advantages which would flow from such a decision are numerous and striking. The prudential dread alluded to in the early part of this article, would be instantly removed; and subscriptions would flow in from those who most assuredly will not give their money towards the erection of any modern structure whatsoever.

Again, it is well known what efforts have long been made by the taste and wealth of England to procure models of Grecian architecture in this country. Societies have been formed; artists sent out; and ships have been

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* In order that full justice might be done to the subject, such a drawing ought to be executed by the hand of a master; and we feel confident that in such a cause Mr Hugh Williams would cheerfully lend his powerful assistance. This gentleman, to the command of matchless skill in execution, and the most refined taste and observation, adds the advantage of having studied the original at Athens.

freighted to transport Athenian remains to our northern shores. But while numberless detached pieces of art have, by means of this perseverance, labour, and expense, been brought to this country, it has hitherto been found impossible to erect one building on the model of the temples of antiquity. This has arisen, not from any want of an ardent desire to accomplish such an object; not from any blindness to the incalculable benefits which would thereby be conferred on public taste; but principally from the enormous expense with which such a structure would be attended in London. The vicinity, however, to the capital of Scotland, of the finest freestone quarries in the world, gives to the people of this country the ready means of accomplishing this desirable object, at an expense vastly inferior to what would be required in any other part of the empire.* We have, moreover, the very important advantage of possessing a finer situation for so noble a structure, than any other city can boast of; a situation, be it recollected, which resembles, in the most striking manner, the spot selected for a similar monument by Phidias himself.

The object, then, so long and so ardently wished for by every man of taste and education in England, will now be placed within their reach. Can any one doubt that under the proposed circumstances the subscriptions from that enlightened and enterprising country would be immense? Yet without some such powerful stimulus we have no title to expect that our neighbours will assist in accomplishing an object in which they are not directly concerned. They have enough at home to occupy their attention and their wealth, and they would justly consider their resources misapplied if directed towards any modern edifice out of their own country. But the restoration of the finest of all the ancient models is an object of such general importance; one that comes home so immediately to every classical recollection and early association,—that, in its support, we might safely calculate upon the assistance of our classical neighbours. They would see that the erection of such a temple as the Parthenon any where within their island, would confer benefits as lasting and important upon the progress of the arts in England, as in this country; being sensible too, that such an object can be looked for in this metropolis alone, they would be far above jealousy, and would cheerfully and liberally contribute towards its accomplishment.

Much of the same reasoning will apply to India; where the taste for Grecian architecture has far outstripped that which prevails here. The Scotch form a great proportion of the society in that country; and as they have the deepest and most lively interest in their country's renown—and are possessed of considerable wealth, they become a body of men whom it is extremely important to engage heartily in this cause. They have witnessed the triumphs which this monument is intended to commemorate, though at a distance, with a degree of ardour and enthusiasm not less heartfelt than it was here; but from the absence of the distracting causes which surround us, the sentiment has proved even more lasting. Consequently, most of the Scotch in India may be expected, under any circumstances, to subscribe to a certain extent. But as they retain, even in that country of liberality and profusion, all their national good sense and caution, they will not easily be induced to engage in this subscription, to the full extent of their means, while the present uncertainty as to the plan and situation of the monument exists. But it is no less certain, that if our countrymen in India were to be assured that the Parthenon of Athens was indeed to be restored, and in the capital of their native land, they would cooperate in this great cause with an efficiency worthy of their birth-place.

The influence of public opinion is, perhaps, no where so strongly felt as in India; there is no country, indeed, in which enlarged and liberal ideas are so generally felt and acted upon: and those who best know the state of society there, will deem it no extravagance to assert, that so unexception-

* We possess also more than one architect whose powers of execution are fully equal to such a task. And surely, even the most eminent of these would, upon due reflection, feel more highly honoured by becoming the actual restorer of the Parthenon, than from being the original planner of any modern edifice.

able a plan would instantly be taken up by every Scotchman; and that the whole European population would soon follow.

It has been said, that possibly the heads of the Courts, in whom the power is vested by Act of Parliament, of putting a negative on the erection of any edifice on the Calton-Hill, might object to the national monument being placed on that spot. But the well-known public spirit, and enlightened views of the eminent individuals who fill these stations, secure us from this apprehension. They would, in all probability, object, and with reason, to the project of placing a modern building, of doubtful symmetry, on that beautiful situation.—But were the good taste of the public to decide upon transferring to this country that exquisite structure which still stands unrivalled by modern art, there can surely be no doubt of obtaining permission to place it on the very spot, which its original author would have chosen, as best calculated to adorn the city, at once to display its own peculiar excellencies, and to render it, what such a monument ought undoubtedly to be—proudly and eminently conspicuous.

The importance of attending to this subject will be obvious to every one who has seen the new County Rooms of this city. This building is copied from the Erectheum of Athens, and resembles it in all respects, except in situation. The original being raised on the summit of the Acropolis, has a bold and fine effect. Whereas the modern copy, though very skilfully executed, being hemmed in and overtopped by lofty piles of masonry, has its beauty, if not quite destroyed, at least essentially injured. Notwithstanding this unfortunate circumstance, however, we must ever feel grateful to the patriotic individual to whose active public spirit we owe the introduction of this first model of Grecian art. And it is most earnestly to be hoped, that, as he enjoys an uncommon share of public esteem and confidence, he will, upon this important occasion, lend the weight of his great influence towards the advancement of the national taste: and thus, in the most legitimate way, establish his title to that extensive popularity which, on a recent occasion, raised him to one of the highest situations in this country.

R.

REMARKS ON DON JUAN.

It has not been without much reflection and overcoming many reluctancies, that we have at last resolved to say a few words more to our readers concerning this very extraordinary poem. The nature and causes of our difficulties will be easily understood by those of them who have read any part of Don Juan—but we despair of standing justified as to the conclusion at which we have arrived, in the opinion of any but those who have read and understood the whole of a work, in the composition of which there is unquestionably a more thorough and intense infusion of genius and vice—power and profligacy—than in any poem which had ever before been written in the English, or indeed in any other modern language. Had the wickedness been less inextricably mingled with the beauty and the grace, and the strength of a most inimitable and incomprehensible muse, our task would have been easy: But SILENCE would be a very poor and a very useless chastisement to be inflicted by us, or by any one, on a production, whose corruptions have been so effectually embalmed—which, in spite of all that critics can do or refrain from doing, nothing can possibly prevent from taking a high place in the literature of our country, and remaining to all ages a perpetual monument of the exalted intellect, and the depraved heart, of one of the most remarkable men to whom that country has had the honour and the disgrace of giving birth.

That Lord Byron has never written any thing more decisively and triumphantly expressive of the greatness of his genius, will be allowed by all who have read this poem. That (laying all its manifold and grievous offences for a moment out of our view) it is by far the most admirable specimen of the mixture of ease, strength, gayety, and seriousness extant in the whole body of English poetry, is a proposition to which, we are almost as well persuaded, very few of them will

refuse their assent. With sorrow and humiliation do we speak it—the poet has devoted his powers to the worst of purposes and passions; and it increases his guilt and our sorrow, that he has devoted them entire. What the immediate effect of the poem may be on contemporary literature, we cannot pretend to guess—too happy could we hope that its lessons of boldness and vigour in language, and versification, and conception, might be attended to, as they deserve to be—without any stain being suffered to fall on the purity of those who minister to the general shape and culture of the public mind, from the mischievous insults against all good principle and all good feeling, which have been unworthily embodied in so many elements of fascination.

The moral strain of the whole poem is pitched in the lowest key—and if the genius of the author lifts him now and then out of his pollution, it seems as if he regretted the elevation, and made all haste to descend again. To particularize the offences committed in its pages would be worse than vain—because the great genius of the man seems to have been throughout exerted to its utmost strength, in devising every possible method of pouring scorn upon every element of good or noble nature in the hearts of his readers. Love—honour—patriotism—religion, are mentioned only to be scoffed at and derided, as if their sole resting-place were, or ought to be, in the bosoms of fools. It appears, in short, as if this miserable man, having exhausted every species of sensual gratification—having drained the cup of sin even to its bitterest dregs, were resolved to shew us that he is no longer a human being, even in his frailties;—but a cool unconcerned fiend, laughing with a detestable glee over the whole of the better and worse elements of which human life is composed—treating well nigh with equal derision the most pure of virtues, and the most odious of vices—dead alike to the beauty of the one, and the deformity of the other—a mere heartless despiser of that frail but noble humanity, whose type was never exhibited in a shape of more deplorable degradation than in his own contemptuously distinct delineation of himself. To confess in secret to his Maker, and weep over in secret agonies the wildest and most phantastic transgressions of heart and mind, is the part of a conscious sinner, in whom sin has not become the sole principle of life and action—of a soul for which there is yet hope. But to lay bare to the eye of man and of *woman* all the hidden convulsions of a wicked spirit—thoughts too abominable, we would hope, to have been imagined by any but him that has expressed them—and to do all this without one symptom of pain, contrition, remorse, or hesitation, with a calm careless ferociousness of contented and satisfied depravity—this was an insult which no wicked man of genius had ever before dared to put upon his Creator or his Species. This highest of all possible exhibitions of self-abandonment has been set forth in mirth and gladness, by one whose name was once pronounced with pride and veneration by every English voice. This atrocious consummation was reserved for Byron.

It has long been sufficiently manifest, that this man is devoid of religion. At times, indeed, the power and presence of the Deity, as speaking in the sterner workings of the elements, seems to force some momentary consciousness of their existence into his labouring breast;—a spirit in which there breathes so much of the divine, cannot always resist the majesty of its Maker. But of true religion terror is a small part—and of all religion, that founded on mere terror, is the least worthy of such a man as Byron. We may look in vain through all his works for the slightest evidence that his soul had ever listened to the *gentle voice* of the oracles. His understanding has been subdued into conviction by some passing cloud; but his heart has never been touched. He has never written one line that savours of the spirit of meekness. His faith is but for a moment—"he believes and trembles," and relapses again into his gloom of unbelief—a gloom in which he is at least as devoid of HOPE and CHARITY as he is of FAITH.—The same proud hardness of heart which makes the author of Don Juan a despiser of the Faith for which his fathers bled, has rendered him a scorner of the better part of woman; and therefore it is that his love poetry is a continual insult to the beauty that inspires it. The earthy part of the passion is all that has found a resting place within his breast—His

idol is all of clay—and he dashes her to pieces almost in the moment of his worship. Impiously railing against his God—madly and meanly disloyal to his Sovereign and his country,—and brutally outraging all the best feelings of female honour, affection, and confidence—How small a part of chivalry is that which remains to the descendant of the Byrons—a gloomy vizor, and a deadly weapon!

Of these offences, however, or of such as these, Lord Byron had been guilty abundantly before, and for such he has before been rebuked in our own, and in other more authoritative pages. There are other and newer sins with which the author of Don Juan has stained himself—sins of a class, if possible, even more despicable than any he had before committed; and in regard to which it is matter of regret to us, that as yet our periodical critics have not appeared to express themselves with any seemly measure of manly and candid indignation.

Those who are acquainted, (as who is not?) with the main incidents in the private life of Lord Byron;—and who have not seen this production, (and we are aware, that very few of our Northern readers have seen it)—will scarcely believe, that the odious malignity of this man's bosom should have carried him so far, as to make him commence a filthy and impious poem, with an elaborate satire on the character and manners of his wife—from whom, even by his own confession, he has been separated only in consequence of his own cruel and heartless misconduct. It is in vain for Lord Byron to attempt in any way to justify his own behaviour in that affair; and, now that he has so openly and audaciously invited inquiry and reproach, we do not see any good reason why he should not be plainly told so by the general voice of his countrymen. It would not be an easy matter to persuade any Man who has any knowledge of the nature of Woman, that a female such as Lord Byron has himself described his wife to be, would rashly, or hastily, or lightly separate herself, from the love which she had once been inspired for such a man as he is, or was. Had he not heaped insult upon insult, and scorn upon scorn—had he not forced the iron of his contempt into her very soul—there is no woman of delicacy and virtue, as he *admitted* Lady Byron to be, who would not have hoped all things and suffered all things from one, her love of whom must have been inwoven with so many exalting elements of delicious pride, and more delicious humility. To offend the love of such a woman was wrong—but it might be forgiven; to desert her was unmanly—but he might have returned and wiped for ever from her eyes the tears of her desertion;—but to injure, and to desert, and then to turn back and wound her widowed privacy with unhallowed strains of cold-blooded mockery—was brutally, fiendishly, inexpiably mean. For impurities there might be some possibility of pardon, were they supposed to spring only from the reckless buoyancy of young blood and fiery passions,—for impiety there might at least be pity, were it visible that the misery of the impious soul were as great as its darkness;—but for offences such as this, which cannot proceed either from the madness of sudden impulse, or the bewildered agonies of self-perplexing and self-despairing doubt—but which speak the wilful and determined spite of an unrepenting, unsoftened, smiling, sarcastic, joyous sinner—for such diabolical, such slavish vice, there can be neither pity nor pardon. Our knowledge that it is committed by one of the most powerful intellects our island ever has produced, lends intensity a thousand fold to the bitterness of our indignation. Every high thought that was ever kindled in our breasts by the muse of Byron—every pure and lofty feeling that ever responded from within us to the sweep of his majestic inspirations—every remembered moment of admiration and enthusiasm is up in arms against him. We look back with a mixture of wrath and scorn to the delight with which we suffered ourselves to be filled by one who, all the while he was furnishing us with delight, must, we cannot doubt it, have been mocking us with a cruel mockery—less cruel only, because less peculiar, than that with which he has now turned him from the lurking-place of his selfish and polluted exile, to pour the pitiful chalice of his contumely on the surrendered devotion of a virgin-bosom, and the holy hopes of the mother of his child. The consciousness of the insulting deceit which has been

practised upon us, mingles with the nobler pain arising from the contemplation of perverted and degraded genius—to make us wish that no such being as Byron ever had existed. It is indeed a sad and an humiliating thing to know, that in the same year there proceeded from the same pen two productions, in all things so different, as the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold and this loathsome Don Juan.

Lady Byron, however, has one consolation still remaining, and yet we fear she will think it but a poor one. She shares the scornful satire of her husband, not only with all that is good, and pure, and high, in human nature,—its principles and its feelings; but with every individual also, in whose character the predominance of these blessed elements has been sufficient to excite the envy, or exacerbate the despair of this guilty man. We shall not needlessly widen the wound by detailing its cruelty; we have mentioned one, and, all will admit, the worst instance of the private malignity which has been embodied in so many passages of Don Juan; and we are quite sure, the lofty-minded and virtuous men whom Lord Byron has debased himself by insulting, will close the volume which contains their own injuries, with no feelings save those of pity for Him that has inflicted them, and for Her who partakes so largely in the same injuries; and whose hard destiny has deprived her for ever of that proud and pure privilege, which enables themselves to despise them. As to the rest of the world, we know not that Lord Byron could have invented any more certain means of bringing down contempt inexpiable on his own head, than by turning the weapons of his spleen against men whose virtues few indeed can equal, but still fewer are so lost and unworthy as not to love and admire.

The mode in which we have now expressed ourselves, might be a sufficient apology for making no extracts from this poem itself. But our indignation, in regard to the morality of the poem, has not blinded us to its manifold beauties; and we are the more willing to quote a few of the passages which can be read without a blush, because the comparative rarity of such passages will, in all probability, operate to the complete exclusion of the work itself, from the libraries of the greater part of our readers. As it is out of the question for us to think of analyzing the story, we must quote at the hazard of some of our quotations being very imperfectly understood.

"Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel,
Howe,
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
And filled their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now;
Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs stalk,
Followers of fame, "nine farrow" of that sow:
France, too, had Buonaparte and Dumourier,
Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier.

"Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,
Petion, Clootz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette,
Were French, and famous people, as we know;
And there were others scarce forgotten yet,
Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Dessaix,
Moreau,
With many of the military set,
Exceedingly remarkable at times,
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

"Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
And still should be so, but the tide is turned;
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd;
Because the army's grown more popular,
At which the naval people are concern'd:
Besides, the Prince is all for the land-service,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

* * * * *

"Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,
Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit he seem'd
Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;
And every body but his mother deem'd
Him almost man; but she flew in a rage,
And bit her lips (for else she might have scream'd),
If any said so, for to be precocious
Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

"Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all
Selected for discretion and devotion,
There was the Donna Julia, whom to call
Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
Of many charms in her as natural
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean,
Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid,
(But this last simile is trite and stupid.)

"The darkness of her oriental eye
Accorded with her Moorish origin;
(Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by;
In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin.)
When proud Granada fell, and, forced to fly,
Boabdil wept, of Donna Julia's kin
Some went to Africa, some staid in Spain,
Her great great grandmamma chose to remain.

"She married (I forget the pedigree)
With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down
His blood less noble than such blood should be;
At such alliances his sires would frown,
In that point so precise in each degree
That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown,
Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts and nieces,
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

"This heathenish cross restored the breed again,
Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its flesh;
For, from a root the ugliest in Old Spain
Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh:
The sons no more were short, the daughters plain:
But there's a rumour which I fain would hush,
'Tis said that Donna Julia's grandmamma
Produced her Don more heirs at love than law.

"However this might be, the race went on
Improving still through every generation,
Until it center'd in an only son,
Who left an only daughter; my narration
May have suggested that this single one
Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion
I shall have much to speak about), and she
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.

"Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise
A something in them which was not desire,

But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole.

" Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,
Possess'd an air and grace by no means common:
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

* * * *

" And if she met him, though she smiled no more,
She look'd a sadness sweeter than her smile,
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
She must not own, but cherish'd more the while,
For that compression in its burning core;
Even innocence itself has many a wile,
And will not dare to trust itself with truth,
And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

" But passion most dissembles yet betrays
Even by its darkness; as the blackest sky
Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays
Its workings through the vainly guarded eye,
And in whatever aspect it arrays
Itself, 'tis still the same hypocrisy:
Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

" Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left."

Speaking of moonlight, he says:

" There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self-control;
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose."

* * * *

———" 'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the nightwinds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

" 'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

" Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth
Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

" Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made " us youth" wait too—too long already
For an estate, or cash, or country-seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits.

" 'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
To strife: 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend;
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

" But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all's known—
And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven."

The conclusion of the history of *this* passion is, that Don Juan is detected in the lady's chamber at midnight by her husband. Thinking her lover effectually concealed, Donna Julia rates her Lord in a style of volubility in which, it must be granted, there is abundance of the true *vis comica*.—The detection which follows almost immediately after the conclusion of the speech, gives much additional absurdity to the amazing confidence of the lady.

" During this inquisition Julia's tongue
Was not asleep—' Yes, search and search,' she cried,
' Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong!
It was for this that I became a bride!
For this in silence I have suffer'd long
A husband like Alfonso at my side;
But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain,
If there be law, or lawyers, in all Spain.

" ' Yes, Don Alfonso! husband now no more,
If ever you indeed deserved the name,
Is't worthy of your years?—you have threescore,
Fifty, or sixty—it is all the same—
Is't wise or fitting causeless to explore
For facts against a virtuous woman's fame?
Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,
How dare you think your lady would go on so?

" ' Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold
The common privileges of my sex?
That I have chosen a confessor so old
And deaf, that any other it would vex,
And never once he has had cause to scold,
But found my very innocence perplex
So much, he always doubted I was married—
How sorry you will be when I've miscarried!

" ' Was it for this that no Cortejo ere
I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville?
Is it for this I scarce went any where,
Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and revel?
Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,
I favour'd none—nay, was almost uncivil?
Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely?

" ' Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani
Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?
Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,
Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?
Were there not also Russians, English, many?
The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,
And Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

" ' Have I not had two bishops at my feet?
The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez,
And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?
I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:
I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
Me also, since the time so opportune is—
Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cock'd trigger,
Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure?

" ' Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
Under pretence of business indispensible
With that sublime of rascals your attorney,
Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible
Of having play'd the fool? though both I spurn, he
Deserves the worst, his conduct's less defensible,
Because, no doubt, 'twas for his dirty fee,
And not from any love to you nor me.

" ' If he comes here to take a deposition,
By all means let the gentleman proceed:
You've made the apartment in a fit condition:—
There's pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—
Let every thing be noted with precision,
I would not you for nothing should be fee'd—
But, as my maid's undrest, pray turn your spies out.'
' Oh!' sobb'd Antonia, ' I could tear their eyes out.'"

" ' There is the closet, there the toilet, there
The anti-chamber—search them under, over;
There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,
The chimney—which would really hold a lover.
I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
And make no further noise, till you discover
The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—
And when 'tis found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

" ' And now, Hidalgo! now that you have thrown
Doubt upon me, confusion over all,
Pray have the courtesy to make it known
Who is the man you search for? how d'ye call
Him? what's his lineage? let him but be shown—
I hope he's young and handsome—is he tall?
Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain
My honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

" ' At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,
At that age he would be too old for slaughter,
Or for so young a husband's jealous fears—
(Antonia! let me have a glass of water.)
I am ashamed of having shed these tears,
They are unworthy of my father's daughter;
My mother dream'd not in my natal hour
That I should fall into a monster's power.

" ' Perhaps 'tis of Antonia you are jealous,
You saw that she was sleeping by my side
When you broke in upon us with your fellows:
Look where you please—we've nothing, sir, to hide;
Only another time, I trust, you'll tell us,
Or for the sake of decency abide
A moment at the door, that we may be
Drest to receive so much good company.

" ' And now, sir, I have done, and say no more;
The little I have said may serve to show
The guileless heart in silence may grieve o'er
The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow:—
I leave you to your conscience as before,
'Twill one day ask you *why* you used me so?
God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief!
Antonia! where's my pocket-handkerchief?'

" She ceased, and turn'd upon her pillow; pale
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,
Like skies that rain and lighten; as a veil,
Waved and o'ershading her wan cheek, appears
Her streaming hair; the black curls strive, but fail,
To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears
Its snow through all;—her soft lips lie apart,
And louder than her breathing beats her heart."

In consequence of this intrigue, Don Juan is sent on his travels; and the lady, who is shut up in a convent, takes leave of him in a beautiful letter, of which this is a part.

" ' Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these can not estrange;
Men have all these resources, we but one,
To love again, and be again undone.

" ' You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
Beloved and loving many; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core;
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion which still rages as before,
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
That word is idle now—but let it go.

" ' My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;
But still I think I can collect my mind;
My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
As roll the waves before the settled wind;
My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
To all, except one image, madly blind;
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

" ' I have no more to say, but linger still,
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
My misery can scarce be more complete:
I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,
And I must even survive this last adieu,
And bear with life, to love and pray for you!'

" This note was written upon gilt-edged paper
With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new;
Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,
It trembled as magnetic needles do,
And yet she did not let one tear escape her;
The seal a sunflower; '*Elle vous suit partout*,'
The motto, cut upon a white cornelian;
The wax was superfine, its hue vermillion."

Perhaps there are not a few women who may profit from seeing in what a style of contemptuous coldness the sufferings to which licentious love exposes them are talked of by such people as the author of Don Juan. The many fine eyes that have wept dangerous tears over his descriptions of the Gulnares and Medoras cannot be the worse for seeing the true side of *his* picture.

" Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

" They are right; for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;
Taught to conceal their bursting hearts beyond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

" Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation,
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
Theirs being an unnatural situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:
Some play the devil, and then write a novel."

The amour with this Spanish lady is succeeded by a shipwreck, in which Juan alone escapes. He is dashed on the shore of the Cyclades, where he is found by a beautiful and innocent girl, the daughter of an old Greek pirate,—with whom, as might be supposed, the same game of guilt and abandonment is played over again. There is, however, a very superior kind of poetry in the conception of this amour—the desolate isle—the utter loneliness of the maiden, who is as ignorant as she is innocent—the helpless condition of the youth—every thing conspires to render it a true romance. How easy for Lord Byron to have kept it free from any stain of pollution! What cruel barbarity, in creating so much of beauty only to mar and ruin it! This is really the very suicide of genius.

" Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs: and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

" And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one

Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure,—then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind, and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with more force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary.
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.)

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just
One should not rail without a decent cause:
There was an Irish Lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

And such was she, the lady of the cave:
Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave;
For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquina and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

But with our damsel this was not the case:
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Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone
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Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

"And forth they wandered, her sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition;
And mother, brother, guardian she had none,
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision
She waited on her lady with the sun,
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"It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

"And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and hardened sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet worked as it were plann'd
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

"They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
Now rosy like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

"*A* long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above;
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"They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;
The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
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Who was her chosen: what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing—she had nought to fear,
Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart beat *here*.

"And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallow'd and united,
Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed:
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth paradise."

But the best and the worst part of the whole is without doubt the description of the shipwreck. As a piece of terrible painting, it is as much superior as can be to every description of the kind—not even excepting that in the Æneid—that ever was created. In comparison with the fearful and intense reality of its horrors, every thing that any former poet had thrown together to depict the agonies of that awful scene, appears chill and tame.

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Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
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"And first one universal shriek there rushed,
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The Chancellor of the Exchequer has submitted to Parliament the expediency of voting £50,000 towards the encouragement of emigration to the Cape of Good Hope. Let it be remembered, once for all, that it is not because that colony is too thin of inhabitants, but that the mother country is too full, this plan is suggested. The question is not, how you may maintain a surplus peasantry in the land that gave them birth, but, whether you will stop emigration to the frozen shores of Canada, and to the United States, or divert and encourage it to the finest colony in the world. We surely have learnt enough of North America to convince us of the degraded and miserable condition of its people. South Africa, on the other hand, has every advantage to repay the sacrifice of quitting the land of our forefathers.

The more fully to understand and appreciate these advantages, we shall set before our readers a short view of the condition and facilities of the colony in question.

The spring, from September to December, is the most agreeable season. The summer, from December to March, is often intensely hot. The autumn, from March to June, is generally fine and pleasant. The winter is rainy and stormy, and for the most part so cold as to make fires very comfortable during the months of July, August, and September. Most of the diseases that appear amongst the natives proceed rather from their gross and indolent mode of living, than the unhealthiness of the climate. The scarcity of water in summer is unfavourable to cultivation; and for want of industry or materials this defect is not remedied, as it is in India, by artificial tanks or reservoirs. Where, however, irrigation can be employed, either from wells or rivers, the most abundant vegetation ensues. Good and abundant water has always been found by digging wells in Cape Town and the vicinity. In the whole colony there is scarcely a river that can be called navigable. Though swollen into torrents during the winter, most of them dry up during the summer.

Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure,—then began
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

Her locks were overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind, and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary,
(A rare set of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.)

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just
One should not rail without a decent cause:
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

And such was she, the lady of the cave:
Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave;
For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquina and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

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The principal rivers on the southern coast, are the Berg and Oliphant. Both these have deep and permanent streams, yet the mouth of the former is choked up with a bed of sand, and across the latter is a reef of rocks. The Sunday river rises in the snowy mountains, and falls into *Algoa* bay. It is narrow and deep towards its mouth, and is choked, like the rest, with a bed of sand. The Great Fish river forms the boundary of the colony from Caffraria, and though large and sufficiently deep for ships, has also a bar that crosses its mouth. The only river that seems navigable is the *Knysna*. This is an arm of the sea, into which the tide sets through a narrow passage as into a dock; within, there is plenty of deep water. The bason or lake is studded with a number of flat islands, and the surrounding hills are clumped with forest trees to the water's edge. It is called, by Barrow, "the grandest and most beautiful part of Southern Africa." All these rivers are well stocked with perch, eels, and small turtle; and, within a certain distance from the coast, they abound with the several fish peculiar to these seas. *

There is a general want of wood in South Africa. At the distance, however, of 15 miles from Algoa bay, there is a large forest of many thousand acres. Some of these trees (taxus elongatus,) grow to the amazing size of 10 feet in diameter, and to the height of 30 or 40 feet of trunk clear of branches. The wood is useful for many purposes, but will not bear exposure to weather. The iron-wood grows to the size of 3 feet in diameter, and the trunk straight and very high. The Hassagai-wood is a beautiful tree, about the size of the iron-wood, and is used for most implements of husbandry. Stink-wood, (from its offensive smell) is the native oak of South Africa, and is by many degrees the best produced in the colony. It makes beautiful furniture, and appears to be well calculated for ship-building. There are various other kinds of trees, but these are the most noted and useful. Still there is a great want of wood in Cape Town, and the most extravagant profit is made upon foreign timber. Wood is also the only indigenous fuel in the colony, and in Cape Town is excessively expensive. Coals, though brought from England, are thought a much cheaper fuel.

Most of the European, and several of the tropical fruits, have been already introduced into the colony, and cultivated with success. Oranges, grapes, melons, figs, and guavas, are most abundant and excellent; peaches delicious, and apricots tolerably good. Apples, pears, pomegranates, quinces, and medlars, thrive well. Plumbs and cherries do not succeed, and gooseberries and currants have failed. The nectarine is not known there. Raspberries are good, but scarce; strawberries are plentiful. There are neither filberts nor hazle-nuts, but there is abundance of excellent almonds, walnuts, and chesnuts. Indeed all kinds of fruits are in the greatest possible plenty, and cheap beyond an Englishman's conception. Vegetables, however, in Cape Town are more expensive. Butchers' meat is most reasonable; a hind-quarter of mutton, or of lamb, may be had in Cape Town for 1s. 6d. and in the country, a whole sheep may be bought for 2 shillings Sterling. Stall-fed beef is thought very dear at 6d. and common beef may be had for a penny a pound. A large dish of fish may be procured for 6d., and bread is much cheaper than in England. Good Cape wine may be bought for sixpence a bottle. Malt liquor is expensive.

The farmer, with over-abundance of land, never thinks of manure or fallow. A plough of the clumsiest make scratches the ground, which is sure to yield a most plentiful crop. Excellent wheat is produced, and barley is preferred to oats for the feeding of horses. When cut in a green state, it is a good substitute for hay, of which latter there is none in the colony.

We shall say nothing of the botany of the colony, because that is a subject more generally known, and because we are anxious, in this short sketch, to advert only to those particulars more immediately connected with the subject of emigration.

The Constantia wine is known throughout Europe, and to what perfection the other wines of the colony are capable of being brought, may very fairly be augured from the great improvement that has already taken place in its manufacture. Heretofore,

* Barrow's Travels.

the Dutch farmer and merchant have regarded more the quantity than the quality of their wine. And when a cargo was once shipped, it mattered little to them, whether sound or sour it reached its destination. Little care was taken in the growth of the wine; the branches were permitted to rest upon the ground; while decayed and unripe grapes, stalks, and leaves, were all promiscuously thrown into the wine-press. The mode also of seasoning the casks with brimstone, and the want of good brandy to fit it for foreign markets, have all contributed to deteriorate the character, and confine the sale of Cape Madeira. These defects have lately been in a great measure remedied. Proper persons have been sent out from Madeira and this country, and every care seems now taken, to meet and secure the growing demand in European markets. The trifling duty affixed to Cape Madeira in this country, has been the means of introducing it into many families, which have hitherto used home-made wines. And though the merchants at Madeira have made many remonstrances on this preference, it surely is but equitable that encouragement should be given to the staple export of a colony, now decidedly, and we trust unalterably, English. But in addition to wines, there are other articles of colonial growth, and exported to the East Indies, Europe, and America. Grain, wool, hides, and skins, whale oil and bone, dried fruits, salt provisions, soap and candles, aloes, tobacco. Such are the articles of commerce that might be turned to the best account. But neither trade nor prosperity of any kind will continue to thrive in this colony, under the present mode of administering its government and laws. It has been said, that despotism would be the best mode of government were the despot virtuous. This may be; but, constituted as human nature is, we fear that the purest amongst us needs some control. Control however there is none over the governor at the Cape. He makes and annuls laws at pleasure. He inserts a proclamation in the Cape Gazette, and from that moment *his fiat* becomes the law of the land. He has indeed an adviser in the colonial secretary, whose influence does not extend beyond that of mere advice. Strange to add, the laws at the Cape are at this moment Dutch laws, rescinded and obscured by all the edicts of the different governors of the colony. All pleadings are in writing, and were till lately carried on, *foribus clausis*. In 1797 a court of appeal for criminal and civil cases was established, over both of which the governor presides. In India, in the West Indies, and in Canada, there is a governor and a council. These act as checks upon each other. But at the Cape there is no appeal beyond the governor. If he is tyrannical or whimsical, he has sufficient means of enforcing all the vagaries of his injustice or caprice. The governor moreover is generally a military man, and the rigour and discipline of the soldier are too apt to mingle with the calmness and conciliation of the civilian. Were English laws, and English judges and juries, established at the Cape, and was the governor directed and assisted by intelligent and upright members of council, nothing would be wanting to the character and prosperity of this fine colony. There is another evil however which would then be remedied, but which now forms a serious and just occasion of complaint. The colony is poor, and yet the civil servants have some of them most exorbitant and disproportioned salaries. The public purse will always remain empty, where there is this lavish and needless expenditure of its means; and that money is now devoted to the enriching of individuals, which should be applied to public and useful purposes.

The taxes however at the Cape, under which we groan so painfully in this country, are comparatively trifling. European luxuries very justly pay a heavy import duty, but their purchase is a matter of choice. This falls not upon the poor, nor consequently will it fall upon those most likely to emigrate under the provisions of the Parliamentary grant.

Nothing indeed can be framed with greater care and precaution, than the encouragement held out in Mr Vansittart's proposal. A small deposit, if we remember right, £10, is to be made at the colonial office in Dowing Street by each individual. A free passage is to be granted, and on reaching the Cape this deposite is to be returned to the settler by the local government. And such is the liberality that has guided the proposed plans, it is moreover sti-

pulated, that if 100 families should agree to emigrate, and take their minister with them, not only permission will be granted them so to do, but provision will be made for him. The separation from country and from kindred is thus softened, and it will allay many a sorrowing regret and painful recollection, that in distant lands, and amongst a strange people, the settler may still listen to the voice and instructions of a pastor, to whom custom, veneration, and affection, have all united to attach him.

It appears that the experiment of a settlement of English, has already been made upon a limited plan at Saldanha Bay, (the finest harbour in South Africa); and with such success as to give the best encouragement to a more extensive emigration. Indeed, from what we have ourselves seen of the colony and its great facilities, we have no doubt whatever of the benefits that must arise to the sober, steady exertions of the industrious. At the Cape, or elsewhere, poverty and misery will attend the vicious and the indolent, but certain we are, that there is no country under heaven, where the poor may find a safer asylum, and where activity, economy, and good conduct, will meet with so certain and full a reward.

During the stay of the 93d regiment of foot (a Scotch regiment) at the Cape, many of the privates were known to save the whole of their pay, and were thus enabled to return to England with a very handsome little fortune. English servants of all descriptions are in great request, and £5 sterling a month are no uncommon wages for a tolerable cook. It is nevertheless to be remembered, that clothes of all kinds are expensive at the Cape, as no manufactory is permitted, lest it should injure the trade with this country. Still farmers of the country dress very coarsely and cheaply, and their wives and daughters, except on the Sunday, are as humbly clad as themselves. Indeed, in so soft a climate as the Cape, there is not that occasion for multiplicity and warmth of apparel which colder regions require. For three-fourths of the year, the best bed is a hard mattress with a single coverlid.

There is one point which we cannot pass over; as we think it very intimately connected with the virtue and happiness of the settlers. And that is, the education of their children. Nothing is more neglected than this in Northern Africa. The boors (farmers) are ignorant to a degree passing credence. With the minister that is to accompany 100 families, it would be highly expedient to send a few sober intelligent men as schoolmasters. Attempts have been lately made to introduce into the colony the Madras system of instruction, and a free school upon that plan has been established at Cape Town, with considerable success. Still the natives are stubbornly averse to instruction. Their luxurious and bountiful climate supplies them with all the necessaries of human life, and beyond this they have neither wish nor ambition. But if knowledge has its fruits, ignorance has its weeds. The savage and unparalleled cruelties, that have heretofore been exercised towards their slaves and Hottentot servants by these Dutch boors, may very fairly be traced to want of education, as a main cause. The unjust limits shewn by the Dutch laws to the *white* man's barbarities have doubtless encouraged their perpetration. Cruelty is not the character of Englishmen, and, therefore, too much care cannot be taken to guard the families of the new settlers against the contagion of the inhumanities that they must see practised around them: and how far an early and thorough acquaintance with our duties to God and man will counteract this influence, aided by a knowledge of common school attainments, we need not say. The "emollit mores" of our grammar still holds true.

We have thrown these remarks together more as loose hints for the consideration of our readers, than with any idea of furnishing a complete view of so wide and important a subject. We may be induced hereafter to review the question more in detail. The The plan itself, as confessed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has at present assumed a very imperfect shape. For our own part, we speak with some confidence, as we have personally visited this part of Africa. America we have not seen, and can only speak from the reports of others. Those reports are sufficiently discouraging. On the contrary, all who have seen and

described the Cape, have united in praising it. Food is cheap and abundant, the price of labour is exceedingly high, trade is important and increasing, many parts of the colony are beautiful, and its climate is mild and healthy. There are few countries upon earth where so many components of happiness will be found to concentrate.

SIR WILLIAM OUSELEY'S TRAVELS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES OF THE EAST.*

Besides an account of transactions, such as travellers commonly notice in their journals, descriptions of extraordinary ceremonies and remarkable objects, anecdotes of eminent personages, relations of public occurrences and private adventures, and observations on men and manners, Sir William, in his preface, informs us, that his work comprises a description, as far as his own observation extended, of the state of the countries of the East, more particularly of Persia, in 1810, 1811, and 1812, and also the illustration of many subjects of antiquarian research, history, geography, philology, and miscellaneous literature, with extracts from rare and valuable oriental MSS.

This, for a truth, is a tolerably copious bill of fare. We cannot, after this formal enumeration, absolve Sir William from blame on the score of ignorance, of what is expected from travellers who choose to publish their journals. How far, however, these intimations are fulfilled, we shall leave to be gathered by our readers from the epitome which we shall furnish of this elegant and expensive volume.

Sir William Ouseley is brother to Sir George Ouseley, who went out in 1810 as ambassador to Persia, and whom Sir William accompanied as private secretary. The events of a voyage to India have been so often detailed, and are so uninteresting in themselves, that we shall not detain our readers further than by a short account of Rio de Janeiro, or St Sebastian. It is a large and populous city. Sir William had never before visited a land cursed with the horrors of slavery; and we can readily imagine the strong impression made upon him when landing among these poor creatures. Some were chained in pairs by the wrists, others, five or six together, by links attached to heavy iron collars. Many bore on their backs and shoulders the marks of stripes, and all were nearly in a state of nakedness. In the midst of their toils and sufferings, they cheer each other by singing short sentences. There is a melody in their simple chant; the burden of their song is an address to an immense cask of water, which they drag along from the public fountain to their master's house, and means little more than "come load, come soon home!!" The custom of meeting in parties to dance and sing on holidays, is common to all slave countries. In these short moments of cheerfulness, they endeavour to forget their bitter bondage. The genuine Brazilians are of a yellow colour, and differ considerably from Africans in hair, face, and general appearance. There is a sketch of the wife of a native chief. She had been brought to Rio de Janeiro by order of the Prince Regent, who humanely wished to civilize this race of cannibals. The clothes provided for herself and her two children she constantly tore. The savage mother was ornamented with a necklace of human teeth; her underlip was slit and much distended, while a piece of wood, purposely inserted through the opening, protruded it in a disgusting manner. Her ears had by some means been so lengthened that they nearly reached her shoulders. She acknowledged that she had, on various occasions, devoured the flesh of 14 or 15 prisoners. All attempts to soften her ferocity were vain. She, with her two children, died of the small-pox.

A sketch is given of Tristan d'Acunha, of which Sir William says little. An attempt has been lately made by the governor of the Cape of Good Hope, to establish a settlement upon this island, for which it has abundant resources, being supplied with wood, water, and a fertile soil. But the coast is so exceedingly rocky and dangerous for ships, that the enterprise

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* London, Rodwell and Martin, New Bond Street. 4to. 1819. Vol. I.

has been abandoned. This has taken place since the embassy in question passed its shores.

We scarcely are able to follow Sir William's mazy course of writing, as he surrounds and obumbrates the plainest sentiment and commonest incident with a most gratuitous display of learning. We shall however endeavour, as far as we can, to separate his facts from his embellishments. Those of our readers who are curious in ancient traditions we must refer to the volume itself for an account of Ceylon. Among other wonders, it is supposed that Ceylon was the abode of Adam on his fall from Paradise, and that the impression of his footsteps still exists on the mountain of Serandib. Whether Ceylon is the Ophir of Jewish history, is very ingeniously and largely discussed.

On the 12th of January the embassy arrived at Bombay. The well known hospitality of Indians is very gratefully acknowledged, and a horse-race, which took place at the time, gave considerable interest to the novel scene. Ten or twelve Arabs, during repeated circuits at full speed round the course, evinced great boldness and dexterity. Sir William, we think, scarcely does justice to the Nátch girls at Bombay, though they are generally of an inferior sort to those found in other parts of India. He very highly praises a sketch taken by Major D'Arcy; but, from what we remember of them, a very imperfect idea is given of the delicate forms and graceful movements of these eastern dancers. There is a remarkable rock, situated on the promontory, called "Malabar Point," and frequented by numerous Hindú pilgrims; since all who can here overcome the difficulties of passing through a very narrow and tortuous fissure, are esteemed as regenerated, and absolved from the contamination of former sin. But woe to the fat and feeble!! When Sir William adds, that he passed through Viar and Sion, "where tigers are said to be more numerous than men," he surely does not mean upon the island of Bombay! We expected a more detailed account, from such a professed antiquarian, of the Keneri caves. In his account of the cavern-temple of Elephanta there is an oversight, which we beg to correct. He says, "that there never had been an opening behind the triple-visaged head, nor a thoroughfare, as some have imagined. I ascertained by climbing to the summit, and convincing myself, that this entire mass belonged to the rock from which it projects in bold relief, but never was wholly separated." Whither Sir William's agility may have led him we cannot say; but we can say, from actual observation, that there *is* a niche behind these faces, large enough to conceal a man; and which, no doubt, had its use, in denouncing, by mortal voice, the supposed sentence of divinity. We cannot speak so decidedly of the deities which are thought to be represented, and to have been worshipped in these caves, as much doubt and dispute attach to the subject. We however believe, that it is the opinion of an accomplished eastern scholar, (Mr Erskine) that this cave is *solely* dedicated to Sheva. Sir William has furnished a drawing of this celebrated cave; but as it by no means affords a suitable or correct idea of it, we shall present to our readers the actual dimensions of one of the most perfect of the pillars, observing only, that they are all of different proportions, though nearly of the same height. "The wall at the upper end of the cave is crowded with sculpture; the attention is first arrested by a grand bust representing a being with three heads. The height of this bust is about eighteen feet, and the breadth of the middle face about four."* The cave is formed of a hill of stone; its massy roof is supported by rows of pillars. The length of what is called the Great Cave is 135 feet, and its breadth nearly the same. On the names of those who devised and executed such stupendous works many traditions and conjectures are current. No certain conclusions on this dark subject can be drawn from the sources of information at present open to European research.

All writers on India have concurred in representing the Parcés as a most respectable class of the population. They still retain the religion of their Persian ancestors, "whether with all its original purity," says Sir William, "I shall not here enquire; yet certainly, with so much of its excellence, as in a most remarkable degree influences their moral conduct. Every re-

* Asiatic Researches, vol. iv.

port that we heard on the spot confirmed what different travellers have related concerning the active industry, hospitality, general philanthropy and benevolence of the Parcés, and tended to exalt that favourable opinion which I had already formed of their religion, as one, not only recommending, but actually producing virtuous habits, rendering the men who profess it honest, and the women chaste." A long and very interesting chapter is given on the ancestors of the modern Parcés, and the religion which they professed during a long succession of ages. Those were the ancient Persians, who "erected not statues to any vain deities," nor believed, like the Greeks, that the "gods were clothed in human form." They were the Medes and Elamites who, under Cyrus, broke all the "graven images of Babylon," and, under Xerxes, destroyed those Grecian temples in which mortals had imprisoned the gods. Such were the ancestors of the Parcés in India, so called from their original country Pars-Persia. We are constrained to pass over a very erudite history of these people, and to pursue Sir William on his route.

On the embassy quitting Bombay, and the vessel being driven out of the course, it was judged necessary to anchor within two miles of Keis, an island situated at the entrance of the Persian gulf. It is flat, and yields a few date trees. It has excellent water drawn from wells by means of wheels. It contains about 100 inhabitants—they live in mud-houses—the men are shy and suspicious—the women are more frank and hospitable, in persons inclining to corpulency, and with fine eyes. Goats were found upon the island, no longer consecrated to Venus and Mercury as in the time of Alexander, when Nearchus with the Grecian fleet cast anchor here. By admitting the authority of a Persian MS. we may assign its name to the 10th century, when one Keis, the son of a poor widow in Siraf, embarked for India with his sole property, like Whittington—a cat. There he fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested by rats and mice, that they even invaded the king's plate at royal banquets. Keis produced his cat, and soon scared away the noxious vermin. Laden with rewards he returned home, and afterwards, with his mother and sister, settled on the island, whence called Keis. It was formerly a place of some note, as may be gathered from Persian annals, as also from the ruins of palaces still to be seen.

The next place worthy of notice is Siraf, once the great seat of Asiatic commerce, and embellished with many splendid and costly mansions. It is situated close to the sea, and near the foot of lofty mountains, with craggy sides and sun-parched summits. Six or seven boats and fishing vessels in front of Siraf now occupy that place, which, during the ninth century, was crowded with ships bringing and receiving the most precious merchandize. According to tradition, in some vallies of the mountain behind the town an extraordinary stone is found, which, when broken, yields a jewel resembling the ruby, but liable, after some time, to change of colour.

On reaching Bushehr, the governor, Mohammed Jaafer Khán, with the principal merchants of the place, came to the ship in formal procession. The ambassador, Sir Gore Ouseley, received, among other things, as a present from the governor, a fine young lion. On the embassy's quitting the ship and going on shore, an irregular body of Persians, armed with match-lock muskets, crowded the beach. The governor led the way to his house by a staircase nearly perpendicular. In consideration of European customs, some chairs had been provided, with coffee, tea, and rose-water. A spacious tent was provided in the vicinity of the town. The inhabitants of Bushehr chiefly live in mud-built huts: their favourite food is the locust, clouds of which occasionally darken those shores. Certain words are supposed to be inscribed on their wings, the only part not eaten. Within half-a-mile from the camp were two or three clusters of huts, forming a kind of Arab village—the poor inhabitants still retaining the manners, dress, and language of their Arabian ancestors. The huts were most simply constructed: a few branches of date trees stuck in the ground, their tops inclined so as to meet, and a covering of very coarse mats, formed the whole of the habitation. The men were chiefly clothed in the *abba*, a stripped mantle white and brown: they did not wear the kulah, or high cap of black lambskin, universal among the Persians, but had twisted round their heads long scarfs

of chequered stuff, the ends falling on their shoulders. The women were sometimes wrapped, even to the eyes, in great cloaks or sheets, with dark blue trowsers reaching to the ankles. Some of the women possessed fine eyes, yet all the old women were ugly. The peasants, when digging, frequently discover remains of canals, aqueducts, engraved stones, beads, coins, and bricks like those found among the ruins of Babylon. Out of the plain near the town many vases have been taken, formed of ill-baked clay, and filled with seeds of the plant mallows. Tradition says, that the Gabrs, or Parcés, or fire-worshippers, kept those seeds under their houses, supposing the plant to turn, like themselves, in adoration of the sun. Sir William had an opportunity of inspecting several ancient urns, dug up from the ground by some Arabs in his presence. In one of these urns were deposited the bones of a full-grown person, with a quantity of sand. The skull was placed about the middle or widest part of the urn—not in the basin, which contained only sand. When we consider the historical obscurity of Bushehr, and the number of urns found there, their rude form and cheap materials, we cannot suppose that they enclose the bones of great or wealthy persons. Be their origin what it may, no such urns appear to have been discovered in any other part of Persia. It is natural that the inhabitants of a coast, yielding little besides dates, should regard fish not as a luxury, but as the main support of life. Sharks and whales have both been lately seen in these seas; and ancient testimony is very fully employed by Sir William, to prove that they were formerly known there. The most common instrument of Persian music is a kind of violin, of which a description and plate are given. The performer sings to this instrument, and their national ditties abound with pathetic passages. Another instrument resembled the bagpipe, so much so, that a Scotch gentleman has been able to play several tunes of his own country without any previous practice. An instrument of this kind has been long known to various nations of Europe. It is said that the camel-drivers solace themselves in their journies by the notes of a flute or pipe, not often used in other provinces. It is a simple reed of four feet long. "When rambling over the desert," says Sir William, "I have listened with much satisfaction to their songs, in which were introduced many soft and plaintive cadences."

From Bushehr the embassy proceeded to Shiráz. Of Alichanggi, in the vicinity, it has been said (however paradoxical it may appear), that the village is not always situated exactly on the same spot—the huts, which compose it, being of such slight construction that they are easily removed, when motives of profit or convenience induce the owners to shift their habitations and families a few hundred yards. The next stage was Burazjún, a large village with walls and towers. Several men, with muskets, lances, and drums, met the mission at this place. The women, chiefly of Arabian families, stood in crowds about their houses, or squatted down on their roofs, howling a loud and discordant welcome. Many of the inhabitants, male and female, solicited medical relief in various diseases, chiefly ocular affections. As they considered delicacy or reserve incompatible with a just statement of their ailment, their confessions were most disgusting. The woman especially seemed to expect miracles from European skill. A system of profligacy, the most destructible, seemed to pervade all classes. The inhabitants of every lawn and village are obliged to furnish every ilchi (ambassador, considered as a guest of the king) with all articles of food, fuel, and provender. In the future payment of rent and taxes to government, an equivalent sum is allowed. The repayment is, however, remote, and often fallacious. The peasants are so poor, that the necessary supply can often only be extorted by blows. Houses have been abandoned, and flocks driven away, to avoid these oppressive demands. The peasants are interested in concealing the knowledge of any monuments near their villages; for they suspect that Europeans in general possess the art of discovering, from inscriptions, &c. the spot where gold and jewels have been secreted; and there are many reasons to conclude, that most, perhaps all, of ancient ruins contain treasures. After a fatiguing journey, the embassy reached Cazereen. The claim of this place to remote antiquity is supported by

the testimony of many writers. Tabri and Amin Rázi ascribe the foundation of it to King Cohád in the 6th century; yet some distinguished geographers inform us, that it was built by Tahmuras, a prince of the first dynasty, who reigned above 800 years before Christ. It appears astonishing, that the considerable towns in Persia are built so remote from rivers. On Sir William's expressing his surprise that Cazereen, so deplorably deficient in water, should attract the population from spots more favoured, no satisfactory reason was assigned. Sir Gore Ouseley discovered and frustrated, at this place, a plot devised for the assassination of Abul Hassan Khan, the Persian ambassador to England. Jealousy of his supposed wealth and influence was the cause—having returned in Sir Gore's suite from this country. The fragments of the public buildings, pillars, and capitals of Shapur, bespeak a Grecian or Roman hand; and the numerous figures cut in tablets on the rock, whether executed by European or Persian artists, are evidently monuments of the Sassanian king, whose name has been conferred on the place. "The study," says Sir William, "during many years, of gems and medals, had rendered so familiar the countenances of several (of the tablets), that even, without any expectation of seeing him represented here, I should easily have recognised, in the principal figure of each perfect apartment, the mighty Shapur, who styled himself "King of Kings,' and whom we might pronounce the vainest of monarchs, if all the similar monuments, visible in Persia, were executed by his own desire." All the sculptures are apparently designed to exhibit either the greatness or triumphs of this celebrated Persian monarch. None of the monuments seem to claim an earlier date than the age of that sovereign, though many authors speak of a city founded above ten centuries before his reign. The delights of Shapur have been celebrated by a variety of Persian writers in the highest metaphors of praise. The city, however, became subject to the Musselmáns so early as 643, A. D. The Iliáts, according to the change of season, remove their tents and huts in search of pasture for their herds. They are probably descended from those Tems, which in the 10th century are said to have comprised 100,000 families within the province of Pars alone. They constitute a principal source of population, and the best nursery of soldiers. Some of their chiefs are so powerful, that the king attaches them to his court by honourable and lucrative employments, or detains them about his person as hostages for the loyalty and good conduct of their respective clans. As they were 800 years ago, they still keep themselves distinct from the Persians, who inhabit cities. They are hardy, independent, and inclined to hospitality. Their mode of life resembles that of our gypsies—between whom, and the wandering families of Asia, Mr Franklin and others have noticed a striking conformity. The accounts of every country of the old, and probably of the new world, prove the veneration in which certain trees have been held. The sacred Hebrew Scriptures allude to this reverence, and we also find it mentioned in Greek and Roman writers. A Persian king appears, on very credible authority, as propitiating some deity, supposed to reside in a certain tree, by votive offerings suspended from its branches. The same practice, however inconsistent with their boasted religion, yet continues among the Musselmáns of Persia.

On the approach of the embassy to Shiraz, the most respectable inhabitants came to congratulate the ambassador's arrival. As it advanced the crowd increased, and near the city many thousand people had assembled to gaze on the cavalcade of Europeans. "We found our tents," says Sir William, "close to Jehán nemá, one of the prince's finest gardens." The camp was about a mile from the walls of Shiraz. Every lover of Persian poetry must envy such a situation; for the tomb of Saadi was not farther than quarter of an hour's walk; the stream of Rúknabád murmured near; and within three or four hundred yards were the Mosellá and the tomb of Háfiz. Such is the conclusion of the Travels.

In the appendix are contained copious and elaborate notes upon all the subjects that appear to the author most worthy of illustration.

We cannot close the volume without cordially thanking Sir William for the gratification he has afforded us.

At the same time we are compelled to add, that though we have been amused and enlightened by his endless display of Asiatic lore, a smile has often been provoked by his trite remarks and unmanly vanity. Such is, indeed, the laughable egotism of the erudite knight, that we have more than once been tempted to close his book, maugre all his learning. Stories and incidents are detailed not even worthy of oral communication, much less the pages of a volume of such lofty pretensions; and a whole hamper of quotations is often emptied on immaterial points and very ordinary gossip. Aware, as we fully are, of Sir William's solid and extensive antiquarian attainments, we are the more grieved at their association with such defects. We have endeavoured to abridge such parts of his work as appeared most likely to interest the general reader. Those who are anxious and qualified to read and relish his Persian notes and comments, we must refer to the book itself. The plates are, for the most part, indifferently drawn and engraved; but the typography, and general splendour of the volume, does infinite credit to the provincial press from which it issued—Brecknock in South Wales. We are quite at a loss to determine Sir William's reason for the delay of publishing, in 1819, Travels undertaken in 1810, 1811, and 1812. We trust he will meet with sufficient encouragement to hasten and complete his undertaking. We shall anxiously await the appearance of the second volume, where, however, we hope to find more facts and fewer quotations. In conclusion, we have earnestly to beseech Sir William once more to remember, that no part of a book of travels is read with more determined apathy by the public, than that which relates the trivial adventures and personal vanities of the author; but more especially, when these every-day details are communicated in formal and ostentatious language, and upon sumptuous and expensive pages.

DR CROSS ON THE FOOT AND LEG.*

THE strong natural tendency of mankind to the practice of imitation, has seldom been more strikingly exemplified than in the universal spirit of Chalmerianism which at the present moment pervades the west of Scotland. In the course of a little excursion, which we lately made into that interesting region, for the purpose of examining into the condition of our *sale* there, (which, by the way, our friends will be delighted to hear, we found to be continually and progressively prosperous,) we had abundant opportunities of witnessing the amazing extent to which this mania has of late become diffused. In Glasgow, of course, the epidemic has its chief centre of operation. In every bookseller's shop we entered, we heard conversations carried on among the loungers of the place, whereof both the matter, the style, and the enunciation, testified the prevalence of this alarming disease. Whether we drew in our chair to the snug desk of Mr Turnbull—or chatted with Mr Ogilvie (our friend next door to the Black Bull)—or with our excellent old acquaintance, Mr Brash—or breathed the cool and refreshing atmosphere of the spacious premises of Messrs Smith and Son—or ascended into the mysterious upper regions of Sinclair—or dived into the *intima penetralia* of the shrine of Bilsland—every where our ears were saluted with sonorous testimonials of the deep-rooted and far-spied veneration with which the inhabitants of that beautiful city regard the great orator of the Laigh Kirk. At Wylie's (the David Laing of Glasgow)—at Mr Ogle's—at the Doctor's—at Duncan's, we heard the same thing; but we must stop, for without giving a complete catalogue of the western bibliopoles, our enumeration would be incomplete.

If this imitation be remarkable among the members of the mercantile population, there is no question (as indeed there can be no wonder) that it is still more so among those of the same sacred profession which Dr Chalmers himself adorns. Among other little excursions, we went out one Sunday morning to Campsie, with a view

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* On the Mechanism and Motions of the Human Foot and Leg; by John Cross, M.D. Glasgow, A. & J. M. Duncan, &c. 1819.

to hear Dr Lapslie deliver one of those eloquent and pathetic sermons, (a very inadequate idea of which would be gathered from Dr Morris's description of the same gentleman's mode of speaking in the General Assembly.) In this, however, we were disappointed; for the distinguished clergyman of the place did not himself officiate, having delegated his functions for the day into the hands of two recently licensed probationers, or preachers of the gospel. He called them by the expressive name of *Stibblers*—a word of which our readers may easily peruse a picturesque and humorous, no less than accurate and philosophical account, in the Dictionary of our good friend, Dr Jamieson. Both of these stibblers were evidently tinged with the incipient influence of this ambitious malady. They were both apparently good-natured young lads in their way, and we dare to say they had both profited, in a suitable manner, by the theological disquisitions of Dr Macgill—but it was clear that neither of them had ever created a single original idea—or fully comprehended any one idea of great depth or great power—or knew any thing whatever of the true mechanism of the English language—or were, in one word, entitled, in any respect whatever, to seek to clothe their sentiments in any thing at all resembling that majestic garment of profound and pathetic energy, which sits with so much propriety upon the conceptions of Dr Chalmers. On subsequent occasions, we heard various sermons from the young clergymen of the neighbourhood, and found them almost all, with greater or less degrees of impropriety and false judgment, adopting something of the same fashion. The truth is, that as in every village-barn one hears from every tenpenny stroller some awkward imitation of Kean, or Kemble, or O'Neill—so in half the country kirks or tents in this quarter, we detected some would-be Chalmers. As the imitators of Kean commonly catch little but the croak of his voice, or the shuffle of his starting step—as the imitators of Kemble generally rival the stiffness only of their majestic model—and as an hysterical passion of tears or screams is all of O'Neill that one gets from any but the most graceful original—so it is not to be wondered at, that the western imitators of Chalmers should be successful only in copying those things about that great man which ought not to be copied.

If these good people could only for a few moments "see themselves as others see them," they would perceive that their tame, weak, pointless language, in spite of its occasional bombast—and what is still worse, their feeble, crude, inconclusive views and arguments—derive any thing rather than advantage from being delivered in tones, and accompanied with gestures, which are not in themselves very beautiful, and which in fact serve no purpose whatever, but that of recalling more forcibly to the recollection of their audience, the idea of a powerful Genius in thoughts and words, to whom they themselves furnish, in any thing that is essential, a very lamentable contrast.

The truth is, however, that all this imitation of the MIGHTY PREACHER is by no means confined to oral discoursers, haranguers, and orators; it pervades not only the conversation of citizens, and the disquisitions of the pulpit, but the press also of the west of Scotland—and that in a most surprising degree. Almost every newspaper-editor in that quarter is something of a Chalmers in his way—every pamphleteer exhibits symptoms of the same ambition, on whatever subject it happens that he expends the power of his genius. Nay, the mania has climbed higher than this, and assailed even the purest fountains of instruction, in the regular and systematic effusions of professional and scientific men. On applying to some of our legal friends, we are assured that the *memorials* of western *writers* are all Chalmerian. The essays of not a few of the western followers of Esculapius are, as we ourselves can witness, infected with the same *virus*. Even Mr Odoherty begins, we think, to be somewhat Chalmerian since he went to Glasgow;—and, to crown the whole of our strain with one convincing and incontrovertible fact—these reflections have been more immediately suggested to us by the perusal of a very Chalmerian anatomical work *on the human foot and leg*, which has lately been published by Dr John Cross of Glasgow—or, to adopt the more elegant style of the dedication; "AN ATTEMPT *to give a Physico*-THEOLOGICAL *View of the* BEAUTEOUS *and* INCOMPARABLE MECHANISM OF THE HUMAN FOOT

AND LEG." We may mention in passing, that this dedicatorial definition harmonizes with the address of the dedication itself, which comprehends Bishop Gleig, the distinguished Prismus of the Scotch Episcopal Church—and Dr John Barclay, our celebrated lecturer on anatomy in Edinburgh—thus providing the sanction of a great name for each of the members of the long-winded adjective *physico-theological.*

Had this book been merely a specimen of this kind of imitation, we should never have thought, most assuredly, of noticing it at so much length. The book is a very clever and interesting one; and we have noticed it rather than twenty others, because it shews that this foolish mania is not confined to drivellers, by whose means it could never be very widely spread, or effect any evil of much consequence, but has found its way into the productions of men of sense and education, whose works exhibit many things more worthy of notice than their imperfect and useless imitation of Dr Chalmers. We do not profess to be very skilful in the subjects of which Dr Cross treats, but we have been very much instructed, and at the same time amused, by the mode in which he treats some of them, and shall make a few extracts from his pages, in order to give our readers, more learned than ourselves, an opportunity of judging whether or not we have formed a proper opinion of the author. We shall not say any thing more of his style, but merely point out, as we go on, the Chalmers-like turn of a few of the most striking passages. Our readers will be diverted with seeing to what dissimilar purposes and topics the same style of language may be applied.

The Doctor commences his treatise with some allusions to a former work, in which he had embodied his views of the structure of some of the most important parts of the human frame, and remarks, that however well these may be entitled to the first place in rank and estimation, without instruments of locomotion, they would be of no avail to their professor. Motion, he well observes, is a thing so familiar to us, that we are little capable of reflecting on its true nature or importance; and yet, he continues, had man *never before* perceived motion, the *slightest* movement would have been, in his eyes, a more remarkable phenomenon "than the seeming trunk of a tree to the more experienced observer, when it turns suddenly round upon him *in all the characters and reality of a crocodile.*" He then goes on to notice, that animal motion differs from all other natural motion in being more complex.

"Unlike the chemical motions amongst the particles of matter—unlike the rushing of the loose element of water to its level, or of the looser element of air to its equilibrium—unlike the sublime gliding of worlds, these projectiles of Deity, through empty unresisting space—animal motion is performed by a complicate machinery, which has to work, by its own exertions, its laborious and definite way, step by step, through a resisting medium. This animal machinery is composed of a solid frame-work of various bones, curiously jointed together into one firm moveable instrument, upon which is fixed a complexure of muscular and tendinous ropes, so constituted as to be capable of drawing in indefinitely various degrees of force, velocity, and extent, and so arranged as to be capable of pulling in every moveable direction."

The truth is that this difference obtains between animal motion and all other motion, of whatever kind; for whatever motion is apparently more complex than animal motion, is in fact nothing more than the result and creation of animal motion—and could not have existed, or continue to exist, without the exertion of man's hands and feet. The work of a clock can spin out motion for a length of time—but can it ever produce so much of the original momentum which sets the motion a-going as would bruise the minutest fibre of the most airy down? All artificial motion in short depends on the muscular motion of man—and the moving principle of that is something about which it is impossible to make any discovery, except that it is essentially distinct from all the laws and qualities of matter. After shewing that the whole universe is filled with life and locomotion, Dr Cross proceeds to comment on the amusing diversity of organs, by means of which locomotion is effected. The close of the passage we are about to quote will strike our readers as it did ourselves.

"A detailed enumeration of the infinity of animal motions would be far too voluminous for our present purpose, and would, besides, be quite inadequate to convey the faintest outline of nature's living volume—whose words are legs—whose lines are

—whose paragraphs are lives and
s of animals. Nor can a cursory
be drawn in compliance with the ar-
arrangements of natural history,
t incurring confusion, prolixity, and
it recurrences. For the sake of or-
ough at the disadvantage of much
n, our present inquiry must be re-
l by the three great regions, water,
d earth, as inhabited by animals.
adopting this order, let us recollect
ll aquatic animals do not abide by
ing, nor all aerial by flying, nor all
ial by stepping—nor are they re-
l to their respective native regions,
find the crawling fish and the pedes-
ird, the aquatic bird and the amphi-
quadruped, the flying fish and the
bat. But, in the midst of all that
and intermixture of locomotion, we
at all fins, whether belonging to fish, or
l, or to flesh, act upon one principle
all wings, whether belonging to fowl,
ish, or to flesh, act upon one princi-
hat all feet, whether crawling on the
the ocean, or hopping from twig to
ar from crag to crag, or traversing the
with bounds that seem to spurn the
urface upon which they are perform-
t upon one principle. Wherefore, out
the numberless animalculæ making
earnest and various way through the
nt pool, and all that frisk about in
ream, and all that inhabit the dread
s of the deep, or range throughout
ghty extent, we select for our purpose
my race—and out of all that can glide
gh the thinner element, we select for
urpose the feathered tribes—and out
that can proceed over a solid surface,
er by crawling, or leaping, or step-
we select for our purpose the four-
animals. These three simple marks
ate the gross of the lower creation,
iting water, air, and earth, and ex-
merely that diversity of animals which
y the corners and crevices in the ha-
e world—exclude the awkward squa-
which are unfit for the line, and un-
to the march, with the regular troops
ation."

n the motion of fish the Doctor has
very interesting remarks, which,
onfess, much as we are skilled in
ne mysteries of angling, were quite
l to us. It is wonderful how long
may go on hooking trout and
ring salmon, without taking one
e philosophical view of the na-
l style of motion practised by these
ms of our art and malice. We
k nothing of them, except as things
uable, and perhaps as things eat-
. Indeed it would be a cruel piece
ockery in a bloody tormentor, such
ssac Walton or ourselves, ever to
t *any pleasure in any merely* inno-
cent kind of contemplation of the
"mute children of ocean," as Æschy-
lus calls them. But Dr Cross, we sup-
pose, is no angler, and while others
have been in cold blood, butchering
cold-blooded animals all their days, he
has more humanely and wisely been
speculating on the admirable mecha-
nism of their frames and motions.
Nothing can be more ingenious than
the following passage.

"The shape best calculated for moving
onward and about is represented by the sal-
mon—long from head to tail—deep from
back to breast—narrow from side to side.
But how is the animal with such a shape
duly to maintain such a critical position,
more especially as there is a continual ten-
dency, from the preponderancy of the back,
to turn upside down, as is seen in a dead
fish floating in the water. The equality of
the fish to the water, in point of specific
gravity, adds to the difficulty of maintaining
the evenly posture. The whole bodily ar-
rangement of the fish, in short, seems to
conspire against that posture which it must
and does maintain during life. What plan
does Nature adopt in this seeming emer-
gency? She just avails herself of all these
apparent disadvantages, and turns them to
the very best account. She furnishes the
animal with fins, which it behoves assidu-
ously to ply in resistance to this tendency of
the body to turn upside down. This is a
device that so combines simplicity with uti-
lity as to transcend all ordinary mechanical
contrivances. From the simple arrange-
ment of making the back heavier than the
belly, the fins must labour to sustain the body
against a weight, whose tendency is merely
to turn it upside down, with the same ac-
tivity and perseverance that are necessary
to counteract a weight, whose tendency is
drag the animal to the bottom. Thus the
fish, by keeping the fins in constant and
active play, possesses all the steadiness that
weight can confer without the continual
disadvantage of sinking. This buoyancy
of the lower part of the body virtually con-
stitutes a standing, upon which the upper
and heavier part must be constantly poised;
so that the fish, though equal in specific
gravity to the water, and equally pressed
by it on all sides, has a centre of gravity to
balance upon a base of support. To main-
tain the equilibrium, and to adjust the po-
sition of the body to the direction of the
course, is almost the whole duty belonging
to those fins that are arranged over the bo-
dy; while the tail fin is the main instru-
ment of motion—of turning round, and of
darting forward. Nay, it is astonishing
how long a fish, cropped of all the other
fins, can balance itself, or can recover the
balance when lost, with the tail fin alone, as
if it were paramount; until by the extra-
ordinary exertion, necessarily called forth,
the animal at length becomes exhausted, by

and bye begins to reel, then fairly turns up its belly, and ere long expires. The tail fin, towards which the anatomist finds so much muscle disposed on each side, acts at once as helm and paddle. Thus the fish, by striking the tail to the right, wheels to the left; by striking it to the left, wheels to the right; and by striking it doubly to right and left, or to left and right, darts forward with a rapidity which often escapes the acutest eye. It is almost incredible how the salmon, in prosecuting its instinctive route up fresh-water streams, by a few lashes with the tail in the pool below, surmounts caskets of remarkable height. It is scarcely requisite to mention, that the rapidity of swimming is proportional, other circumstances being equal to the size of the fish."

But fishes are not the only tenants of the deep—there are abundance of animals which make use of the air on the surface of the water, as well as of the food that is below—these are whales—dolphins—sea-unicorns, &c. &c. who do not breathe water by means of gills, but pure air by means of lungs, chest, and nostrils, opening at the top of the head—is the common language of mariners, "*blowing fishes.*"

"Enjoying warm blood, a more complete circulation, a more vigorous life, and a more efficient structure, these animals prey upon fishes, properly so called, and hold the government of the mighty deep by the right of strength, and upon the principle of rapacity. Their blubber, from being lighter than water, enables them to dispense with air-bags; and, from being a slow conductor of heat, enables them to maintain a high temperature in the midst of so cold a medium. For enabling them to ascend to the surface for breath, and then to dive into the deep for food, the tail fins are flattened horizontally. Comparative anatomists have idly and falsely endeavoured to find an analogy between the pectoral and abdominal fins of cold-blooded fishes, and the fore and hind extremities of quadrupeds. Warm blooded cetaceous animals, however, with their four fins, two on the chest, and two on the tail, are virtually quadrupeds in the midst of the ocean. The pectoral fins resemble the anterior extremities of quadrupeds, in function, in situation, and even in structure; but, as the purpose of Nature is not to satisfy the comparative anatomist, by carrying out analogies, but to furnish the animal with organs most suitable for swimming, so the two tail fins resemble the posterior extremities of quadrupeds, not so much in structure as in function. In the amphibious seal and sea-cow, the two hind extremities, stretching backwards, and approximating toward each other, resemble tail fins, and thus form a connecting link between the hind extremities of cetaceous animals, and of quadrupeds. The natural history of cetaceous animals has been but little studied. What hinders their variety and gradation to extend upwards to water monkeys, whose shyness arising from superior cunning, and whose nimbleness arising from superior structure, may have enabled them, amid the trackless unfathomable ocean, so as to elude human ken, as to have hitherto held naturalists sceptical with regard to the existence and nature of mermaids. Indeed man has but a scanty knowledge of the inhabitants of the deep. Of the various aqueous strata, and their appropriate inhabitants, he knows but little; for the few which he entangles and drags up, can give him but little information of the swarming multitudes and varieties that are left behind. In the fathomless depths and recesses of the pervading ocean, miles below the surface, there may dwell numberless creatures which the light of day has never reached, and to whose retreats the grasping hand of man can never penetrate."

The motions of birds are discussed in a manner equally agreeable. These, as most of our readers may have observed, have a twofold locomotion, and two sorts of locomotive instruments, i. e. they both hop and fly, and have both legs and wings. Their legs are, comparatively speaking, very inefficient members—serving little purpose but that of hopping about and alighting—and being quite inadequate for flight or pursuit. They have nevertheless a very curious structure, and yet not more curious than simple. We all know, that in our bodies the muscles which bend the toes are partly in the leg, partly in the thigh, and are connected together in such a way, that a bending of the limb produces an instantaneous contraction of the toes; so that the weight of the body, which bends the thighs and legs, forces the toes at every step to grasp the ground. "It is," says the Doctor, "in virtue of this contrivance that a bird can sleep securely on the highest twig; nor can the perch be left without an extension of the limbs, which simultaneously loosens the toes from the hold, and projects the body into the air." After explaining the structure of the wing at great length, he makes a digression, touching the well-known wish of all children and true lovers, viz. that the human race had been equipped with wings. He remarks, first of all, that the possession of wings is not a matter of so great utility as is generally supposed by those who want them. Birds, in spite of their wings, are generally the prey of terrestrial animals—witness

the Moors at this moment stained with blood by so many erratic brethren of the quill. Moreover, the excessive locomotive talents of birds seems to engross them so much as to render them nearly unfit for any other kind of exertion. Even without wings, as the doctor sapiently insinuates, the greater part of mankind, and the whole of womankind are too volatile. What would have been the use of boarding-schools had young ladies been possessed of good strong pinions between their shoulder-blades? We fear their wings would have been the only points in which too many of them would then have resembled a set of beings to which, even as they are at present, they are much too frequently likened—need we add that we mean *angels*? But the passage is so creditable to Dr Cross, that we must give it as it stands.

"Even without wings mankind are too volatile; and with the lightness of body necessary to flying, would have been quite unfit for the ordinary duties, much more for the hardier achievements, of human life. The aerial tribes, whose highway is the atmosphere, and whose perches are the islands and continents that rise at convenient distances out of the wide ocean, present a picture of mere locomotion, grown into such exuberance, as to have engrossed almost the whole energy of the animal, and to have held the higher organs diminutive and tributary. Gliding and hovering above, in counterfeit superintendance of the surface below,—seeming with gambols in the air to mock, and with the stately march of a biped on the earth, to mimick, pedestrian man,—as if designed for a moral to teach him a striking lesson of humility, and a still more striking demonstration, from how far the lowest animal faculty can be carried, of the vast room which must still lie before the human faculties for improvement—these feathered tribes are virtually but quadrupeds, with their four feet divided between the two elements upon which they travel; nay, in the scale of quadrupeds, rank immediately above the reptiles. The winged tribes may be viewed as outcasts and outlaws from terrestrial possessions and terrestrial society;—in the language of Swift, by the mouth of the spider, as "vagabonds without house or home, without stock or inheritance, born to no possession but a pair of wings,"—which have thus been bestowed, not for the sake of animal superiority, but of reaching food that had otherwise been inaccessible, and of occupying a region that had otherwise been vacant for life."

From the bird that has both legs and wings, the transition is easy to the only living creature endowed with the five senses, and a back-bone into the bargain, which has neither the one nor the other—videlicet the serpent. The Doctor's views of this interesting sineped is indeed worthy of the name of Physico-Theological. Even the crocodile has four feet—fishes have fins—most of the molluscous animals have tentacula—crabs and lobsters have articulated limbs, as every one knows that has ever dined at Newhaven.—Most of the insects have legs or wings on both. Even of the very zoophites some have moveable spines—"the serpent alone is an anomaly in the midst of animals, and forms an interruption in their gradation—a break in the continuousness of their system."

"That an animal of such passions and powers should be necessitated to trail its length in close pronation over the earth's roughness, is quite unaccountable upon natural principles, but tallies well with the doom recorded in Sacred Writ—"Thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go." The sentence pronounced seems to imply that the animal had originally possessed feet, which either were, as a penal forfeiture, stricken off, or allowed to decay through disuse, consequent on the assumption of the lying posture. Whether this animal was chosen, on account of its cruelty, as the most suitable instrument for effecting the diabolical purpose against mankind, or whether the cold cruelty of that animal, now become proverbial, may have partly resulted from the Divine curse—certainly the Arch-fiend could not possibly have received a truer representative in the shape of flesh and blood. The lachrymal gland for supplying tears is altogether awanting; and generally the salivary glands, instead of saliva, furnish venom, of which the fangs are the conduits and inoculators. Of benignity there is none—of sympathy there is none—of remorse there is none. Well was that glistening and variegated surface calculated to delude artlesss, credulous woman, from suspecting those eyes without a tear—and those ears deaf to the shrieks of fear and to the groans of agony—and that heart, through which the blood that circulates is cold—and that mouth, whose sole duty is to grasp, and while grasping to poison—and that throat which opens wide for devouring—and that maw, so insatiable as to glut itself, at every meal, into a long continued lethargy."

The Doctor ascends from the serpent to quadrupeds, thus forcing him into a sort of link between them and birds. He observes in the outset, that it is no wonder nature should have made so many quadrupeds, because no number of feet less than THREE can

assure firm footing for any piece of furniture—giving four feet provides for accidents—and four feet are just as effectual in every way as four hundred would be; in fact more would be an incumbrance. The quadrupedal form is decidedly the best for mere terrestrial locomotion. Bipeds walk or trot—quadrupeds alone gallop. Man, even the most active of his kind, may almost be said to be a stationary animal, when compared with a dromedary, an antelope, a Bengalee tyger, or even a hare. But man was not made a quadruped, because his limbs were intended to serve purposes very superior to those of mere locomotion. A few of the lower tribes can lift their paws from the ground in assistance to the mouth; but this is only to be done at the expense of losing the power of locomotion for the moment, or at least of greatly weakening it.

"The limbs of the ape, although terminated with the similitude of hands, are all necessary to the peculiar locomotion of this curious animal. The ape being an inhabitant of the wood, and having its path through the midst of trees, far above the reach of the more formidable inhabitants of the forest, must sustain itself by means of its three limbs, whilst pulling the nut and conveying it into the mouth with its fourth, and must ply all the four in swinging along from branch to branch, so nimbly that multitudes have disappeared more rapidly than the eye could follow. The ape then, with all its hand-like feet, is quite a local being, altogether unfit, even had it the spirit, for traversing the earth's extensive surface. The king itself of the apes, stout, fierce, and armed with the club, dares not venture far from its wood; so unsteady is its footing on the two hind feet, and so defenceless does the animal become when the other two also take the ground.

"But in the human limbs there is a complete distinction into feet and hands—a fair division of labour into going and doing. In virtue of this complete distinction, man has his standing upon the smallest possible area of ground, so that mighty conventions can consult or co-operate—has his ponderous brain, instead of bearing down with the purchase of a long lever, fairly poised upon the centre of gravity—has his senses at their highest elevation—and has two limbs exempted from locomotion, and devoted to that diversified action, of which all that we see around us, different from a wilderness, are but the vestiges. It is this very division of labour, into pedestrian and manual—enabling man to move so promptly, so steadily, and so extensively, over the earth's surface, and to do so much wherever he moves, and while he is yet moving—that renders him, even in his lowest capacity of a rude Indian hunter, capable, even without the aid of shelters, or of confederacies, to face and to subdue the wildest and the most formidable of animals—and that, along with the wisdom inherited from nature, and improved by education, gives him the undoubted supremacy over the whole animated world."

He concludes the section with the following fine passage:

"It is here that all comparison of man with other animals becomes nugatory. To place him at the head of the classification, and to give him an order by himself, is but a poor apology for bringing him into the company of brutes—for placing him in the same catalogue with his food. For the double purpose of deterring man from pluming himself upon organs common to irrational animals and rational, and of completing the gradation scale of animality, Nature has held out, as a beacon, the humiliating spectacle of a brute endowed with the semblance of humanity, actually reared on its hind legs, and, that the caricature might be complete, grasping a club in its fore-feet. What a humiliating lesson must a troop of Ourang-outangs, standing in martial array upon a neighbouring hill, have afforded to the elated conqueror of the world, in the midst of that rapid career, which was accomplished by legs, and of those mighty conquests, which were achieved by arms! Let not man then place his sole claim to distinction from inferior animals to the account of limbs. Never let biped become his definition, for there is a sturdy ape which marches on two feet. Nor ever let the human thumbs, as if humanity would pique itself upon such a badge, be snapped in contempt of the lower creation; for an animal, whose very name is a proverbial term of reproach, can almost retort the flout from every limb. But although the mere naturalist, from his arithmetic of members, is unable fairly to extricate himself from the inferior tribes; yet the physiologist, by his strict investigation into structure and function, can draw real distinctions out of nominal similitudes—can show that the lower limb of the best formed Ourang-outang is a very contrast to the shapely leg and foot of man—and that the best endeavour of the ape to hobble forward from foot to foot, is the merest mockery of the human walk—and that although the fore-legs of many of the lower tribes are employed in more purposes than locomotion, yet it is not till we come up to apes that we see any thing like hands, nor till we arrive at the most refined of mankind that we see hands, in all their delicacy of touch, and alacrity of motion. But to render complete the comparison of human motive organs with bestial, the whole bony, muscular, and nervous structure must be taken on either side; when it will be found that the human body, although by no means the strongest, is by far the most

effective organ of motion, and the most sensitive organ of touch, in the whole range of Nature;—that, in the mechanical apparatus which man in common with the lowest reptile is doomed so assiduously to ply for the maintenance of life, health, and happiness, humanity holds all the rest of animality at the immeasurable distance of a contrast, and contains a summary and improvement of them all. Although naturally terrestrial, man can travel throughout all the regions of his dominions, every-where exercising domination;—can, without fins, traverse the great deep, and appropriate the finny race to his pleasures or necessities;—can, without wings, ascend into the higher regions of the thin element, whose feathered inhabitants are also doomed to be the sport and the victims of his recreations;—and can not only devote the animate creation to his service, but can also endow the inanimate materials of Nature with active motion and locomotion. The immense machinery which has brought the arts, especially in this country, to such a high state of improvement, and in a great measure superseded manual labour, so far from derogating from the human hands, constitutes so many proud monuments of what they have achieved;—resembles so many huge living beings, of which man, although he can scarcely be discerned amongst the shafts, the wheels, and the cylinders, is the animating principle. The human hands are now becoming master artists, whose whole duty shall by-and-by consist in directing animals and elements to the performance of their task."

All this forms, however, nothing more than the introduction to Dr Cross's book—the bulk whereof is occupied with minute descriptions of the human limbs, the terms of which would, we suppose, render them nearly quite unintelligible to our readers. But as not a few of them may possibly have been walking all their days without ever thinking of the principles upon which their progression takes place, it may not be unprofitable to mention, that there are two principles on which our legs may move—namely, that of the *spring* and that of the *wheel*. The sluggish walk—that is, the Prince's-street lounging-step—of which heavy dragoons always exhibit the most authentic specimen—is performed entirely on the principle of the wheel—the two limbs or spokes being alternately stretched forth past each other, in order to receive and transmit the moveable centre of human gravity. The energetic walk—the Glasgow walk for example—and all the varieties of the run, are performed upon the principle both of the wheel and the spring. The leap is performed solely upon the principle of the spring, and may therefore be considered as the most simple, elegant, and dignified of all the uses to which the lower extremities of man can be applied.

It is a wonderful thing, and so it has always appeared to us, what a mighty variety there is in the legs, and feet, and hands of men. The truth is, that there is just as much diversity in these despised and neglected extremities, as in the face, to which Lavater has confined himself—or the cranium, which has as exclusively been worshipped by Gall and Spurzheim; neither do we see any very good reason to doubt, that some future age may be wise enough to turn out a philosopher who shall find sufficient symbols of all human passions and powers in the configuration of the toes and fingers. Indeed Dr Cross has some sentences which would almost make us suspect him of being a little inclined to hazard such a theory; and, after all, were it to be carried only to a limited length, we should perceive no harm in it. One thing is quite evident, that all feet and all hands are good in their way—that is, good enough for all the purposes to which their possessors would ever voluntarily apply them. No man with short, chubby, flat-soled feet, and gummy ancles, is naturally inclined to run for a wager, or shew off in leaping at a fair. No heavy-heeled splayfooted man-monster can think of taking lessons in the quadrille, without a degree of affectation and vanity sufficient to darken in him the sure original light of all-wise Nature. Heavy dragoons would never be *dragoons** at all in like manner, if Nature had her will—that is, they would never dismount nor learn the foot-exercise—no, nor rise in the saddle, if they could help it. But hear Dr Cross:

"To walk is one thing—to walk well is another. The feet of all animals, from the zoophite which must be watched ere its locomotion can be perceived, to the deer which puts the promptest of the senses at defiance; from that being who can with difficulty waddle through his little domestic round, to

* Some of our readers may not know, that *a dragoon* is a soldier who serves either on horseback or on foot.

the hardy traveller whose route is fit to be sketched on the map of the world, are all suitable to the respective individuals whose subservient instruments they are, and therefore must be all considered perfect in their kind. Men only who have the feet of a Park will venture over the dreary deserts of Africa, or the feet of a Kinneer will traverse the extensive regions of Asia, or the feet of a Humboldt will set out to explore the boundless wilds of America. A Johnson may from his closet be conveyed round the Hebrides, without either limbs or spirit for rightly examining these remarkable islands, or for estimating the character of its more interesting inhabitants. The supine listless charioteer may detail his equipage and accommodation, may divert us about postillions and landlords, about caravans and caravansaries, may relate the heights and hollows and habitations visible from the vehicle upon which he lolls; but it is only the pedestrian, the able and indefatigable pedestrian, who is able to penetrate through woods and thickets, to pass defiles, and to trace out the windings of rivers and glens, and to scale mountains of everlasting snow, whence he may take a copy of Nature's map stretching beneath and around him, who can extend the boundaries of geography, or enlarge our knowledge of human character. It is in such a traveller, and after such journeying, that the human foot can be seen in all its surpassing mechanism. In the structure of such a foot, the best mechanician that ever pondered or practised mechanical powers, may be defied to suggest an alteration that could prove in the slightest degree advantageous, that would not prove decidedly detrimental either to motion or to security."

We expect to present our readers with a review of the more scientific parts and merits of this treatise, by our friend, Dr Peter Morris, in an early Number.

TRANSLATION OF A MANUSCRIPT, FOUND AMONG THE BAGGAGE OF A FRENCH OFFICER KILLED AT WATERLOO.

WHETHER the lines I now scrawl may ever fall into other hands besides my own, I know not. If not, the knowledge of my crimes and misery will go with me to the grave; yet I should wish it otherwise, because a relation so fatal as mine might be of use to others, who, like myself, are the slaves of passion. A true and faithful relation it shall be in every particular, because I have sworn to myself to conceal nothing. Names only are altered; not from any fear of the world's reproach falling upon myself, to whom it could do no greater injury than has already befallen me; but because I am unwilling that others who were innocent, should come in for a share in that reproach.

I was born in a village within a few miles of Bourdeaux, of respectable, though not rich parents. My father had been in trade, and was unfortunate, and having saved as much from the wreck of his fortune as would support his family with tolerable comfort in privacy, he wisely resolved not to risk his all upon the doubtful prospect of making it better. He accordingly retired to a small country house, with my mother, myself, and four daughters, and there devoted his life to the care and education of his children.

Having learned by experience, that the commerce of France was not in so flourishing a state as to secure wealth to every speculator, and as his circumstances were not such as could authorise his sending me into the army, he determined to breed me up to the profession of medicine, hoping that I might soon acquire a competency, and so be enabled to provide a home for my mother and sisters, in case he should die before them. Would to God he had bound me apprentice to the meanest mechanical trade, or had suffered me to follow my own inclination, and gone as a volunteer into the service. But I am digressing. With this view I was instructed in the learned languages, and at the age of seventeen was sent to Paris for the purpose of studying my profession. O that I had died before I reached it, and thus escaped the guilt and wretchedness which were my lot. But it was otherwise ordained, and I reached the metropolis full of all those delighted sensations which every youth experiences on first entering into life. Yet I was studious and regular in my habits; for though I was naturally as much inclined to gayety and dissipation as any of my companions, I knew that my father was poor, and could with difficulty support me at the university at all. This knowledge, and the extreme love I bore to the most indulgent of parents, kept a continual restraint over my inclinations; and I beheld my class-fellows go to balls, masque-

rades, and plays, without joining them; not indeed with indifference, but with resignation. In this state of innocence four months glided past, during which, though I was not without many moments in which chagrin and discontent were the prevailing feelings in my breast, I never felt for any length of time what it was to be seriously unhappy. But at the end of that time a change took place in my circumstances, which to any other man would have been the cause of real and permanent happiness, and which to me was the cause of acute and permanent misery.

I was returning one night from a late lecture, through one of those dark bye streets with which our capital abounds, when the cry of murder alarmed me. I ran towards the spot from whence the noise seemed to proceed, and observed a single man struggling with three others, who had got him down and were trampling upon his body. Being armed with a heavy cudgel I immediately flew to his assistance, and with a blow stretched one of his assailants on the earth. The other two, terrified by the fall of their comrade, and believing, I suppose, that more aid was at hand, took to their heels; and whilst I was employed in lifting the wounded stranger, the third likewise made his escape.

Why should I enter so minutely into the particulars of a transaction, which only serve to throw my future deeds into a darker shade? The man whom I had saved was the Chevalier St Pierre, one of the most noble, most generous of human beings. He was returning from the Theatre of Feydeau, when the robbers attacked him; and having warily defended himself, he was severely hurt in the scuffle. I conducted him to his lodgings in the Place Vendome, and having promised to wait upon him next morning, I left him to the care of his servant, and took my leave.

On the morrow I did not forget my promise, and I was received with every mark of affectionate regard. St Pierre was just three years older than myself, and was a captain in the 16th hussars. He was a man of good family and connexions, and being likewise blessed with a heart of more than human mildness, he imagined himself under obligations to me too great for him ever to repay. He accordingly declared himself my friend, and offered to assist me to the utmost of his ability in any way which I should desire. My predilection for the army still continued; I told him of it; and in a few days I was appointed a cornet in the same regiment with my friend.

Conscious, however, that I had taken too decisive a step without consulting my father, I immediately wrote to him a full account of the whole affair; not forgetting to dwell at great length upon the mighty interest of the Chevalier, and upon the glorious prospects which were now before me. The result of this letter I awaited with some anxiety; but it was favourable, and my transport was complete. All was now joy and delight with me. St Pierre insisted upon my sharing his lodgings, and as my excellent father, together with his approval of my conduct, had sent me all the money he could raise, both by his own funds and by his credit, I was speedily equipped in such a style as not to disgrace my new friend. By him I was introduced to the gay circle of his acquaintances—I was received amongst them much to my own satisfaction; and in a few days the quiet retired student of physic was converted into the polite and fashionable Cornet Dumain of the 16th hussars.

About a week after this change had taken place, I was conducted by my friend to the house of Madame St Omar. It was a fete in honour of her daughter's birth-day, who had just completed her seventeenth year. The apartments were brilliantly illuminated, and crowded with beauty and fashion; but from the moment of my entering them I saw nothing save Julia St Omar. I was introduced to her by St Pierre himself as his preserver, and she extended her hand to me with a smile—O such a smile.—Years have elapsed, but it has never faded from my memory. I danced with her; St Pierre was still too ill to dance; I spoke to her of fifty things, but my conversation returned always to the same subject. I watched her during the whole evening, and once or twice saw a blush upon her cheek when our eyes chanced to meet. I beheld St Pierre pay her the most marked attention, and a throb of jealousy beat at my heart; but I repressed it, be-

cause I thought she received his attentions with coldness. I returned to my lodgings madly in love.

"You remember that lovely girl with whom you danced," said St Pierre, as we sat together next morning at breakfast.

"Remember her!" cried I; "I shall never forget her." St Pierre looked grave. "She is to be mine, my friend, on Monday." "Your's on Monday!" cried I, in a voice of anguish." "Yes, Dumain," replied he. "Does it grieve you to learn that your friend is to be so soon made happy with the hand of the woman he adores?" "Oh, no, no!" I replied, scarce articulately; "I am happy, very happy, to hear you are so fortunate."

I rose and left the room, for I could not dissemble to him, and walked out into the air to cool my brain and resolve upon something. To be unfaithful to my benefactor was impossible. I determined to stifle my passion in the bud, see her only once more, and set off next day to join my regiment now on the Spanish frontier. Oh! that I had gone without seeing her.

In the evening I went to Madam St Omar's, without communicating my intention to St Pierre. Madam St Omar was from home, but Julia was within. It was a balmy evening in May—she was sitting in an apartment which commanded a beautiful prospect of the garden of the Thuilleries—the casement was open, and the twilight was approaching. I besought her to sing, and accompany herself upon the harp. She did so. The song was of love, and I heard her voice tremble at that part where the poet says,

> "Even in another's arms,
> I'll think of thee alone."

I was leaning over her entranced. It was too much for me. The arm which rested upon her chair slid insensibly round her waist, and I told my fatal secret. Oh, God! what shall I say were my feelings when I found my love returned. At first they were of rapture alone; but the next moment the recollection of my friend and benefactor came upon me, and I shrunk from her in dismay. She looked horror-struck. "But you are another's," I cried, "and that other is my friend. Oh, Julia, let us be unhappy, but we shall never be guilty!" So saying, I snatched up my hat and hurried out of the house.

I flew to our lodgings, but my conscience struck me so, I could not face St Pierre. Fortunately he was out, and was not to return till late next day. I sent him a hurried note, mentioning that I had received a sudden order to join; and leaving it upon his table next morning, I threw myself into a voiture, and, without once stopping to rest, arrived at Bayonne.

Here I passed some weeks in great uneasiness of mind, which was not relieved either by the silly conversation of my brother officers, or the account of St Pierre's marriage, which he in due time communicated. This last piece of intelligence, indeed, came upon me like a death-blow; for though I knew it must come, yet even that certainty did not lighten it. In this state I continued, without any comfort, except what I derived from the rumours now afloat, that our regiment was soon to join our brave army in driving the English out of Spain.

In about a month after I had quitted Paris, St Pierre arrived, bringing with him an order to cross the Pyrenees. All was now bustle and preparation; but for me, new troubles awaited me. To drown my sorrow I had plunged into dissipation, and was now so much in debt that I could not move. What to do I knew not. I could not apply to my relations, because they had not the means of extricating me from my difficulties. St Pierre saw my distress; for having left Julia behind him, we once more occupied the same lodgings. By inquiring among the other officers, he soon discovered the cause of at least part of my chagrin; and this most noble of men, most generous of friends, discharged my bills, and set me at liberty to march with the regiment.

My business is not to describe scenery, nor to give a detail of the events of a campaign. With my own feelings alone am I concerned. Our march was long; but, partly from the constant change of place, partly from the anticipations of glory I now experienced, the period which it occupied was to me like a gleam of sunshine in a stormy day. I was almost happy, that is to say, I forgot my sorrows for the time, and entered with cheerfulness into the sports and merriment of

those about me. St Pierre and I occupied the same tent. We were constant companions even on duty—for I was the cornet of his troop; and we now loved each other as friends have seldom loved.

At length we reached the army. We found it in front of the lines of Torres Vedras, whither the English had retreated; and we confidently expected that our first assault upon these lines would drive them into the sea. We were disappointed; for they maintained their position, and compelled us to retire. St Pierre and I were together during the whole day, till towards the close of the action, when the throng of flying troops separated us. When at last we halted, I eagerly inquired for him. A soldier informed me he was killed. In the depth of affliction I sought the regiment, and what was my joy when I found myself locked in his arms. His horse had been shot under him, and his fall had given rise to the soldier's story.

In this manner nearly two years elapsed. At the close of every action St Pierre and I sought each other, and met as those who love do meet when both have escaped impending danger. Our troops fought bravely; but what could they do against a superior force, and an exasperated populace. We were driven from post to post; our baggage was plundered and our wounded slain by the Guerillas; till, finally, our generals were changed, and a retreat in form was begun. It was long and toilsome. Not a moment was given for repose—not a position was seized, though many strong positions were passed over; and we who brought up the rear were harassed by continual skirmishes. At length we halted upon the heights of Vittoria, where we trusted that at least some time would be given for recruiting our exhausted strength. But we were deceived. The English attacked us when we dreamt not of being attacked, and our army was routed almost without resistance. The greater part of the cavalry had been already sent off to join the Emperor. Our's was almost the only regiment left, consequently upon us much of the toil of this day devolved. We did what we could to check the pursuing enemy; but what could our exertions avail against odds so tremendous. After charging six times, we likewise fled. The enemy's horse followed. St Pierre's troop rallied and charged, and I fell covered with wounds. St Pierre would not leave me. He sprang from his horse, placed me before him, and holding me on, for I could not keep my seat, cut his way with me through the middle of the enemy.

It was night before we stopped or my wounds could be dressed. I had fainted from loss of blood, and when the surgeon examined my hurts he shook his head. There were two sabre cuts on my head, and a ball through my right arm. From a state of insensibility I was quickly recovered, and put to bed; but I was given to understand that there was no chance of my recovery. Oh, that these prognostications had been realized. But let me proceed.

St Pierre watched me with more than a brother's care; he sat by my bed-side, administered with his own hands whatever was ordered by the surgeon, and wept over me when he saw me writhing in agony. On the third day I felt so great a diminution of pain, and so overpowering a lassitude steal over me, that I took it for granted the mortification had already commenced. Believing therefore that my last hour was approaching, I called for St Pierre. He drew back the curtain—for he was watching beside me.

"St Pierre," I said, in a feeble tone, "I cannot die without confessing to you my villainy and ingratitude. I love Julia—I have loved her from the moment you introduced me to her; and though I knew she was your bride, I told her of my love."

"My dear Dumain," cried the noble St Pierre, "I knew it all already. Julia, the morning after our marriage, confessed the whole transaction. Had I but known it sooner she should have been yours."

This was too much for me. I burst into tears, and, overcome by my feelings, I fainted. In dropping my head upon the pillow, the bandages gave way, and my wounds bled afresh. St Pierre ran for the surgeon—he was not to be found; but accidentally meeting another, he brought him to my chamber. On beholding the manner in which my hurts were dressed, this surgeon lifted up his eyes in amazement; and stripping off all the bandages, he re-dressed them himself, de-

claring that in a few days I should be able to travel. Before they elapsed I had recovered my senses—nor can I say whether the sensations I experienced, on hearing that my life was not really in danger, were agreeable, or the reverse. Now, indeed, I know well what they might have been.

I shall not dwell longer upon my convalescence. In a fortnight I was declared out of danger; but, at the same time, I was desired to return to my native place for the benefit of my health. For this purpose leave of absence was given me, and along with it I was presented with a troop vacant in the corps.

The evening before my departure, St Pierre entered my chamber. "Dumain," he said, "let us forget the conversation which passed between us some time ago. I cannot now make you happy, neither am I happy myself; but let not any circumstance break off our friendship. In you I have the most unbounded confidence. In Julia my confidence is equally great. To convince you of this, I have desired her to pay a visit to an aunt of mine in Bourdeaux: you will therefore see her when you return thither. Tell her that I envy you your wounds, as they have been the means of sending you to her."

What could I say in return for conduct so noble? I wrung his hand, but answered not a word. Oh, that he had put less trust in a villain!

I was received by my relations with the warmest affections. My battles, my wounds, my honours, my renown, were the sole subjects of conversation in the village. Julia, too, who was now with the Countess of ——, sent to inquire after my health. I waited upon her next day.

When I entered the saloon, I was introduced to the countess, who soon retired, leaving us together. I trembled all over to find myself again alone with Julia. "Dumain," said she, "I have long wished for such an opportunity as this of speaking a few words to you. You have acted like a man of honour. There is now an insuperable bar between our loves, but we shall still be friends. Though I may not regard you with any warmer feelings, be assured of my lasting esteem and respect." She held out her hand to me with a countenance little moved, except that a faint blush partly overspread it. I grasped it warmly, but immediately checked myself. "Yes, Julia," I replied, "we shall indeed be friends, and our friendship shall be refined by the recollection that, had not circumstances intervened, it might have borne a dearer title." Oh, vain delusive thought, that where love has once been, it can ever give place to friendship.

No matter. We fancied ourselves friends, and nothing more. We sought each others society with all the eagerness of lovers; and as my connexion with St Pierre was well known, the scandalous world spoke not out against us. Weeks passed on in this delightful state. We were still innocent, yet we were every day more and more convinced of the real state of our sentiments.

I had been several months at home, and the period of my leave was fast expiring. The day of my departure was at length fixed—I had but one other week to remain. Would that I had died before that week came!

Let me not think of what followed. The thin veil which had hitherto hung over our eyes, the thought of a separation tore from them. We again confessed a passion doubly guilty, and, Oh God! Oh God! my friend was dishonoured.

When once guilty of such a crime as I had committed, how does the mind of a man become thoroughly depraved. I now thought of St Pierre with aversion: I even wished, that on my return to the army I might find him no more. With this was joined a terrible apprehension for the consequences of my intrigue, and I left Bourdeaux with the thoughts of a demon rather than of a man. Poor Julia was, like myself, completely wretched. O guilt! thy pleasures are short-lived; thy tortures are eternal.

On my return to the regiment, I found St Pierre promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and loaded with honours. Our regiment was dismounted, and formed part of the force destined for garrisoning Bayonne, which it was every day expected would be invested. It was here I rejoined it. St Pierre met me with open arms. He inquired after Julia with all the fondness of an affectionate husband, but I thought he looked suspicious while he spoke. Yet it might have been no more than the whispers of

my own conscience, which gave him that appearance. Certain it is, however, that he was much changed. He was pale and thin; and though he still smiled beautifully when he spoke, it was languidly.

I had not been above six weeks in Bayonne, when I received a letter from Julia, giving the most fatal intelligence. My fears were but too dreadfully realized. She was pregnant; I gazed upon the letter in a stupor. She conjured me to save her from infamy and death; she hinted some fearful things, but she proposed no plan. For me, my thoughts were too confused to arrange any thing like a plan. I thought of quitting my regiment, and flying with her to some foreign country. God! I even thought of assassinating St Pierre. The former idea, however, was generally prevalent, but I had no time to realize it; for our garrison was driven within the walls, and the English army sat down before the place.

Let those who can, imagine what were now my feelings. Cut off from all communication, even by letter, with the woman whom I loved more than soul and body, and whom I had ruined. Ignorant even of her situation, and without the hope of being able to see her again, perhaps for ever; at all events, till it was too late to assist her. Half mad, I sometimes thought of deserting to the enemy; but what would they have done for me? A deserter would not be trusted with his liberty. Yet I was forced to continue thus for upwards of a month. It was then we learned, for the first time, of the change in the government.

When the news arrived, St Pierre came to me with a face lighted up with transport. "I shall soon be with Julia again," cried he; "and then I shall be the happiest man on earth." I turned away my face, for I dared not look at him. I attempted to speak, but the words died upon my lips. I rushed from the apartment.

I flew to the southern rampart, with the intention of escaping, if possible, through our own guards, and those of the enemy. It was evening; and just as I had reached the gate, I was met by an aid-de-camp, who told me what immediately caused an alteration in my plan. We were that night to make a sortie.

I hastened back to St Pierre, whom I found busy in preparing for the business of the night. The order which he had received had effaced all recollection of the scene between us in the morning. The regiment was already under arms, and at midnight was to advance. What horrible ideas now rushed upon my brain. I even prayed that St Pierre might fall.

At the appointed hour we attacked. There was no light, except what the stars emitted, till the heavens were illuminated by the flashes of our guns. The slaughter was great, because the combat was obstinate. At length we began to fall back. We were in the rear of the whole column. St Pierre and I were together in the rear of all, mingling every now and then with the enemy. Yet neither of us was hurt, though I hoped that every bullet was destined for the heart of my friend. My wishes, however, were vain. We reached the gate. St Pierre turned to me. "Now, Dumain," cried he, all is over. No more chances of being separated from Julia." The name rung in my ears—a frenzy seized my brain—my pistol was in my hand—I fired—and St Pierre fell dead at my feet.

Stupified with horror, I stood still, and the gate was shut upon me. The enemy surrounded me; they disarmed me without resistance; and I was conducted to their camp, a prisoner and a murderer. Oh what would I not have given for any weapon of destruction, that I might have at once ended my miserable existence. But they had taken mine away, and thus watched me so closely, that I could not lay my hand upon any other. My thoughts dwelt upon no other object but my murdered friend, till at last my intellect gave way, and I became a maniac.

How long I continued in this state, I cannot tell; but when I came to myself, I found myself in my father's house. There were several letters for me from Julia, which alone prevented me from putting my original intention of suicide into force. She was in retirement not far from Paris, where her situation could be perfectly concealed; and as her husband's death was known, her seclusion was not wondered at. She had heard of my illness, and only lived till she should know my fate, when, be it what it would, she was resolved to share it. If I lived, she

would live for me; if I died, she would follow me to the grave, and sleep beside me there.

"Beloved of my soul," I exclaimed, when I had finished the perusal, "I shall live, hateful as life is, for thy sake. Murderer, villain, as I am, with thee I may yet be—oh no, not happy; but I may live."

Being now determined to preserve myself for the sake of her who was so soon to make me a father, I grew rapidly better, and was soon able to set off for her retreat. I found her within two months of being a mother. She knew not the circumstances of her husband's death; nay, she heard that I was taken in striving to defend him. "My own, my generous, my gallant Dumain," she said, "would have preserved the life even of his rival." Oh there were ten thousand scorpions in those words.

Time passed, and the great Napoleon again entered France. Devoted to the service of this master of war, I determined instantly to join his standard; but Julia besought me not to do so till we were united. I agreed to this, and lived in quietness whilst the army was collecting on the frontiers of Flanders. Did I say quietness: O no, the ghost of my murdered friend for ever haunted my imagination, sleeping and waking; nor did I ever know a moment's ease, except when I was listening to the harmony of Julia's conversation.

It was now within a very short time of the period of her confinement, when one morning we walked out together into a green field, adjoining the house where she lived. There had been cattle in that field all along, through the middle of which we were accustomed to walk without apprehension. But, unknown to us, a savage bull had lately been put in. When we were about the middle of the field it came towards us, growling, and pawing the earth. Julia was alarmed; nor did I feel very comfortable, as I had not even a stick with which to defend her. At last, after tearing up the grass with its hoofs, and lashing its sides with its tail, it ran at us. I seized Julia's arm, and placed her behind a tree, entreating her, in a hurried manner, to keep that between her and the bull. I myself ran to meet him, and threw my hat in his face. It had the effect of turning him; but when I came back to Julia, I found she had fainted. I bore her to the house, but the fright, and the injury she had received, together brought on a miscarriage; and before medical assistance could be procured she was a corps. The child was still-born, and I was left like a blasted and branchless oak upon a common.

I saw in it the hand of an avenging God;—the prize for which I had waded through blood, though the blood of the best of friends and benefactors, was snatched from me, just as I had fancied it within my reach. I gazed upon her lifeless body, still beautiful even in death, with all the calmness of a fixed despair. I took my hat, and quitted the house.

Mounting my best horse, I made all haste to the frontier, and arrived this morning in the camp. To-morrow is fixed upon for the day which shall determine the fate of France, and to-morrow shall my eternal fate be fixed. It is now midnight; the night is tempestuous.

Here I broke off, for the ghost of St Pierre at that moment appeared to me. He has told me that I shall fall to-morrow; but why did he: I had already so determined it. My blood runs cold! my hair stands on end! O can I be forgiven! No, no; the murderer, the adulterer, has nothing to look for, except——

Here the manuscript abruptly ends. All that can be said in conclusion is, that the body of the unfortunate writer, covered with gashes, was recognised by one of his old companions next morning. He has gone to his last account; but he has done well in leaving this recital as a warning to others.

TWO REVIEWS OF A MILITARY WORK.*

Minutes and Proceedings at Ambrose's.

It is quite impossible to find any where a finer specimen of independence, than may be met with in the monthly meeting of the Contributors to this Magazine, at Ambrose's tavern. It is, indeed, quite a model of an assembly. Just such a one as Sir Thomas More might have imagined in Utopia, or would do Major Cartwright's eyes good to see, now-a-days, in St Stephen's Chapel. It is composed, as the reader well knows, of men of powerful and original minds, neither blindly bigotted to their own opinions, nor yet disposed lightly to relinquish them. One of the most striking features of our assembly is, that we are all orators, (some of us, to say the truth, rather long-winded than otherwise) and have not a single borough-monger, nor a silent voter, in our whole body. Though at these meetings, when we do agree, our unanimity is altogether quite wonderful; yet it frequently happens, that there is considerable difference of opinion with regard to the merits of the works submitted to our decision. The discussion on the present volume afforded a remarkable proof of this, and we are induced, equally by a sense of justice to the author and to ourselves, to make a full and public statement of the circumstances which have led to the insertion of two reviews of his work in the present Number of our Magazine.

Our last meeting (an unusually full one) consisted of six members, all of whom, it appeared, had read the work in question. On coming to the discussion of its merits, it happened rather singularly, that three of these were inclined to give considerable praise to the performance, while an equal number stated their deliberate conviction, that the work was altogether worthless and absurd. The debate became gradually warm. Mr Odoherty, with his usual fervour, swore he would be damned if the book was not one of the best he had ever read, while Mr Timothy Tickler, less vehement, but more sarcastic, declared it to be fit only for culinary purposes. The votes being thus equal, both parties agreed in appealing to the chair, and the Editor, after depositing his pipe, and wiping his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, delivered himself to the following effect:—

"*My dear Contributors,*

I am too well aware of the obligations under which I lie to all of you, not to feel the extreme delicacy of the duty you have imposed on me. Your united exertions have already raised the Magazine to a pitch of celebrity far greater than that enjoyed by any similar work in Britain; and I can scarcely sufficiently impress on you how desirable it is that you should continue your friendly and cordial co-operation in the great cause in which we have all fought—the cause of literature and independence *(loud cheering)*. Hitherto we have gone on and prospered. Constable's Magazine continues floundering in its dulness, although at a certain alarming crisis they gave out its affairs would thenceforth be conducted with more head; the toothless Scotsman nibbles at your fame in all the sulky agonies of impotent malignity; and the Edinburgh Review, accustomed as it is to stand fire, has trembled at the roar of your artillery *(tremendous cheering for some minutes)*. Fortunately, gentlemen, I am not called upon in the present case to give offence to either party by my decision. I have not read the work in question, and am therefore incapable of giving any opinion of its merits. But if I cannot untie the Gordian knot, I can at least cut it; and I beg, therefore, to propose an expedient, which will afford us an easy escape from our present difficulties. You have all read, gentlemen (I speak to the learned), of a celebrated French judge, who uniformly decided his causes by box and dice, or, in other words, who threw a main at hazard, and decided, with the greatest impartiality, for one side or t'other, as the caster lost or won. Thus *Crabs* inevitably nonsuited the plaintiff with the burden of expenses, while a *Nick* had the same unpropitious effect on the cause of the

* Letters from Portugal, Spain, and France, during the Memorable Campaigns of 1811, 1812, and 1813; and from Belgium and France in the year 1815; by a British Officer. London, Bell and Bradfute, &c. 1819.

defendant. As Mr Ambrose, however, is probably unprovided with dice, I would suggest an easy succedaneum. I propose, gentlemen, to sky a copper, and, according to the anticipated contingency of skull or music, let the present work be submitted to the scalpel of Mr Tickler, or be lauded in the tuneful periods of his signiferent admirer" *(much applause.)*

The expedient suggested by the Editor was immediately adopted; but owing to the extreme awkwardness of Mr Kempferhausen, who officiated on the occasion, the coin fell into Mr Wastle's plate of strawberries and cream, where it was quite impossible to ascertain "the hazard of the toss." It was therefore finally arranged, that the work should be reviewed both by Mr Odoherty and Mr Tickler, that it should be left to the impartial reader to decide what portion of praise or censure is due to the "Letters from Portugal, Spain, and France," by a "British Officer."

Mr Odoherty's Opinion.

THIS is certainly a very entertaining volume. It consists of a series of letters from the seat of war in Belgium and the Peninsula, and gives us a very clear and interesting account of those memorable occurrences which were daily passing under the observation of their author. The work is written throughout (as familiar letters should always be)* in a tone of graceful negligence, and is clearly the production of a man possessing an elegant and powerful mind. The genius of the author, it is true, is modulated by the circumstances under which he is placed; yet we have no hesitation in pronouncing it of the first order, and such as, in situations more favourable to its developement, might have produced either Don Juan or Tom Little. As it is, the author has succeeded wonderfully in adorning a barren subject with much interest and beauty. Every scene which he describes is brought home to our hearts and our imaginations, and we participate with an unusual sympathy in all the dangers and difficulties which he encounters. And never, perhaps, was a sadder catalogue of moving accidents by flood and field, of forced marches, bad rations, and "lousy billets," submitted to the public through the medium of the press. The truth is, that these are circumstances which form a very striking part of every campaign, but which no one but he who can exclaim with the poet,

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,"

can possibly describe. In this it is that the military author must always have the advantage of the civilian. The latter by his descriptions may succeed in drawing a fine and striking picture, which may captivate the ignorant and inexperienced; but it wants the fidelity of outline, and the minute touch, which are always visible in the delineation of the former. We have read, for instance, Mr Southey's account of the battles in the Peninsula, and Mr Scott's description of Waterloo, which have attracted, we believe, no small portion of the public admiration. But unrivalled as the talents of these authors may be, we may be allowed to doubt, whether, with a trifling alteration of the names and dates, their productions might not be made to pass as equally graphic delineations of Minden, Marathon, or Morningside. These gentlemen deal too much in grand and sweeping descriptions. Their charge with bayonets is always too dreadful; their bullets fly a great deal too thick; and the courage on the one side, and carnage on the other, are viewed with different ends of the microscope. They have no objection to bestow a page on the wound of a general, but they altogether despise to mention the hardships of a subaltern. They may feelingly allude to the severity of a winter in the Pyrenees, but are uniformly silent on the more ignoble miseries of tough ration beef and maggoty biscuit. Little instruction, therefore, can be derived from the military works of a civilian, and we turn from them with an unsatisfied appetite to devour the more homely and true narration of the heroic sufferers themselves. Such being our feelings, we could not but wel-

* No reflection on the long rumbling sentences of Peter.

come the author of the present volume with delight. The extracts we shall proceed to lay before our readers will justify, we doubt not, the high encomiums we have been led to bestow on its author; and while they exhibit a pleasing picture of the courage and patience of a British soldier, will yield a moving proof that

"Hard is his fate whom evil stars have led
To go campaigning for precarious bread."

The work, as we already stated, consists of a series of familiar letters by no means written with a view to publication; and the author has only been induced to give them to the world, we presume, by "*the importunity* of friends," who were fortunately capable of estimating their merit. The letters appear to have been originally intended for the amusement of his grandmother, a venerable matron, for whom these letters afford ample proof of his esteem and affection. The first letter is dated from Portalegre, in October 1811, at which period the British army were stretched along the frontiers of Portugal, and preparing an advance into Spain by the capture of Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo. At this interesting period does the correspondence commence; and of the spirit with which the subsequent events are narrated, the extracts, in which we shall copiously indulge, will afford adequate example. The atrocities committed by the French on the miserable Portuguese who trusted themselves to their mercy, have been often dwelt upon with disgust and horror, but any thing so dreadful as the following we could not have imagined. On perusing it, the reader will easily guess what effect it must have produced on the sensitive heart and tender imagination of our author.

"When Lord Wellington found it necessary to retire from Almeida to his famed position at Torres-Vedras, the inhabitants were invited, by his Lordship, to remove to a place of safety in his rear, taking with them all their moveables. The proffered protection was eagerly embraced by the majority; but some, deaf to all entreaty, remained in their dwellings, and became an easy prey to the enemy's troops. Among the latter was an old man, who at this time occupied a small house at Valada; his family, consisting of a wife and an only child, a beautiful daughter; every other person in the village removed, either to Lisbon, or crossed over to the province of Alentejo. The progress of the French general having been arrested at Torres-Vedras, the whole country, for many miles round, was immediately covered by the numerous legions of which his army was composed, seeking for houses to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather. Valada was occupied, and a party from the detachment ordered to take possession of the old man's house. The sparkling eyes of the beautiful Maria soon attracted the attention of his foreign inmates. First one, and then a second, paid their addresses to her, but their proffered hands were rejected with marked disdain. Irritated at her refusal, these two villains planned the ruin of the poor girl. Day after day, insult was heaped on insult to every member of the family. The eyes of the old man were at length opened: He beheld the precipice on which he stood, and fervently prayed for forgiveness from her whom, for the first time, he now saw on the brink of inevitable destruction. It was a considerable time before they could find an opportunity of carrying into execution the dreadful act which they meditated. At length an order arrived for the detachment in Valada to retire to Santarem. On the evening of the day that they received the order of recall, one of them again solicited her hand, which she, as before, refused; this refusal was conclusive—they dragged the unfortunate girl from under her father's roof, while he, in attempting to protect his daughter, received a stab from one of their bayonets, of which he soon after died.—Maria was robbed of the brightest jewel that ever adorned the sex. Her mother was ill-treated, and the house was plundered. In fact, nothing was left but the bleeding trunk of the once happy father, the wretched widow, and the once beautiful, virtuous, and happy, but now the miserable and unhappy Maria. The former now lies hid from the sight of man, but the other two are still to be seen in Valada: the widowed mother mourning over the loss of a beloved husband, and the misfortunes of an only daughter; and poor Maria, deprived of a parent's fostering hand, sits brooding over her misfortunes, with misery staring her in the face, being at this moment unable to walk, from the cruel treatment she received from these vile miscreants."

To the bare narrative of such a story it is quite impossible that any comment could add force, and we shall certainly not weaken the effect of the beautiful language in which it is told by any observations of our own. Nor is this a solitary instance—the work is pregnant throughout with indications of the delicate and refined feelings of its author, of which we must be excused for affording another proof, in the following account of a bull-fight to which he was witness at Truxillo.

"A few minutes after seven o'clock in the evening, five Spaniards, who were to fight the bulls, appeared in the square, each provided with a brown cloak in the left hand, and a pike in the right. These having taken their posts, one of the bulls was turned out, who, on making his debût, looked furiously wild, while the air rung with the acclamations of a delighted populace. The honest bull had no idea that such a reception awaited him, as, in all his former perambulations, no one had deigned to notice him.—He gazed on the passing scene with wonder. In a few minutes he became quite furious. Perceiving an opening under one of the waggons, at the lower part of the square, he darted towards it, in hopes of obtaining his liberty. The waggon was crowded with men and women, who, at the animal's approach, were precipitated, in curious and truly laughable attitudes, from their exalted station, to the same level with the object of their fears. For a time every eye was turned to the scene of confusion, anxiously awaiting the result of the grand charge of the courageous animal. At this momentous crisis, so big with the fate of many, the Spanish heroes advanced to meet their antagonist, and with savage bellowings stopped him short in his victorious career. To one of his tormentors he turned with death-like fury, and on his head seemed determined to wreak his utmost vengeance. The object of his hatred he pursued with such speed, that every one present thought the life of the Spaniard would be forfeited to his temerity. But well the wily Don knew that the bull could be deceived; and to show us that such was the fact, he permitted the mad animal to get so close, as to make an attempt to toss him on his horns. Thus situated, the Spaniard had recourse to his cloak, which he threw at the head of the bull, who, fancying the man in his power, stopped, and tossed it in the air. The other four were not idle during this rencontre between their friend and the bull. Having come to his assistance, one of them inflicted a wound in the hip of the poor brute, and made the best of his way to a place of safety, hotly pursued by his enemy, till stopped by the cloak of the fugitive, and the pikes of the others, as before. In this manner the fight continued till the creature was completely exhausted, unable to shake his head or raise a foot. In this state he was removed to make room for a second, who afforded no sport whatever.

"The third, when he came forward, appeared completely out of humour. He scampered round the square—his eyes sparkling fire, shewed the state of his incensed feelings. *Many a time I thought I heard him say*, "had I the power of speech given me, I would this moment proclaim myself the eternal enemy of the human race!" To the lovers of this amusement he furnished a rich treat, till he effected his escape by a narrow street which had not been very well barricaded."

There is great power of imagination in this; for, till we read it, we really considered the task quite as impossible to write a good speech for a bull, as to enable the bull to deliver it when written. On this, however, it is needless farther to enlarge.

Before entering on the military matter, which forms the staple commodity of the work, there is one claim to our approbation, possessed by our author, which we are the less inclined to overlook, because it is one by which officers are not in general distinguished. We allude to the depth and purity of his devotional feelings, which are bodied forth in numberless little paragraphs in the present work. He is neither a canter nor a methodist; yet he not only scorns the vulgar wit of sneering at religion, or its ministers, but seizes every opportunity of expressing his respect for both.

"At Punhete, the churches continue in the same state as when we passed through the place before;—almost nothing remains of these structures, which can point them out to the stranger as places of public worship. Having, from my early years, been taught to look on the church, and every thing connected with it, as sacred, you may easily imagine with what feelings I contemplated the sacred ruins; and devoutly offered up my prayers to the all-wise Disposer of events, that he, in his goodness, would be pleased to avert a similar calamity from our happy isle!"

The following short account of a siege is distinguished by a similar feeling.

"Having received information, the truth of which we could not doubt, that the place would be stormed that evening, the greatest anxiety pervaded the allied army for the issue of the mighty conflict. The flashes turning more vivid, convinced us that our companions had marched to the assault, and were warmly opposed by the besieged. Prayers were offered up to the God of Battles, to cover the heads of our brave friends in the hour of danger, and crown with success the glorious efforts they were making, to rescue a suffering people from the iron grasp of hateful tyranny!"

We shall now proceed to lay before our readers a few extracts, illustrative of the personal sufferings of our author and his brave companions in arms. To these he appears to have been peculiarly sensitive, and though they are certainly less dreadful than those of the Russian campaign recorded by La Baume, yet they are sufficient to move

every sympathetic bosom with compassion for the sufferer. His fond aspirations, after comfortable quarters, will be shewn by the following.

" Never did I listen with so much pleasure to the hoarse murmurs of the bagpipes, as on the morning of the 23d, when they called us to arms. At their sound I attempted to rise, but my limbs were stiff, and for some time refused to perform their ordinary functions; having, after many attempts, succeeded in rising, I prepared to march to where I knew not, *but fondly hoped we were going to a more comfortable quarter.*"

The following picture, though in some degree indebted to the fine imagination of the writer, can scarcely be perused without a sigh.

" Even in the finest summer weather, night-marching is far from being pleasant; but in a dark stormy night, such as the 25th of October, the situation of the poor unpitied soldier becomes one of such affecting misery, that no language can describe it. Too often, indeed, the pale and haggard countenance of the warrior betrays what he wishes most to conceal—a constitution shattered to atoms by fatigue, hunger, and cold."

As a specimen of accurate and logical reasoning, there cannot be a finer instance than the following. It may extract, as Gibbon says, " a smile from the young, and a blush from the fair."

" Between twelve and one o'clock, we crossed a very deep, rapid river. Many of us were above the middle in mud and water, and some of the lower in stature were absolutely swimming. The scene was truly a laughable one: The Highlander has greatly the advantage over his brethren, when crossing a river, as the former can at all times tuck up his kilt in a moment to his middle, whilst the latter are forced to cross over in their pantaloons or trowsers; where, should the water be fully knee-deep, it is obvious, that the Highlander, on getting to the other side of the river, must be quite dry, whilst the latter must be wet through every stitch of his small clothes, and trudge away to the place of destination in this uncomfortable state."

The few extracts below give a dreadful picture of a soldier's life, which, as the author is peculiarly anxious to shew, is one of hardship and privation.

" Let those, who imagine that a soldier's life is one of ease and comfort, make but one short campaign in this country; and whenever they may chuse to return again to their native country—to that happy land, they will carry with them a faint recollection, I dare say, of a soldier's life, and a soldier's comforts in this. Cold as ice, hungry as hawks, and draggled like ducks getting out of the mud, we retraced our steps to Almendralejo; and, on the following day, returned to our present quarters.

" My present quarters are really the most miserable I have yet been in since I arrived in this country. I have only one small apartment, without a window—a small stool for a seat, and another of the same description for a table, a bed, if such it can be called, well stored with fleas and musquitos, constitute its furniture. The floor is of earth, some parts of which are fully a foot higher than the rest. In short, I wish you saw it, you would then be better able to judge of the comforts of a Spanish campaign.

" We are all distressed for want of money, the army being five months in arrears of pay. Our stock of clothes, particularly socks, shirts, and small-clothes, are getting low, and unless an immediate supply of money be granted us, the dress of the whole army, officers and men, will assume somewhat of the appearance of the Highland garb.

" When the regiment marched in here on the 1st instant, I really believe that there was not above one hundred shirts in the possession of the whole private soldiers. Their small-clothes were barely sufficient to cover their nakedness. Their jackets, which had once been scarlet, now possessed almost every colour which I could name; some of them had black sleeves fastened to a red body, others blue, and many of them had brown cloth sleeves to a patched body. —Scarcely any two were mended alike. Their appearance, you may believe, was not very prepossessing—but still their hearts were truly British, and animated with the same ardent love of their country, as on former occasions, when in the arms of victory.

" In a letter I wrote to you from Robledo, I gave you some idea of the privations which this army had suffered, and the wretched situation it was in for want of clothing, &c.

" The artillery were nearly in a similar situation; many of the regiments of infantry were almost naked; the military chest was but thinly lined, &c. &c.

" About five o'clock on the morning of the 21st, the rain, which, till then, had fallen in gentle showers, entirely ceased. Soon after the sun burst from behind the gloomy clouds, to spread his cheering rays over fields yet unstained with blood—over rivers, whose streams, meandering through Zadora's vale, were yet undisturbed by the strife of men—over heights, where the best blood of Britain was soon to flow:—to cheer the Sons of Freedom, on their march to the field of honour, hundreds of whom were destined, long before he had finished his daily course, to take their departure for ' that bourne whence no traveller returns.'

" At three o'clock on the morning of the 9th instant, I took leave of my friends in Cambo—to some of them it proved an eternal farewell. I will not attempt to de-

scribe the state of my feelings on that occasion—words are inadequate: You may form an idea of them when I tell you that they were those of a man taking leave of companions, whose confidence and friendship he possessed—friendship contracted in the haunts of peace, and cemented in the field of strife. Will you think the less of me, when I acknowledge, that the hand of one of those friends I bedewed with a salt drop, as I shook it and pronounced the word—Farewell!—But to them, and to Spain, I must, for the present, bid adieu. Farewell, ye tented fields—farewell, ye plains and towering heights, stained with the blood of the best and dearest of my friends!—For my native land I leave thy shores; there, in the bosom of my family, I hope to spend a few days in peace and domestic felicity.

"My gallant friends, of your heroic deeds I will read with delight; and, in the expectation of again joining you at an early period, to share in your dangers and your glory, I bid you all—Farewell."

Upon hearing the above, the President drank, "Mr Odoherty, and his excellent Review," in a bumper, and called next for

Mr Tickler's Opinion.

MR EDITOR,

It is very well for Mr Odoherty to express himself in rapturous approbation of the author of these letters. I can easily believe that they have often cracked a bottle of wine together, at the expense of some respectable Spanish widow, and I applaud the feelings which have induced the illustrious adjutant to sit a lenient judge on the performance of his comrade. I am glad, however, that you have allowed me to say what my opinion of the book is also: because I think it would have had a bad effect on the character of your Miscellany, to send forth these excusable but absurd and exaggerated praises without contrast or counterbalance of censure.

The letter writer has assuredly nothing in common with ensign Odoherty but his military rank, which, I presume, is the same, and the memory of those campaigns in which it would seem they have both been engaged, and in which, I doubt not, they both did all that their duty required of them as excellent soldiers. Even in the business of a campaign, however, I by no means imagine their minor points of deportment would at all coincide. Methinks few things could be more different than the good-humoured nonchalance with which the ensign and adjutant of the 99th, or king's own Tipperary regiment, would submit to all the little inconveniences of a martial life—and the querulous commiseration—beseeching plaintive paragraphs, wherein his brother standard-bearer of the 92d, details to his good old grandmother the agonies of his teeth in cracking hard biscuit—the uncomfortable dampness of his breeches after wading through a stream—his sighs over an old country church plundered of its pulpit-cloth and silver candlesticks—his exclamations of horror at seeing an old woman comb her child's head, &c. &c. Odoherty's own journal, (which I have frequently perused in manuscript, and which I would fain hope he may soon be induced to publish, either in three volumes 8vo, or piece meal in this Magazine) bears no earthly resemblance to that of the ensign of the 92d. Odoherty never complains of bad smells in the streets of Lisbon or Abrantes—Odoherty never refuses a good dinner because a Frenchman had cooked it—Odoherty never stops to describe the execution of a private deserter, as if it were a defeat of Marshal Soult—Odoherty could mend a crack in his own breeches, and never thinks of amusing us with a picturesque description of the rents they sustained from thorn and pike—Odoherty, in fine, commonly walked about with a segar in his cheek, which kept him in a state both of warmth and mirth—and Odoherty never once hints that he carried a supply of tea and sugar in his haversack.

This, in a few words, Mr Editor, is one of the most silly and contemptible pieces of book-manufacture that ever fell in my way. The author most certainly possesses not any one talent which fits a man for being an author. He has not any power of observation to take note of what occurs in his presence—otherwise how could he have failed to write a book full of amusement and information with so many fine things that he must have seen during so many campaigns? If he had observed every thing, he would still have been unable to express any thing—for he has evidently no knowledge either of the English or of any

other language. He flusters and fumes now and then, as if he would fain soar into a piece of fine writing—but the demon of dulness sits heavy on his shoulders—and he is as tame as a historian, as our friend Macvey is as a philosopher. He has, moreover, an audaciously high opinion of himself—and I wish Odoherty had quoted some of his Ex-Cathedrâ remarks on the military conduct of Lord Wellington—a personage of whom he is no more entitled to say one word, than Macvey Napier was to write a dissertation about Lord Bacon.

Enough of this red-coated author! I wonder what possesses men in red coats to write so many books now-a-days. I am sure they have not, among them all, written a single good one.—I beg pardon; I always mean to except the present company. Odoherty needs not my testimony to shew the world at what an immeasurable distance he stands above all brother-standard-bearers, afflicted with the *Cacoethes Scribendi*. I trust the hint I have thrown out will not be lost, and that the ensign will, in good earnest, set about preparing for the press his *Commentaries on the Campaigns of Wellington*. I see Mr Southey announces the speedy appearance of his *History of the War in the Peninsula*. He and the Ensign will go down to posterity together. If the profound views and pathetic descriptions of the Laureate seem to give promise that in him Lord Wellington is destined to find his Livy—may we not prophesy, with equal confidence, that the professional skill and easy diffusive narrative of our friend—will stamp Odoherty the Polybius of this modern Hannibal?

REMARKS ON DR WATT'S BIBLIOTHECA BRITANNICA.*

We earnestly request the attention of our readers to the first number of the first part of the Bibliotheca Britannica, which has just been published at Glasgow. This work has already been announced in the usual way by a prospectus and specimen, but we should be extremely happy to think that it had been in our power to give any additional publicity to its plan and merits. The book, moreover, has now acquired a melancholy kind of interest from the death of its author, who, after having brought a most herculean task to completion, was cut off at the moment when he was about to witness the success of his exertions. Dr Watt however, has left a son who is willing and able to superintend the publication of this very great and useful work, and we would heartily wish him a full portion of his father's spirit, to guide and sustain him throughout all he has to do.

The literature of Germany has for many years possessed a work of nearly the same kind with this. We allude to the Dictionary of Heinsiŭs, and we doubt not that work must have suggested to Dr Watt the first idea of the present one. As for the utility of the species, that is a matter of which we do not think it necessary to say any thing, since it must be almost equally apparent at the first glance, to the most profound, and the most superficial of English readers. The first part of this work is to consist of a Catalogue of British Authors, and of all authors whose works have been translated into the English tongue, and a copious selection from the most distinguished authors of all countries, arranged in the alphabetical order of the persons' names, and affording a full view of the whole of their labours, every edition of every book being marked in an accurate manner, according to the natural order of their appearance, their sizes and prices being also specified, and, in the more important cases, the character of the particular writer being also set down. In the second part, the subjects on which books have been written are, in like manner, to be arranged alphabetically; and under each head, the works, and principal parts of works connected with it, are to be arranged in chronological order. This part is also to include all the anonymous works which have appeared in Britain. It is obvious what a mighty weapon this work, when completed, will put into the hands of every man of letters—nay, it is obvious that it *must* form a part of every library, worthy of the name, both in and out of this country.

Fearing that some little additional

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* Part I. No I. 4to. £1, 1s. Constable, Edinburgh; Duncan, Glasgow, &c.

anxiety respecting the success of the book might have been excited by the news of the author's untimely death, the executors applied to a few of the best known literary characters of the city in which he lived, viz. Mr Jardine, the celebrated professor of Logic in the university of Glasgow; Mr Ralph Wardlaw, a dissenting clergyman of distinguished reputation there; Mr James Ewing, whose philanthrophic labours in regard to the charitable establishments of Glasgow, have now rendered his name well known throughout the country; and last, not least, Dr Thomas Chalmers, one of the ministers of Glasgow. The result of their inquiries has been thus stated by these eminent individuals:

"*Glasgow, April 14th* 1819.

"In consequence of the lamented death of the late Dr Robert Watt, of this city, we have been requested by his family and his publishers, to examine the Manuscripts of the Bibliotheca Britannica, left by him in the possession of his son, and now in the course of publication.—In compliance with this request, we have this day inspected the numerous written volumes of this laborious work, going through the contents of each Letter *seriatim*, and comparing their relative proportions.

"It was not, of course, within our commission, to form any judgment of the execution and merits of the work itself; but we are happy to have it in our power to assure the Subscribers, that, as far as our examination could enable us to judge, it has been left by the Author throughout, in a state of readiness for publication.—Nor can we forbear adding our attestation to the striking evidence afforded by it of indefatigable industry and unwearied perseverance, in a department of labour too, which, however useful in its results, must appear to most minds to possess few allurements in the execution. The author, we understand, devoted the greater part of the last twenty years of his life, to the collection and arrangement of the necessary materials; and of these *the whole* has been copied *thrice*, and some parts of them even *six and seven times*. During the last four years, his son has been engaged, under the direction of his father, in forwarding and completing the work; and, from the experience which he has thus had, as well as in other respects, we have no doubt of his qualifications for perfecting what yet remains to be done, in adding the new publications which may make their appearance during the progress of the work through the press.

"It is with sincere satisfaction we thus state our conviction, that this important work is not likely to suffer from the decease of its Author;—and it is, at the same time, our earnest desire and hope, that his bereaved family may reap, both in credit and emolument, the fruits of the courage which projected, and the industry which completed a publication, which we are satisfied, will, on several accounts, form a very valuable acquisition to the literary world."

In addition to this we know not that we need say any thing; but, as the specimen circulated some time ago may not have fallen into the hands of all our readers, we shall select two articles, from which they may be able to form an accurate notion of the execution of the Bibliotheca Britannica;—and we shall make our selections almost entirely at random.

"ADDISON, Joseph, an eminent Poet and Classical Writer, was born at Milstone in Wiltshire, of which place his father was Rector, 1672; died 1719.—Remarks on several parts of Italy in the years 1701-2-3. Lond. 1705, 8vo. 1718, 12mo. 1761, 12mo. The same translated into Latin, under the title of Addisoni Epistola missa ex Italia ad illustrem Dominum Halifax, anno 1701. Auctore A. Murphy. Lond. 1799, 4to. 2s. 6d.—Campaign; a Poem, with a Latin version. Lond. 1708, 8vo.—Poems. Lond. 1712, 8vo.—The Five Whig-Examiners. Lond. 1712.—Cato: a Tragedy. Lond. 1713, 4to. The same in Italian and French, 1715, 4to. In Latin, under the following title, Cato Tragœdia, Auctore Clarissimo Viro Josepho Addison inter Angliæ nostræ Principes Poetas, jure numerando, Omissis Amatoriis Scenis. Latino Carmine Versa. 1763, 8vo. 2s. 6d. This translation is in general elegant, and executed with great spirit. The style approaches that of Seneca the tragedian.—Essay concerning the Error in distributing modern Medals. Lond. 1715, 12mo. —A Poem to the Princess of Wales; Another to Sir Godfrey Kneller. Lond. 1716, fol.—Freeholder. Lond. 1716, 8vo. 1751, 12mo. 1785, 4to. anon.—The Drummer, or the Haunted House. Lond. 1716, 4to. 1722, 4to.—Freethinker. Lond. 1722, 3 vols. 8vo.—Dissertations on the most celebrated Roman Poets; Englished by Cha. Hayes. Lond. 1718, 4to.—Memoirs of his Life. Lond. 1719; 8vo.—Notes upon the Twelve Books of Paradise Lost, collected. Lond. 1719, 12mo.—Miscellaneous Works. Lond. 1721, 4 vols. 4to. Lond. 1730, 4 vols. 4to. By Baskerville, Birm. 1761, 4 vols. 4to.—Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals, especially in relation to the Latin and Greek Poets. Lond. 1726, 12mo. Ode to Dr Thomas Burnet. Lond. 1727, 4to.—Divine Poems. Lond. 1728, 8vo.—On the Evidences of the Christian Religion. Lond. 1730, 1733, 1776, 12mo. With additional Discourses. Edin. 1806. With Notes of Correvon, translated by Purdy. Lond. 1807, 8vo. Oxon. 1809, 8vo. Numerous editions.—His Life, with that of Lancelot Addison. Lond. 1733, 12mo.—

Discourses on Ancient and Modern Learning. Lond. 1739, 4to.—Miscellaneous Works, and his Life, by Tickell. Lond. 1741, 3 vols. 4to. Lond. 1746. Lond. 1766, 4 vols. 8vo. 1773, 3 vols. 12mo. 9s. Lond. 1804, 6 vols. royal 8vo. 63s. With Notes by Hurd. Lond. 1811, 6 vols. 8vo. 70s.—Critique upon Milton's Paradise Lost, by Dodd. Lond. 1762, 12mo.—Papers in the Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, and Freeholder, together with his Treatise on the Christian Religion, &c. Edin. 1790, 4 vols. 8vo. To these works Mr Addison contributed largely. In the Tatler his papers are not distinguished by any signature, but in the Spectator they are marked by one of the letters in the name Clio, and in the Guardian by a hand.—Addisoniana; or Anecdotes and Facts connected with the Life, Times, and Contemporaries of J. Addison. Plates. Lond. 1803, 2 vols. 8vo.

ÆSCHYLUS, one of the most eminent Tragic Poets of ancient times, was born at Athens, and is supposed, according to Stanley, on the Arundelian Marbles, about 400 years B. C. In his style, sentiment, and expression of character and passion, he has been justly compared with Shakspeare. The editions of his Tragedies are—Tragœdiæ, Gr. Lat. cum Scholiis Græcis, Fragmenta, &c. by Stanley. Lond. 1663.—Choëphoræ; Sophoclis Electra; et Euripidis Electra, Gr. Oxon. 1729, 12mo. Tragœdiæ vii. Græcè cum Lectionibus Varientibus. Glasg. 1746, 4to. Gr. Lat. Glasg. 1746, 2 vols. 12mo. The 4to. edit. is preferable to the 12mo. for correctness, although the blunders in the small one are not of much moment.—Prometheus Vinctus, Tragœdia, Gr. Lat. Morelli. Lond. 1773, 4to. This also contains an English Version.—Choëphoræ Tragœdiæ, Gr. Lat. Glasg. 1777.—Prometheus Vinctus Trag. Gr. Lat. a Morell. Eton, 1781.—Tragœdiæ Gr. cum Emendat. et Novis Lection. à Porson. Glasg. a Foulis, 1795, fol. Of this edit. only 52 copies were printed, 11 of which large paper. The type is the same as the fine edit. of Horace, and it is illustrated with beautiful Designs of Flaxman, executed in all the taste and spirit of antiquity, and they sell at a very high price. Tragœdiæ, Gr. Lat. Porsoni. Glasg. 1796, 2 vols. 8vo.—Prometheus Vinctus, Gr. Lat. Morelli. Eton. 1798, 8vo.—Tragœdiæ. Oxon. 1808, 8vo.—Tragœdiæ, ex edit. Schutz. Oxon. 1809, 12mo—Tragœdiæ quæ supersunt Deperditarum Fabularum Fragmenta et Scholia Græca, ex editione Thomæ Stanleii, cum Versione Latina ab ipso emendata, e Commentario longe quam antea fuit auctiori ex Manuscriptis ejus nunc demum edito. Accedunt Variæ Lectiones et Notæ, VV. DD. Criticæ ac Philologicæ; quibus suas passim intertexuit. Butlerii Cantab. 1809-12, 4 vols. 4to. This edition supplies the desideratum which the learned world for a long time complained of, a variorum edition of this Author.—Tragœdiæ, Gr. Lat. cum Scholiis Gr. ex editione Stanleii et Sam. Butler. Cant. 1809, 6 vols. 8vo.—Tragœdiæ, ex recensione Schutzii. Oxon. 1810, 2 vols. 8vo. 1811, 12mo.—Choëphoræ Trag. Gr. Lat. adj. Chorici Cantus ut in Tentamine Burnei. Edin. 1811, 12mo.—Αισχυλου Προμηθευς Δεσμωτης. Επτα επι Θηβας. Περσαι. Æschyli Prometheus Vinctus, Septem contra Thebas, et Persæ; ad fidem Manuscriptorum emendavit, Notas et Glossarium udjacet, Carolus Jacobus Blomfield, A. M. Camb. 1812, 3 vols 8vo.—Choëphoræ Trag. ex Recens. Porsoniana. Glas. 1814, 8vo.—The English Translations of this Author are the Tragedies of Æschylus, translated by R. Potter. Norwich 1777, 4to. 2d edit. with Notes. Lond. 1779, 8vo. a correct and elegant version.—Reprinted, Oxf. 1808, 1812, 8vo.—The best and the earliest foreign Editions are Editio Princeps, Tragœdiæ vi. Græcè, apud Aldum. Venice, 1518. This is very incorrect, and contains only six Trag.—Trag. Septem Robertelli. Venice, 1552, 8vo. This is the Princeps Editio of the seven Trag.—Trag. vii. Gr. Paris. 1552, a very beautifully printed work, by Turnebius.—Anonymi Scholia in Æschyli Trag. Ven. 1552. 8vo.—Trag. vii Græce cum Scholiis Græcis et Variis Lectionibus, Henr. Stephani. Paris. 1557, 4to.—Promoethius, Gr. Lat. ex Interpretatione et cum Scholiis Marthiæ Garbitii. Basiliæ, 1559, 8vo.—Ejusdem (item Sophoclis et Euripidis) Tragœdiæ Selectæ, cum Duplici Interpretatione unâ ad Verbum, alterâ Carmine. ap. H. Steph. 1567, 12mo.—Trag. Gr. Antw. 1580, 12mo. a very correct and beautiful edition, by Canter.—Trag. vii. Gr. Lat. cum Animadverss. per Joandem Caselium, Rostochii. 1582, 4to.—Trag. Sept. Thebana, Gr. Lat. Paris. apud Morell. 1585, sells very high.—Trag. Gr. Lat. cum Scholiis Græcis et Notis Tho. Stanleii, F. Robertelli, H. Stephani A. Turnebi, C. Canteri, ac Editoris Joannis Cornelii, curante Pauw, Hag. Com. 1745, 2 vols. 4to. a beautiful edit.—Prom. Trag. Gr. Ital. Romæ, 1754, 4to. This is said to be very valuable for its learned and useful Notes.—Trag. ex Sophocle, Euripide, et Æschylo Græce a Brunck. Argent. 1779, 3 vols. 12mo.—Trag. et Fragmenta, a Schutz, Gr. Halæ, 1782, 4 vols, 8vo. This edition is uncommonly well edited.

Some very sensible remarks concerning the minutiæ of the plan are appended to this first Number; but we are satisfied, that the best at once of eulogies and explanations will be found in a reference to the work itself. On the whole, it seems to us, that all those who prize the honour of British literature, will do well to contribute, as far as in them lies, to the success of this admirable book—a book which could not have been written

without a most intense and persevering zeal, of which quality, carried to any thing like the same extent, our age has not, we imagine, furnished any example. We may add, also, that we think the universities and public libraries are bound to carry their patronage of such a book as this very much beyond the usual limit of buying a few copies. In truth, the author *ought* to have received a salary for his labour from government or otherwise; for it is quite impossible that the time consumed on the Bibliotheca Britannica should ever be adequately paid for in the usual routine of the trade.

ON MUSICAL EXPRESSION, IN ANSWER TO MUSICAL QUERIES IN LAST NUMBER.

MR EDITOR,

THE notion, that the power which musical airs have of affecting the human mind, depends upon their resemblance to those inflections of voice which nature has made to accompany the passions, appears a plausible one at first, and is indeed partly true; but the emotions which we experience in hearing music, arise more, I am convinced, from other sources. No musical air can have a close resemblance to the natural tones of the voice, which in speech passes through gradations far more minute and various than those fixed intervals upon the adherence to which the existence of music depends. And it is quite an error to suppose, that the simple national airs of any country have more resemblance to the natural tones of the passions, than those airs composed by scientific musicians; for national melodies, though highly touching and expressive, are in general constructed upon such principles of melody as to have no resemblance whatever to the inflections of the natural voice. What dictates the flow of these early attempts is, for the most part, the mere love of melody or tune; and the resources of art, which afterwards enable musicians to come nearer to the inflections of the human voice, are then unknown. But scientific composers, after becoming familiar with all the principles of melody, begin to think how far these can be reconciled with the tones of the passions; and they accordingly sometimes produce airs, and oftener *recitatives*, which have a striking resemblance. It is remarkable, that the most successful imitations in this line have been produced by a copious use of modulations, or changes of the key—a resource quite unknown and unemployed in the early national airs of any country. The recitative in Jephtha, composed by Handel,

"Deeper and deeper still thy goodness, child,
Pierces a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel sentence on his faultering tongue,"
&c,

this recitative, which is considered as a most perfect vehicle of passion, is full of changes of the key from beginning to end.

The fact, however, is, that music accomplishes its finest effects, not by any sort of imitation, but by its self-contained expression; else whence would arise the beauty of an instrumental piece to which we attach no particular ideas, and which, although it suggests no conceptions to the imagination, yet fills the mind with agreeable feelings. The main pleasure to be found in music, is that of melody and harmony acting directly upon the human constitution. The emotions with which the mind is filled in listening to instrumental music, appear to result chiefly from these, by some unknown law. These emotions we find to be of different sorts, which we endeavour to characterize by the epithets of tender, solemn, energetic, &c.; but probably they have no identity with the ordinary passions to which we apply the same epithets, but are merely what may be called a stirring of our nature, produced by a musical cause. If words had never been conjoined with music, its abstract nature would have been much seldomer mistaken; but poetry supplies an extraneous and additional cause of emotion, which often blends so exquisitely with the other, that many a one is induced to believe music charms only as a vehicle of ideas.

If the object of music were only to combine sounds analogous to those of the human voice under the influence of emotion, then certainly a musical composition would have less merit, in proportion as it deviated into such melodies as the human voice never approximates to, in empassioned speech

or declamation. Recitatives would then be the only perfect species of music, and concords and harmony would be quite superfluous. Yet every person considers a beautiful flowing air as a higher musical pleasure than a recitative.

Your Newcastle correspondent seems inclined to consider a full concert as only a combination of so many airs, deriving their expression from their similarity to the inflections of the human voice, and played together upon the different instruments; but it will never do to take the human voice as the standard by which all music is to be measured. The voice has its own province, which is a very fine one, nor can any thing contend with it in touching the heart; but a grand instrumental piece has no more analogy to the voice, than the light and darkness of a thunder-storm have resemblance to the colours of the human face. There are innumerable relations of musical notes which the voice cannot produce, not only on account of their rapidity and emphasis, but because they are quite out of its compass. If all these were to be thrown away as unmeaning, the materials for composition would be reduced within a very narrow compass.

If your correspondent asks in what the beauty of an elaborate instrumental piece consists, I say that it consists in several things, namely—1st, In the relation of notes as perceived by a musical ear; and under this I mean to include all the beauties of melody, harmony, time, or motion, and the contrasted sounds of the different instruments. 2dly, There is a sort of subsidiary pleasure (belonging more properly to the understanding) in tracing the progress of the music through different keys, and in perceiving their mutual connexion, and the propriety of their sequence. There is also an analogous gratification in seeing the ingenuity and invention of the composer, either in constructing the melody or adapting the other parts to it. These are merits best understood by a person who has seen the music upon paper, and the knowledge of them heightens his satisfaction in hearing it played. 3tio, There may be followed out in the piece some species of imitation—as, for instance, an overture to an opera may be composed so as to present a succession of movements analogous, in their expression and character, to the events which are the subject of the piece—or a symphony may be composed, imitating literally some particular sounds or motions—as, for instance, those which occur in a battle. But although neither of these sorts of imitation be employed for determining what sort of passages are to be introduced in a composition, I still think the music may be excellent, and capable of exciting a great deal of emotion, without any intervention of ideas. If, during the performance of the music, the imagination supplies ideas of its own accord, the music will not be spoilt by them, and the hearer's pleasure may be increased.

Again, your Newcastle correspondent adopts the supposition that the difference between the style of old national songs, and those of modern composers, consists in the greater refinements of sentiment attempted to be expressed by the moderns. I do not know very well what is meant here by greater refinements of sentiment. I suspect the early musicians of Scotland or Ireland had very little notion of adapting the music to the words, or of conveying any definite affection of the mind. They were contented if the air was musically beautiful, and if its general expression was suited to the ballad or song to which it was sung. The art of fitting the music throughout to each particular idea expressed in the poetry, was not cultivated till modern times. Accordingly, in the old airs we find a continuous flow of melody, moving according to the simplest principles of rhythm, and evidently not much directed with a view to its adaptation to language. Scientific composers regulate the motion of the air, not merely according to rhythm, but also a good deal according to the accentuation of the language for which they are composing—and, in making recitatives, they follow no other guide but the latter.

Many persons, in upholding the merit of old Scottish or Irish airs, as opposed to those of modern composers, proceed upon the supposition that the distinctive quality of the latter is mere intricacy and difficulty of execution. It is true that some composers (in order to give singers an opportunity of shewing uncommon flexibility and compass) have written songs, in which the natural accents of the voice are entirely forgotten, and which deviate in-

to passages more proper for instrumental music. But the best composers, such as Mozart and Paisello, generally forbear from introducing such difficulties, at least in songs in which they mean to convey sentiment, and compose chiefly with a view to expression. Can any Scottish or Irish air be less intricate or difficult than "Vedrai carino" in Don Juan, or, to mention a song which every body knows, "Hope told a flattering tale," the music of which is by Paisello. If any one is insensible to the exquisite sweetness and tenderness of the first, or of other similar ones which occur in the works of Mozart, he must praise the airs of his native country only from habit or by rote; for the same sensibility which enables a person to relish the one, must enable him to perceive the superior excellence of the other, supposing him to have a sufficient number of opportunities of hearing them.

Probably there are constitutional peculiarities in the musical ear and taste of each country; and, therefore, the airs produced in that country (setting aside their abstract merit) may operate with peculiar effect on the feelings of the natives; but this is no reason why any man should refuse to extend his taste, and enlighten his views, so as to be able to relish scientific music. The peculiarities of national music result very much from the sort of instruments which happened to be early known in each country; and the imperfections of these instruments can generally be traced in the airs that were played on them.

To musical amateurs the above arguments may appear superfluous, but they are addressed to popular readers; and it is well worth while to endeavour to remove prejudices, which hinder many a one from becoming acquainted with exquisite sources of gratification. The musical perceptions of every person are capable of being very much extended and strengthened. At first, we are apt to cling with most pleasure to the simplest relations of notes, because they do not perplex or overtask the musical faculty. As the ear becomes exercised, and as we grow familiar with varied musical combinations, we begin to perceive the beauty of more remote relations, and the connexion of more distant parts. The order and the purpose of what originally had only the effect of confusing and stupifying us, becomes apparent. At the same time it must be admitted, that in order to understand some pieces completely, and perceive the purpose of them, it is necessary to have not only a good ear, but also a knowledge of the principles of music.

I have not replied to your very able Correspondent methodically, according to the order of his ingenious interrogations; but if he thinks my observations obscure or unsatisfactory, I am ready to enter into the discussion again, upon seeing a second set of queries or cross-questionings. I am, &c. A. B.

COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

MR EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH you are the very reverse of a common-place person yourself, your candour will induce you to admit, that common-place people have been much and unjustly abused. The fact is, that they are persons of lofty minds, familiar only with the greater truths, and condescending to adopt scarcely any thing of less authority than a proverb. The high ground that they have taken has naturally enough offended people of little capacity—the facetious—the minor speculators—the would-be wits—reformers of all sorts—who have vented their ill temper and their ink against the advocates of established truth.

These petty persons pique themselves as much upon detecting a slight error in a mighty argument, as if they had overturned a system; and they argue that because they have, through a continuation of malice and accident, discovered a flaw, the structure must fall to the ground. Your common-place man avoids all this. He never runs much risk in committing himself. It was well observed by one (a cautious person, but slow) who, upon being asked how much 12 times 13 amounted to, replied that "it depended upon circumstances." I do not mean to contend that this reply was such as could be maintained as a proposition; but it was a good piece of generalship at least, and would have puzzled many a man to have disproved it readily—besides it shews the prudent character of the sect.

One is never safe with persons who addict themselves to new points in mo-

rals and metaphysics and theology.—We have eternally the same ground to go over again with fresh obstacles raised, as it should seem, for the mere purpose of impeding our progress. A common-place man takes the old point as quite a matter of fact, and never perplexes himself or his hearers with a new one. The mind can thus venture upon a system with the assurance of being finally able to conquer it.—This is a satisfaction, and stimulates the soul to study.

Another and more seducing fact is, that common-place people get through life more easily and more pleasantly than speculators of any sort. They sail for ever on a summer sea, with just enough of the cloud and the breeze to diversify their voyage. They never, to be sure, see the tempest in its power—the lightnings more vivid than the day, and the thunder like a voice from heaven, and louder than the cries of the Sicilian Ætna; but they hear a music in the passing breezes, and they bask in the idle sunshine, and they are lulled by the scarcely undulating waters to sleep—and this is quite enough for them. They are not fashioned for the reception of rough impressions.

No doubt a great many other things might be said of these amiable people; but, perhaps, their character may be more clearly given by an example. So, in the room of any argumentative matter, I send you an Epitaph written on a friend of mine, who, in some measure, exemplifies my assertion as to the *happiness* which common-place people enjoy. Poor Tomkins! He lived more happily and got through life more smoothly than any man I ever knew. The following is a sort of Epitaph upon him:

THE LATE MR TOMKINS.

There have been few men who have deserved an epitaph better than my friend Tomkins. He was truly a worthy character. He was utterly without the spirit of paradox. He disdained contradiction as a vice subversive of comfort, and he lived and died without an enemy. He was cut off in the flower of his age, and he faded away like the snuff of a candle. But tears will not bring him to life, so let me e'en wipe my eyes and proceed.

I remember him when a boy at school. Our master was a bit of a prophet with respect to his scholars. He said that Tomkins might not make a shining man, but that his talents were respectable, and his heart was good, and that was better. His nurse too, had availed herself, I have heard, of her privileges, and had pronounced him to be like the race of Tomkins. She ventured to add that he would be no disgrace to the family.

Tomkins was not handsome, but there was a complacency in his countenance that bespoke a man at ease with himself and the world. I have known him as pleasant over a leg of mutton as a master of arts. He would cut the same kind of jokes; and if he failed in his aim at original wit, he could at all times do honour to an established jest. He beguiled you into a sympathy with his features. His very laugh was contagious, and he reserved it like a prudent general, for the end of his story. There was no waste of laughter before hand, but you saw from the twinkling of his eyes, that there was something important behind. He would protract his pleasantry, now and then, by a multitude of words—evading the joke till you were absolutely uneasy on your seat. You would guess a dozen times at what he was driving—you could not help it—and you saw him still continuing his easy stream of narrative, with a smile of tyrannic exultation at your irritability. He coiled his lengthened train of story up like a serpent, and at last burst it upon you with all his collected might. His good humour put your muscles in requisition, and you spread out your store of smiles to satisfy him and do him honour.

Perhaps there have been few better judges of port than he. He smacked his lips and looked through his wine-glass with the air of a connoisseur, and you felt your taste at his mercy. I have heard him say, "Ha! this is something like—what's your cold French claret to this? This is the only stuff fit for an Englishman's stomach. Give me a bit o' roast-beef, (sirloin) and a glass of port, and the Pope may have claret for me." With what a profound air he would shake up the bottoms of the glass against the side, and make us observe its oily qualities. "That," said he, "will never deceive you." If I doubted this, he would smile good-naturedly, and say, "ah! cousin, you are young—

young; you haven't been accustomed to these matters. I say, Mr Jones, when Stephen, here, has drank as many glasses of good old port as you and I—oh! we'll give him leave to talk of these things." A laugh generally concluded these speeches, and I found myself quite at a loss for reply.

My friend Tomkins was an honest man and a good subject. He owed no man a penny, and had always paid twenty shillings in the pound. He loved the king and constitution as by law established, and drank to the Protestant ascendancy. If any body put in a word about different governments, he would bid us recollect the French Revolution, and be quiet. He said this with an air so imposing, that there was no refuge but in conviction or silence. I once uttered the name of *Mirabeau*—"Mirabeau!" he replied. He threw off his glass, and his underlip intruded itself upon you like a reproach. "Peace be to his ashes! He was indeed an extraordinary man. His mother used to point towards him, and bid the young people observe what it was possible to arrive at. He was the best tradesman in the ward of Cheap, and had a voice "in potency as double as the Duke's." The churchwarden was a cipher to him; and in parish accounts he was without a rival. Nothing but fortune was wanting to make him a Chancellor of the Exchequer. I once heard him on his legs for at least a quarter of an hour, on the subject of the volunteers. It was an admirable effort. He had a sneer for every one that was hostile, and joke for all who were doubtful. The sense of the vestry was *decidedly* in his favour. How could it have been otherwise? In my life I never heard any thing equal to his reproof. Some person had said, that he was desirous of preserving his military elevation (he had arrived at the dignity of corporal in the regiment merely by dint of service). I do not wish to repeat his answer, as several of his opponent's family may feel the thing severely. On the death of the gentleman (at a city feast) who carried the colours, Mr Tomkins became ensign; and I will be bold to say, that his Majesty never had a more faithful officer, nor one who did more honour to the service. But he is gone, as Alexander and Cæsar have gone before him; and his loss is still felt in the ward of Cheap.—Peace be to his ashes!"

VINDICI.

THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

ONCE—in the elder time—men did adore
Thro' this fierce month, with lamentations loud,
A God of many names. Some fearfully bowed
Their abject heads upon the Egypt shore,
Praising the brute Osiris. Some who wore
A lovelier faith, from out the Olympian crowd
Called on old Saturn.—Some from the rainy cloud
Shaped the deluging Noah. Those times are o'er.——
And now, beneath the blue Septemper sky,
The eager hunter stays his winged prey,
And takes his month of murderous revelry:
Even the white dove that travelled far away,
And brought the Ark sad tidings in *this* day
Hath lost her holy beauty, and must die.

C.

To ————

Music! the voice of angels—given
'Tis said, to us, poor rogues below,
To wean us from this world of woe,
And give us some foretaste of heaven.
If music then be heavenly,
Ah! what is she who breathes the song,
Or she whose finger roams along
Robbing the harp of harmony?

W.

STANZAS.

1.

She died, *she died*—yet still to me
She comes in sad and sober dreaming,
And from her hair a pale light streaming
Shews her as she was wont to be.

2.

She stands in beauty by me still:
Alas! that death two hearts should sever,
(The father and the child), who ever,
Loved, and were so inseparable.

3.

Still are her brow and bosom white;
Her raven hair the one adorning,
And her eyes sweet as the break of morning,
Shine through like stars from the darkest night.

4.

If the quick lustre of her eye
(Can such then sparkle from the grave?)
Be false, may I live still the slave
Of this so charming phantasy.

5.

It matters not to me from what
Or whom she gains her beauty now;
I see my child's own, *sinless* brow,
And die—if I believe it not.

C.

NOTICES OF REPRINTS OF CURIOUS OLD BOOKS.

No IV.

" Tis merry when Gossips meet."—At the Chiswick-press.

We have of late neglected this series in a culpable manner, but must endeavour not to allow our good friends, Mr Triphook and Mr Singer, to get too much a-head of us. They have for these several months past been as indefatigable as ever. Several new works in numbers have been set a-going at the Chiswick-press. We have seen so many as five numbers of *Select Early English Poets*—each number being a most beautiful little book in point of typography, and most of them rich in matter of a most interesting class—of which more very soon. Another series of *Ancient Humorous Poetry* has just been commenced, which we think promises still better. The charming dialogue, entitled, *Tis merry when Gossips meet*, occupies the first number—a very choice specimen of old English mirth and satire, which had become extremely scarce, and was in fact known almost to none but the professed black-letter men of the land. We know of few people whose labours effect more real service to the literature of our age, than those of Mr Triphook; and nothing can be more modest than the style in which his labours commonly make their appearance. Let him proceed with the Ancient Humorous Poetry by all means, and he cannot fail to produce a highly delightful volume—not a "*humble*," as he himself terms it, but a most valuable and appropriate "supplement to the elegant publications of Mr Ritson and Mr Utterson."

The dialogue of the *Three kind Gossips* has been frequently attributed to Samuel Rowlands, but it is not well known on what authority. It is at all events much in his style, and was originally published by John Deane, "*at his shop under Temple-barre*," the usual shrine from which the inspirations of old Samuel's muse found their issue into the world. It is a very quaint and lively picture of the manners of city ladies, of the middle order, at the end of the reign of Queen Bess, and really possesses not a little of the true dramatic spirit which at that time flourished in England as it has never since done. Throughout there are touches which remind us, ever and anon, of the best parts of our old comedy; but so great is the bitterness of some of the sarcasms against the ladies, that had the author brought such a piece actually upon the stage, we think it is odds against him he might have shared in the ill treatment which Aristophanes tells us Euripides met with for a similar cause from the fine matrons of Athens. It is delicate ground on which the author has trodden; and we do not know that we could have ventured to break on it ourselves, without having the apology and protection of his guidance. It is true the scene is laid so far back as A. D. 1609, at the least; but we suspect there are not a few of the points handled, to which some parallels might be found among the fair of the glorious 1819 itself.

The *Three Gossips* are a Widow, a Wife, and a Maid, well acquainted with each other, and, we believe, cousins, who meet accidentally in the neighbourhood of a tavern, and, chiefly by persuasion of the Widow, go in to enjoy themselves for an hour or two, in the manner of the Lords of the Creation, over a flask of claret. The cheer and the conversation turns out so much to the mind of all concerned, that they agree to have some sausages and a little mulled sack into the bargain—and so they make a night of it, not separating till Bow-bell rings nine o'clock, which hour appears to them a more culpably late one, than some modern fine ladies would think nine in the morning at a ball on board a guard-ship. The malicious poet represents these females as laying aside, when by themselves in this upper room, a good deal of that delicacy of demeanour and speech which characterizes those of their sex when in the company of people of the other gender. They eat and drink, in the first place, in a style of heartiness which is quite unexampled in the usual *coram publico* diet of ladies. They help themselves to sausages plateful after plateful—more particularly the Wi-

dow—discussing all they can lay their hands upon in a way that might put the most ravenous gormandizers of the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh to the blush. The bottle, also, is pushed round in a way that would do Bill Young's heart good to see rivalled below the blue and yellow ceiling of his HALL: Even the young lady never leaves a drop of heel-taps, but fills as fair, and gives her toast in her turn as boldly as either of her more experienced companions. We believe almost every young lady will acknowledge the justice of the remark of the *Maid*, in this little specimen of their carousing dialogue.

" *Wife.* My turne is next, and so it passeth round :
Looke, *Gentlewomen*, is it full de'e thinke ?
I scorne to be intreated take my drinke.

Widow. Why laugh you, Cossen ? sweet lets know.

Mayde. An odde conceite I thinke on, makes me smile,
When I am forth in company, or so,
How by the dram I take in wine that while,
Kissing the cup, vpon the wine I frowne,
And so with smelling it, I set it downe.

Some simple fooles (all manners for his wit)
Comes on me with the French salute most quaintly,
And sayes, Sweet, mend your draft, you drink no whit ;
Introth you shew yourselfe too maydendainty :
Drinke better, Lady, at my kind request.
I say, sweet Sir, I can no wine digest."

Shortly after, a great deal of mirth is excited by the *Wife*, who gives an account of a very squeamish and delicate lady, a neighbour of her's, who never drinks a single drop, except at dinner or supper, and even then is contented with a very small allowance. The Widow holds this person in great contempt. She says,

" Marry and gip, some body take her vp :
Some Doctor's wench a' my word for her skill,
That takes in diet by the dram and pill."

The Widow, indeed, is decidedly the most knowing member of the company. She approves of her own condition, and says she wont marry again, although she admits having a " red-haired man" for her suitor at this very time. She has a prejudice, however, against gentlemen of that complexion, and admits that she might be less frigidly disposed towards a more swarthy-faced lover. She admires, above all things, a fine rich black beard, curled down the breast in the luxurious fashion of those times, and has as much scorn of a " ragged chin," as ever Queen Henrietta had of a round head. The Widow says, *inter alia*, on this topic—for it is discussed at great length, and apparently with the most lively interest by the whole of the interlocutors.

" Ile neuer trust a red-hair'd man againe,
If I should liue a hundred yeares, that's flat.
I speake it by experience and good trial
Of all haire cullours giue that hair denial.

A *nut-browne* colour, or an *aburne* either,
May both do well, and are to be allow'd :
A *waxen*-colour hath no great fault neither ;
But for a ragged chin I firme have vow'd,
It shall by me perpetuall be abhor'd,
And with my heeles *I* scorne it by the Lord.

A man whose beard seems scar'd with spirits t'haue bin,
That wants the worthiest grace, length, bredth, and thickness,
And hath no difference twixt his nose and chin,
But all his haires haue got the falling-sickne ;
Whose fore-frunt lookes like Iack-an-Apes behind :
Shee that can loue him, beares a scuruy minde.

Wife. I pray you, what say you to my husband then ?

Widow. The rar'st complexion that you can deuise,
The golden sentence proues black-bearded-men,
Are precious pearles in beautious womens eyes :
Their loyal hearts none iustly can controule,
I loue a blacke man, Couzen, with my soule.

Wife. Let Besse note this ; for when I was a Maide,
And to the love of men began to bow ;
I gaue great eare to that which women said,
When they were merry met, as we are now ;
Yea and my mother did perswade me too,
Wench (would she say) note what your elders doo.

That lesson, without booke, was straight mine owne,
She need not to repeat it ouer twice ;
I quickly smelt what t'was to liue alone,
What to be kind in loue, what to be nice."

The *Widow and the Wife* then turn to the *Maiden*, and advise her, by all means, to alter her state. She is fifteen years old, and that age, they say, is just the most proper for being married—although here, under favour, we must entirely differ from them. Most of the young ladies we know about that age are mere children, and would be quite useless at the head of a house. But *Miss Besse* seems to think very seriously of profiting by the advice

given here. She says plainly enough that it is not from her own inclination she has so long continued unwedded. Her case is thus told, and we believe it may not be an uncommon one.

" Faith, 'tis my mother's counsel that I tarrie;
She alwayes sayes, when young men come a woing,
Stay, daughter, stay, you must not yet be doing."

The *Widow* disapproves very much of this conduct of Besse's mother, and advises the young lady to elope with some young fellow or other as soon as she has an opportunity. The *Wife* also gives shameful countenance to this good counsel, by quoting the following high authority.

" A scholler told me when *I* was a Mayd,
Of marriage knot—they haue no power to break it,
Now by this sacke, a learned man did speake it."

Bess, however, although she promises to adopt the plan proposed—is a sensible girl, and will do nothing hurriedly. She is resolved to wait till a handsome lover makes his appearance—and talks with great scorn of a rich fellow with a horrible squint and a pair of spindle-shanks, who has been flirting with her at some evening parties in Fish-hill, for it is there she lives. In regard to this one-eyed admirer, the *Widow* (who is, of course, infected with the mania of match-making) thinks the *Mayde* has behaved foolishly and cruelly, and pleads the cause of the unfortunate man with much eloquence, but without the smallest success. Miss Elizabeth says, shrewdly enough, that she herself is the person most concerned, and that she will follow, as to this matter, nobody's counsel but her own. Waxing warm as she proceeds, she debates the point with a skill that argues highly of her natural talents, and announces the determinate nature of her resolution with a heroic clearness of expression. It will be observed that the *Wife* (who seems to have married for love herself) coincides with Bess in opinion. The Mayde says of the man with the squint,

" I will not loue *him* whatsoe'er befall,
Ile haue a handsome man, or none at all."

The Widow objects to this vow, as hasty and ill-timed.

Wid. Go too, go to, his riches doth excell.
Mayde. A figge for wealth, 'tis person *I* affect.
Wid. You are a foole, he will maintaine you well.
Mayde. *I* tell you, I a proper man respect:
De'e thinke that I with such a dwarffe will store me,
That shall disgrace me when he goes before me.

Ile haue a comely man from head to foot,
In whose neat limbes no blemish can be spied:
Whose legge shall grace his stocking or his boot,
And weare his rapier manly by his side:
With such a one my humour doth agree,
He shall be welcome to my bed and mee.

Wife. Besse, and th'art wise, hold that opinion still,
For were *I* to begin the world to-morrow,
In such a choice, *I* would my minde fulfill:
And so *I* drinke to thee: come on, hang sorrow:
Wench, let it be thy rule at any hand,
To make thy choyce euen as thy mind doth stand.

Many do match (as true as this is wine)
With some Dunce, Clown, or Gul, they care not who,
For no cause but to be maintained fine,
And haue their wils in what they please to do:
When their hearts love's as much in other things,
As there is vertue in mine apron-strings.

There occur in the dialogue a great many pieces of highly important information, concerning the private motives and cunning tricks adopted by wives, widows, and maids, for the furtherance of their great plans, viz. the entrapping and governing of men. But these we leave for the present untouched, strongly recommending a perusal of the whole to those of our own sex who wish to walk in the world without blind-folds. We long for the appearance of the future numbers of the *Ancient Humorous Poetry*.

HUMAN BEAUTY.

[As Dr MORRIS's treatise, *De Muliere*, although it has appeared several times in a French garb, has never been translated into English, we are happy in presenting our readers with the following version of a part of one of its chapters, executed by Mr Drake Morris, a nephew of the author, who is at present studying medicine in the university of Edinburgh. We hope this young gentleman may be induced to render the whole work in the same manner.]

" Toi qui l'antiquite fit eclore dés ondes,
Qui descendis du ciel et regnes sur les mondes ;
Toi qu'apres la Bonté l'homme cherit le mieux ;
Toi qui nacquis un jour du sourire des dieux,
Beauté je te salue !
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
Source de volupte, de delices, d'attraits,
Sur trois regnes divers tu repands tes bienfaits ;
Tantôt loin de nos yeux, dans les flancs de la terre,
En rubis enflammés tu transformes la pierre ;
Tu donnes en secret leurs couleurs aux metaux,
Au diamant ses feux, et leur lustre aux cristaux ;
Au sein d'Antiparos tu filtres goutte à goutte,
Tous ces glaçons d'albatre, ornement de sa voûte,
Edifice brillant, qui dans ce noir sejour
Attend que son eclat brille a l'eclat du jour ;
Tantôt nous etalant ta pompe eblouissante,
Pour colorer l'arbuste, et la fleur, et la plante,
D'or, de pŭrpre, d'azur, tu trempes tes pinceaux ;
C'est toi qui dessinas ces jeunes arbrisseaux,
Ces élégans tilleŭls, et ces platanes sombres
Qu'habitent la fraicheur, le silence et les ombres.
Dans le monde animé quelles sont tes faveurs !
L'insect dans la fange est fier des ses conleurs ;
Ta main du Paon superbe etoila le plumage ;
D'un souffle tu créas le papillon volage.
Ta main au Tigre horrible, au Lion indompté,
Donna leur menaçante et sombre majesté
Tu departes aux fleurs la souplesse, la Grace ;
Tu te plus a parer le coursier plein d'audace,
Qui relevant sa tête, et cadençant ses pas,
Vole, cherche les prēs, l'amour, et les combats.
A l'aigle, au moŭcheron tu donnas la Parure,
Mais tu traitas en Roi le Roi de la Nature.
L'homme seul eut de toi ce front majestŭeux,
Ce regard tendre et fier, noble, voluptueux,
Du sourire et des pleŭrs l'interessant language ;
—— Et sa compagne, enfin, fut ton plus bel ou vrage.
Pour ELLE tu choisis les tresors les plus doux,
Cette aimable pudeur qui les embellit toŭs,
Tout ce qui porte au cœur, l'attendrit et l'enflamme,
Et les graces du corps, et la douceur de l'Ame."*

ADDRESSING myself in the first instance to the reading public of France,† how can I begin this chapter more appropriately than with the above exquisite citation from one of the most elegant of her poets? I prefer these light, deli-

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* Delille.

† It may be mentioned, that Dr Morris was taken prisoner in Spain, and afterwards detained for two years at Verdun and Biche. It was during this captivity that the second and enlarged edition of the book DE MULIERE was published. D. M.

cate, and feeling lines—worthy of the best of all the successors of Racine—to all the pompous definitions which have been given to the world by philosophers and would-be philosophers, from Aristotle to Father André inclusive. Montaigne has said with great apparent truth, that a man is as sensible of the presence of *beauty* when he looks upon it, as he is of fire when he is scorched by it. It is in vain, therefore, that Voltaire would attempt to deny the existence of any such thing as human beauty. "What is beauty?" says that prince of jesters—"If you ask a frog, he will reply, that beauty consists in having two large round eyes goggling in a little head, a large broad throat, a yellow belly, and a brown back.—If you ask the devil, he will laugh at you for your stupidity, and assure you that beauty consists in a pair of horns, four talons, and a long tail. Consult the philosophers, and they will reply by some drivellings about archetypes, essences, the *beau ideal*, and the KAAON!!!" The truth is, that we all know what beauty is both in man and woman. My present business is to inquire where that beauty is most commonly to be found.

The most perfect individual beauty is always very different from ideal beauty, and the only difficulty is to find out that which is in the least degree different from it. In almost every situation nature keeps at a considerable distance from perfection. Here she leaves the face half finished—there she only makes a rude outline of the figure; here she never completes a neck—there she always exaggerates it; and almost everywhere, as Winklemann has well observed, she neglects to put the last touch to the formation of the extremities. And thus it is that in all languages we find the epithet *rare* appropriated to beauty, and even the Italians calling it *pellegrina*, as if to show that it is a thing they have seldom seen. Their poets, as you know, are full of such expressions as *bellezze pellegrine; Leggiadria singolare e pellegrina*, &c. &c. And yet there is no question that beauty belongs more to certain countries than to others—that in some places models of beauty (that is what may be called such) are numerous, while, in other regions, the type of humanity is constantly exhibited in a state of degradation and abasement. In fact, the differences of air and soil have great influence upon beauty; and if man, in virtue of the force and flexibility of his organization, be not confined to any particular points of the globe—if his race, on the contrary, be diffused over all lands, and in every climate—if he partake the frozen habitations of the rein-deer, and dispute with lions and alligators the burning tracts of the equator—it by no means follows that all the parts of that vast domain in which his vitality can support itself, are equally favourable to his happiness—or to his beauty. A climate separated equally from the cold of the pole and the heat of the equator, forms the first and most essential condition to the production of that developement, physical and moral, of which the species is capable—and in which its perfection resides.

Often, also, in the same zone, and under the same degree of latitude, the position of the place, its elevation, its environs, its soil—in short, all those accidents of locality which constitute the climate of a particular spot, are found to produce great differences in the configuration of its human inhabitant. Thus in the same district one constantly finds that those men who dwell on the slopes of the hill are agile, well made, and their women handsome; while on the dull and flat soil where the earth is heavy, the air thick, and the water impure, the peasants are clumsily shaped, and their wives and daughters almost all—the reverse of beautiful.*

A similar effect is produced to a still more remarkable degree by the habitual recurrence of certain insalubrious winds, the destructive breath of which changes the aspect of plants, of animals, and of men, and gives to the inhabitants of these unfortunate spots a colour of unhealthy yellow or lividness—looks dark and downcast—forms destitute of regularity, to say nothing of nobility. But as it is impossible to go into these more minute varieties, we must content ourselves with adopting very nearly the limits assigned by

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* Quere. Is it from this that one of the meanings of the English word *plain* is derived? D. M.

Buffon—that is, the space between the 40th and the 65th degrees of north latitude. It is here that nature appears most beautiful and most majestic in every thing that regards the conformation of man; it is in this climate that one must seek for that model to which all the minor shades and degrees of beauty should be referred.

The countries comprised in this space are Persia, the countries bordering upon Caucasus, and more especially Circassia and Georgia, Turkey in Europe, Italy, the North of Spain, France, Britain, Germany, Poland, Denmark, Sweden, and a part of Norway and Russia.

Yet the human form has not the same degree of perfection in the whole of these immense districts; there are some privileged regions to which the name and possession of beauty are more peculiarly appropriate: Such, above all, are Circassia, Georgia, Mingrelia, and all the districts about Caucasus.

The beauty of the Georgian women is every where acknowledged. The females in that country, unite with the most regular features, and the purest blood, the most complete developement of general form; and nature appears to have lavished on them, with profusion, all those graces and charms which she bestows only, in separation and in scantiness, in other parts of the world. According to Chardin and all travellers, they are tall, beautifully shaped, and extremely delicate in the waist. The women of Circassia are no less beautiful; their foreheads are large; a line of the most exquisite black marks the eyebrow; the eyes are large, soft, and yet full of fire; the nose sharply, and definitely formed; the mouth small, and full of smiles; the lips vermilion; and the chin such as to give a perfect oval to the lower termination of the countenance.

The most beautiful complexion lends additional power to all these fine forms. It is commonly so pure and natural, that no temptation exists for the use of the vile and destructive cosmetics almost universally employed in other parts of the world; and the merchants who bring Circassian slaves to the market of Caffa in the Crimea, are said to invite all manner scrutinizing into the want of any artful colouring on those lovely cheeks. There is no doubt, that the practice of inoculating for the small pox, which has subsisted for a very long time in Circassia and Georgia, has contributed powerfully to maintain this character for great beauty. In Mingrelia the beauty of the women is scarcely less remarkable.—"Oh," exclaims Chardin, forgetting the usual dryness of his style, "Oh! what marvellous beauty is in the women of Mingrelia! how their air is majestic! how their faces and forms are admirable! Such is their look, that it seems to caress all who regard them." Old Belon, who travelled at the beginning of the sixteenth century, is scarcely less enthusiastic. There is not a labourer or peasant in all Asia, says he, (he means the part of Asia about Caucasus) "who has not a wife with a complexion fair as rose-buds; and a skin as white as the lily, so polished and smooth, that when one touches it it is like velvet."* In Persia, one sees many women of the most exquisite beauty, and the Persian blood has been much purified and improved by the mixture of the Georgian. Perpetual alliances with the same beautiful race have almost entirely effaced the marks of their Tartar origin among the Turks.

When considered in relation to the beauty of its inhabitants, Europe presents to us two great divisions: the south-east part, and the northern and western part. In these two divisions, of which the extent is very unequal, the form of man appears with most important differences. In the north, and towards the west, he assumes great bulk, and approaches often to the athletic; but his form has less of the noble in it, and the shape of his features is more remote from the ideal: the forms, even of the women, are two large and full of relief; they want the finish, the elegance of the classical antique: almost always the extremities are defective; and a fine foot, a perfect leg, a faultless hand and wrist, these are beauties which,

* Pierre Belon's *Observations*, p. 199. edition of 1555.

above all the rest, it is extremely rare to meet with in the northern and western parts of Europe.

Favoured by a more gentle atmosphere, the region of the south-east is more fertile in beauty, and the nearer nature comes to the sky of Greece and Italy, which is comprehended in this division, the more beautiful, majestic, and active, is her human workmanship found to be.

In regard both to physical and moral beauty, the modern Greeks must be admitted to have greatly degenerated. Their slavery, the pollution of their blood, by mixture with that of their Barbarian conquerors and neighbours, their education ;—in short, the whole circumstances of that life to which they have been reduced, have changed the marks of the race, and deteriorated the original beauty it possessed. But nevertheless, in spite of all these unfavourable circumstances, the Greek race is still a fine one; and the women of that nation hold a distinguished rank in the seraglios, where they are very often preferred even to the beauties of Circassia and Georgia.

Of old the most beautiful of the Greek race were in Ionia, and the orator Dion Chrysostome makes use of the expression of *an Ionian figure*, as synominous with that of a *beautiful figure*. The same country is still celebrated for the beauty of its inhabitants, witness all travellers, from Belon to Lord Byron. In many of the districts of Asia Minor, above all, in Natolia, and in the islands, the women are of singular beauty. Those of the island of Chios are remarked by every one on account of their graceful motions, their fine complexion, and the delicate perfection of their forms. The traveller, in admiring their charms, cannot but be conducted by delightful recollections back to those remote epochs, when the individual beauties of that island furnished with their most favourite models the painters and the sculptors of Greece. Everywhere throughout Greece, changed, and cruelly changed, as it has been by the tyranny of the Turks, the shape of man has preserved a certain measure of its perfection. Nothing is more uncommon among its inhabitants than those flat ill formed noses, which are so frequently met with in the north and in the west; and it is remarked by every artist who has travelled in these countries, that we have nothing in our parts of Europe which can be compared with the faultless oval of the Greek heads even of the present day.

Throughout southern Italy, which formed the *Magna Grecia* of antiquity, the form of man, during many ages, presented an appearance of perfection, not less remarkable than in Greece Proper, and this beauty still exists in many parts of that country. Riedesel, in his *travels through Sicily and Magna Grecia*, mentions, that the loveliest women he ever had seen were at Trapani, and thinks that their beauty might have given origin to the peculiar worship of mount Eryx. Alliances with the Moors, and other causes of degradation, have altered not a little the forms of the inhabitants of *Magna Grecia;* yet an exception must be made in favour of those of Sicily, where the women, although less perfectly formed, are more graceful in their motions, and more charming altogether, than even the Roman ladies themselves. These observations apply particularly to the Sicilian ladies of Palermo, whose beauty is the favourite theme of all that have ever seen them. "Their stature," says a modern German author, "is moderate; the young girls have their hair black, or dark nut-brown; the eyes richly black, and beaming with flame; their walk is easy; their grace perfect; they remind one of the noblest models of Grecian sculpture." Such are the words of Hager, and I myself can witness that his encomiums are nothing but just. "Their dress," he continues, "is suitable to their climate. The head is never covered; they weave only a ribbon or a veil of gauze among their long tresses, and sometimes stick a rose among their luxurious folds. The stiff whalebone stays of the Northern fair are unknown in Palermo. A light corset, which preserves all the native grace of the bosom and waist; a necklace of amber or coral, a black veil, *á l'Espagnole*, and a short robe, form the whole of their dress. These beautiful Palermese are skilful in the highest degree in the art of making the best of their figures. Every accident of drapery is converted with them into a new advantage. Their walk, their dance, their attitudes

every thing about them has a charm that is irresistible. Now it is a soft and delicious languor, now a sparkling radiant gayety; now come flashes of sensibility or imagination, which have so much the more power, because the sound of their voices is for the most part tender to excess—almost as potent in its music as are their visages in their perfection of outline and hue."

At Naples, it strikes me, the women are far inferior in beauty to the Sicilians; but the men are perhaps finer. I may be mistaken; but I rather think those artists who have travelled in that quarter of the world, will agree with me in thinking, that among the common Lazzaroni lounging under the portals of the churches, or leaping about among the clear glassy waves of the Bay of Naples—where indeed they are quite as much at home as on *terra firma*—one may find in a single day more complete specimens of beautiful limbs—above all, legs and feet, than could be detected in a search of years, at Paris, or London, or Vienna.

At Rome, in the Roman territory, and generally speaking, under the influence of what Winkelmann calls *the fine provinces of Italy*, transcendant beauty—that beauty which results principally for the regularity of forms, and the gracefulness of the *toût-ensemble*, seems to be in some sort an indigenous production—the gift inalienable of the climate. "In most all the districts, of which I have been speaking," says Winkelmann, "it is a most rare thing to meet with any of those indecided and equivocal, or vulgar features, which are so common beyond the Alps. The features which characterize the Italians are all full of nobleness and beauty. The form of the countenance is grandly, boldly, and distinctly traced; and all its parts are harmonious in their juxta-position. The characters of highest beauty are found even among the lowest classes of the people; and nothing is more common, than to see on the shoulders of a common labourer, a head and face which might be introduced with perfect propriety into the most dignified historical picture. Nothing, above all, can be more exquisitely picturesque than the heads of their old men."* "Nature," says Dûpaty, "could not plan any thing more admirably—nor frame any more perfect harmony, than exists between the forehead, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the chin, the ears and the neck—of most of these Italian heads. She could not possibly employ forms, either more fine, or more delicate, or more correct; and my detail is finished—the whole is perfect . . . . A fine Roman head is always viewed with a species of wonder, and subdues rather than charms. The first glance comprehends the whole of it, and the least recollection recalls it no less powerfully."

The perfection of the hands, which is a thing so rarely to be met with in the western parts of Europe, is, among the Roman fair, nothing less admirable than the perfection of the countenance. The form of the shoulders is another of their peculiar excellencies—these, after the charms of extreme youth have vanished, acquire a fulness and firmness on which the Roman matrons pique themselves very much, as may be gathered from the style of their dress, which, in that quarter, is no less ostentatious than coquettish.

As we advance from the south to the north, from the east to the west, we find the character of the Roman beauty altering by degrees, and becoming more rare. In Tuscany, however, and particularly at Florence and Sienna, one meets with most lovely women. In the higher districts also, which form part of the chain of the Appenines, the race is very fine; and among the women one finds no common fault except somewhat of an excessive respect to *embonpoint*—which, after all, is a defect which artists regard with little severity. Lombardy, shut in by mountains, and watered by a great number of fertilizing rivers, presents, in its inhabitants, very little of the Italian characteristics. The immense volume of form among the women there, goes so far as almost to destroy beauty. In Milan, notwithstanding, and in some other towns, one finds charming creatures. And were one to judge from the perfection of a few scattered stars, one might

* Winkelmann, *Storio*, &c. ton. 1. p. 64.

even say that Venice is one of the most brilliant abodes of Italian beauty.

The nearer one comes to the Alps, the more this characteristic kind of beauty fades before us, and the appearance of the inhabitants approximates to that of the northern and western Europeans. Of all that mighty district which comprehends Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and England, the south of France is, I think, the place where the beauty of the women most recalls the idea of the antique, and resembles the beauty of Italy and Greece. Above all, it is in Languedoc and in the ancient Provence that the forms of the women are most frequently invested with this kind of perfection; and, as has been accurately observed by Camper, the inhabitants of these southern regions have oftener than those of any other part of the west, that firm and finished form of the jaw-bone, and that even line of the whole countenance which recall a Grecian origin,* and approach to that inexpressible charm which the arts of Greece has stamped on the faces of the Apollo and the Venus de Medicis.

In many of the northern departments of France the women are extremely agreeable, but there is no trace of similitude to the perfection of the antique form, and nature almost never finishes the extremities which she elaborates with so much minute care under the fine skies of Italy. Beauties of complexion, &c., overcome the impression of those defects in regard to the pretty creatures of Picardy, Flanders, and Belgium. The Parisian lady again, whom we may regard as a species of female quite distinct from any other, has a graceful and piquant air, and great skill in dress, but not much pretension to classical beauty—the mere beauties of feature and form. Their features are agreeable rather than regular, and very rarely remind one of the Grecian models. Covered perpetually from the sun, like the flower in the close bud, she wants air to bring out her colour, and partakes more in the interesting paleness of convalescence than the dazzling animation of youth and health. For these defects, it is vain to seek an atonement or a covering in the use of rouge. And yet colour is the principal charm which faces such as these should aim at. Without colour a northern belle is nothing, unless she be a miracle among those that surround her, and possess the outlines of a climate more favourable than her own usually is found to be to beauty. It is only the majesty of the Roman dame which can dispense with the charm of red and white—or even do better without it than with——

"Turpis Romano Belgicûs ore color."

In Germany the women are more beautiful than in the north of France. Their figures are tall and graceful; they have commonly an expression of sentiment which atones for any minor defects in outline.

England, with the exception of the south of France, is perhaps, of all the countries comprised in this great dominion of Europe, that in which the women are most generally beautiful. Their features noble and harmoniously combined, and their expression such as to increase the effect of their features. The brilliant beauty of their complexions, the delicacy and softness and whiteness of their skins, are sufficient to add still more powerfully to the effect of the whole. In short, nature has, in regard to the fine women of England, been negligent of nothing but the hands and the feet—to which, it must be confessed, she has too frequently done imperfect justice.

In the most elevated regions of Europe, and principally in Switzerland, the forms of men acquire, in general, a fine developement; but those of women have a certain exaggeration about them which renders them rather agreeable and voluptuous objects, than truly beautiful. "You may believe me," says St Preux, speaking to Julia of the Helvetian ladies of the Haut-Valais—"you may believe me they are beautiful, since they appeared so to me. Eyes accustomed to behold you, must be difficult to please as judges of beauty. Yet the largeness of some of their outlines I cannot away with," &c. &c.

* * * * *

* Viz. the great Greek colony at Marseilles.

ON A LATE ATTEMPT TO WHITE-WASH MR BROUGHAM.

The Whigs, while they chaunt their eternal hymn to the progressive influence of public opinion, modestly assume that the change must be altogether in *their* favour, and that nothing more is necessary than to enlighten mankind, in order to ensure the triumph of *their* party. What is the basis on which this forlorn sect found their predictions and their hopes? Is it, that they have shewn an unquestionable superiority of intellect, and have preceded, by a great and palpable interval, the rest of their fellow citizens in the march of improvement? Is it, that with unswerving fidelity they have guarded the ark of the constitution, or vindicated the honour of their usurped appellation, by some great exploit of political heroism, which might have endeared them to their country, as the preservers of its liberty, or the champions of its independence, in some dark hour of its destiny? Is it, that they have reached some proud intellectual eminence, presenting a more expanded survey, and a purer atmosphere, than that breathed by other and humbler men, that they congratulate themselves in the spirit of the most gracious self-adulation on the progress of knowledge, and propagate with so much zeal the convenient opinion, that it is only necessary that the public mind should be awakened from its torpor, to make it look up in solemn admiration of their celestial conclave? We know of no adequate grounds to justify this offensive self-complacency; and when we look back on the history of the party for the last thirty years; on their strange tergiversations, and portentous blunders; on their proved ignorance of the true interests of their country, and their cold contempt of its unperishable fame;—when we find them lavishing their atrocious plaudits on the fiercest of its enemies; damping the most heroic exertions by their gloomy forebodings, and standing through a long succession of perilous years in banded array against its triumphant genius;—we must say, that if public opinion, which is fast developing its energies, shall recognise *them* either as its champions or allies, it will exhibit itself in a shape entirely at variance with our anticipations, and utterly alien to the spirit of enlightened patriotism.

We feel assured, at all events, that *public opinion*, which the Whigs take so much credit to themselves for having formed and exalted, is already pretty much settled, as to the conduct of one of their most clamorous leaders on the subject, to which we mean shortly to direct the attention of our readers in the course of this paper. *Here*, at any rate, there is no room for doubt or hesitation; and the conduct of Mr Brougham will be equally condemned by every human creature who can master the ordinary distinctions between right and wrong. We do not know that so bold a project of wayward ambition has ever been formed under a regular government, as that which appears to have been engendered in the meek and humble bosom of this patriot hater of tyranny, and privileged declaimer against corruption. If we search the page of English history, we shall find nothing, even in the most daring measures of her proudest ministers, to equal the temerity, or in their most dextrous movements, to rival the art with which Mr Brougham's *charitable inquisition* was conceived and organized—no, not even in the memorable but fatal project of Mr Fox himself, to grasp an Indian empire, and to make the splendid patronage of the east an heir-loom of the party over which he presided.

Great undertakings become a lofty and original mind, and it does credit to the genius of Mr Brougham, that when he meditated an invasion of the constitution, he took a flight of ambition above the ordinary pitch, and left all paltry and grovelling competition far behind. In his comprehensive sweep, he endeavoured to include nothing less than the universal charity and education of this great country: to bring within his grasp, and reduce to his sole subjection, all the splendid endowments which beneficence and piety have contributed to mitigate the evils of poverty, to cure the reproach of ignorance, or exalt the standard of national taste and refinement; to subject to his own arbitrary controul, or that of his dependents, the accumulated treasures, and the consequent influence of many centuries of pious liberality, in the most liberal and pious of the European states.

Attend for a moment to the charac-

ter of Mr Brougham's proceedings. This patriotic citizen, observing with dismay the prevailing ignorance, and consequent depravity of *the lower orders of the metropolis*, claimed the interposition of the legislature for mitigating the enormous evil, and volunteered encountering the toil and anxiety of the laborious investigation. His benevolence and patriotism were applauded by all parties; his charitable views abetted and encouraged; and the first unequivocal direction of his talents to objects of public utility, was hailed as an important acquisition to the public service. It was pleasing to reflect, that the ardent and indefatigable spirit of Mr Brougham would now be devoted to the culture of a field which promised full employment, and offered a rich and honourable reward to his enterprising patriotism; and which appeared, from the quiet and beneficent nature of the vocation, happily to exclude every seduction of a sordid or factious character, to which the reputation of men of a bustling genius has so often been sacrificed. The inquiry was of a nature purely charitable, and every thing selfish was of course forbidden; the work was one of public beneficence, and its very aspect appeared a guarantee against the intrusion of all that is sour and sullen in party distinctions; and the friends and opponents of Mr Brougham, alike rejoiced in the prospect now presented for the first time of contemplating the native energy of his character, unexcited by the stimulus of party dissentions—mild, placable, gracious, and forbearing; an exact personification, in short, of the genius of humane and enlightened legislation.

The purpose was benign, and the enterprise was consecrated with universal applause; it embraced an unquestioned evil of enormous magnitude, of which the remedy appeared in prospect to be at once safe and practicable. *The education of the poor* was the trust committed to Mr Brougham and his colleagues—a subject, fertile of profound and anxious speculation to philosophic legislators—suggesting problems worthy of the whole reach of Mr Brougham's capacity, and adapted to the reputed character of his genius: a subject, to which it became a man proudly arrogating to himself a name above the vulgar herd of politicians, to have devoted himself with the characteristic ardour of a liberal and lofty mind; conscious that to mix up with it any thing of a selfish, or even of a questionable character, would certainly be to mar the whole splendid project, and to inflict an incurable wound on his own reputation.

What was the conduct of Mr Brougham, after he had been placed with universal consent in this striking and elevated situation? He applied, in the first place, for an extension of his powers beyond the precincts of the metropolis; but to the *poor* alone, and *their education*, his inquiries were yet confined; the scope was enlarged, but the character and objects of the inquisition remained unaltered. The expansive faculty of Mr Brougham's committee had not yet been surmised; and although this gratuitous enlargement of its powers, while the original objects of the appointment were yet unfulfilled, might have appeared of questionable expediency, much was willingly conceded to the capacity and industry of the learned chairman. But he now meditated a higher and bolder flight; the humble and squalid establishments for mendicated instruction had become loathsome in his eyes; the petty details of *their* lowly and unpretending literature lost all interest with him; and with one bound, he rose from the humble platform of the Sunday schools, and perched on the proud turrets of the great academical institutions. With no other powers delegated to himself and his *accomplished* associates than those originally granted, and subsequently extended, to *inquire into the education of the lower orders*, did this distinguished individual contrive to include in his researches *all* academical establishments, and *all public charities*; and summoning before him, official persons from Eton, Winchester, and Cambridge, commence a minute and scoffing inquiry into the most private affairs of these great institutions; insulting, by arbitrary mandates for attendance, and reproachful questions upon examinations, some of the most learned and venerable men in the kingdom; and not contented with this profane trampling on the most august establishments for education of which Europe can boast, did this learned person meditate the permanent appointment of a commission, to be in all future time a convenient appendage of his

own political existence; a commission which was to undertake the interminable labour of inquiring into the whole mass of English charity; of prying into the most minute affairs of establishments computed to be more than 30,000 in number; aye, and which was to prosecute this hopeless enterprise at a most enormous expense, and to exhibit such a constitution in point of arbitrary and irresponsible power, and palpable temptation to abuse, as was never realized under a free and enlightened government.

But Mr Brougham's project, although boldly conceived, was resisted and exposed. He complained much of this in his letter to the late Sir Samuel Romilly, written in a tone of affected candour and visible indignation, and full at once of soft phrases and rankling emotions. He lamented the limited range of the commission actually appointed, because it was not empowered to descend wantonly into the charter-chest of every charitable foundation, for the purposes of mockery or of persecution; because it was restrained from interfering with establishments, which the will of the founder had committed to the perpetual care of special visitors; and finally, because the magnificent public establishments for the education of the *higher orders* were exempted from inquiry. To bring the great schools and universities within the scope of his inquisition, he misconstrued their statutes, and fastening on the phrase, "pauperes et indigentes scholares," reared upon it a blundering argument, to prove that the students of Oxford and Cambridge belong to the *lower orders of society*, and were fit objects of the care *of his civic committee*. The ridicule which he has brought upon himself by his unlucky interference with establishments endeared to every thing that is liberal and lofty in the English character, must have convinced him, that these venerable retreats of learning have not yet become the temples of pedantry and sloth, but can copiously supply a spirit of avenging wit, to blast their profane calumniators.

But the *political* character of Mr Brougham's plan surpassed in deformity every other feature which it displayed. The facility with which an inquisition of unlimited range, and arbitrary direction, could be turned to the worst purposes of party was apparent from the beginning; and no one therefore could wonder at the ingenious selection of cases made by the committee, in which every scrap of the *ex parte* evidence adduced was calculated to inflict a wound on some distinguished individual, opposed in literature, influence, or politics, to that system which Mr Brougham had so warmly espoused. The blow was in the ostensible conception of the plan, indifferently suspended over the broad mass of delinquency; but it might have been anticipated, that its undivided strength would fall in that direction in which the imaginary violation of charitable trusts should be found united to the inexpiable offence of political hostility. Thus it was that Dr Ireland and Lord Lonsdale were immolated to the spirit of party, and sacrificed, so far as virtue and honour could be sacrificed, to insinuation and calumny. But the respectable name of Dr Ireland was not thus to be made the sport of faction; and the signal retribution which he has taken, is the triumph of integrity over sophistry and slander. With reference to the case of Lord Lonsdale, the conduct of Mr Brougham exhibited, by his own account of it, a violation of every form of procedure, and every maxim of parliamentary decorum, when, after the dissolution of parliament, and the consequent expiration of his own delegated power, he dared still to continue the exercise of it, and under cover of a certain incredible forbearance towards his rival, to usurp authority over the records of a committee, not only suspended but extinguished. By this strange assumption of power, for which he has taken so much credit to himself, he may have guarded the contest in Westmoreland against the inconsiderable bias, which the publication of the evidence, in all the precision of its palpable unfairness, might have produced; but every one must see, that by this course, he also lent to the struggle, the deep infection of whispered calumny, of indefinite suspicion, and boundless misrepresentation.

But in what terms shall we speak of the *commission* suggested by Mr Brougham to accomplish the momentous inquiries so happily begun under his own auspices; a commission which was to undertake the vast survey of the whole charity, and the whole educa-

tion of the kingdom; which was to pry into every nook of every charitable foundation, however humble; and to penetrate, with reforming energy, the entire magnificence of the loftiest and most venerable—which was, in its vague and shadowy expansion, to embrace every element in the formation of the natural intellect—every seminary of literary or moral instruction—every institution by which manners are formed, or even exterior accomplishment imparted—a commission whose *definite* objects could not be accomplished in much less than half a century, and whose *ulterior* functions presented a dark vista of interminable scrutiny and impossible completion; yet was it gravely proposed, that this fantastic creation of enduring and universal terror should be constructed, not after the ordinary fashion of other constitutional fabrics; that it should neither owe its original existence, nor its periodical renovations, to the constitutional source of all vicarious authority, but to the great inventor himself, through the formality of a parliamentary nomination; and having thus unnaturally sprung into existence, should acknowledge responsibility neither to Crown nor Parliament, but continue undisturbed and uncontrolled, in the convenient receipt of its ample emoluments, and the eternal prosecution of its petty and vexatious labours. Nothing so vast in despotic conception, or so terrible in protracted execution, has appeared in England for ages; and when to the singular composition of this dread engine of power, we add the qualities required by its learned projector, as essential to the character of its members; the prying, suspicious, and sullen dispositions, which were to fit them for their ungracious office, and the unhappy exemplification of these and other questionable elements in the person of Mr Coe, the "ready made commissioner," whose exclusion Mr Brougham so pathetically laments—and above all, when we reflect on the startling project, intimated by the learned chairman, for confiscating to the use of the state the charitable funds diverted from their proper objects, instead of reviving and enforcing the primary and sacred destination; we are forcibly struck with certain analogies which too plainly assimilate the measure in question to the beginnings of confusion in a neighbouring country, and which stamp upon it a character altogether alien to the spirit of the constitution, and the genius of British legislation.*

The Edinburgh Review, however, has attempted a defence even of these extraordinary proceedings; and indeed there is hardly any thing absurd or revolting which this journal has not, at one time or other, attempted to defend. The conductors are expert dialecticians, and accomplished sophists; and, aware of their own *forte*, it has ever been their aim to confound the understandings of their readers by elaborate sophistications. It has been their pride to "confute, change hands, and still confute." But as their appeals to the public have, generally speaking, been without power over its higher passions, and more liberal wisdom, they have ever had but a fleeting and perishable influence, disturbing for a moment the generous current of national sentiment, but soon overwhelmed in its deep and resistless movements. We speak of these clever persons as they *were* in their career of success—for it is long since even their characteristic subtlety and liveliness have been on the decline. Of this melancholy truth their late article on the subject of the education committee affords a strong confirmation—for, with the exception of a few paragraphs at the beginning and end of that paper, which sparkle with something of the remembered brilliancy of other days, and gird, like a luminous ring the thick and volumed opacity which intervenes, there is nothing in it which it must not have been extremely painful to write, and which it is not almost impossible to read. Far be it from us to drag our unoffending readers through the stupifying mists and palpable darkness of this middle region—or to disturb them with a dissection of the creeping sophistry which winds itself round the cases of Croydon, Yeovyl, Wellenborough, Huntingdon, and St Bees. But there are some matters of higher and

* In the bill brought into parliament during the last session, for the renewal of the commission, some unimportant modifications were adopted—such as the increase of the number of commissioners—but none which could in the least degree assimilate it to the project originally formed by Mr Brougham. That gentleman again made an attempt, but without success, to get the establishments having special visitors included.

not be absurdly repeated. The truth is, that the industrious editor has entirely lost the merit of his *recovery*, by the negligence of his printer: the folio properly reads:

——— pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, *tragical-comical, historical-pastoral*, &c.

P. 316.

"This speech," says Dr Johnson, "in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered."

How far it detracts from the virtue of Hamlet to be represented as lying in wait for an opportunity to take an adequate and complete revenge upon the murderer of his father, is a question not, with submission to the great moralist, quite so easyly decided. The late king has reported hisself to have been destroyed in the most deliberate, horrid, and diabolical manner;

Cut off ev'n in the blossom of his sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to his account,
With all his imperfections on his head:
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!

Under such aggravated circumstances, for Hamlet to be content with having what Dr Johnson calls blood for blood, would have been taking an inadequate and imperfect revenge, and, consequently, doing an act of injustice and impiety to the *manes* of his murdered parent. But, indeed, the reasons Hamlet here gives for his conduct, as they are better than any other person can make for him, will fully justify both him and it, against all such hypercritical opposition to the end of time.

P. 408.

Ham. I am afraid you make a *wanton* of me.

i. e. you trifle with me, as if you were playing with a child. Dr Johnson onely observes, that a *wanton* was a man feeble and effeminate. He might as well have said it was a horse or an elephant.

——— I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a *wantons* bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
And with a silk thread pulls it back again.
Romeo and Juliet.

I wish poor Ritson were alive now. He would have made an excellent Contributor to your Magazine. It was said that the Edinburgh Review killed him, but his friends know that to be fudge. I will send you, for your next Number, an account of his "Robin Hood"—a work full of very amusing matter. Meanwhile, I am yours sincerely.

* * *

A PARALLEL BETWEEN THE MASTER DEBTOR'S SIDE OF NEWGATE, AND THE SEVERAL SPONGING HOUSES IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

MR EDITOR,

I LATELY found among some lumber in an old garret, a little treatise on Newgate, as it existed about a hundred years ago—and as the public attention has been much turned to the subject of prison discipline, perhaps an extract from it may not be unacceptable. This treatise was "written for the public good by B. L. of Twickenham," who seems unfortunately to have had excellent opportunities of making himself acquainted with the subject, and was printed for T. Warner, at the Black Boy, in Paternoster-Row, 1724. The cruelty and impositions of Bailiffs, against which B. L. directs his artillery, are, as many of your readers have doubtless experienced, still to be deplored, and, perhaps, I ought to make some apology for awakening painful recollections. But private feelings must be made to give way to public benefit. Will you permit me to add, that your Magazine would, in my opinion, be greatly improved by an intermixture of short miscellaneous articles, with those of more grave and important discussion? Extracts from curious old books—rare tracts, &c. would, I am sure, amuse many persons who might be disposed to turn from a regular essay. I am, &c.

A Parallel, &c.

"Most certain it is, That the Laws of this Realm, were first Instituted, for the effectual maintaining and executing of Equity and Justice, between Man and Man; and therefore, every Subject is intituled to Property, Equity, Justice and Liberty; and those who execute any thing to the contrary, are not only Oppressors of the Subject, but also Violators of the Law.

"And since there are many wicked Persons (called Bailiffs) whose Daily Study and Practice, is to oppress the Distress'd; therefore, I shall endeavour to detect all such future Practices, by exposing the several vile and wicked Impositions which those profligate Wretches inflict on such unfortunate Persons as fall into their Hands.

"And as the Execution of our Laws, is justly performed by the Learned Judges,

with the address of an American trader, and in the spirit of a French *Dounnier*; and he followed in the rear of Mr Wilberforce, and other great men, united for the abolition of the Slave Trade. In this last instance, however, Mr Brougham had the merit at least of being well employed—and we fully give him all the credit that can be due to his subordinate services; but, with this single exception, from which he has already derived more than his adequate portion of fame, we know not upon what occasions he has, as a politician, exemplified the high qualities for which his friends so liberally give him credit, or laid the broad basis of that moral evidence deducible from general political character, which is to shelter him from the consequences of actual and proved misconduct.

The reviewer complains, that personalities towards Mr Brougham, and misrepresentations of his views, have been allowed to mingle with this great public controversy. We are not aware that there *have* been misrepresentations, except on the part of the blundering interpreter of college statutes, who insisted on rating Oxford and Cambridge among the institutions formed for the education *of the lower orders*. As to personalities, however, we have a few words to say. It was impossible to touch the subject at all without personal allusion to Mr Brougham—to the learned author of the whole stupendous project—the chairman—the head—the guiding power—the very soul in fact of the committee—for no one could consider his civic adjuncts—Sir William Curtis or Alderman Wood, for example, slumbering in the committee-room—in any other light than as the mere *vis inertiæ* of the anomalous composition—the ballast liberally thrown into the great discovery-ship of reform. Of the conduct of Mr Brougham, therefore, it became necessary to treat, or to remain altogether silent. Is it the latter alternative that the Whigs would modestly impose on their political adversaries? And is it indeed the Edinburgh Reviewers who complain of misrepresentation and personalities—of the occasional use by their opponents of their own weapons, with which they have for twenty years maintained a scandalous warfare with the proud spirit, and the most venerable institutions of their country? There has, in this instance, been neither misrepresentation nor calumny on the part of the Tories; but if there had, with what grace would remonstrance have come through the pages of a journal which has long set an example of every thing that is sour, illiberal, and uncompromising in political discussion? Are the Whigs a privileged order for circulating all sorts of misrepresentations—a chartered oligarchy of detraction? Do the fouler elements of political controversy, by some nice principle of moral affinity, form a natural and graceful combination with *their* cause, and entitle *them* to a monoply of such shameful resources? If not, their keen and vindictive sensibility on this point is unaccountable—for we do not remember, in the whole range of our periodical literature, a single work which has exhibited more copious examples than their own favourite journal of all the most reprehensible stratagems of political warfare—which has dealt more unceremoniously with the loftiest and most venerable names of our country, both living and dead—which has approached with more scoffing accent and more unhallowed hand, the consecrated fabric of our domestic policy, both sacred and civil—or which has so defied the dignity and generosity of national feeling, and madly breathed its pestilent rancour even against the genius of our native land. And now that the tide of fortune has gloriously turned, and whelmed in its progress every tiny embankment which the reviewers had constructed against its majestic revulsion—now that their chilling sophistry has no ally in the towering despotism which they worshipped, or the alarmed bosoms which they wrung with their eternal comminations—now that baffled prediction, and exposed delusion, and irretrieveable disappointment, and supervening dotage, have left them naked and imbecile, to sustain the pelting storm of ridicule which descends upon them from every corner of the land—they complain of the destiny which they have wrought for themselves; but they complain in vain, for it is "unshunnable as death,' and enduring as the memory of their manifold and stupendous wrongs.

RITSON ON SHAKSPEARE.

MR EDITOR,

I WAS much amused with some specimens, in your last Number, of emendations of the text of Shakspeare, by Mr Zachariah Jackson, who seems really to have hit on a principle, by the application of which the meaning of our great dramatist may very frequently be restored. You have spoken of the dulness and stupidity of Shakspeare's commentators, and vowed vengeance against any future delinquents of that kind. Are you acquainted with a little volume by the celebrated Ritson, entitled, "Remarks, critical and illustrative, on the Text and Notes of the last edition of Shakspeare?" It is an amusing book, and Ritson belabours the commentators in a way that does one's heart good to behold. He does not confine himself, however, to the dull ones of the herd, but kicks and cuffs Steevens and Johnson with great spirit and alacrity. Ritson was a bit of good stuff, though he never eat animal food, and often knocks the Doctor about the ring with the gloves, in a manner highly creditable to a sparrer of his weight and inches. As the book is not a common one, a few specimens of it may amuse your readers.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.—P. 266.

Benc. Let him be clap'd on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam.*

"Adam Bell," says Dr Johnson, "was a companion of Robin Hood, as may be seen in Robin Hood's garland; in which, if I do not mistake," adds he, "are these lines:

"For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the clough,
And William of Cloudeslee,
To shoot with our forester for forty mark,
And our forester beat them all three."

In answer to this it may be observed—1. That Adam Bell was *not* a companion of Robin Hood; 2. That it can-*not* be seen in Robin Hood's garland; 3. That the lines quoted prove neither the one nor the other, as they do not relate to *Robin Hood.* It is peculiarly unfortunate that the learned critic should be most mistaken where he is most confident.

WINTER'S TALE.—P. 305.

Leo. ——— *lower messes*
Perchance are to this business purblind.

Mess, says Dr Johnson, is a contraction of *master*, as *Mess* John, Master John; an appellation used by the Scots, to those who have taken their academical degree. *Lower messes*, therefor, adds he, are graduates of a lower form. Mr Steevens, however, believes that *lower messes* is onely used to signify the lowest (lower) degrees about the court. A conjecture in which he seems to be as right, as Dr Johnson is certainly wrong: the word *mess*, as *Mess* John, neither being any contraction of *master*, nor having the remotest allusion to academical degrees. It is merely the Scotish pronunciation of *Mass*, and is only applyed, in vulgar language, to the *priest* or *minister.*

MACBETH.—P. 592.

Macb. ——— Then, fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the *English epicures.*

"It *appears*," says Mr Steevens, in a note upon this passage, "from Dr Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that the natives had neither *kail* nor *brogues*, till they were taught the arts of planting the one, and making the other, by the soldiers of Cromwell; and yet," adds he, "king James VI. thought it necessary to form an act against superfluous banqueting."

It is a pity that the ingenious commentator has omitted the very candid and liberal inference which the great traveler draws from the above circumstance of the kail, *i. e.* that, "when they had not *that*, they had *nothing.*"

But under the favour of this ingenious critic, it does *not appear*:—Dr Johnson, indeed, is pleased to *say so*, and they who would have believed him if he had given a relation of his voyage into the moon, may, if they choose, believe this. It is very seldom that we find people teaching to others arts of which they are ignorant theirselves, and yet this must have been the case with Cromwell's soldiers, who were accustomed neither to eat kail, nor to wear brogues. The truth is, that both articles have, in all probability, been known to the Scotish ever since the country was inhabited. So that they may safely admit the truth of the above very candid traveler's good-natured position.

Mr Steevens seems to think it altogether needless to restrain luxury in diet, where people could get neither *kail* nor *brogues*; which, to be sure, are the very essence of a sumptuous feast.

KING JOHN.—P. 120.

Sal. ——— New flight,
And *happy newness*, that intends *old right.*

"Happy innovation," quoth Dr Johnson, "that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government." What rightful government? Does the good old constitutionalist suppose it to have been in John, a murderer, and a villain—one who had not the least right to the possession of the crown,

and whom it would have been praise-worthy in any man, or set of men, to have put to death?

RICHARD THE SECOND.—P. 211.

Queen. Gardiner, for telling me these news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

An execration, Dr Johnson observes, too ludicrous and unsuitable to the queen's condition; and it certainly appears so. But, perhaps, (for Shakspeare's highest or lowest characters are never without a quibble) she means to wish him *childless*. It is to be remembered that the queen was very young, Dr Johnson will, therefor, the more readyly pardon any puerilities of expression he may find her guilty of.

P. 213.

Fitzw. —— my *rapier's* point.

Dr Johnson here takes an opportunity to censure Shakspeare for deserting the manners of the age in which his drama is placed:—this weapon, he says, not being seen in England till two centuries afterwards. It would be as well, however, though not quite so easy, for the learned critic to bring some proof in support of this and such like assertions. Without which the authority of Shakspeare is at least equal to that of Dr Johnson. And even if he could prove what he asserts (which, however, it is believed he cannot), the poet's friends would still have an argument which would render both his assertions and his proofs equally nugatory and ridiculous.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.—P. 33.

Q. Mar. Why strew'st thou sugar on that *bottled spider*.

"A spider," says Dr Johnson, "is called *bottled*, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender, and a belly protuberant."

A most rational and satisfactory explanation—very little worse than none at all. A *bottle spider* is the large bloated spider with a deep black shining skin, generally esteemed the most venemous.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.—P. 231.

Old L. Our content
Is our best *having*.

"That is, our best possession.——In Spanish, *hazienda*. JOHNSON."

People generally introduce scraps of a foreign language to shew their knowledge; the learned commentator brings this merely to display his want of it. For, let the word *hazienda* signify what it may, what has it to do here? Indeed, "the professed critic, in order to furnish his quota to the bookseller, may write *notes of nothing*, that is, notes which either explane things which do not want explanation, or such as do not explane matters at all, but merely fill up so much paper;" a canon, of which Dr Johnson has availed hisself pretty much in the manner of his predecessor, Dr Warburton, who sagaciously observes, that *friends of my soul* is a Spanish phrase: *Amigo de mi alma*. Query, Which of these two *professed critics* has displayed the most learning and acuteness?

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—P. 216.

Mec. And gives his potent regiment to a *trull*.

Trull, Dr Johnson says, was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now. It may be difficult to know what the learned commentator conceives to be a term of mere infamy. But thus much is certain, that *trull*, in the age of Shakspeare, signifyed a *strumpet*, and so he uses it.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—P. 128.

Jul. —— gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state.

Dr Johnson, with that candour and politeness for which he is so remarkable, observes, that Juliet plays most of her *pranks* under the appearance of religion. Perhaps, says he, Shakspeare meant to *punish* her *hypocrisy*. If he had, we should, without doubt, have been, some how or other, informed of it. But Shakspeare would never have given the little innocent excuses her virtue and conjugal fidelity prompt her to make use of so harsh a name.——Sweet Juliet! little did'st thou dream, that, in addition to thy misfortunes, the unsullyed purity of thy angelic mind should, at this distance of time, be subject to the rude breath of criticism!—But rest in peace, sweet saint! thy fair untainted name shall live—live in thy Shakspeare's page—when even the critic's memory is no more.

HAMLET.—P. 258.

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass.

This, says Dr Johnson, *seems* to be a line of an old ballad. He has, therefor, caused it to be printed in the Italic character. But there appears no other ground for the supposition, than the good doctor's opinion, which is not sufficient in these matters to authorise an alteration in the type.

Ibi.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, *historical-pastoral*, [tragical-historical, tragical-comical, *historical-pastoral*] scene undividable, &c.

"The words within the crotchets," says Mr Steevens, "*I* have *recovered* from the folio, and *see no reason* why they were hitherto omitted." But though the learned commentator could see no reason why the words were omitted *before*, his readers can see one, why they should be omitted *now*; *viz.* that the words *historical-pastoral* may

not be absurdly repeated. The truth is, that the industrious editor has entirely lost the merit of his *recovery*, by the negligence of his printer: the folio properly reads:

——— pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, *tragical-comical, historical-pastoral*, &c.

P. 316.

"This speech," says Dr Johnson, "in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered."

How far it detracts from the virtue of Hamlet to be represented as lying in wait for an opportunity to take an adequate and complete revenge upon the murderer of his father, is a question not, with submission to the great moralist, quite so easyly decided. The late king has reported hisself to have been destroyed in the most deliberate, horrid, and diabolical manner;

Cut off ev'n in the blossom of his sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to his account,
With all his imperfections on his head:
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!

Under such aggravated circumstances, for Hamlet to be content with having what Dr Johnson calls blood for blood, would have been taking an inadequate and imperfect revenge, and, consequently, doing an act of injustice and impiety to the *manes* of his murdered parent. But, indeed, the reason Hamlet here gives for his conduct, as the are better than any other person can ma for him, will fully justify both him and against all such hypercritical opposition the end of time.

P. 408.

Ham. I am afraid you make a *wanton* of me.

i. e. you trifle with me, as if you were playing with a child. Dr Johnson onely observes, that a *wanton* was a man feeble and effeminate. He might as well have said it was a horse or an elephant.

——— I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a *wantons* bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
And with a silk thread pulls it back again.
Romeo and Juliet.

I wish poor Ritson were alive now. He would have made an excellent Contributor to your Magazine. It was said that the Edinburgh Review killed him, but his friends know that to be fudge. I will send you, for your next Number, an account of his "Robin Hood"—a work full of very amusing matter. Meanwhile, I am yours sincerely.

* * *

A PARALLEL BETWEEN THE MASTER DEBTOR'S SIDE OF NEWGATE, AND THE SEVERAL SPONGING HOUSES IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

MR EDITOR,

I LATELY found among some lumber in an old garret, a little treatise on Newgate, as it existed about a hundred years ago—and as the public attention has been much turned to the subject of prison discipline, perhaps an extract from it may not be unacceptable. This treatise was "written for the public good by B. L. of Twickenham," who seems unfortunately to have had excellent opportunities of making himself acquainted with the subject, and was printed for T. Warner, at the Black Boy, in Paternoster-Row, 1724. The cruelty and impositions of Bailiffs, against which B. L. directs his artillery, are, as many of your readers have doubtless experienced, still to be deplored, and, perhaps, I ought to make some apology for awakening painful recollections. But private feelings must be made to give way to public benefit. Will you permit me to add, that your Magazine would, in my opinion, be greatly improved by an intermixture of short miscellaneous articles with those of more grave and important discussion? Extracts from curious old books—rare tracts, &c. would, I am sure, amuse many persons who might be disposed to turn from a regular essay. I am, &c.

A Parallel, &c.

"Most certain it is, That the Laws of this Realm, were first Instituted, for the effectual maintaining and executing of Equity and Justice, between Man and Man; and therefore, every Subject is intituled to Property, Equity, Justice and Liberty; and those who execute any thing to the contrary, are not only Oppressors of the Subject, but also Violators of the Law.

"And since there are many wicked Persons (called Bailiffs) whose Daily Study and Practice, is to oppress the Distress'd; therefore, I shall endeavour to detect all such future Practices, by exposing the several vile and wicked Impositions which those profligate Wretches inflict on such unfortunate Persons as fall into their Hands.

"And as the Execution of our Laws, is justly performed by the Learned Judges

and other Eminent Persons in their several Stations; 'tis not to be doubted, but that our worthy Superiors will, when apprized of the Hardships under which the oppressed Subject groans, by the Usage of these Miscreants, take proper Cognizance thereof, and justly punish such of them, as may appear to deserve the same, for their exorbitant Impositions and Exactions.

" A Bailiff was formerly look'd upon with such an evil Eye, and the Office reckon'd so scandalous by our Ancestors, that no *Englishman* could be procured to arrest any one; and it was an Employ taken up and follow'd by *Flemings* and other Foreigners, who were held to be the Scum of their own Country, as well as the Pest of ours; And in such great Detestation and Abhorrence were they held among the Common Sort, that they were forced to execute their Office by stealth, for fear of broken Bones, or being stoned by the incensed Populace. At this Day, it is an Office infamous and scandalous, and the Baseness of the Persons in it, and their vile Usage of the Poor and Friendless, are likely to continue it so to future Times.

" As soon as the Unfortunate Person who falls into the Hands of these vile Wretches, is arrested, he is conveyed to some Tavern, where those Swine, plentifully Swig and Carouze at the Expence of the Prisoner, under pretence of waiting till you procure Bail.

" This ended, the Reckoning is call'd for, the Total of which is generally as agreeable to you as the Conversation of your Companions; for you are not only feeding at that Time those rapacious Wolves themselves, but also other private Villains that are their Attendance and Followers (vulgarly call'd *Bull Dogs*) who are always planted in some place near you.

" Having paid the Reckoning, you are forthwith carried (by way of Civility as they term it) to their Sponging-House as it is properly called, instead of to Newgate the County Gaol, as their Warrant directs them to do. And at the same Time they set forth to you, that Newgate is a horrid, terrible and dismal Place, and that you are greatly Befriended by them, in not being immediately carried thither; and having inspir'd you with the Dread of the Place, they make use of your Fears accordingly, and by threatning to carry you there, when you refuse to comply with their Extortions, they oblige you to be conformable to such villainous Demands as they impudently and frequently impose upon you.

" Being thus arrived at their Hellish Habitation, you are at your Entrance (by those *Crocodiles*) received with a great deal of seeming Good Manners and Civility; and soon after, their Accomplices are assembled, and your Keeper forthwith calls for a Bottle of Wine, orders a Couple or Half a Dozen of Fowls to be immediately roasted, and other things suitable thereunto to be provided; which being performed and brought to Table, with great Impudence, they will not only place themselves at the Upper part thereof, but also unmannerly cut, carve, rake and tear, and serve every one before they will admit you even to be able to sit down, and oblige you at last, to be glad of receiving what they dislike, nay, very often leave little more than the bare Bones.

" Their ravenous Appetites being thus plentifully satiated, and some or other being troubled with the Cholick, a Pint of Brandy is call'd for, out of which, if any be left, when they are all serv'd round, perhaps, one Glass may come to your turn, or otherwise you must call for more, or go without.

" The Table being clear'd, Orders are given for Pipes and Tobacco, and a Bowl of Punch to be made immediately, notwithstanding you give no Commission for the same, or that it may chance to be a Liquor disagreeable to you.

" These Bowls of Punch are generally of such a Size as are commonly sold for Three Shillings and Sixpence, for which you are charged Ten Shillings each.

" The Bowl being out, they very frequently, with the greatest impudence, order another, though against your Will, and without your Order; and in the Drinking of the same (with the greatest Tranquillity imaginable) demand the Substance of your Misfortunes, &c., and if they think your Case hard, you have the Benefit of the Pity of these Miscreants for all your Expences.

" When the Bowl is out, you are immediately conveyed to your Prison Room, in which you are inclosed with such Security, as not to be easily got to when required.

" About Two Hours afterwards, the chief Swine of the Herd, under a pretence of a Visit, &c. comes to you, and after some few *Judas* Compliments, he, without asking Leave or Consent, calls for Pipes, Tobacco, and a Bottle of Wine, places himself in a Chair, lights his Pipe, fills his Glass, drinks it off, without the Good Manners of taking any Notice of you; for you must understand, that Good Manners amongst Bailiffs, are as scarce to be found, as Honesty.

" By such time as the Bottle is half out, perhaps 'twill be your turn to have the Opportunity of drinking a Glass or two with him; and then he takes Care to intimate the Necessity of your being immediately carried to Newgate, if you don't forthwith pay him his Demands for his *Civility* (by him call'd *Civility Coal*; viz. *Civility Money.*)

" 'Tis true, altho' he has the Modesty and Cunning as not to mention the Sum he demands, yet he has the Impudence to smile in your Face, and deny receiving of what you are disposed to give, provided 'tis

less than a Guinea; and very often, as the Case is circumstanc'd, he is so base as to extort Two or Three, and sometimes Five Guineas.

"If you do not at that time pay him his *Civil Coal*, you are certainly used with great Brutality, and lock'd up a close Prisoner for several Days; during which time, you shall not only be deprived of all manner of Conversation, but of seeing of any Persons who come to you; and he will also prevent you from sending to any of your Friends upon your necessary Occasions, till such time you have satisfy'd his unreasonable Expectations. And though you are close lock'd up, and cannot have free Access to the necessary Conveniency, you may ring, knock, or call (very often) for the space of an Hour, before they will come near you, and at the same Time, they'll Scoff and Snap at you, and use you with a great deal of Ill Manners.

"Upon the Whole, I cannot but observe, That by the Words *Civility-Money*, with which you are forced to compound for hardly tolerable Usage at the best, it is naturally imply'd, That the general Disposition of this Set of Mortals, is such, as renders them the very Reverse to every thing Human, and ranks them more properly in the Lists of those Beasts of Prey, that prowl about to destroy Mankind; and in this resemble the Devil himself, who walks to and fro in the Earth seeking whom he may devour.

"Indeed were I particularly to describe the base Methods used by these Canibals, 'twould swell this Volume to an enormous Bulk; I shall therefore proceed as briefly as I can, that I may not tire the Patience of my Reader.

"Your *Civil Coal* being paid, for some few Days after, you will be treated with a little more Good Manners than before, provided you keep Piping as long as they Dance, or otherwise you'll find but little Difference from your former Usage.

"For the first Night's Lodging you are charged Two Shillings, and One Shilling *per* Night afterwards, and for your Firing One Shilling *per Diem*. Every Night before Eight o'Clock (notwithstanding you have before paid Eight times the Value of your Firing) they will either come to you themselves (or send one of their Followers) and will not only put out your Fire, but also take away your Candle, and oblige you to get into your Bed in the Dark, if you offer to sit up till Eight or Nine in the Evening.

"And altho' your Lodging and Firing is so extortionate dear, yet very often you shall be obliged to lie with one, and sometimes with two, in the same Bed; and as to the Fires they are seldom made till Noon each Day, be the Mornings never so cold.

"If you are inclined to Breakfast with Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, &c., you pay a Quadruple Price for the same; if Bread, Cheese, Butter, &c. One Shilling; and Fourpence, *per* Quart for what Beer you drink therewith.

"The Price of your Dinner, if you Dine by yourself, is generally Two Shillings, and sometimes Three; for if there be no other Prisoner than yourself, you are surely charged with the Dinner as provided for the Family in general.

"If you are admitted to sit in Company during the Intervals between Meals, nothing will do but a flowing Bowl of Punch (such as before mentioned) or a Bottle or two of Wine, which, with the greatest Assurance imaginable, they will call for (as aforesaid) without your Consent, and very often without your Knowledge.

"If any of the Female Sex (as the Wife or Daughters of your Gaoler) be in Company, they will provide Tea, Sugar, &c., and place all to your Account, which if you seem the least displeased at, then they tell you of Newgate, of calling a Coach to carry you thither, and many such like Threats, which, to Persons who know not what Newgate is, sounds so terrible, that they are glad to put up with such Impositions; and thereupon, you are commanded to repair to your Prison Room, a loathsome Garret, where you are securely lock'd up, and no Persons admitted to come near you for many Hours after, be your occasions never so importunate.

"The Brandy, as they call it, which they sell in their Houses, is a Composition of diverse Spirituous Liquids, which they dispose of at Eightpence a Quartern, as by them termed, tho' but little more than a Half-Quartern Wine Measure.

"The Geneva they sell at Fourpence *per* Quartern, and in the same short Measure as that of their Brandy. Their Beer is sold at Fourpence *per* Quart, each Quart containing about Three half Pints.

"Their Wine is horrid base, not only in respect to Goodness, but Measure: their Bottles which they call Quarts, are actually not Wine Pints, and the Price is Two Shillings each.

"When you have Occasion to send a Letter by a Porter, you must not only beg and pray for that Liberty, but also pay a double Price for the Message. And if you give a Letter with a Penny, to put into the Penny Post-Office, it very rarely goes any further than the first Fire they come to. And every time you send any Letter, either by the Post or a Messenger, it is always opened and read, and very often not delivered at all, especially if they dislike the Contents. Nor do they scruple to open Letters when they are sent, if the Person who brings them, doth not deliver the same into the Hands of the Prisoner.

"Their Followers are still more wretched Miscreants than the Bailiffs, and for the Sake of a Shilling (which is the general Allowance they have out of every Arrest) will

betray the best of Friends, nay, even their own Father, without any manner of Regard to what may follow. And you are not only charged Two Shillings and Sixpence *per diem* for one of those Followers (who are generally and justly termed *Bailiffs Dogs*) to be your Keeper; but also One Shilling *per Diem*, for the Victuals he eats.

"That nothing may escape these Wretches, they always, at the Departure of a Prisoner, ask for some small Matter for the Maid-Servant of their House; which is seldom deny'd, but is rarely given to her; for if she happens to be absent on any Occasion, and it be left with her Master or Mistress for her, they generally keep it themselves, all being Fish with them that comes to Net.

"It were endless to enumerate the Tenth Part of their Villainies, and therefore I shall end this Part of the *Parallel*, with congratulating my Countrymen on the Hopes, that a Happy End will now be soon put to the vile Impositions and Barbarities of these inhuman *Canibals*, by the Excellent Law depending at this Time in the Parliament, *to prevent Vexatious Arrests and Law-suits*. Their Enormities have arriv'd at such a flagrant Height, that the Cries of the Oppressed have reach'd the Ears of our Noble Legislators, who seem determin'd to deliver the poor Subject from the Extortions of these Wretches, which, no doubt will procure the Grateful Acknowledgment of all Honest Men, and draw down upon them a Blessing from the Almighty, who has been graciously pleased to recommend to Mortals, *To Visit the Sick, and Relieve the Prisoners*, as two great Duties of Human Life. In this Happy Prospect, I shall therefore for the present leave the Subject, and proceed to speak a Word or two in relation to the Humanity observed in the *Master Debtors Side of Newgate*, in Comparison to the Usage and Impositions of a Sponging-House.

"After being Arrested and carry'd to the *Lodge at Newgate*, you pay to the Turnkey (as before mentioned) 6*s* and 6*d*. and then you are directed to the Ward appointed for you, where, at your Entrance, you pay 10*s* and 6*d* (as aforesaid) to the Steward of that Ward for your Garnish-Money; out of which 2*s*. is spent amongst the Prisoners of your Ward, and the remaining 8*s*. and 6*d*. is kept by the Steward, for which he provides very good Fires, Candles, Salt and Brooms, during the whole Time of your Imprisonment, if it prove never so long.

". Which being compared with a Sponging-House, where you pay 1*s per Diem*, for your Fires, which are not light till Noon, and put out every Night at 8 or 9 and left in the Dark afterwards, is no doubt infinitely preferable.

"Your Garnish being paid, you immediately enter into a Mess with the other Prisoners of the Ward, with whom you eat, drink, &c. at a very cheap and reasonable Rate, every Person providing for his Day as aforesaid, a sufficient Joint of Mutton, Beef, &c., and thereby you have a very good Dinner of Roast or Boil'd every Day for about 4*d*. each Prisoner, or 6*d*. at most, at which time you may drink such Liquors as you are inclinable to, and be free from all manner of Impositions and Ill Manners practised by Bailiffs, where you not only pay an extravagant Price, but are obliged to eat what they please to leave, and be subject to their Humours.

"The Liberty you have of Conversing with whom you please, is at no time denied, free Access being given at all times between Eight in the Morning and Nine at Night, at which times you are at liberty to be in private with your Friends to Consult and Advise, &c., as your Business or Affairs may require, without any Person to interfere with you; which in a Sponging-House is the Reverse; for there you cannot speak one Word to your Friend in relation to your affairs, but you have one or two of their Emissaries listening at the Door, to over-hear your Consultations, which may oftentimes prove of a bad Consequence, by having your Secrets discovered to your Adversaries.

"When your Occasions require a Person to carry a Letter to any Place in *London*, 'tis faithfully performed by the Servants of Mr *Rowse* and Mr *Perry*, with great Care and Speed, which is never done at any Sponging-Houses, as I have before observed. Then for the Benefit of Air and Cleanliness, there is no Comparison: for here every thing is kept clean by the Care of the Steward, &c., whereas in a Sponging-House, what with your being close lock'd up, and want of fresh Air, the Stink of a Close Stool (which is very often full at your coming in) the ill-smell of the Bed (for they seldom change the Sheets under two Months) and the Smoaking of the Chimney; the Air is actually so Infectious, that if the Persons confined are not of a strong Constitution, they are liable to great Inconveniencies.

"By this Time, I believe, my Reader will agree with me, That the *Master Debtors Side of Newgate*, is a Paradise to the best of Sponging-Houses, not only in respect to the least Expence, but also for Health, good Entertainment, Liberty, Pleasure and Conversation; And therefore, I do solemnly declare to all unfortunate Persons, That when they cannot produce Bail or discharge the Action in a short time, 'tis greatly to their Advantage immediately to go to the *Master Debtors Side of Newgate*, rather than suffer themselves to be imposed on, in the Manner I have related.

"The better to exemplify the great Difference there is between the Usage of a Sponging-House, and the *Master Debtors Side of Newgate*, I shall here subjoin a Bill of Expence for one Day in each Place; by which the Reader, at a View, will be able to judge of and confirm the Truth of what I have asserted.

"*The* FORM *of an* Honest Bailiff's BILL, *for One Night's Lodging and Day's Expence.*

Mr A. B. *his* BILL *for One Day's Expence.*

	l.	s.	d.
For your Night's Lodging	0	02	0
For your Breakfast	0	01	0
For one Quart of Drink at your Breakfast (whether you drink it or no 'tis the same)	0	00	4
For half a Pint of Brandy, *ditto*	0	01	4
For your Dinner	0	02	0
Drink at Dinner	0	02	0
Brandy after Dinner, Half a Pint	0	01	4
Tobacco and Pipes, *&c.*	0	01	0
Your Keeper's Dinner	0	01	0
For his Day's Attendance on you	0	02	6
Your Supper	0	01	0
Drink at Supper	0	00	8
Brandy at *ditto*	0	01	4
Total	0	17	6

And this Bill is very often inhanced to a much greater Expence.

"*The Expence of One Night's Lodging and Day's Charges, in the* Master Debtors Side *aforementioned.*

	l.	s.	d.
Your Night's Lodging	0	00	4½
Your Dinner	0	00	6
Drink for the whole Day, if Three Quarts (but less if you please)	0	00	9
Total	0	01	7½

And very often less, especially when you drink Small-Beer at your Dinner.

From hence it appears, That the Difference of Expence only of One Day, is actually Fifteen Shillings and Ten pence Halfpenny; which I leave to the Consideration of those unfortunate Persons, whose unhappy Situation of Affairs may subject them to make Choice of one Place or the other."

MR FABER ON THE PYRAMID OF CEPHRENES, LATELY OPENED BY BELZONI.

Most of our readers are probably aware, that in the year 1818, the long-closed pyramid of Cephrenes was opened by the skill and perseverance of Mr Belzoni. Like the large pyramid, it was found to contain a dark chamber and a stone sarcophagus, in which were a few bones, some of which, on being brought to England by Major Fitzclarence, were submitted to the inspection of Sir Edward Home, and found to be the bones of a cow or bull. This discovery has completely established the theory of the pyramid, previously advanced by Mr Faber in his learned work on the Origin of Pagan Idolatry. We shall, in as few words as possible, lay before our reader the substance of that theory.

The striking uniformity of Paganism, as established in every part of the world, leads to the *rationale* of the pyramids. As its rudiments are the same, so is there a surprising uniformity in the religious structures of the old idolaters. Pyramids, so far from being peculiar to Egypt, are to be found of different sizes, properties, and materials, in every quarter of the globe.

In no region are they more common than in Hindostan, between which country and Egypt, through the medium of the shepherd kings, there was a very early and a very close religious connexion. Now the Brahmins are unanimous in declaring, that every Pyramid is an artificial mountain, designedly constructed as a copy of the Holy Mount Meru. This holy mountain they describe as the special abode of Iswara, who, during an universal deluge, floated in the ship Argha, upon the surface of the ocean. Into the particulars of this tradition it is unnecessary to enter.

Exactly the same account, relative to the design and origin of the great pyramid of Cholula, prevailed among the Mexicans, and even at the present day prevails among their posterity.

From these concurring accounts it is evident, that the holy mountain of which every pyramid was an avowed transcript, was no other than Mount Ararat, upon which the ark rested after the deluge. Each pyramid then was a copy of Mount Ararat, whence it appears that the religious notions attached to the pyramid, bore a certain relation to the history of the flood.

The Hindoo theologians, though occasionally differing as to the form which they ascribe to the holy mount Meru, very generally represent it as being square, as standing with an accurate relation to the four cardinal

points of the compass, and as composed of eight successively diminishing towers placed one upon the other. Such, according to Herodotus and Strabo, was the exact form and arrangement of the Tower of Babylon. But this very pyramid, raised on the banks of the Euphrates, was, according to the Hindoo theologians, the earliest montiform edifice, which the sons of men reared as a studious copy of Mount Meru.

The Mexican legend, attached to the pyramid of Cholula, is a corrupted narrative of the building of the Babylonic Tower, brought away, in the first instance, from the plain of Shinar, by them of the dispersion. The form of the Mexican pyramid corresponds both in shape and position with the Tower of Babylon, as described by the Greek historians. It differs only in having a smaller number of steps, whereas the Egyptian pyramids of Ghiza differ from it, in having a larger. In all other respects they perfectly resemble the Tower of Belus; and the two which have been opened, contain each a dark central chamber, which answers to the similar chamber mentioned by Herodotus as constructed in the heart of the Babylonic pyramid. On the same principle are built the Indian pyramids of Tanjore, with this difference, that they are higher in reference to their base, than the pyramids of Ghiza.

As the first Postdiluvian sacrifice was offered on the summit of Mount Ararat, by the great patriarch who was preserved in the ark, so, on every imitative mountain, whether natural or artificial, sacrifices were devoted to that principal Hero-God, who was said to be the father of three sons, and who, with seven companions, was reported to have sailed over a shoreless ocean in a wonderful ship, by the Hindoos called Argha, and by the Egyptians and the Greeks styled Argo or Baris. For this purpose the pyramidal altar was built with a flat top, which sometimes contained a chapel. The summit of the chief pyramid of Ghiza, though, from the enormous bulk of the fabric, it seems a mere point to the eye of the spectator, is yet a square platform of not less than thirty-two feet.

But, admitting that each pyramid were a copy of Mount Ararat, the question arises, in what manner originated the belief, that the pyramids of Egypt were the tombs of the ancient kings of the country? The Greek writers could never have imagined the pyramids to be tombs, unless they had been actually so informed by the Egyptians. They seem to have been told by the priesthood, that each pyramid was the tomb of a very ancient king of Egypt. Having received this general account of them, and finding that the three principal ones were ascribed to the three kings, Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycerinus, they naturally enough concluded them to be the sepulchres of these three princes. Their opinion, which seemed to rest upon a very solid foundation, was forthwith committed to writing; and hence originated the general persuasion, that these vain-glorious and tyrannical kings had harassed their subjects, and exhausted the wealth of their country, for no better purpose than that they might repose after death in tombs of extraordinary magnitude.

The truth of the matter, however, was this, that instead of being the literal sepulchres of the literal kings of the country, the pyramids were each alike the mystical sepulchre of Osiris, the supposed primeval king and Hero-God of Egypt.

The worship of Osiris, or Thammuz, was of a funereal nature. In the celebration of his mysteries the god was first bewailed as dead, and afterwards his restoration to life was celebrated with riotous mirth and frantic exclamations. To these rites there are frequent allusions in Scripture, for they prevailed in Palestine as much as in Egypt. By the ancient author of the Orphic Argonautics, they are denominated the Lamentations of the Egyptians, and the Sacred Obsequies of Osiris. They were celebrated in the following manner:—

In memory of Osiris being compelled to enter into an ark by Typhon, or the evil genius of the ocean, an image of the god was annually placed in a boat shaped like the Lunar Crescent, and set afloat upon the Nile. It was called the Argo, evidently the same as the ship Argha of the kindred theology of Hindostan. It was, however, also deemed the mystic coffin of the god; and as his entrance into it was esteemed the same as his death, so an evasion from it was esteemed the same as

his restoration to life—and hence wailing, followed by rejoicing hymns.

Every part of the public character of Osiris demonstrates him, so far as his humanity is concerned, to be the scriptural Noah. According to the allegorizing phraseology of antiquity, the great patriarch was said to die out of one world, and to be born again into another, as he lay for a season concealed in his floating coffin, or when the funereal ship came to land, restoring him from the realms of Hades. Such speculations, it is obvious, made the worship of Egypt funereal.

This explanation of the ceremony is confirmed by the kindred fable of Hindostan. For Iswara, in the theology of Hindostan, stands connected with his consort Isi, and his ship Argha, just as Osiris stands connected, in the theology of Egypt, with his consort Isis, and his ship Argo. But there cannot be a reasonable doubt, that the legend of Iswara, entering into the ship Argha, when the whole earth is overflowed by the ocean, and of Iswara and Argha being metamorphosed into two doves, when the waters retire, is the history of the general deluge given in the peculiar language of the Pagan hierophants. Therefore the parallel legend of Osiris being driven into the ship Argo, by the fury of the ocean, and the funeral ceremonies which were founded upon it, must also relate to the history of the general deluge. It is now plain enough, why each Egyptian pyramid, though, like every other pyramid, a copy of Mount Meru or Ararat, was yet very truly, according to their theological speculations, declared by the priesthood to be the tomb of a very ancient king of the country. By this ancient king they meant the Hero-God Osiris, and his tomb was such another as the Cretans shewed for the sepulchre of their chief Hero-God Zan, or Jupiter; but the Greeks took them literally, and thence handed down to posterity, that the pyramids were literal tombs of certain literal Egyptian kings.

This funereal character of the pyramids of Ghiza is not peculiar to them, but is ascribed to the pyramids of all other countries. According to Herodotus and Strabo, the pyramid of Babylon was indifferently called the temple and the tomb of Belus; throughout Greece, those tumuli which were reported to be the tombs of the Hero-Gods, were deemed also their temples; among the Celts each high place of the Ship-God Hu, was called his grave; and at this day, throughout the East, the pyramids dedicated to the diluvian Buddha, and copies of the Holy Mount Meru or Ararat, are at once temples and tombs of the god. The pyramids of Egypt, therefore, were tombs, as the Greek writers said—they were, in strict accordance with the funereal worship of the old Pagans, each the mystical tomb, or high place, of that reputed first king of every primitive nation—who, by the Egyptians, was denominated Osiris, or Ammon, or Phtha; by the Chaldèans, Belus, or Oannes; by the Phenicians, Adonis, or Thammuz; by the Hindoos, Buddha, or Menu, or Iswara; by the Celts, Hu, or Dylan; and by the Mexicans, Vitzle-Putzli, or Mexitli. The dark central chamber was the allegorical sepulchre of the god: the level platform on the summit smoked with the sacrifices devoted to him.

Such was the theory offered by Mr Faber, in his work on "The Origin of Pagan Idolatry," and of which an outline has been given by him in a tract just now published, entitled, "Remarks on the Pyramid of Cephrenes, lately opened by Mr Belzoni."*

The bones, therefore, found by Belzoni in the sarcophagus of the pyramid, are undoubtedly those of the sacred Bull Mneuis, in whose body Osiris was supposed, from time to time, to become incarnate. Diodorus Siculus gives a curious account of the mode in which every newly found Mneuis was floated down the Nile in the mysterious Baris, and on the Bembine table we may still behold the figure of that animal standing in that holy navicular coffin. Had a human skeleton been found royally paramount in a more costly sarcophagus, while the skeletons of different animals reposed around it in lower and less splendid sarcophagi, it might at least have been a plausible conjecture, that the human skeleton was that of an ancient king, while the bestial skeletons were those of animals which had been slaughtered to accompany their master to the nether world. But the post of honour was given to the bull,

* London, printed for F. C. and J. Rivington. 1819.

because he was deemed an Avatar of the God.

Mr Faber draws two corollaries from this discussion: First, That the peculiar superstition of Egypt must at least have been as ancient as the erection of the pyramids. They must have been built for the identical purposes to which we find them applied. We must, therefore, in exact concordance with Scripture, which describes the Israelites in the wilderness as bowing down before the bestial image of the Bull Mneuis, carry back the bovine superstition of Egypt to the earliest postdiluvian ages: for even in the time of Herodotus, the father of Greek history, the pyramids were an object of antiquarian wonder and speculation. The second corollary is, that the sepulchral worship of Osiris, or Buddha, or Adonis, or Belus, could not have been more recent in its origin than the dispersion of Babel. The Egyptians saw, that in all leading essentials their own pyramids were the mere double of the Babylonian pyramid, and their own superstition of the Babylonian superstition. And as the building of the Egyptian pyramid necessarily supposes the already existing superstition to which they were devoted, so the building of the Babylonian pyramid equally supposes the previous existence of a kindred superstition which gave rise to its construction. Agreeably to the just opinion of the Hindoo theologians, the pyramid on the banks of the Euphrates, or artificial mountain, raised in a flat country where there are no natural mountains, was the first erected copy of the holy mountain Meru or Ararat.

AN ACCOUNT OF A FISHING EXCURSION UP GLENWHARGAN, IN DUMFRIES-SHIRE, WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS ON BAIT-FISHING.

Sir,

It was during the autumn, I think, of the year 1808, that, in company with an intimate and valued friend, and, at the same time, suitably appointed with provisions, I set out on a fishing excursion towards the source of the *Scar*.* It was on one of those fine mornings, *ceretâ notata*, in the fisher's calendar, when there is neither sun nor Bamf-

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* The rivers, or rather the burns, in the upper district of Dumfries-shire, and on the boundary of the adjoining counties, are all intimately known to the author of this article. Most of them afford excellent sport to the angler, and it may not be unacceptable to some of your readers, to particularize a few of the most remarkable. The *Cairn*, which descends from the western side of the county, and which joins the Cluden, is an excellent fishing stream, though rather embarrassed by wood, and above *Monchire*, it branches out into a variety of tributary streams, every one of which is stored with fish. Upon the main stream stands the seat of the Earls of Glencairn, a family long renowned in Scottish story. Next to these, passing eastward along the north of Nithsdale, comes the Shinnel, which makes its way along a most romantic glen, but which, on account of the beautiful woods which cover it, is inaccessible to the line for a great way up. The Scar succeeds, a larger stream, and when fished up Glenwhargan, and the adjacent glens, eminently fitted for successful sport. The scenery is most bold and striking, and on the hazel scraggs which cover the steeps for a considerable way upwards, there are excellent nuts, of which the people in the neighbourhood make a yearly traffic. "The Grey Glede of Glenwhargan Craig," is celebrated over all the country in the sports and rhymes of infancy. Eagles have been seen in this direction not many years ago. Passing still farther east, we meet with the *Nith*, more famed for the purity of its waters, the rapidity of its current, and the adjacent Castle of Drumlanrigg, than for trouting. There is, however, excellent salmon fishing were one allowed to practise it. The tributaries of this river, the Carron, and the Cample, are too much fished to be at all remarkable: yet, towards the *heads*, there is, particularly in wet weather, often the very best amusement. From the elevated and picturesque hills of Queensberry streams pour into the Annan and the *Ae* in every direction, and all these are excellent. The *Cassee* which passes by the hospitable residence of Mr Harkness, (Mitchelslacks,) to whom and to whose moonlight whisky I hereby introduce all fishers, was once unrivalled, but is now sadly poached with "pike nets and lime." The *Brawn* is still a lonely stream—and after a flood, in particular, it affords unequalled bait fishing. I have often killed seventeen or eighteen dozen here in the course of a few hours. But transcendently the best is, in my opinion, after all, the *Dar*, one of the heads of the Clyde—and were it not for the proximity of Leadhills, from

Bailie* to discourage, but when the creeping mist ascends gradually from vale, and glen, and cot, and village, till all the landscape opens up, and the heaven above has become one settled field of obscurity. It was on one of those mornings which frequently succeed, at this season, to rain over night —when the earth teems with freshness, and the mossy burns are in famous dark brown trim, that, full of health and spirits, and without any very pressing avocations, we sallied forth with baskets on our backs, and rods in our hands, determined to take advantage of all occurrences, from which amusement and enjoyment might be derived. If you are the least of a fisher yourself, Mr Editor, and if you are not, I perceive that more than one of your Contributors are, you will readily enter into our feelings, and conceive all that joy and light-heartedness which, on his first escape from the casualties of home, every true fisher experiences. He feels for a time as if his happiness were too great to be assured to him—and he cannot help occasionally casting an eye behind, fearing that some unwelcome and unseasonable message of recall may overtake him. He walks on springs—and already feels the tug of future success at his heart. He places himself by the side of every well-known stream, or bank, or whirl, and sees the long and the dripping line shaking with the motion of his safely landed victim. What a source, Mr Editor, of exquisite and innocent enjoyment have they been ignorant of—who have never set at defiance master and parent's command, who have never braved hunger and travel and toil—who have never been subjected to the lash, or to the task of punishment, that they might enjoy this fascinating amusement. To all stages of life this pastime possesses interest, and conveys pleasure, from the season of childhood which dabbles from morning to night in the same pool, to that of peri-wig pated age, which comes at last to the same limited range. But it is during the period of youth, during the sunshine of our unclouded morning, that this amusement comes home to our heart in all its excitement and delight. In houses, in books, and in streets, those objects which press most early and most closely upon our attention—all is tame and artificial, the works and the contrivances of man —but stationed betwixt the mountain and the cloud—arrived at the deep and retired glen, where all is heaven above, and all is fresh from the hand of heaven below—where the upland thorn blossoms—the green braken waves—the straying flocks spread—the rapid gullies foam, and

> "The daisy spreads its silver star
> Unheeded,"

Nature becomes our schoolmistress, and her voice descends like the "dew of Hermon" on the young and susceptible mind. It is under such circumstances as these that the most lovely and vigorous blossoms of morality, and sometimes likewise of genius, are fostered—and that an "*Ettrick*

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which the locusts of destruction descend in the shape of miners, it would scarcely ever fail to fill the fisher's basket with trouts of the most beautiful *spot* and proportion. There are some *lesser* names, such as *Unkle-Shang* and *Windy-hills*, and the *Ring-straesburn*, the last of which, in particular, deserves to be mentioned. There is in the neighbourhood of this stream, and amidst the wilds of *Garven Muir*, a well, which is called the King-straen Well, and a number of stones erected around a large stone in the middle, which is called the King's chair. As this is the line of communication betwixt Nithsdale and Annandale, it is probable that one of our Scottish monarchs, in passing down upon the Johnstones and the Jardines of Annandale, may have pursued this route. What says Walter Scott about this? With the burns on the east of the Annan I am not so well acquainted, and shall leave the character of these to be given by one who has spent a sporting season at *Moffat Wells*. Were correspondents from different parts of the country to give similar notices, we might be able to travel over Scotland, by far the most pleasing and profitable method of travelling, with a fishing rod in our hand, and a map in our pocket, without missing a day's amusement by the way. I may just observe in addition, that all the burns I have mentioned on the east of the Nith are entirely freed from the teasing embarrassment of wood, in which respect they have a manifest advantage over them in the west.

* A Bamf-Bailie, known in all latitudes north of the Tay, to mean one of those swollen sultry towering clouds which, to the annoyance of the angler, make such a figure in our summer sky.

Shepherd" has appeared to astonish and to delight his country.

Although fishing, in reference merely to "trout-killing," be, strictly speaking, an unsocial amusement, yet it is delightful still to enjoy the company of a friend; and if you can but be so fortunate as discover *one* more eager than experienced in the sport, whom, after various disasters, and unsuccessful efforts, you may easily persuade to tie up his rod, and witness your success, you have indeed lighted upon a treasure—you have found the rose without the thorn—the blessing without the curse of fishing society—you may then fish your streams in a leisurely manner—nor for the sake of one inviting bank sacrifice many very fair chances. You may display your skill and address, and count over your dozens before him, and in case he be at all inclined to learn, you may instruct him experimentally in the art. "Scire tuum nihil est (says the poet) nisi te scire sciat alter." And though the solitary fisher may find retirement advantageous to his success, yet still his heart's prayer will be—

"Grant me *one* in my retreat,—
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet."

The friend with whom on this occasion I set out was, fortunately for me, of this description. For, though he was the first, after about seven miles travel, to lay a line in the water, (indeed he had his tackle in order long ere we reached the stream)—though he was the first to get a most wonderful *rise*—the first to hook *one* upwards of a pound—and the first to drag to the bank *one* not upwards of an *ounce* weight—he was likewise the first to exhibit his person from a tree—the first to amputate, by his bodily weight alone, a large branch, and the first to discover, after all his trouble, his hooks and part of his line still waving in the wind above. He was ever and anon cracking off a hook behind, or fixing it upon a rock before him. He had often occasion for his knife, and it was not till frequent and rather deep incisions had been made into his stockings and coat sleeves, that he could unrol and disentangle himself from an unsuccessful and ill-directed throw. He became at last absolutely aquatic, and, perfectly regardless of consequences, dived and splashed away from one side of the water to the other like a Newfoundland dog, or a duck before rain. At length, having snapped his rod in pulling against a floating turf, whilst he considered that he was dragging into activity some "monster of the deep," and having, in vain, endeavoured to repair the fracture, by means of his hat-band, he lost so much ground, and became of consequence so dispirited, that he fairly gave up the contest. I was fishing as I always do, with the "bait or worm," and was ever and anon giving fresh evidence of my skill; and as he seemed *now*, for he had strongly opposed my method on our way to the river, disposed to become a convert to it, I undertook to instruct him; but finding that the day was getting clear, and that the power of the sun, in our present situation, was rather oppressive, and altogether unfavourable to the amusement, it became necessary to look out for a green and marshy spot at the bottom of the opposite steep, where we might be sure of spring water; and accordingly, having sweeped out with our hands a small basin, against our future necessities, we left it to clear, and laid ourselves down on the adjoining green sward to enjoy our repast, and to discourse of "bait fishing."

We were now in the very depths of Glenwhargan, and the celebrated "crag" or rock of that name was directly before us. It rose almost immediately from the opposite bank of the river in a perpendicular but rugged ascent to a very considerable height. Still, however, it did not appear to us to merit that celebrity which, from our infancy, we had heard it obtain; nor did we deem many other "crags" of less note, less deserving of notice. So having emptied our pockets of their store, and one of our baskets of a bottle, we withdrew our eyes and our attention, for a time, to less sublime, but not, to a hungry fisher, less interesting subjects.

And now, Sir, my narrative, in imitation of that of the great ancient philosophers, is about to assume a didactic form, and you must just be content to listen for a little to the instructions which, during the meridian heat, and in the plenitude of experience and authority, I then delivered.

"These worms (continued I), with which you see I am, in this small bag attached by a string to my but-

ton-hole, so well provided, are, in the first place, of a particular kind—and, in the second place, they have undergone a particular preparation. You see they are all white or green worms, and these I prefer to the red, on account of their tenacity or hardness; and I have a notion besides, that they are best suited to the taste of our mountain-trouts. The clean but moist and somewhat yellow bag, in which they are lodged, is gathered from amidst heath, or in various other situations. I have changed it frequently on these very worms, and have kept it constantly moist with a little milk, and you see how lively and clear they appear. Now, look at my hook, it is, you see, tied on a single hair—a method preferable to any other, as the hair never rots in the water, and occupies, in this method of tying, so little room, that the hook passes along without tearing or lacerating the worm. It is pretty large you see, and turned a little to one side towards the point. On a very small hook a worm is not easily thrust, and when on it, will not long remain. It is also apt to gather into a lump over the point, and thus prevent the hook from striking. I have broken, too, you observe, a piece off the shaft of my hook; and could I discover a method of attaching a shaftless hook to a line, I would have no shaft at all; for, in this case, I should be able to strike the trouts more obliquely, and with more success. Take one of these baits out of the bag, and I will teach you how to put it on—an art which is more difficult and important than you are aware of: Begin by thrusting in the point of your hook near the tail, and still leave as much to play at large, as, from its motion, may give to your bait the expression of life—now pass the upper part of the worm along the hook, and even a little way up the line—in most cases it is best to have two worms on—but be sure you always leave the tip of your hook bare. The meaning of this advice you will perceive so soon as we begin to fish. One of these baits, thus prepared and thus put on, so great is its toughness, from the mode of preparation, may serve to kill four or five trouts; for there is no necessity of a new bait, as is commonly supposed, every trout you secure. You will be a bad fisher indeed—and a very unapt disciple of mine—if you permit one trout out of twenty to gorge or swallow your hook. There is nothing, however, can teach you but practice—so hand me that bottle."

Having, during this very interesting dialogue, taken care to replenish our craving stomachs with ample prog, we were now come, like Sancho, to think of the bottle; and though its contents were neither Spanish nor Rhenish, they were calculated to qualify the substantials we had eaten, and the cold spring-water we had drunk—so dipping it into the well "of our clearing," and qualifying a little the heat of the whisky, by an admixture of cooling water, we put the bottle in succession to our mouths. It was during a rather protracted pull—to the prolonging of which my pupil was in the attitude of stating his disapprobation—and whilst I presented the appearance of an astronomer looking through a telescope at the moon, that the "Crag of Glenwhargan" arrested, for the second time, my attention; and I was not a little surprised to find, how much in so short a time, as Chalmers would express it, it had "extended its enlargements;" and upon stating the discovery to my impatient disciple, he admitted that it really seemed to him likewise to be increased. It appeared, in short, to us both now to be highly deserving of the title "Great," which, in common with some other very sounding names in history, it had obtained.

Now, Mr Editor, you make a mighty fuss about your kaleidoscopes, which, after all, can only present images to the eye that are varied and beautiful, but which have no direct power whatever upon the percipient and recipient of all the pleasure—the mind or soul; but here is a kaleidoscope, which not only presents outward objects in a new, in a multiplied, or in a more sublime attitude, but likewise attunes the whole soul to the scene presented—it connects the outward object with the inward man, and thus the happy employer of this powerful instrument does not feel himself as insulated and detached from, but as a part, and a member of one great unity, from the centre of which he feels and enjoys to the very extremity of his outward perceptions. He sits, like the spider, in the middle (though, by the bye, I never saw any but a poetical spider in this attitude,) of his web; and the

smallest pulsation upon the very rim and verge of his visual descry, is a sensation in the very core of his heart—is a sentiment in the very centre of feeling.

The sun had now abated a little of his intensity, and although not by any means a favourable afternoon for our sport, there was occasionally a cloud, and constantly a breeze; and being reciprocally intent upon giving and receiving instruction, and having fairly finished, according to my favourite song, "*The last of our bottle*," we set to work again in good earnest, he to watch the exemplification of my rules, and I to prove by every throw, that these rules were founded on extensive experience.

And now I am about to communicate to you, Mr Editor, and through you to, I do not exactly know how many, a secret, which is known at this present moment only to a very few indeed, a secret, the possession of which has made me long the most successful bait-fisher in the county where I reside; a secret, which I had originally from an old soldier, of whom, and of whose feats in this way, there are many yet alive in Nithsdale who can bear ample testimony. And this secret, with a liberality and public-spiritedness which would only be looked for *from*, at least, which would only be found *in* an old fisher, I authorise, and even request you, to make as public as you can. The fact is, I am now becoming a little, perhaps not a little corpulent; I cannot ascend the hills, or trace the streams so cleverly as I could formerly, and lest I should get more indolent, or more stupid, or be made a D.D., or take to "the bottle" exclusively; and thus, from any or from all of these causes, be rendered incapable of asking or of obtaining credit, I have come to the determination of making, as the man in the play says, "a clear breast of it," and the secret consists entirely in knowing "*how to throw the line.*" The common practice is to go to the head of the stream or of the pool, and to allow the bait to make its way before you, downwards, till it be caught by some watchful eye, and lodged in some unhappy jaw. But in this case you always pull against the stream, and, consequently, you more than double the resistance; besides, as all fish catch any bait floating downwards with their heads turned against the current, it is ten to one but, after your bait has been almost as far home in the stomach of the trout, as Jonah was in that of the whale, the trout may open his mouth and allow *you* to free him of so inconvenient a meal. Now the method in which I was instructed, and which I have always practised in all seasons, and almost every variety of weather, with success is this; instead of fishing with the bait *down* a small mountain burn, fish *up* it: keep a pretty long line, and keep constantly pulling it out and throwing it in; thus, even suppose there is not a single fish in the stream or in the pool which may have the least intention to swallow, many, almost in every case, will have a great inclination to look at, to nibble at, to tamper (in short) with, this *danger*. During all this floating and circling, during all this nibbling and dallying, you will observe that the trout still keep, in this mode of fishing, betwixt your hook and you; and, accordingly, whenever you choose to call home your hook with a sudden jerk, you have a great chance to come round some fellow's jaws, or across his breast, who had no intention to swallow, but to wander;—who went as many who suffered in the Porteous, and who suffer in all mobs, did and do merely to ask "*what was the matter.*" You must, however, remember whilst practising this method, to have a strong line and rod (a piece of well-seasoned *rowan* tree is worth all the Mackenzies and Phins in the world meaning no disparagement to these celebrated artists) which will bend down almost to your hand, for, in order to accomplish your purpose, you are compelled to draw so powerfully, and in case, as most *frequently* happens, your victim be not well hooked, so smartly that, should you hit upon a root or a stone, your tackle, otherwise, will be in danger of giving way. I have fished upwards of twenty dozen (without looking through my kaleidoscope!) during a day in this manner, and upwards of one-third were actually hooked on the outside.

"Εκιις ἀσαντ' απιλθι,
Λαλιστραν ὠιθηκας,
Ανθρωπε, και κορωνης."

"This is all away! away!
You have made me waste the day,
How I've chattered, prating crow
Never yet did chatter so."

The day was so far wasted by the

time I had given my pupil a full specimen of my art, that the bottom of Glenwhargan was sunk into shade, and the shadow of the western was exhibited in waving outline on the front of the eastern steep. The smoke which, in more elevated situations, is generally dissipated as soon as it escapes the cottage vent, in these deep and sheltered glens, particularly about nightfall, ascends for some time unbroken, like the adjoining ash-tree of the garden, erecting its full stem, and spreading out at a certain elevation on all sides. It was by marking this peaceful notification, that we were enabled to discover "a sheep-farm steading," at the conflux of two streams, and immediately under a precipitous exhibition of crags above, with stunted thorn and "hazel scraps" towards the bottom. After the usual challenge of cur and whelp, we affected a lodgement within the ha'-door, and, proceeding along a narrow and dark passage, we found the "guidman" of the family employed in family worship, or in the once well-known language of our country, "taking the buik," and for the sake of those who inhabit large towns, villages, and more populous districts, and in particular for the sake of my own parishioners, I shall here affix a formula* of the manner in which this most becoming and sanctifying exercise was performed in the days of our fathers, and is still kept up in some remote and muirland places. And as the Right Reverend and Right Honourable the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, have deemed it proper to recommend a revival of this good old custom, I am not without my hopes, that, through the interest of some leading men about Edinburgh, who are, as it were, the mouth, the body, and the respective organs of our church, I may get my formula passed through next Assembly, and inserted amongst its recorded acts. But, to return from this digression—the gudeman we found seated on his "Langsettle," from the back of which projected a narrow drop-table, supported by one leg only, on which table he was reading from his Bible a chapter in Isaiah. A *rosy-shoe-footed lass* occupied the near end of the "Langsettle," with her Bible in her hand, but opened, as I had afterwards occasion to observe, at the "Song of Solomon." Whether this was accident or design I know not; but the next was her marriage-day. Close by a large and luminous peat fire, which occupied nearly the centre of the ha', sat the gudewife, large and *lusty*, with a sleeping infant on her knee, a pair of large scissars suspended from one side, and a portentous pocket suspending from the other; above or beyond the fire, upon a long and sooty bench, and beneath an ample canopy of "sheepskins," sat a whole covey of lasses, displaying bare feet, with a reasonable proportion of ankle. In the front of the beds, and immediately opposite, sat, or rather lay, male and female servants closely jammed together by the limited range of the bed-shut-

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* Formula of family worship,
or of what
is in Scotland termed
"The Buik."

The guidman, or whoever presides in the family, takes from the shelf or hole in the wall the "guid ha'-bible," on the blank leaves of which are generally recorded his own birth and the births of his children, a short initiatory blessing generally precedes the opening of the sacred volume, a psalm is selected, and "let us praise," or "let us worship God," is solemnly expressed. The lines according to the old presbyterian form (one well accommodated to the insecurity of field conventicles, under which, and with a reference to which, it was instituted,) are first read, and then sung line by line in succession: no voice is silent, from the "herd callan that tents the stirks," up to the guidwife herself. None are too insignificant or too elevated to join in the praise of their Maker—a chapter is next read from the bible—and, in a kneeling posture, an extempore and fervent prayer is offered up to God.

They, and they only, who have been brought up under the due observance of this morning and evening sacrifice, who have felt and witnessed its purifying and elevating effects on the heart, can appreciate its importance. Under all his personal and family troubles, it is the poor man's ready and consolatory resource, and at the hour of his escape from sorrow, it is to the discharge of this exercise in his hearing that he directs the last visit of his "minister;" and it is generally under the long familiarized accents of prayer or of praise that he expires!

ters. A half-grown lad, who acted in the capacity of "cow-herd," occupied a more central situation, and seemed to have his attention chiefly directed towards a pair of footless hose, termed in Dumfries-shire "*hoshens*," which were drying from the crook. The younger children were gone to bed, and a half-asleep, but rather good looking girl, sat swinging her feet in the back ground, from the kitchen table. Amidst this group, and without any very fixed stations or appointments, were scattered dogs and cats, whelps and kittens, in abundance; and over it hung a canopy of smoke, blue, dense, and level, in which were hid roof and rafters; and, as we found, to our satisfaction, at next morning's meal, excellent mutton hams.

Such was the group which presented itself to us as we entered, and were beckoned by the gudeman himself into a seat beside the lass with the Bible, whilst my friend was advanced to the *bench in the upper house*. The service went on without suffering any material interruption, unless what proceeded from our out-of-doors enemies, the dogs, who still eyed us with suspicion, and growled dissatisfaction. Having told, however, our situation, we were readily accommodated with "beat" potatoes" to supper, and a bed.

Next day, after a hearty breakfast on porridge and milk, with a suitable accompaniment of a caulker of mountain dew, we were given to understand, that the marriage of a servant girl, with a shepherd lad, "about two miles up the glen," was about to take place, at the hour of twelve; and being in a humour to enjoy the fun, we agreed to witness the ceremony. It was performed, amidst a vast assemblage of lads and lasses, by a dissenting clergyman, who occupied more than an hour, in discoursing of *motives*, and *duties*, and *consequences*; till many elbows were in motion, many winks were exchanging, and many female cheeks were reddening through the crowd.

"*In* for a penny, *in* for a pound," so having witnessed the ceremony, we consented likewise to be present "up the glen" at the marriage feast, and to take a share of the festivities of the occasion. But as these were not to take place till some hours after, we resolved to fish our way up.

We had now got clear of that brush-wood, with which the course of the river was the day before, almost at every turn, beset; and had neither root nor branch to entangle our hooks upon. That which we were following up, was still the main branch of the Scar, greatly diminished, as it had lost several inconsiderable tributaries by the way. The day, however, was clear, and sultry; and, as is common in these situations, the stream had returned to its natural colour, and nearly to its usual size during the night. We had but little sport; my friend practised the lessons I had yesterday given him, but altogether without success; I could never get him to conceive, that a seemingly insignificant gullet, or rapid, was preferable to a large and deep pool. He was constantly running on before me, in order to secure the better chances; leaving me, however, at the same time, in undisputed possession of all that part of the water, which in such a day in particular was fishable. At length he tired fairly of my plan, twisted off his

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* Being unwilling to let slip any opportunity of doing good, I shall here append a recipe, by which this very delicious repast, known only in perfection in Dumfries-shire, may be prepared—Scrape your potatoes clean, even to the very foundation of every blank and deeply-rooted eye—boil them well, and rather hastily; then pour off the boiling water from them, and, taking up a link or two of the crook, hang them on without the lid, and with a sprinkling of salt over them, to dry—then taking them hastily down, for the process must be quickly gone through, to prevent over-cooling, place the pot on the hearth, and within the influence of the fire—beat them with a beetle, or rake them with a flesh hook, till they have become completely attenuated, and tough as dough—ceasing to adhere to the instrument used in bruising them—then *in* with your sweet milk and yellow butter, stirring powerfully the whole. This is the only part of the process where address may be exhibited; and I verily believe many a cold heart has been warmed by the figure of 8 cut and exhibited under a pair of red female arms. But caution, as in all cases of skill, is requisite here, for if you begin this evolution whilst the milk is not in some degree mixed with the potatoes, you will make a fearful splutter, and, instead of shewing off to advantage, you will look rather awkward—renew the milk and stirring process till the whole mass has become consistent—and then, with the addition of milk, to "throw on" or to "*dip in*" at will, you have a meal for a prince.

hook, bait and all, in a passion, and protested he would have nothing more to do with so *cruel*, so *beastly* an amusement. *Beastly* indeed, he might have some shew for calling it, as he had in his absence been digging with his fingers amidst the turf for worms; but cruel under his present circumstances, he had no reason to term it; as even according to his own admission, he had never even hooked a fin. The general imputation of defilement, I cannot indeed altogether repel, though in following the plan I have recommended, it is very trifling indeed; but on the score of cruelty, from the days of him who sung of the bait

" Which by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,
" Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
" Of the weak, helpless, incomplaining wretch
" Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand,"

down to the present hour, the allegation has arisen from inexperience, and sheer ignorance. For who that *can*, and whether he fish with fly or with bait, constantly *does* put his victim, immediately upon landing it, to death, by a twist of the neck, will enter into any thing but the mere poetry of such fanciful horrors. In most instances, I fancy the sportsman, whether his game reside in water or in air, finds his pleasure proportioned nearly to his success; and he who can kill twelve dozen with the bait, whilst another fishing with the fly can only kill six, will not very readily relinquish his harsh and beastly plan, for one less deadly, but more sentimental. We arrived at last, at the " shieling," where the bridal feast was to be held. It was a small rush-thatched cottage, over the door and windows of which vegetation had extended her influence; and a few dark brown patches here and there along the roof, gave it rather a pyebald aspect. It was, in short, the very counterpart of Jock, who with tattered coat, and clouted inexpressibles, was now rapidly advancing amidst a shower of spray of his own raising, through dub and mire, in hopes of winning the *brooze*. Behind him, and occasionally too before him, followed and advanced one who seemed equally determined with his antagonist, and last of all appeared in view the whole marriage party, drifting up the glen in noisy and motley confusion. Jock won the brooze, dashed down his penny in the plate, with an air of importance; and strapping his arm from shoulder to wrist, upon a face already studded with dirt and drenched in perspiration, each fixed star in the wide firmament of his countenance instantly assumed the tail and the tresses of a comet. He stood the very abstract, and epitome of all the signs of divine wrath which denounced to destruction the city of Jerusalem; and there let him *stand* till he cool, for here comes a fiddle, and here comes a respectable accompaniment of lads and " lasses free;" with whom it is time to partner ourselves on the green. And now, Mr Editor, in order to appreciate our present situation, you must know where you are.

But if you have never, in any of your autumnal excursions, had the good fortune to have your ankle twisted, or your heart twinged, in a Highland glen;—if you have never laid aside the fierce eye, and fiery aspect, and frenzied demeanour of an editor and a critic, under the soft and genial inspiration of " honest rustic simplicity"—then you can *but* guess at the interest we feel in the scene around us—we are, as it were, a caravan in the desert—not the polished valley of Rasselas is more completely encircled with mountains, and along the bold and undulating line of a horizon unusually elevated, and closely pressed home upon the eye, a few sheep that are feeding, figure like horses. The heavens over head are hung with a drapery of many towering and magnificent clouds, which now intercept and now transmit with increased splendour, the sun's rays. The Scar, now concealing its diminished head under bank and amidst rocks, leaves us as much " green sward," within one of its turnings, as serves for a ball-room; and Jock is now conducting the young gudewife, his old acquaintance of the " milk-stoup and crib," to a reel. Nor is he ill supported—for we have all taken a share in the sport, and the valley rings and the ground shakes with the demonstration of our joy.

The graces, if ever they travel so far from town, were absent on this occasion, and the blooming daughters of health superintend the ceremonies in their stead—all is one flap, and shout, and spring. Even " Hoshekins" him-

self draws up the legs of his footless hose, and flings it away, in a style of unrivalled demonstration, with the bride whom, he whispers me slyly, he has twenty times kissed in the byre. Accidents such as the dropping of a *thrum-garter* from the bride's leg—the bursting of a petticoat string some where else—and the tumbling of our young gudeman, in one of his figure dances, over the back of his amazed and yelping colley—these little incidents serve only as interludes to vary the scene and increase the effect. What took place during this musical carnival, below the surface of the earth, I presume not even to guess; but above, the dogs chase and bark in perfect delight—the sheep move off in lengthened rows to the hill—the raven deserts her thorn in the midway steep—and the "gray glade of Glenwhargan"

"Flaps his well-fledged wing and bears away."

The trouts,* however, contrary to their conduct on some other occasions of a like nature, keep to their pools; nor observe I any of the *moles* presenting their broad claws to the day.

Human nerves, however, as well as *fiddle-strings*, require to be relaxed. Even the practised mover of the fiddle-bow requests a pause and a draught of beer; and so well has our "hoshened hero" employed his time in the dance, that he is now incapable of awaiting his succession to the tankard; but uncorking a bottle from the basket, fairly sets it to his mouth—but almost instantly, and to the utter amazement of all who witnessed the action, dashed the bottle to the ground, pulling, at the same time, from his throat a small looking animal, which has nearly escaped the pursuit of his fingers. As "Hughoc" stood, when Maillie lay under her last speech before him (see Burns)—as a certain celebrated pugilist stood, upon discovering the blood of his own noble nose on the carpet under him—as the schoolmaster of Carrickfergus looked, when an Irish cummer placed a parcel, containing a new born child, on the table before him—so statue-like—so terror-struck—so sunk in utter amazement, stands our "hero of the byre," as he eyed the blue and loathsome reptile, which had so nearly escaped inhumation in his stomach. But inhumation, under the present circumstance, is evidently out of the question; for his whole inner man had revolted against it; and even, as he turns another rueful and suspicious look towards the motionless reptile, his jaws open, and his whole soul seems to shiver through its mortal tenement.†

I leave it to you, Mr Editor, for I am now obliged to travel post towards the conclusion of my narrative, I leave it to you to figure to yourself the dinner, with all its accompaniments of brandy, and haggis, and whisky; and I leave it likewise in your power, to fancy out the most entertaining and interesting amusements of a whole night's promiscuous dancing in a sheiling. See us then next morning on our way homewards—weary jaded and worn out with watching, yet still persevering in the pursuit of our amusement and now *killing* to our hearts content, and to the annoyance of our shoulders; and then carry us along the Scar till you fairly return us about twelve at night to our respective abodes.

"Now our weary eyes we close,
Leave us, leave us, to repose!"

PETER M'FINN.

Manse of——

Boxiana; or Sketches of Pugilism ‡.

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

No. II.

THE second great era of English Pugilism, may be reckoned from the death of Fig, to that of Big Ben, a period of little more than forty years,

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* "The trouts lap o' the Leven loch,
Charmed with the melody." QUEEN'S WAKE.

† A *leech-bottle* had been filled by a mistake with beer.

‡ In our last Number, we spoke of the Author of that excellent Work, "BOXIANA, OR SKETCHES OF PUGILISM," as the GREAT UNKNOWN. We have since seen that

but exhibiting a rare constellation of genius and practical Talent. Perhaps a greater number of first-rate fighters peeled during that than any era of human society; and had a lover of the Fancy had his pick and choice of time, he would probably have fixed upon that half century, which had given him a view of the whole pugilistic hemisphere, from the star of Fig to that of the conqueror of Johnson. At least we ourselves would say, in the language of the Laureate, (not Gregson, but Southey)

"Our choice had been that *England*, and that *then*."

In a free and flourishing country, nothing can be more unphilosophical than to lament over the death of a man of genius, as if the loss sustained were irretrievable; for a great man never dies—and politician, poet, and pugilist, is alike the father of a glorious race, who transmit to the latest posterity the immortal spirit of their ancestor. Thus, on the death of Fig, the people of England did not allow themselves to sink into utter despondency, but felt assured that there would be found a successor to the throne. And that successor appeared, in JACK BROUGHTON.

BROUGHTON was the champion of England longer than any other man—namely for eighteen years—and it is certain, that he ultimately was deprived of that highest of all honours by a mere chance blow; for his conqueror, Slack, though a powerful pugilist, was in all respects greatly his inferior. Broughton was the first man who raised boxing to the rank of the severer sciences; and the rules of the ring, which he laid down to guide the exhibitions in his amphitheatre, have been the ground-work of all the laws enacted by future legislators *. He was at once a Lycurgus, a Cæsar, and an Alfred. He was also the INVENTOR OF THE GLOVES;—without which admirable contrivance, it is difficult to see how pugilism could have been cultivated at all as one of the liberal arts. There is a simplicity in the idea of

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article quoted in "Bell's Weekly Despatch," with a note from the Editor, stating that the Author of Boxiana is Mr Egan, a gentleman who furnishes the sporting intelligence exclusively for that Paper. The first volume was published anonymously—but the second, which we had not seen when we wrote our article, has *Mr Egan's* name on the title-page. This second volume is even more interesting than the first; and we hope that Mr Egan's and our united exertions, will serve to promote the interests of science. We trust that ere a couple of years elapse, a sufficient number of battles will have been fought to enable our author to publish a third volume. By the way, we beg leave to send him our compliments, as we have occasionally dined in his company, at the One Tun (Lumley's,) and were once allowed to admire his fine cast of Mr Jackson's arm.

* Rules produced by MR BROUGHTON, for the better regulation of the amphitheatre, approved of by the gentlemen, and agreed to by the pugilists, August 10th 1743.

1. That a square of a yard be chalked in the middle of the stage; and every fresh set to after a fall, or being parted from the rails, each second is to bring his man to the side of the square, and place him opposite to the other; and till they are fairly set to at the lines, it shall not be lawful for the one to strike the other.

2. That in order to prevent any disputes the time a man lies after a fall, if his second does not bring his man to the side of the square within the space of half a minute, he shall be deemed a beaten man.

3. That in every main battle, no person whatever shall be upon the stage, except the principles and their seconds; the same rule to be observed in byebattles, except that in the latter, MR BROUGHTON is allowed to be upon the stage to keep decorum, and to assist gentlemen in getting to their places, provided always he does not interfere in the battle; and whoever pretends to infringe these rules, to be turned immediately out of the house. Every-body is to quit the stage as soon as the champions are stripped, before they set to.

4. That no champion be deemed beaten, unless he fails coming up to the line in the limited time, or that his own second declares him beaten. No second is to be allowed to ask his man's adversary any questions, or advise him to give out.

5. That in byebattles, the winning man to have two thirds of the money given, which shall be publicly decided upon the stage, notwithstanding any private agreement to the contrary.

6. That to prevent disputes, in every main battle the principals shall, on their coming on the stage, choose from among the gentlemen present, two umpires, who shall absolutely decide all disputes that may arise about the battle; and if the two umpires cannot agree, the said umpires to choose a third who is to determine it.

7. That no person is to hit his adversary when he is down, or seize him by the hams, the breeches, or any part below the waist; a man on his knees to be reckoned down.

mufflers, characteristic of an original genius of the first order.

Captain Godfrey, whom Mr Egan very judiciously follows as the highest authority, during this period of pugilistic history, thus speaks of BROUGHTON.

"What is it that he wants? Has he not all that others want, and all the best can have? Strength equal to what is human, skill and judgment equal to what can be acquired, undebauched wind; and a bottom spirit, never to pronounce the word enough. He fights the stick as well as most men, and understands a good deal of the small sword. This practice has given him the distinction of time and manner beyond the rest. He stops as regular as the swordsman, and catches his blows truly in the line; he steps not back, disturbing of himself to stop a blow, and piddle in the return, with an arm hindered by his body, producing but a kind of fly-flap blow, such as party-cooks use to fright those insects from their tarts and cheese-cakes. No. BROUGHTON steps boldly and firmly in, bids welcome to the ensuing blow, receives it with his guardian arm, then with a general summons of his swelling muscles, and his firm body, seconding his arm, and supplying it with all its weight, pours the pile—driving force upon his man." The captain afterwards adds in a true *experto crede roberto* style, "my head, my arm, and leg are strong witnesses of his convincing arm, as I said before, I have tried with them all, and must confess, that my flesh my bones remember him the best."

On the death of Fig, this great man had an AMPHITHEATRE built for him by a subscription of the nobility and gentry, and GEORGE TAYLOR, who had succeeded to FIG'S BOOTH, was soon forced to relinquish it, and with his company of pugilists to join the CHAMPION. This theatre, in its interior appearance, was somewhat similar to Astley's riding-school, with boxes, pit, and gallery. The doors opened at nine in the morning, the champions mounted the stage at eleven, and the admittance money was one shilling, boxes, pit, and gallery being alike.

After the characteristic sketch of Broughton, by Captain Godfrey, one needs nothing to understand his peculiar merits—yet the following touches by Mr Egan, shew the hand of a painter.

"Broughton, like all great masters, generally exhibited something new in every performance, and those pugilists who had witnessed his contests, and afterwards entered the lists with him, expecting to find that he would fight upon the old suit, were most terribly deceived, as contrary to most other boxers, he did not depend on any particular blow, although he was distinguished for giving some remarkable hits, which were scarcely ever forgotten, when necessary in the conflict, by putting in his *stomach blow*, he often decided the battle—and *his lunges under the ear* generally produced terrible consequences to his opponent, &c."

It is quite impossible to mention all the battles which BROUGHTON won during his long championship. PIPES, who had maintained that station for several years, was a mere child in his hands—as was that fine boxer, GRETTING. He beat them again and again. GEORGE TAYLOR, a prime man, fell without great difficulty, under his irresistible arm. GEORGE STEVENSON, the coachman, fought him forty minutes, but the champion was known to be in bad condition. Mr Egan informs us,

"That the battle was fought in one of the fair-booths, at Tottenham-court road. After a most desperate conflict of thirty-five minutes, being both against the rails, and the coachman endeavouring to get the whip-hand of BROUGHTON, the latter, by his *superior genius*, got such a lock upon Stevenson, as no mathematician could have devised a better. There he held him by this artificial lock, depriving him of all power of rising or falling, till, resting his head for three or four minutes on his back, he found himself recovering, then loosed his hold. By this manœuvre, BROUGHTON became as a new man; and, on setting-too again, he gave the coachman a most tremendous blow, that he could no longer stand, and his brave contending heart, though with reluctance, was forced to yield. Stevenson had a most daring spirit, but his strength could not keep pace with it. BROUGHTON expressed a very high opinion of STEVENSON, as a pugilist." "Jack James," says Mr Egan, "a dashing boxer, and a thorough bred man, was compelled to acknowledge that he had found out his master in Broughton. James's wrist, which in other contests had been considered so remarkably handsome, lost all its attraction when in contact with the beautiful athletic arm of BROUGHTON."

Was it Solon, or Crœsus, king of Lydia, who said, "call no man happy till he dies?" The sentiment is, at all events, a fine and affecting one, and well might it have been uttered by Jack Broughton. He was now the greatest man in England—universally beloved, feared, respected, and admired—and Capt. Godfrey had said, "I never shall think he is to be beat, till I see him beat." But on Tuesday, April 10th, 1750, Broughton was reduced, in the short space of 14 minutes, from the situa-

tion of the greatest potentate on earth, to that of a private subject, henceforth to live neglected or unknown! There has been nothing so striking in the history of man since, unless it perhaps be the downfall of Napoleon.

The Champion, it seems, having been insulted at Hounslow races by a butcher named Slack, threatened to horse-whip him, on which the latter challenged Broughton. Broughton viewed Slack's pretensions with such contempt, that he did not go into training; and on the evening previous to the battle, apprehensive that Slack would not fight, he made him a present of ten guineas not to break his engagement.

"This fatal confidence," says Mr Egan, "proved his downfall—the error was discovered too late—and he was left to regret not following the good old maxim, that a skilful general should be armed at all points."—"The time of fighting at length commenced, when Broughton's superiority over Slack was so evident for the first two minutes, that the odds were ten to one in his favour. Slack, recovering himself a little from the violent effects of his antagonist's blows, made a sudden and unexpected jump, and put in a desperate hit between BROUGHTON'S *eyes*, which immediately closed them up. BROUGHTON now appeared like one stupid; and it was two or three minutes before this circumstance was discovered by the spectators, whose attentions were attracted by the strange and unusual manner in which BROUGHTON appeared to feel for, instead of boldly facing and attacking his man. At length his patron, the Duke of Cumberland, earnestly exclaimed, 'What are you about, BROUGHTON? *You can't fight! you're beat!*' To which question Broughton instantly replied: 'I can't see my man, your Highness; *I am blind, but not beat; only let me be placed before my antagonist, and he shall not gain the day yet.* BROUGHTON'S situation was truly distressing; the audience were *disgusted;* and Slack, following up this singular advantage, obtained a victory in fourteen minutes. The faces in the amphitheatre, on this occasion, are better imagined than described; but suffice it to say, that they were of all manner of *colours and lengths;* TEN TO ONE had been laid pretty thick, and the favourite had lost. The above ROYAL DUKE lost several thousands, and the *knowing ones were completely done up.* The door-money produced near £150, besides a great number of tickets at a guinea and a half each; and as the conqueror was to have the produce of the house, it is supposed that Slack got near £600. Thus, in the short space of fourteen minutes, was the FATHER OF BOXING, BROUGHTON, deprived of all his laurels! Hear it, ye champions! Weep for the veteran's downfall! and profit by his loss. BE NOT TOO CONFIDENT! and remember that it was occasioned by one fatal error, neglect of training."

We cannot quite agree with Mr Egan, in thinking that BROUGHTON lost this battle from want of training alone. He lost it from a chance-blow between the peepers, which blinded him, and which must have been so tremendous, that no training could have counteracted its effects. Supposing Broughton thus blinded, how could training have brought him through the battle? It is with the utmost diffidence that we dissent from such high pugilistic authority as that of Mr Egan; but "we too have been in Arcadia," i. e. we too have sparred with THE JACKSON; and we trust that the GREAT HISTORIAN OF PUGILISM will pardon us for venturing to call in question the soundness of any of his opinions. But we cannot close this article without expressing, before the whole people of Britain, our disgust and contempt for his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. What a brutal and cowardly insult was it to a brave man like the CHAMPION, to tell him, in his extremity, "*that he could not fight!*" The Duke saw that *his money was gone,* and therefore he shewed himself to be "a very beast that wanted discourse of reason." But the judgment of posterity is impartial, and it has awarded a very different lot to the memory of BROUGHTON and CUMBERLAND. To the one it has given imperishable laurels and a deathless renown; to the other the name of THE MEAN, COWARDLY, AND BLOODY BUTCHER! "His Royal Highness," says Mr Egan, "instantly turned his back upon BROUGHTON, *and by the interference of the legislature, his amphitheatre was shut up!*" This, indeed, was conduct worthy of a Briton! In the language of Campbell,

"Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain!"

And Broughton, disconcerted, dejected, and unhappy, retired into private life, and was no more seen on the stage of glory. In narrating the disastrous issue of this conflict, Mr Egan rises into true sublimity of thought and diction; and feeling how impossible it is to do justice to the melancholy grandeur of the subject in the

language of prose, he has recourse to the inspired page of poetry, and represents Broughton as taking a final farewell of the world and his ungrateful master in the words of Wolsey.

"So farewell to the little good you bear me!
Farewell—a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope—to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him!
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then HE FALLS AS I DO!

The true and authentic Account of the Twelfth of August, 1819.

We have just returned from the Moors, and as many erroneous reports of our proceedings must doubtlessly have been put into circulation, we do not see how we can do better than fill our last sheet with an account of our shooting excursion. Sir John Sinclair remarks, that he has a more numerous family than generally falls to the lot of literary men. Now, though we can boast of no such achievements, being to a man bachelors, yet we really believe that for literati we are most extraordinary shots—and we hereby challenge all Scotland for a dinner at Young's, and a hundred pounds to the erection of the National Monument.

Immediately after the publication of our last Number, an unusual stir and bustle was observable among the members of our conclave. At our monthly dinner at Ambrose's, the conversation could not be confined within its wonted channel—and a continual fire was kept up, blazing away right and left, much to the astonishment of our worthy publisher, who generally graces by his presence these our lunar orgies. Not a word was uttered about "Articles." Don Juan was (for the time) silently sent to the devil—cold water was thrown in a moment on all the lake poets—and a motion was put from the chair, and carried by acclamation, that the first man who smelt of the shop should undergo a tumbler of salt and small beer. Ambrose was astonished!!!

About midnight it was decided, that a letter should be written by the editor to Lord Fife, requesting a week's shooting for himself and the eight principal supporters of Blackwood's Magazine, with permission to pitch a Tent on the Twelfth on his Lordship's moors, at the head of the Dee. As from his Lordship's well-known liberality, no doubt could be felt on that score, it was resolved, that we should all meet on the evening of the 11th at Braemar, whither our tent and assistants should be sent a day or two previous, that all might be in good order on our arrival. A letter was also written to Dr Peter Morris of Aberystwith, and Mr Jarvie, Saltmarket, Glasgow, ordering their attendance.

For the next fortnight, all was preparation. If a Contributor shewed his face in No 17, Prince's Street, it was but for a moment, and "with a short uneasy motion," that proved "he had no business there." Our visits were indeed like those of angels, "few and far between." Before the end of the month, Mr Wastle entered the shop, like an apparition, in a pair of old buckskin breeches furbished up for the nonce—leather gaiters, in which his spindle-shanks looked peculiarly gentlemanly—and a jean jacket, with pockets "number without number," and of all sizes—the main inside one, like the mouth of a sack, and cunningly intended to stow away roe or the young of the red deer. Tickler was excellent. A man of six feet and a half looks well in a round blue jacket—and if to that you add a white waistcoat with a red spot—a large shirt-ruffle—corduroy breeches very short at the knees—grey worsted stockings of the sort in Scotland called "rig and fur," and laced quarter boots, you unquestionably have before you the figure of a finished Contributor. The Ettrick Shepherd condescended to shew himself in the shop only once between the 20th of last month and the 6th of August, on which occasion, he was arrayed in white raiment from top to toe—his hat being made of partridge feathers, and his shoes of untanned leather. He was accompanied by a couple of very alarming animals, not unapparently of the canine race—one of which commenced an immediate

attack on an old harmless Advertiser, while the other began rather unadvisedly to worry the Scotsman—the consequence of which, as was foreseen, has been hydrophobia, and the brute is now chained up. Mr Odoherty alone went on in his usual way—and could not help smiling at the Editor, who came strutting into the front shop as boldly as his rheumatism would permit, with a dog-whip looking out of his pocket, and a call hung round his neck like a boatswain's whistle. As after a few minutes confabulation with Ebony, he hobbled off with Daniel's Rural Sports beneath his arm,—it is understood, that Odoherty applied for his situation, alleging that the man would be for ever spoiled as an editor by the mountain-dew of Braemar—and that it was indeed the Edinburgh Review to Constable's Magazine, or Lord Bacon to Macvey Napier, that he would not "come to time." But it would be quite endless to describe the appearance of each man in the regiment, before we entered on actual service—so suffice it to say, that it is now the evening of the 11th of August, and that our arrival is anxiously expected at the Inn of Braemar.

Notwithstanding our rheumatism, we arrived first at the place of rendezvous, having gone direct to Aberdeen on the top of the mail, and thence, on the dicky of a friend's chariot, to Pannanich Wells, from which we contrived to pad the hoof to Braemar, attended by our old bitch, than which a better never was shot over, but which we now took with us chiefly for companionship-sake. We did not encumber ourselves with a gun, trusting to Mr Kempferhausen being soon knocked up, and being besides, under the necessity, on the twelfth, of looking over our "Contributors' Box," which Mr Wastle was good enough to promise to bring in his dog-cart. We had just dined and finished half-a-mutchkin of whisky-toddy, when, looking out of the window, we beheld beneath us the Ettrick Shepherd, mounted on a tall brown horse with four white feet, and a countenance equally so, who, on our throwing up the window, turned up his large wall-eyes, with a placid expression, that shewed at once he was a steed quite above starting at trifles. The Poet's dog, something between a Newfoundland and a colley, was not equally pacific—but went to work on an old turnspit belonging to the house, which was with difficulty rescued from his jaws. During this temporary disturbance the sound of wheels was heard, and the Shepherd, running to the gabel-end of the house, exclaimed, "A Morris! A Morris!" and there, in good truth, was the worthy Doctor in his shandrydan, with his man John, both looking extremely well, and formidably appointed. The clock in the kitchen struck six. "Wastle will be here in ten minutes," quoth the Doctor, "if he be a man of his word, as I trow he is." While he spake the sound of a bugle-horn was heard, and in a few minutes up drove Wastle, in high style, in his dog-cart, tandem-wise, and making a sweep round the court, he pulled up at the hall-door to an inch. We want nothing but Tickler and Odoherty, cried the Shepherd; and, extraordinary as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when Tickler rose up before us, on a poney under twelve hands, so that he absolutely seemed as if he had been mounted on a velocipede. Behind him came the Standard-bearer, on a white horse, once the property of Marshal Soult, but which fell into the Adjutant's hands on the evening of Albuera's bloody day. He came into the court-yard, side foremost, under the insidious left heel of his heroic master; and when Odoherty dismounted, it is impossible to tell what life and spirit was struck into the scene and company around from the clanging of his fixed spurs. No symptoms yet of Kempferhausen, Mullion, and Bailie Jarvie, who were to travel together in a jaunting car of the Bailie's, which had been left on his hands by an Irish gentleman from Belfast, a dealer in linens, in part payment of a bad debt. The Shepherd laughed at the idea of expecting them for several days—as "give Kempferhausen his pipe," said he, "and the ither twa their plotty, and deevil an inch will they budge frae the first change-house they speer in at in the Highlands."

However, here were we assembled in great force—Editor, Wastle, Morris, Tickler, Ettrick Shepherd, and Odoherty. As we perceived that only the first of these gentlemen had dined, we kept our thumb on that circumstance, and joined the dinner-party as if nothing had happened, being [illegible] in spite of a weakish constitution and

confirmed rheumatism, a sure card on such occasions. A gallon of hodge-podge—the turkey-cock roasted—five or six dozen of poached eggs—and some chops of rather a problematical character, (though we shrewdly suspect them to have been pork, in direct opposition to Odoherty, who swore they were bull-beef), assuaged the fames, or rather rabies edendi—and by eight o'clock we were ready to start for the Linn of Dee, near which our Tent had, as we were informed, already been pitched for two days, through the accustomed kindness of the Thane, who had ordered his steward, Mr Harden, to get it up with all suitable accommodations.

As, with Wastle's and Morris' servants, we were only eight in all, dog-cart and shandrydan took us up, out, and in, very comfortably, and with room to spare; and, as the nags were in high condition, we made the tent under the hour, being received with three hearty cheers, and "the clans are coming," from a pair of bagpipes whose drones were assuredly far from idle ones. We returned the cheers with spirit, and Wastle, who plays the bugle in a way worthy of the late Leander himself, with a sudden blast startled the grouse and the red deer through all the mountains and forests of Mar.

We found our Tent pitched on a smooth green sward, that looked as if it had been artificially formed among the tall heather that encircled it. It was placed on the confluence of several vallies, so that on whatever side the canvass was raised, we had before our eyes a long reach of the most magnificent mountain scenery. The clear waters of the Dee murmured not twenty yards off—and one of those little springs, so pleasant to the Shepherd, welled out from its hillock yet closer to the tent. Here we found that excellent fisher Walter Ritchie from Peebles, and that trusty caddy John Mackay, Frederick Street, Edinburgh, who had escorted the Adjutant's tent and many et ceteras, in an old baggage-waggon purchased at Jock's Lodge, on the departure of the Enniskillen Dragoons, and made as good as new at the magical coach-yard of Crichton. With Walter and John we were now ten in number, while the Thane's three kilted gillies and John of Sky, whom the MIGHTY MINSTREL had kindly sent to enliven our festivities, made precisely the devil's dozen.

"Haud mora," there was no delay. The shandrydan and dog-cart were emptied in a trice, and we ourselves were particularly anxious to see "The Contributors' Box" safely stowed away among our own furniture. Busy as we all were, each with his own concerns, none of us could help smiling at the Ettrick Shepherd, who immediately, on entering the Tent, had got astride on a pretty corpulent cask of whisky, and was filling a jug on which he had instinctively laid his hands. "Its no canny to sleep here a' nicht for fear of the fairies without saining* ourselves, so we'll e'en pit round the jug, and pour out a drappoch to King Lu!" In a short time the Tent was in fair array—while Odoherty proposed that we should see that our pieces were all in good order, and to ascertain their comparative excellence, and the skill of the owners, that we should fire at a mark.† We accordingly assembled our forces for that purpose.

By some accident or other which will probably never be explained, a copy of the last part of the Transactions of the Royal Society was found lying in the tent. Whether Wastle had brought it in his dog-cart——but the thing is inexplicable, so let it pass. The volume was opened by chance somewhere about the middle, and set up at forty yards distance to be fired at by the contributors. The following scale will shew the result of the trial.

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* Blessing ourselves.—Dr Jamieson.

† As our sporting friends must be anxious to know how we were off for Guns and Dogs, we lay before them the following list, which, we believe, will be found to be correct.

Wastle.—Two handsome brown and white Spanish pointers, Prince and Tory.—Gun double barrel, by Innes of Edinburgh.—Powder by Wakefield.—Shot No 6.

Odoherty.—No dogs—Double barrel of Damascus steel, with the words "London," and "warranted," punched in gold both on the locks and between the barrels—No maker's name—Ramrod of his own invention—Powder by Tinkler and Mountford—Shot No 4.

Trial on the 11th at 40 yards distance, all shooting with No 4, at an expanded volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society.

	Wadding.	Shot. Oz.	Grains put in.	Leaves pierced.
Wastle,	Hat.	1¼	78	40
Tickler,	Card.	1⅛	65	30
Morris,	Unknown.	1⅛	65	32
Odoherty,	Hat.	1¼	30	25
Ettrick Shepherd,	Wool.	4	0	0
Editor,	MSS. Article.	2	90	90

A very remarkable phenomenon, and one well worthy the attention of the Royal Society, was observed on this occasion. While the left hand page, 372, was riddled to pieces—the right hand page did not exhibit a single shot. The cause of this, we who are no philosophers are unable to explain; but such is the fact; and on the page thus miraculously unhurt, were written the following words, "an Essay on the Scope and Tendency of the Philosophical Writings of Lord Bacon, by Macvey Napier, Esq." Such impenetrable stuff was it proved to be.

By this time it had become rather darkish, and John of the Isles began playing so sleepy an air, that it reminded us of the house of rest. In about an hour we were all fourteen stretched upon our backs with our feet meeting, in the true campaigne fashion, in the centre of the tent. The last observation that was uttered came from Dr Morris, who lamented much that Kempferhausen had not arrived, as the moon would soon rise, and the young poet might have had an opportunity of addressing a sonnet to her in High Dutch. Wastle indistinctly muttered something in reply, for the hand of Morpheus was passing over his mouth. For our own part, we were unable to close an eye thinking of the Magazine, for, when we left Edinburgh, only two half-sheets had gone to press, and Mr Blackwood looked unutterable things. While considering what ought to be the opening article, such a noise arose as might have passed in America for a frog concert. What a snore! not one of the fourteen noses, Lowland or Highland, Scotch, Irish, or Welsh, lay idle. The sum total was tremendous. By degrees our ears got somewhat accustomed to the sound, and we could distinguish the characteristic snore of every sleeper. Above all the menial and plebeian rhoncus rose the clear silver-nosed trumpet of Tickler, playing its bold reveillè—there was heard the equable, but not monotonous, and most gentlemanly snore of Wastle—Dr Morris snored in such a manner as he did mock himself, and ever and anon ceased, as if he were listening, and then after a little uncertain quibling as if tuning his instrument to concert-pitch, broke out again into full possession of his powers—Odoherty betrayed a good deal of the nasal brogue of his country, for sleeping or waking the Adjutant is a true Milesian, snoring by fits and starts in a hurried and impassioned manner like a man dreaming of Fuentes D'Honore or Donnybrook Fair—while, from the breast, neck, shoulders, head and nose of the Ettrick Shepherd came a deep, hollow, grunting-growl, like that of the royal tiger, so admirably described by Lady H. in the last number of the Literary and Scientific Journal. When

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Dr Morris.—Dogs, two white setters, Urien and Sir David Gam—Gun, double barrel, by young Wilkinson of Edinburgh, 31 inches—with a spare pair of barrels of 24 inches by Kinnear of Buckhaven—Powder by Pigou and Andrews—Shot No 5.

The Ettrick Shepherd.—Dog, Hector, kind doubtful—Gun, single barrel of 46 inches, by Johnson of Dumfries—Powder by Kitchener and Hunter—Shot No 4 and 1 mixed.

Tickler.—No dog—Gun, musket formerly belonging to first regiment of Edinburgh Volunteers, also bayonet—Swan shot.

Editor.—Dog, Phyllis, an old fat bitch, the gift of Mr Constable—Gun, double barrel, by the late Fenton of Shoemaker Row, the gift of Dr Morris—Hattin Powder—Shot, No 6.

Kempferhausen (as he afterwards appeared).—Dogs, Blucher, a large black setter, and *Markoff*, a Russian pointer. Gun by Egg of London, 30 inches—Powder by Hunter of *Lowood*—Shot No 7 in right, and 5 in left barrel.

this had lasted for a couple of hours, sometimes one performer leading the band, and sometimes another, we felt that the drum of our ear could bear it no longer—so we picked our way out of the tent over limbs of Celt and Saxon, and retired from the concert-room, to hear the music "by distance made more sweet."—Nearly half a mile off, we heard the

"Solemn hum,
Voice of the desert never dumb,"

and through its multitudinous murmur were distinctly audible the majestic base of the author of the above lines, and the pure tenor of Tickler—the first resembling a subterranean grumble, and the latter striking on the ear like the sound of iron against rock in a frost. During all this time, the moon was sitting in Heaven, "apparent queen," not with a stoical indifference, as Mr Southey reports of her on the night after Prince Madoc had defeated the Mexicans, but evidently much pleased with the scene below her—both with what she saw and what she heard. We shortly after returned to the Tent; and "joining at last the general troop of sleep," we no doubt added one instrumental performer more to the grand chorus of this Musical Festival.

We do not pretend to conceal the fact, that we felt ourselves carried in a dream to the back shop, the sanctum sanctorum of No 17, Prince's Street; and that we never thought Mr Blackwood so beautiful as in that vision. But just as he had given us a proof to correct, it seemed as if the roof had fallen in and crushed us in the ruins. We awoke—and found that Odoherty had fired the morning-gun, as a signal. We buckled on our armour in less than no time, and the adjutant was pleased to say, that he had never seen men sharper at an alarm through the whole course of the Peninsular war. "No fear lest breakfast cool"—for in ten minutes each man had housed half a pound at least of mutton-ham, and a dash of the dew. Early as the hour was, there was nothing like squeamishness—and it must not be omitted, that each Contributor, like good soldier and good citizen, after an appropriate address by Odoherty, emptied his quech to the health of the Prince Regent.

Dr Morris, Wastle, and Odoherty, each attended by a Highland guide, provided for them, as we have said, by the munificence of the Thane, took their departure to the mountains; the Dr ascending the pass of the Geonly Water, with a view to the ground towards the head of Glen Tilt,—Wastle taking up the glen of the source of the Dee, and the Adjutant meditating a cast or two with our own favourite bitch, over the ground behind Mar-Lodge. Tickler, who had never seen a red Deer, went to the forest with John of the Isles, and small Donald Dhu of Invercauld, having, ere he parted, fixed his bayonet at the mouth of the tent. The Ettrick Shepherd, apparently discouraged by his last night's discomfiture in shooting at the Transactions, accompanied Walter Ritchie to the Dee, to try for a salmon; while we ourselves, along with John Mackay, remained at home in the tent, to overhaul the "Contributors' Box," and if necessary, to write a leading article.

Our friends were now all gone, and we were left alone in the silence of the morning. Many years had elapsed, since our health had permitted us to be among the mountains, though in our youth, we could have "trodden the bent," with the best man in Scotland. Our heart leapt within us, as we gazed on the sea of mountains, emerging from the soft mists in which they had been shrouded during the night. The wide and sunny silence was like the bright atmosphere of former days. And when the Eagle sailed away on his broad vans, from that magnificent cliff above the Linn of Dee, we recollected our own strength, which we once thought nothing could have tamed; and which used to carry us, as on wings, unwearied and exulting, over heights that we could now travel only in the dream of fancy. Here a twinge of the rheumatism made us sensibly feel the truth of these reflections, and we hobbled into our tent with a sigh; but the comfortable arrangement of the interior, and above all the jolly cask of whisky, soon awakened us to a sense of the extreme folly of repining retrospection, and we could not help thinking, that the Editor in his camp, had greatly the advantage over his Contributors, now out in all directions on foraging parties. *

* In Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk, we, the Editor, are spoken of as an obscure man, s

On opening the Box, it was found to be rich in various matter—and we amused ourselves for a couple of hours with an excellent article on the National Monument—one on Bait-Fishing—and another "on the Mechanism of the Foot and Leg." While reading the last, we heard the noise of wings, and going to the mouth of the tent, saw a numerous pack of grouse sit down close to the little spring already mentioned. We are no poachers—but it must not be expected that a martyr to rheumatism is to be bound by the same rules with sportsmen who have the free use of their limbs. We accordingly took up Hogg's double barrel, and let fly at the pack as they were all sitting together in a snug family-party—and before they could recover from their confusion, we repeated the salutation. John Mackay went leisurely forward—and returned with five brace and a half of as fine young birds as might be looked at—and the old cock. We maintain that no man is entitled to form an opinion of our conduct in this, who has not suffered under confirmed rheumatism for ten years at least, or, which is as well, under the gout for five.†

John Mackay had scarcely got the birds hung up by the legs, when we were considerably alarmed by loud shouts or yells from the river side, which we knew to be from the Shepherd—and running down as expeditiously as our knee would permit, we found that the Bard had hook'd a Fish. There was he capering along the somewhat rugged banks of the Dee, with his hair on end, and his eyes sticking out of his head, holding the butt-end of his rod with both hands in perfect desperation,

"Fit statue for the court of fear!"

Walter Ritchie ever and anon "his soul-subduing voice applied" close to to his ear, instructing him how to act in this unexpected emergency; and above all things, imploring him to get the better of his fright! Unluckily the shepherd's reel-line was too short, so, to prevent the salmon from running it out, he was under the necessity of following him up close at the heels. At every plunge the fish made—at every rush he took, the Shepherd was fearfully agitated—and floundered, stumbled, fell and recovered himself again among the large round slippery stones, in a manner wondrous to behold. For a man of his years, his activity is prodigious. "Look there, Mr Editor! There is a LEADING ARTICLE for you!" Scarcely had he spoken, when the fish took a sullen fit, and sinking to the bottom, lay there like a log,

"Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees!"

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martyr to rheumatism, and one who only draws plans, which others execute. That we are not so luminous a body as Dr Morris, we admit—and that we are a martyr to rheumatism, is unfortunately true, in spite of the well-known skill of our townsman, Dr Balfour—but we beg leave to contradict the illustrious Physician of Aberystwith on the last charge.—We both plan and execute—and flatter ourselves that there is a something in our articles that betrays the hand of the Editor. Dr Morris, who had never seen us when he published his "Letters," has since apologised to us in the handsomest manner, both for his unfounded charge of obscurity and incapacity, but we wish also that the world should know it. We hear that several other persons, equally opaque as ourselves, have taken it grievously to heart, that the Doctor has overlooked them altogether, and attempt to carry their heads very *high* when his name is mentioned. Such persons may be said to belong to the High School.—See Gray's Elegy,

"And leave the world to darkness and to me."

By the bye, speaking of Peter's Letters, the only mistake of any great consequence which the doctor appears to have committed, is in his character of the Black Bull Inn in this city—which, so far from being either a noisy or disagreeable house, is, to our certain knowledge, an extremely snug and pleasant one, and kept by a most worthy, intelligent, and obliging couple. We are sure that the doctor will make the amende honorable to them on his return next winter to Edinburgh, and that he must have been led into this mistake by his recollection of the house in former times.—Pray, is there an alarm BELL about the house? VERBUM DESIPIENTI.

† We have been so long out of the sporting world that we scarcely know what the public feeling is on subjects of this kind. We remember an old gentleman long ago, when we had a shooting box in Northamptonshire, who always shot hares sitting, on the principle that it was *more difficult* to shoot them in that situation! We despise all such sophistry.

The Shepherd seemed truly thankful for this short respite from toil, and helping himself cautiously to a pinch of snuff, handed over the mull to us with that air of courteous generosity observable on such occasions. At length he became desirous of another heat, but the salmon would not budge, and the shepherd, forgetting how much he stood in awe of the monarch of the flood when he was in motion, began insulting him in the grossest manner in his repose. Finally, he proposed to us to strip and dive down to alarm him, some fifteen or twenty feet—a modest proposal to a man of fifty—an editor—and a martyr to the rheumatism. Here the Fish darted off like lightning, and then threw a somerset many feet in the air. Though this was what the shepherd had wished, it seemed not to be what he had expected, and the rod was twitched out of his grasp, as neatly as at a match of single-stick. Walter Ritchie, however, recovered the weapon, and returned it to its master yet standing in blank discomfiture. His pride did not allow him to decline it—though it was apparent that he would have exchanged situations with Mazeppa or John Gilpin.

But why prolong the agitating narrative? Suffice it to say, that after a chase of two miles down the Dee, and from an observation of the sun's altitude of two hours duration, the salmon gave in—and came unexpectedly to shore. There, on the green turf, lay salmon and Shepherd, both quite exhausted, and with scarcely any symptoms of life. They reminded us of one of those interesting scenes in Border History, where two gallant foemen lie side by side—or like one of those no less interesting scenes in coursing, where greyhound and hare are stretched gasping together on the wold. The Fish gave his last convulsive bound from the sod, and the shepherd, with a faint voice, cried, "take care o' yoursel's or he'll lame some o' you"—but his fears were groundless, for Walter Ritchie had already given him the coup de grace, and holding him up by the gills, pronounced his eulogy with a simple pathos, worthy of better times, "a brave fish! de'el tak me ginna he binna twenty pun weight!"*

The first thing the shepherd said, on coming to himself, was, "gude safe us, I wou'd gie half a croon for a gill o' whusky!" The sun, however, had dissolved the mountain-dew—so we had to return (a distance of nearly three miles) to our tent, within the coolness of whose shadow we knew some of the "tears of the morning" were to be found.

On entering the tent, only judge of our surprise when we found Kempferhausen, Mullion, and Jarvie, tearing away tooth and nail at the "Branxy,"† and gulping down the aquavitæ as if it had been small beer! The swallow of the young German, in particular, was prodigious; and much must he have astonished the Westmoreland peasantry, when in training to write his celebrated letters from the Lakes. He assured us that he had ate little or nothing for three days, which seemed to us but a partial avowal of the truth, for his present voracity could only have been satisfactorily accounted for on the theory of a fast of three weeks. That excellent actor Jones, in Jeremy Diddler, was a mere joke to him. Mullion made a masterly meal of it; while of Jarvie it is sufficient to say, that he upheld the high character of a citizen of Glasgow. We introduced the Shepherd to Kempferhausen and Jarvie, (Mullion being an old acquaintance,) and nothing could be more amusing than the contrast of the Glasgow and the Hamburgh *manner*. Jarvie got into such glee, that he absolutely began to "trot"‡ the shepherd round the tent; but James was soon up to him, and played off in his turn upon the bailie, asserting with meritorious gravity of face, that he had shot the salmon with a single ball, at the dis-

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* May we venture to suggest this subject to our friends Wilkie or Allan.

† *Branxy* is the name given to mutton hams made from the sheep that have died of their own accord, or met with some fatal accident among the mountains. It is quite superior to any other, both in flavour and nutriment. It is a perquisite of the shepherds; and in this instance we had it warranted sound by the head of Lord Fife's pastoral establishment. The best we ever ate was at Dugald Campbell's, Esq. of Achlian, Argyllshire.

‡ For the explanation of trotting and gagging, see "Peter's Letters"—also Timothy Tickler's Letter on Menippus, in No XVI. of this Magazine.

tance of half a mile, as he was rashly attempting, with his tail in his mouth, to leap the Linn of Dee.

It was now wearing on to two o'clock, and it is not to be denied, that though "no that fou," we had got "a drappy in our ee,"—though it was more owing to the heat of the sun and the salmon-hunt than any thing else, that we found any difficulty in preserving our equilibrium. Kempferhausen and Hogg were prodigiously great, and we overheard the foreigner vowing that he would publish a German translation of the Queen's Wake; while, in another corner of the Tent, and with the whisky quech placed before us on the Contributors' box, we and Jarvie were "unco kind and couth thegither," and the Bailie solemnly promised us before winter, his article entitled "The Devil on Two Sticks, on the Top of the Ram's Horn."*

While matters were thus going on, Walter Ritchie came hastily into the Tent, and let us know that "four strange gentlemen" were making the best of their way towards us, over the large stones and loose rocks of a heathery hill behind. In a few minutes he ushered two of them in. They were a brace of smart springals enough, with no small portion of self-assurance and nonchalance. "My name," quoth the tallest, "is Seward of Christchurch, and this is Buller of Brazennose." We had heard something of Oxford ease and affluence, and indeed reckon more than one Oxonian among our contributors; but without seeing it, we could not have credited the concentration of so much self-satisfaction in any one individual of the species as in this avowed Seward of Christchurch. "Cursed comfortable marquè, Buller, and plenty of prog;—come, my old boy, tip us a beaker of your stingo." "Pray," replied we, "may I ask which of you is the Brazennose man?" "Ha! Buller to be sure, Buller of Brazennose!—first-class-man, sir—devilish clever fellow;—allow me to introduce him to you more particularly, sir:—This, sir, is Bob Buller of Brazennose—first-class-man, sir, both in Litt. Hum. and Class. Phys.—their crack-man, sir, since the days of Milman. But pray, sir, may I ask to whom I have the honour of addressing myself?"—"Why," replied we politely, but with dignity, "Mr Seward, we are the veiled Editor of Blackwood's Magazine." "The veiled Editor of Blackwood's Magazine! By the scythe of Saturn and all that is cutting! my worthy old cock! Lend me your feelers, Buller—isn't he as like old Gaisford as two pigs? Mr Editor, you know Gaisford—damned good fellow—one of the well-booted Greeks."—"It is my misfortune, sir, never to have seen Mr Gaisford, but I have a copy of his Hephæstion." Here we chanced to look around us, and saw the faces of the Shepherd, Mullion, and Jarvie, close to each other, and all fixed with various expressions of fear, wonder, and astonishment on Mr Seward of Christchurch! They kept cautiously advancing towards him inch by inch, somewhat in the style of three Arctic Highlanders towards Capt. Ross on his supposed descent from the moon; Jarvie bent down in a crouching attitude, with his hands on his knees, like a frog ready to make a spring; Mullion, with one fist on his chin, and the other unconsciously clawing his head, while his broad purple face was one gleam or rather "glower" of curiosity; and the Shepherd with his noble buck teeth, displayed in all their brown irregularity, like a seer in a fit of second-sight. "Whare the deevil cum ye frae, quoth the Shepherd?" "Ha, ha! Buller, here is a rum one to go." On this we introduced the Shepherd to the Oxonians, as the author of the Queen's Wake, Pilgrims of the Sun, &c. and in return with some difficulty explained to him in what part of the globe Oxford stood, and to what purpose it was dedicated, though on this latter point we did not seem to make ourselves very intelligible. "Weel, weel, gentlemen," continued the Shepherd, "I'se warrant your twa big scholars, but hech sers, there's something about you baith that is enough to mak ane split their sides with laughing. Buller o' Bra-

* This formidable and mysterious title of an article greatly terrified and perplexed our readers, when it appeared among our Notices some time ago. The "Ram's Horn" is the name of a church in Glasgow, from the top of whose spire the Devil on Two Sticks would unquestionably have a commanding bird's-eye view of that city. The article might be called, "Asmodeus in Glasgow," or "Satan in the West."

zennose, I ne'er heard the like o' sic an a name as that in a' my born days, except it were the Bullers o' Buchan." Then the Shepherd put his hands to his sides, and burst into a long loud triumphant guffaw.

Meanwhile, we had wholly forgotten the other two "strange gentlemen," and found that they were sitting outside the tent. Wastle very politely asked them in; one was a dapper little fellow, but as pale as death; and had his left hand wrapt up in a handkerchief. The other was tall and lusty, but with a face of vulgar effeminacy, and altogether breathing rather offensively of a large town. "My name is Tims," piteously uttered the small pale dapper young man; and my two-barrelled gun has cracked, and carried away my little finger, and a ring that was a real diamond. I bought it at Rundle and Bridges." "They calls me Price," said the dandy; a nephy of the late Sir Charles Price, that was o' Lunnun; and I am come down into Scotland here to shoot in these hereabout parts." During this explanation, the Oxonians did not deign to look towards the Cockneys, but Seward kept humming "the bold dragoon," and the "first class man both in Litt. Hum. and Class Phys.," whose voice we had not yet heard, was peeping somewhat inquisitively into the quechs, jugs, and bottles, and occasionally applying one or other of them to his mouth, without meeting any suitable return to his ardour.

We at length found that the Oxonians and the Cockneys had left the Spittal of Glenshee by sunrise, in two totally distinct parties. But that the geography of so wild a country as Scotland, not being much known either in Oxford or the City, both had got bewildered among the everlasting hills and valleys, till, as their good luck would have it, they had joined forces within half a mile of our Tent. A bumper of whisky gave a slight tinge of red to the cadaverous fiz of Tims; and Price got quite jaunty, pulling up the collar of his shirt above his ears, which you may well believe, were none of the shortest. Nothing could be more amusing to us, than the ineffable contempt with which Christchurch and Brazennose, regarded Cheapside and Ludgate Hill; though, to say the truth, the two former seemed just as much out of place as the latter, among the wilds of Braemar; while, in spite of all we could do, to divert the conversation from such subjects, Seward kept perpetually chattering of Jack Ireland, little Jenkins of Baliol, the Dean, the great Tom of Christchurch, and other literary characters of credit and renown.

The Shepherd, eager to put a stop, if possible, to these mystical allusions, requested to see what the gentlemen had got in their bags, and Messrs Tims and Price silently submitted theirs to the scrutiny. James put his hand boldly in—as well he might—for the lean sides of the wallet plainly shewed that there was no danger of his being bitten, and it was seen by the expression of his face, on withdrawing his arm, how truly nature abhors a vacuum. Mr Tims stood on high ground, for he had burst his gun the first fire, and Mr Price, declared that though in other respects a finished sportsman, he had never till that day fired a shot. Mr Seward then called on his man, by the facetious appellation of "Katterfelto," "to bring the spoil," and a knowing knave immediately emptied a huge bag containing two brace of "chirpers" (pouts evidently taken by the hand), and, to the petrifaction of the spectators an enormous Fox. Tims and Price eyed the animal with intense curiosity, and on hearing its name, the latter declared that though he had now hunted with the Surrey-hounds for six years, he had never caught a view of reynard, and would think his journey to Scotland well repaid by the sight of an animal whch he had long given up all hopes of ever beholding on this side of the grave. Seward told him, (it was the first time he had ever deigned to address the Cockney) that he was welcome to Mister Fox, only he begged leave to retain the brush; and Price leapt at the offer, declaring he would have him stuffed, and placed at the winder of his Box at Hampstead.

"That's the Captain's lauch," quoth the Shepherd, and forthwith entered Odoherty, picturesquely ornamented with moorfowl, snipes, and flappers, all dangling round his waist, as one might suppose as many scalps round an Indian warrior. His fine features were stained with gunpowder and blood, and Mr Tims had nearly fainted away. "Allow me, gentlemen, to introduce Timothy Tickler, Esq." said the standard-bearer, and in a trice he stood

before us in all his altitude. His musket, with the bayonet fixed, was in his hand, and over his shoulders hung a young roe which he had slain in the forest. Even Seward of Christchurch, and Buller of Brazennose, stood astounded at the apparition. "By the ghost of Dinah Gray, Buller, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in Aristotle's philosophy." "There, Mr Editor," quoth Tickler, "is John Roe—Richard Doe has escaped mortally wounded;" and with that, he threw down the creature at our feet. At that moment was heard the bugle-horn of Wastle; and by the time "that a man with moderate haste might count a thousand," he and the physician were in the tent. "My dear friend, Dr Morris!" "What, Buller of Brazennose!" The meeting was most cordial; but the heat of the tent was quite insupportable, being about 96 of Henry Watson's thermometer—so it was proposed by Tickler to adjourn to the antichamber, whose dimensions could not easily have been taken. We mustered very strong—Editor[1], Wastle[2], Morris[3], Tickler[4], Odoherty[5], Shepherd[6], Jarvie[7], Mullion[8], Kempferhausen[9], Seward of Christchurch[10], Buller of Brazennose[11], Tims[12], Price[13], John of Sky[14], Lord Fife's three gillies[15], Walter Ritchie[17], John Mackay[18], Katterfelto[19], Buller's valet[20], the Cockney's Londoner[21], four Highlanders from the Spittal of Glenshee[22], Peter's man John[26], Wastle's man Thomas[27].

It was altogether a most animating scene; and it is incredible in how short a time one kind and genial spirit seemed transfused through so great a body of men. "It's all the world like the coffee-room o' Glasgow about four o'clock," said Jarvie; "but, ochone, they'll be no punch—none o' Provost Hamilton's best here." John Mackay informed us, that he and his assistants were all at work, and that in an hour and an half dinner would be on the table. "But hae ye killed ony thing, doctor," quoth the Shepherd. Here Peter's man John, and Walter Ritchie, came forward, dragging several bags along with them, which disembogued a brown flood of grouse, that overflowed many yards of the sod. Mr Tims could not believe his eyes, when he saw, counted before them, thirty-seven brace. "There are thirty brace mair o' them," said Watty Ritchie, "scouring for the pan."—Somuch for Wastle and Morris.

The whole party now retired to their toilette, and most of us performed our oblations in the limpid Dee. We, the Contributors, had greatly the advantage over the Oxonians and the Cockneys, whose wardrobe was at the Spittal of Glenshee; and we could not help observing, that when we ourselves returned to the tent in a full suit of black, little the worse for the gentle wear of three years Sundays, we were looked at with a pleasant surprise, and, if possible, an increased admiration, not only by Tims and Price, but also by Seward of Christchurch, and Buller of Brazennose.

When we all assembled again, furbished and figged up, we made a splendid figure on the mountain-side; and rarely had the heather waved over a finer body of men since the days of Fingal. It is true, that most of us were too sharp-set fully to enjoy the magnificence of the prospect. Yet it made itself be felt. Many hundred stupendous mountains towered up into the cloud-piled sky over a wide horizon—nor was it easy to distinguish earth from heaven as they lay blended together in that sublime confusion. The dark pine-forests of Mar stretched off into the dim and distant day, overshadowing rock and precipice; and in the blue misty hollows of the hill, we knew that unseen tarns and lakes were lying in their solitary beauty. Scarce visible in the dark blue sky, an eagle was heard yelling in wild and sullen fits; and when one gazed up to his flight, it was a grand feeling to imagine the boundless expanse of earth, sea, and sky, that must then have been submitted to the ken of the majestic Bird.

Our readers will observe, that the above little bit of description is not our own, but copied out of Kempferhausen's journal; and we think it not so much amiss, considering that it was pencilled under a severe fit of the toothach. One hour in the drawing-room before dinner is longer than three in the dining-room

after it, and this we all experienced, while lying on the green-sward before our tent. Even the unwearied wit of Tickler, who lay stretched "many a rood" among the heather, was beginning to lose its charm, when Wastle's man Thomas, a comely varlet about his master's age, advanced with the ceremonious air of a true butler of the old school, and announced that dinner was on the table. Never did thunder follow the lightning so instantaneously, as we all leapt up on this enunciation; and on looking round, we found ourselves in the chair, supported by Wastle and Morris—while Tickler was seated croupier, supported by Odoherty and Buller of Brazennose. A principle of the most beautiful adaptation and fitness of parts seemed undesignedly to regulate the seating of the whole party; and we especially observed how finely the High-street face of Seward of Christchurch contrasted itself with the Cowgate face of the Shepherd on the one hand, and the Saltmarket one of Jarvie on the other —while that of Tims looked quite pale and interesting between the long sallow countenance of Kempferhausen and the broad rubicundity of Mullion.

By what magical process the dinner had been cooked we know not; but a fine cut of salmon lay before the chair; while Tickler cried, with a loud voice, "Dr Morris, shall I help you to some roe-soup?" On the middle of the table, midway between Mullion and Jarvie, was an immense tureen of grouse-soup, composed, as Peter's man John declared, with uplifted hands and eyes, of fifteen brace of birds! Placed at judicious intervals, smoked trenchers of grouse roasted, stewed, and grilled—while a haunch of John Doe gave a crown and consummation to a feast fit for the Immortal Gods.

The party had just been helped to grouse or roe-soup, when a card was handed to the Chairman (we shall henceforth substitute Chairman in place of Editor) with the single word, A Contributor, written upon it in large characters. We left our seat for an instant to usher in the Great Unknown. It was Dr Scott, the celebrated Odontist of Glasgow. He was still seated on his famous white trotting poney, with his legs boldly extended in ultra-dragoon fashion from its sides, and his armed heels so much depressed, that his feet stood perfectly perpendicular with elevated toes, and exposed to our gaze those well-known broad and formidable soles which could belong to no other living man but the doctor. On his head was a hat white as snow, and in circumference wide as a fairy-ring on a hill-side—his portly frame was shrouded in a light-drab surtout, and his sturdy limbs in trowsers of the purest milled cord, which, by the action of riding, had been worked up to his knees, and considerately suffered the eye to rest on a pair of valuable top-boots spick and span new for the occasion—no unworthy successors they to those of the Ettrick Shepherd, now no more. A green silk umbrella was gorgeously expanded over the illustrious odontist, who, having remained a full minute in all his pride of place, that we might have leisure to contemplate the fulness of his perfections, furled his banner in a style worthy of the Adjutant himself; and shouldering it as if he had been serving in the Scotch Fuzileers, exclaimed, "You didna ask me to your tent, ye deevil, but here I am, in spite of your teeth. I heard o' you at Gordon Castle, and I hae just cum up to keep ye a' right and tight, ye nest o' veepers." We assured the Doctor that his honest face was always a welcome contribution to us, and that we had not asked him to join the party, solely from a feeling of compassion to his patients. The doctor's boy now ran up to assist his respected master to dismount, in a livery of blue and red, and a smart cockade; for the doctor had been a soldier in his youth, and performed many signal acts of valour in the green of Glasgow, along with the Anderston Volunteers, when that fine body of operatives were commanded by the gallant Colonel Geddes, and the invincible Major Cross. "Gentlemen, Dr Scott from Glasgow,"—when such a shout arose as can only be described to those not present by its effects.

"So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up upon the fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed, before, aside, behind—
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound," &c.

The doctor was soon seated; and the drab surtout being felt rather close, he imitated the fashion of Lady Heron in Marmion, and

"It all for heat was laid aside."

"Hoo are a' the people o' the West?" quoth Jarvie, delighted to see a Glasgow face in so high a northern latitude. "Just as you left them, Bailie—a' breaking clean aff by the stump—There's scarcely a house I wad uphald langer than a loose tooth—it's just a' ae general *squabash!*"

A short pause succeeded; and in the silence of the tent nothing was heard, save the clattering of knives and forks—the clashing of trenchers—the smacking of lips—and occasionally those long deep sighs of full and perfect enjoyment, that, be our theoretical creed what it may concerning the summum bonum, are ever felt to breathe out the very inmost soul of all earthly felicity.

Just then arose outside of the tent such a throttling noise of unnumbered dogs, that had Earl Walter, the wild huntsman, been a daylight vision, we must have expected to see him now realized. Amidst the savage growl were heard the loud curses of Celt and Sasenach, maddening the fray which they sought to assuage. "Demme if the Highland curs be not murdering my Juno," exclaimed Mr Seward of Christchurch, "I would not lose her for the Indies—she was bred by Jack Burton!" We had our own suspicion that Mr Constable's brown bitch was at the bottom of all this disturbance—but we found it impossible to discover, in this general "*colleshangy*"* its prime mover. Mr Price declared himself at ease about the issue of this conflict, as he had purchased his dog Randal from Bill Gibbons, and a better never entered a ring. The Shepherd did not allow this bravado to pass unnoticed—and we are almost confident that we heard him through the din offering to fight his Hector against the "South-ron dog, for a gallon o' whisky and a haggis!" Meanwhile almost a score of dogs were fiercely at work among the heather—nor could we help contrasting with the agitated action of the rest of the party, the cool composure of Morris, the calm curiosity of Wastle, and the eager ecstasy of Tickler, who, standing together on a rock elevated above the scene of action, might, perhaps, be compared to Bonaparte and his staff witnessing the Great Battle from the observatory on the heights of Mont St Jean.

Order was at last restored—and all the dogs came shaking their ears close to the heels of their respective masters—some of them piteously limping, and others licking their wounds, which were so numerous that it would have required Monsieur Larrey himself to bind them all up on the field of battle. But a scene, if possible, of yet greater confusion was at hand. A strong body of Celts, collected among the mountains towards the Spittal of Glenshee, advanced, with a most hostile demonstration, to the tent, and demanded £20 for the slaughter committed among their flocks by the outlandish dogs of the four English gentlemen. We drew up our forces in battle array, to repel the threatened charge of these fierce mountaineers—ourselves commanding in the centre, Odoherty on the right wing, and Dr Scott on the left. On seeing this, the enemy took up a position in our rear as if wishing to cut off our retreat to Braemar. Being averse to the unnecessary effusion of blood, we sent off, with a flag of truce, (a sprig of heather in a bottle of whisky) a deputation to the enemy's camp, consisting of the Shepherd and Walter Ritchie as Assessors, and John Mackay as Interpreter, to estimate the damage. On the return of the deputation we found that only one sheep had been worried, and an old tup severely wounded. The fact seemed to be clearly brought home to Mr Price's dog Randal, and to Mr Tim's dog Flash—and "as, by the laws of this and every other well-governed realm, the crime of murder, more especially when aggravated, &c. is, &c.," preparations were instantly made for carrying the law into effect. Indeed no other expiation but blood for blood seemed likely to pacify the exasperated Highlanders. Tickler, however, interceded for the lives of both culprits, maintaining, in favour of Randal, that he was born and bred a fighting dog, and that, therefore, to put him to death for such an offence as this now laid to his charge, would be to fly in the very face of nature.—His defence of Flash was not equally successful—and indeed it terminated with beseeching the jury to recommend him to mercy. But he took occasion, at the same time, to observe, that, in point of law, Mr Tims might

* See again Dr Jamieson.

recover the price from Haggart. Here Mr Odoherty expressed some doubts as to Mr Tim's success, before the Sheriff maintaining that a dog-seller is not liable to repayment of the price on a dog's fondness for mutton being discovered, unless special warrandice from that particular vice is expressly given. Tickler, on the other hand, was clearly of opinion, that a fair price infers warrandice of every kind, besides steadiness to fur, feather, and flint.—The full discussion, however, of this difficult subject was reserved for a future occasion—nor should we have mentioned it now, had it not been that both Tickler and Odoherty are such high authorities, they having written the two best treatises extant on the Game Laws. Our interpreter by this time returned to his countrymen, and succeeded in "smoothing the raven down of their darkness till it smiled." They joined our party in an amicable manner, and we all ratified the treaty of peace over a flowing quech. Indeed, we, whom it is not easy to humbug, could not help having our suspicions, that the whole story of the worried sheep was got up for the occasion, and that these bashful Celts preferred, as it were, storming our intrenchments to get at the grouse and whisky, to that more pacific and more regular approach which they were prevented from adopting by their well-known national modesty.

On returning to the tent, we found that Kempferhausen and Buller of Brazennose had stolen away from the scene of strife, and had been for some time actually playing a pair of formidable knives and forks on the grouse and venison, thus taking the start, in no very handsome manner, of the rest of the party, who had probably as good appetites, and certainly better manners, than themselves. When we were all seated again, "Pretty well, Master Kempferhausen," cried Odoherty, "for a young gentleman with the toothach." Meanwhile, John of Sky kept pacing round the tent, and from his bag-pipes, ornamented with a hundred streamers, blew such soul-ennobling din, that each man felt his stomach growing more capacious within him, and the chairman forthwith ordered a round of mountain-dew. How the dinner came at last to a termination, we never could discover; but the best of friends must part, and so felt we when the last tureen of grouse disappeared. A slight breeze had by this time providentially sprung up among the hills; and as not a wind could blow without our tent standing in its way, and as the lower canvass had been dextrously furled up by Odoherty, a grateful coolness stole over our saloon, and nothing seemed wanting to complete our happiness, but a bowl of good cold rum-punch.

We had not been so improvident as to let the baggage-waggon leave Edinburgh without a ten-gallon cask of rum (Potts of Glasgow), and a gross of lemons, individually lodged in paper; and Bailie Jarvie had been busily employed for some time past (though we were all too well occupied to miss him) in manufacturing, not a bowl, but a tub of punch from the waters of that clear cold spring, which no sun could affect. "I would like to lay my lugs in't," cried the Shepherd, in his most impassioned manner, when the tub appeared; and indeed we all crowded round it with as much eagerness as ever we ourselves have seen parched soldiers in India crowd round an unexpected tank. Dr Scott, who is constantly armed at all points, requested Peter's man John to bring him his surtout, and slyly asking Mr Buller of Brazennose if he had ever seen the small dwarf Caribbee lemon, brought to light, from the dark depth of these unfathomable pockets, half a dozen ripe marriageable limes, which we permitted him to squeeze into the tub with all the grace, dignity, and dexterity of a Glasgow Maker.

Of course we again drank the Prince Regent's health, and all the toasts usual at public meetings. The Chairman then rose, and in a speech, of which we regret it is impossible for us at present to give even a sketch, proposed

THE EARL OF FIFE.

When the pealing thunders of applause had in a few minutes ceased, Odoherty rose, and with that charming modesty which so sets off his manifold accomplishments, said, that if not disagreeable to the company, he would recite a few verses which he had that morning composed, as he was drinking a cup of whisky and water at a spring in the mountains behind Mar-Lodge.

POEM

Recited by Odoherty at a Grand Dinner-Party of the Contributors, in their Tent, near Mar-Lodge, on the 12th of August 1819.

1.

Hail to thy waters! softly-flowing Dee!
Hail to their shaded pure transparency!
Hail to the royal oak and mountain-pine,
With whose reflected pride those waters shine!

2.

And hail, ye central glories of the plain!
All hail, ye towers ancestral of the THANE!
Clear as the Scottish stream whose honour flows,
Broad as the Scottish grove whose bounty grows.

3.

Can he* whose eye on many a field of war
Has traced the progress of thy lord, Braemar,
Pass, yet not bless, this grove's majestic sweep,
Where worth can still expand, though valour sleep.

4.

Souls of primeval heroes! nobly won
Is the repose of your heroic son!
Sure in those awful hours of patriot strife,
Macbeth's destroyer nerved the soul of Fife.

5.

A softer influence now your spirits send
Into the bosom of "the poor man's friend"—
Keys, stars, and crosses, are but glittering stuff;
The genuine jewel is THE HEART OF DUFF.

It is impossible to conceive what effect was given to these lines (which are certainly better than any of Mr W. Fitzgerald's or Mr James Thomson's) by the graceful and spirited elocution of the Standard-bearer; and Seward of Christchurch, now above all foolish prejudices, and following the impulses of his own fine classical taste and feeling, vowed that he had never heard more sweetly-pretty verses recited in the Sheldon Theatre, Oxford, at a Commemoration. On Odoherty's health and verses being drunk, that excellent poet again rose, and begged leave to call upon his friend, the Ettrick Shepherd, for a poem or a song. Says the Shepherd, "Ye hae a' eaten a gude dinner I'm thinking—but recollect it was me that killed the sawmon, and I'll now gie you an elegy, or eulogy, on him—deil take me gin I ken the difference. But I canna stan', I maun receet sitting."

SONG TO A SALMON.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

I.

Thou bonny fish from the far sea,
Whose waves unwearied roll
In primitive immensity
Aye buffetting the pole!
From millions of thy silvery kind
In that wide waste that dwell
Thou only power and path didst find,
To reach this lonely dell.

II.

That wond'rous region was thy own,
That home upon the deep—
To thee were all the secrets known
In that dark breast that sleep—
Thou, while thy form midst heave and tow
Had still the billows play been,
Perhaps knewest more than Captain Ross,
Or yet than Captain Sabine.

III.

Yea, Fish! nor wise alone was't thou,
But happy—what's far better—
Ne'er did thy fins to Barrow bow,
They feared not Croker's letter—
But far and wide their strokes they plied
Smooth thro' the the ocean smoother,
Nor drab-clad Gifford chilled their pride
Nor Leslie's buff and blue there.

IV.

And now, my Beauty! bold and well
Thy pilgrim-course hath been—
For thou, like Wordsworth's Peter Bell
Hast gazed on Aberdeen!
And all those sweetest banks between,
By Invercauld's broad tree,
The world of beauty hast thou seen
That sleeps upon the Dee.

V.

There oft in silence clear and bright
Thou layest a shadow still,
In some green nook where with delight
Joined in the mountain-rill,
There, mid the water's scarce-heard boom
Didst thou float, rise, and sink,
While o'er the breathing banks of broom
The wild deer came to drink.

VI.

Vain sparry grot and verdant cave
The stranger to detain—
For thou wast wearied of the wave
And loud voice of the main;
And nought thy heart could satisfy
But those clear gravelly rills,
Where once a young and happy fry
Thou danced among the hills!

VII.

The river roaring down the rock,
The fierce and foaming linn,
Essayed to stay thee with the shock,
The dark and dizzy din—
With wilier malace nets did twist
To perfect thy undooing,

* The Adjutant had fought along with the Thane of Fife in the Peninsular war, when his Lordship was a General in the Spanish service.

But all those dangers hast thou miss'd,
True to thy destined ruin!

VIII.

Sure, no inglorious death is thine!
Death said I? Thou'lt ne'er die,
But swim upon a Poet's line
Down to Eternity,—
While, on our board, we'll all allow,
O! odd Fish bright and sheen!
A prime Contributor art thou
To BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE!

It was some hours before we could prevail on any of our friends to favour us with another poem or song, naturally so much awed were they all by the splendid efforts of a Hogg and an Odoherty. At last Tickler, to get rid of unceasing importunities from every side, chanted to the bagpipe the following song, which excited one feeling of regret that its length should have been in an inverse ratio to that of the singer.

TICKLER'S SONG TO A BROTHER SPORTSMAN AT A DISTANCE.

1.

Though I rove through the wilds of majestic Braemar,
'Mid the haunts of the buck and the roe,
O! oft are my thoughts with my dear friends afar,
'Mid the black-cocks of Minnard that go.

2.

O sweet upon bonny Loch-Fyne be your weather,
As is mine on the banks of the Dee!
And light be your steps o'er Kilberry's braw heather,
As on Fife's mine own footsteps can be!

3.

May the scent still lie warm on the heath of Argyle,
Thy pointers stand staunch, and unerring thine aim—
As I bring down the birds right and left—why I smile
To think that my friend may be doing the same.

4.

Nor your trophies alone is my fancy revealing!
Well I picture the scores that have bled
Long—oh! long ere this hour, round the laird's lonely sheiling,
That murderous lair, Caddenhead!

5.

Every shot that we fire, as it peals through the air,
I consider a kind of a greeting—
There is nought of forgetfulness, here, John! nor there—
Taste your flask to our blythe winter-meeting!

Mr Seward said he had never sung a single stave in his life, and called on Buller of Brazennose to confirm his statement; but he said, that since the example of simple recitative had been set, he should not hesitate to favour us with a copy of verses which he had written last year for Sir Roger Newdyate's prize—subject, *the Coliseum*. His verses had not indeed gained the prize, but flattering testimony had been borne to their merit by his tutor, Mr Goodenough, and many other exquisite judges.

THE COLISEUM.

Ye circling walls, whose melancholy bound,
In lonely echoes, whisper all around!
Ye towers antique, whose shapeless shadows tell
Of Roman glory the forlorn farewell!
Dark o'er the sod with heroes dust commix'd,
Ye frown in monumental silence fix'd!
Ah! could a voice to your faint forms be given
By some supernal sympathy of heaven,
Deep were the descant of departed years,
And marble groans would blend with Nature's tears!
The pensive pilgrim bending by the shrine,
Where all is mortal, and yet half divine,
Would mix a sigh as plaintive as your own,
O'er the dim relics of the splendours gone,
Mix with the sobbings of the wind-stirred trees,
Whose roots are in th' imperial palaces!
See!—or does fancy, from her fetters freed,
With airy visions the fond eyeballs feed—
Airy, yet bright, as they which lore sublime
Drew to the enthusiasts of the elder time,
In rich redundance of imparted light,
All radiant, rushing on the Augur's sight,
And mocking with their glare the temple's mystic night?
Majestic dreams of Rome's primeval day.
Oh list and answer! Oh! &c.

Unfortunately as Mr Seward warmed in his recitation, he began to speak with such extreme volubility, that to have taken down his words accurately, would have required nothing less than the presence of that PRINCE OF STENOGRAPHERS, MR JOHN DOW HIMSELF. So that we hope that Mr Seward will yield to the solicitations of the Contributors, and give his poem to the world. The next we knocked down was Dr Scott, who, in compliance with Bailie Jarvie's earnest request, favoured us with the following ballad of his own composition, at present the most popular ditty in the west of Scotland.

THE MEMORY OF SANDY FERGUSON.

Written, Composed, and Sung, by JAMES SCOTT, ESQ. *of Millar-street, Glasgow.*

1.

If e'er at Peggy Jardine's it was your luck to dwell,
It is odds but ye knew Sandy Ferguson well;
If you opened but *your* window, you could not choose but see
The lemons in *his* window shining one, two, three.

2.

Ochon! for Sandy Ferguson! the lemons still are there—
The jargonelle and pippin and the carvy-seed so fair;
But in spite of figs and oranges, and stalks of sugar candy,
I turn not in—I stagger by—ochon! ochon for Sandy.

3.

A wee wee chap upon the bowl, then I pray you to put in,
And to leave a drop of heeltap I'd hold it for a sin;
For though sad it be and silent—yet a bumper it must be
That ye fill unto the kind ghost of Sandy with me.

4.

There were prouder on the mart—there were gayer on the mall,
There were louder at *the What-you-please*, and wittier at *the Stall*—
But I will give my heart's blood, though every drop were brandy,
If either *Stall* or *What-you-please* knew such a heart as Sandy!

5.

Then fill ye up your bumpers, friends, and join your hands around,
And drink your measure heartily, that sorrow may be drowned;
For what avails our sorrow, friends, the best of beings maun die,
And here's a woful proof of that—*the Memory of Sandy!*

There is nothing more worthy of observation and praise in the character of that precious fluid, punch, than its power of amalgamation. Under its benign influence the most conflicting qualities become reconciled; and a party of weak, strong, sweet, and sour people, form, like the "charmed drink" which they imbibe, one safe and agreeable whole. This cannot be authorisedly predicated of any other liquid comprehended within the range of our wide experience. We have seen Thracian quarrels around all sorts of "Pocula," except punch-bowls; but there seems to be a divine air breathed from the surface of a circle of china, or even of stone or wood, when a waveless well of punch sleeps within, that soothes every ruder feeling into peace, and awakens in the soul all the finer emotions of sensibility and friendship. We are satisfied, that if punch were the universal tipple of Europe, there would be no more war—especially if all the Continental States were to employ a judicious intermixture of Lime-juice. In our Tent had been assembled for several hours men of different countries, education, and pursuits; and who shall pretend to know all the infinite varieties of principle and opinion that must have been collected within that narrow circumference? Yet all was perfect harmony—the Shepherd sat down with the Dentist—and the Cockney may be said to have played in the Editor's den.

Politics had been drowned in punch; and the following list of toasts, which were all received with boundless acclamations during the evening, will shew that we looked only to SPORTING CHARACTERS,

"And left all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings."

Mr H. M'Kenzie, by Dr Morris.
Mr Walter Scott, by Ettrick Shepherd.
Mr Francis Jeffrey, by Mr Wastle.
Duke of Wellington, by Mr Odoherty.
Mr James Machel, by Mr Mullion.
Mr Croker, by the Editor.
Mr Canning, by Mr Seward.
Mr John Hamilton, by Mr Tickler.
Collector M'Nair, by Mr Jarvie.
Mr Coke of Norfolk, by Mr Buller.
Mr Wordsworth, by Mr Kempferhausen.
Sir Dan. Donnelly,* by Mr Tims.
Mr Thomas Belcher, by Mr Price.

We should think very meanly of ourselves were we to attempt to impose on public credulity, by asserting that we have a perfectly distinct recollection of the latter part of the evening. We do, however, clearly remember that Kempferhausen who had most heroically endured a gnawing toothach for many hours, finally submitted his jaw to the algebraical hand of Dr Scott, who was not long of extracting the square-root—and that the ingenious German having soon after in-

* "Immediately after his victory over Oliver, Donelly set off in a chariot and four to Brighton, where he was knighted by the Prince Regent. He is therefore now Sir Daniel Donelly." *Irish Paper.*

cautiously gone into the open air to admire the moon, returned to his seat with one cheek whose magnitude was well entitled to hold the other in derision, and whose colours were, indeed, truly prismatical. Such a face has rarely been seen—and we may say to Dr Scott of his patient, in the words of his great namesake,

"Alas! the mother that him bore
Had scarcely known her child."

Of this subject Dr Morris made on the spot a most spirited sketch, which he intends to finish in oil, and present to us, that when Kempferhausen returns to the Continent, we, his Scottish friends, may still retain the image of one of our most enthusiastic contributors. We have likewise a confused but delightful remembrance of the whole party assembled at the tent door, (while the domestics were removing the furniture and preparing beds) in solemn contemplation of the starry heavens. Never before did we so feel the genius of Burns as when looking at our old friend the moon and her horns.

"Whether she had three or four,
We could na tell."

The Shepherd most vehemently asserted that he saw the comet—and began spouting some obscure and opaque verses to her as extemporaneous, which were, however, instantly detected by the tenacious memory of Tickler to have been written in 1811, when the pastoral bard was flirting with the long tail of the celestial beauty of that year. It was in vain for him to appeal to a late number of Constable's Magazine, which no mortal had seen, and which the Shepherd himself was forced to acknowledge had a sad trick of trying

"To mak auld claes
Appear amaist as well as new!"

After this, there surely must have been a match at hop-step-and-jump between Tickler and Dr Scott—unless, indeed, it were on our part all a dream. Yet we cannot get rid of the impression on our minds, that we saw the latter making most surprising bounds among the heather, and coming down with "a thud" posterior to each essay—while the former cleared the ground like one of those gigantic shadowy figures that are seen stalking across the hills at sunset. There was also a very anxious search among the heather for Peter's man John, and Wastle's man Thomas, who were no where to be found—and though the whole party, at one time, agreed that they heard a snore from a jungle of brackens, we tried in vain to start the game. We afterwards discovered that the sound must have proceeded from one of the numerous Highlanders stretched in their plaids in each direction around the Tent; for our two gentlemen had, under the auspices of the Thane's gillies, paid a nocturnal visit to a Still at work no great way off, from which it was not till a decent hour after sunrise that they groped their way back to the encampment. The last thing we recollect before going to bed, was Odoherty's selling to Mr Tims, for £45, his gun, which we have good reason to know he had purchased at the General Agency Office, Edinburgh, for £4, 4s.; but we must also add, to the credit of the Adjutant, that with his accustomed generosity he returned £5 of the purchase-money. A general anxiety also prevailed among the party, before bundling in, to send presents of birds to some of our chief absent Contributors; but it appeared that we had, "gentle and semple," devoured upwards of sixty brace, and none but the Editor's pack remained, which was judicially retained for a relish at breakfast.

We have no room, now, to describe our feelings on awaking in the morning. For some minutes we could not form even the most distant conjecture where or among whom we were; but as the mist gradually rose up from our brain, and freed our memory from obfuscation, there came upon us a pleasant dawning of the truth; and on beholding the bold nose and piercing eyes of Tickler looking out from below an old worsted stocking tastefully wreathed into a nightcap, with a long tail swagging behind—and the fine Spanish face of the Standard-bearer enjoying a magnificent yawn under a veteran foraging-cap—we were at once let in to a perfect knowledge of our situation, and we all then sprung from our heather-bed together, just as John of Sky blew up his pipes to

"Hey! Johnnie Coup, are ye waking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waking, I would wait
To gang to the Grouse i' the morning."

...ity of Arthur
Clackmannanshire. We expect in a f
Number to give a particular account of
interesting organic remains.

Hansteen's Work on Magnetism.—
celebrated natural philosopher Hans
who has so successfully studied the na
history of Terrestrial Magnetism, i
present in London. This great Wor
Magnetism, so long anxiously exp
by the philosophical world, is at le
about to be published. The profess
understand, has brought with him to
gland a copy of the work, compl
printed.

*Application of Gas Lights to dom
uses.*—Mr Gordon of Hanover Street
just discovered an ingenious method of
plying gas lights to common use in fa
lies, and for which he has taken out a pat
These lights have so great a superiority
beauty, brilliancy, steadiness, and saf
not to mention economy, over the other
cies of artificial light, that, whatever wo
render them conveniently applicable to
mestic purposes, would certainly be a v
important improvement. At present,
bulk of the gaseous material and the d
culty of manufacturing it, and, on the ot
hand, the expense and inconvenience
pipes, with the great disadvantage that
lights they afford are not portable, grea
limit the use of gas lights.

Mr Gordon's invention promises to f
nish a remedy for most of those disadv
tages. Its principle will be understood
once, when we mention, that it consists
condensing twenty-five or thirty ...

Cashmir Goats.—The following information respecting the celebrated wool goats from Cashmir has been received from Marseilles, dated May 26:—"These animals, which were at one time supposed to be sheep, at another time goat-sheep, a third time goats, and a fourth time antelopes, are nothing else than real goats, nearly resembling those of our country, in their general conformation, in their movements, and in their habits. Their horns are more or less large, the greater part being straight; there are some, however, turned backward. Their fleece is composed of long hair mingled with short hair, resembling down growing near the skin. On examination it was discovered to be fine, and fit for making a beautiful stuff, when manufactured by expert artists. It cannot yet be determined whether it grows in equal quantity on each animal, at least until the animals are refreshed and accustomed to the climate. The fleece is chiefly white: there is some long black hair growing about the head and neck of some, on others it grows in different spots on the body. Their fleeces are thick, growing very long, and covering even the legs. In consequence of the long journies, the animals had suffered much; a good number have, however, been preserved by the care taken of them during their quarantine in the Lazaretto of Marseilles. They are now scattered on the hills around Allanch, where they thrive much from the use of excellent pastures and good air. M. Auredée Janbert has arrived at Toulon with the remainder of the flock, which is to be brought into France.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A NEW work on the various Public Libraries of London, with biographical and literary notices of their founders. The first of its twelve Parts will commence with an account of the libraries of the London Institution, and of the Dutch Church.

The Encyclopædia of British Literature; consisting of a methodical edition of the most esteemed works in the English language, classed under departments.

The twelfth edition of the Ambulator, or Tour round London, with numerous corrections and additions.

Mr Ackermann is preparing for publication an Elementary work on the Construction of Machines adopted in the Arts and Manufactures; from the French of M. Betancourt.

A poetical work, to be entitled Isabel of the Isles, or the Cave of Nah Vearnag; a metrical romance of the fifteenth century; consisting of nine cantos, with notes: the scenery chiefly in the Highlands and Hebrides; by Mr C. H. Owen.

It is proposed to publish, in London, a literary periodical work, under the title of The Cambro Briton, to be dedicated exclusively to the history, manners, language, poetry, and general literature of Wales, has just been placed in our hands.

The French Calculator, a simple method of becoming acquainted with French Money, will shortly appear.

The Army Medical Officers' Manual upon active Service, or Precepts for his Guidance in the various Situations in which he may be placed, and for the Preservation of the Health of Armies upon Foreign Service; by J. G. V. Millingen, M. D.

Mr Thomas Taylor, the translator of Plato and Aristotle, has issued proposals for publishing, in two volumes royal quarto, The Commentaries of Proclus on the Timæus of Plato, translated from the Greek. In the translation of this admirable work, which is most deservedly entitled a Treasury of all Ancient Philosophy, upwards of eleven hundred necessary emendations of the text will be given by the translator.

Mr A. Maxwell, author of Plurality of Worlds, or Letters, Notes, and Memoranda, Philosophical and Critical, occasioned by a Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connexion with the Modern Astronomy, by Dr Chalmers, is printing a second edition, greatly enlarged, in the octavo size, to range with the popular Discourses of Dr Chalmers.

A posthumous Poem is about to make its appearance, entitled My Lodger's Legacy; by the author of London, or the Triumph of Quackery.

It is proposed to publish by subscription, an etching from Mr Luke Clennell's celebrated Picture of the decisive charge of the Life Guards at Waterloo. The plate, in the hands of Mr Bromley, is in a state of great forwardness.

Dr Isaac Barrow's work on the Duty and Rewards of Industry considered, will be republished in July.

An Essay on the Origin and Purity of the Primitive Church of the British Isles; by the Rev. Dr Hales.

Bibliotheca Heraldica, in royal octavo, with appropriate embellishments; by Mr T. Moule.

A new edition of Dix's Land-Surveying, with many corrections and additions.

Elements of Greek Prosody and Metre, compiled from Hephæstion, Hermann, and Porson; by Mr T. Webb.

In the press, An Account of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, with a view to the information of Emigrants.

Mr F. Accum has nearly ready for pub-

lication, in one octavo volume, A Description of the Chemical Apparatus and Instruments employed in Operative and Experimental Chemistry.

The late Samuel Lysons, Esq. has left ready for the press Remains of a Roman Villa at Bognor, in Sussex, to be accompanied with 34 plates.

A Memoir of Charles Louis Sands; together with a Defence of the German Universities against the Strictures of Aug. Von Kotzebue.

A Seventh Volume of Beddome's Village Sermons is nearly ready for publication, in 8vo and 12mo.

Mr Simpson has in the press a work on the Preservation of Healthiness, and Production of Distempers among Mariners, &c. in unkindly climates.

Dr Jones is preparing for publication, in one large volume 8vo, A Greek and English Lexicon.

Lieut. Francis Hall, of the 14th Light Dragoons, half-pay, author of Travels in the United States, is preparing a volume of late Travels in France.

Letters on Jewish History, for the use of Schools and Young Persons; by Mr Bigland.

EDINBURGH.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a Letter to Sir James M'Grigor; containing an account of the Varioloid Epidemic, which has lately prevailed in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland; with Observations on the identity of Chicken-Pox and Modified Small Pox; by John Thomson, M.D. F.R.S.E. Regius Professor of Military Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, &c. &c.

Edinburgh Encyclopædia; or, Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature; conducted by David Brewster, LL.D. &c. Vol. XIII. Part II. 4to.

Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Scottish Burghs, with the Evidence and other Documents laid before the Committee.

A Treatise on the Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, and Letters of Credit, in Scotland; by the late William Glen. A new edition.

Carnwath Muir, a tale founded on facts; by James Brown, is in a state of forwardness, and will shortly be published.

Essays on Phrenology; or, an Inquiry into the Principles and Utility of the System of Gall and Spurzheim; with the Objections against it. 8vo.

Shortly will be published, The Harp of Renfrewshire; or, a Collection of Songs and other Poetical Pieces, a considerable number of which are Original, and wrote expressly for this work: the whole accompanied with Notes, explanatory, critical, and biographical, and embellished with a portrait of the late Robert Tannahill of Paisley. This work will be printed upon the best wove paper, demy 18mo, and will contain nearly 500 pages. 6s.

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Remarks on the Pyramid of Cephrenes, lately opened by Mr Belzoni; by George Stanley Faber, B. D. Rector of Long Newton. 8vo.

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Elements of Civil Architecture, according to Vitruvius, and other ancients, and the most approved practice of modern authors, especially Palladio; by Henry Aldrich D. D. Translated by the Rev. P. Smith, L. L. B. 8vo. 18s.

An Inquiry into the Origin and Influence of Gothic Architecture; by William Gunn, B. D. rector of Irstead, Norfolk. 8vo. 15s.

Designs for Churches and Chapels; by W. F. Pocock. 44 Plates. 4to. £1. 11s. 6d.

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A Comprehensive System of Astronomy, both in Theory and Practice; by Thos. Whiting. Part I. 4to. 8s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

T. Key's Catalogue of New and Second-hand Books. 3s. Foreign part separate, 1s.

General Index to the Fifty-six Volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine, from its Commencement to the End of 1786: compiled by Samuel A. Clerk. 2 vols 8vo. £2, 12s. 6d.

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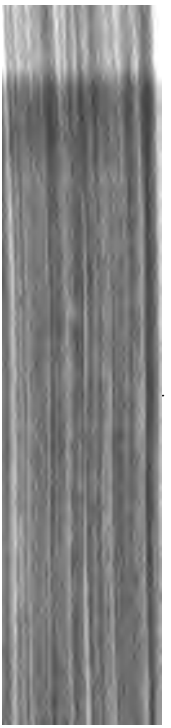

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MONTHLY

COMMERCIAL REI

Sugar. The demand for the finer de maintained. The prices for inferior quali dull. The holders are, however, not incl do they hold an anticipation of higher pri Sugar may remain nearly about their pre Sugar is wanted on the Continent of Euro the difficulty of the times occasions upon lessen the consumpt of this article. This as much as the former cause would tend t for this year will now soon be arrived in B and scarcely that in many colonies. Cons gars have been reported, and at higher pri ing.——*Coffee.* The prices of Coffee are whole, the market for this article may be advanced. The demand from the Contine

East Indies is likely to be much less than formerly. The Cotton market, therefore, may fairly be calculated to have seen its lowest point; and, from many circumstances, it is probable that no great advance can take place upon it.

In other articles of commerce, it is difficult, from the peculiar state of the commercial world, to state any thing very certain or very satisfactory. From the low prices of *Tobacco*, it has attracted the notice of speculators, and some sales have been effected. *Indigo* continues in fair request. The *Grain* market, from the uncommon fine appearance of the approaching harvest, and the very favourable weather, is generally on the decline. *Irish Provisions* are rather dull. The market for *Oil* is in an uncertain state, and depends upon the next accounts from the different fisheries. *Tallow* is very dull, and on the decline. *Rum* continues heavy, and prices nominal. *Brandy* is held at the present quotations, in expectations of an advance.

The revival in the demand and prices of Cotton may be considered as the forerunner of relief to the commercial world, the distress upon which has been so long and so great. Still that relief is not going to be so rapid nor so great as may be anticipated. The accounts from foreign markets are in general very unfavourable, particularly from the United States, and all those markets connected with South America. To the latter there is not the smallest prospect of any immediate or permanent relief. The markets of the world seem glutted with British productions; and unless a different system is adopted altogether in trade, nothing but misery and ruin must be the consequences. Our manufacturers (for our merchants are now supplanted and driven out of their usual markets) may for a year or two follow a gay phantom in immense exports; but when they begin to expect, and when they perceive the returns, how bitter will be their disappointment, loss, and regret! Nor can it be otherwise till they confine themselves to their business, and cease to become exporting merchants, and allow those who know the markets, and what these markets require, to supply these equal to their wants—the interest and the experience of the latter will prevent them from greatly exceeding—the manufacturer will manufacture no more than what consumers require—he will be without those enormous stocks of goods, which, when embarrassments in trade come on, sweep his capital through his hands, from depreciation in value, without taking into account the losses in trade from bad debts and long payments. Another and perhaps a greater evil is, where wealthy individuals, abandoning, we may say, the business which they had followed during the greater part of their lives, and in which they had made their fortunes. When these individuals, to throw all other humbler competitors at a distance, rush heedlessly, and without either general knowledge or experience, into every branch of business—extend their transactions to every quarter of the globe, and glut every market, then ruin must march upon the regular trader with rapid strides; while the mighty cause remains only to be swallowed up the last, and that his fall may become more conspicuous. If we look around the commercial world, how much mischief will we perceive arise to individuals and to the public from this cause. Another thing, our manufacturers must, in their future operations, attend more to the quality of their articles. To beat others out of the market with low prices from making inferior articles, can only do for the moment, and is a trade in which no one ever was ultimately a gainer. It is the sure way to lose the trade altogether, and force it into the hands of foreign nations whose articles are of a superior quality, though at the same time of a superior price. The consumer will not always nor long give away his money for that from which, in the use of it, he can gain no satisfaction. Also, in times of prosperity, the manufacturing interests, in all their branches, but particularly in the Cotton manufactures, must fall upon and adopt steadily some general plan for saving to, or compelling those they employ as workmen to save and lay apart for their support in the evil day, (for such, at stated periods, and in a greater or lesser degree, will come round in every manufacturing country,) part of the fruits of their labour. This would not be a difficult matter, and it is one would save much misery, and one which would dash from the hands of factious demagogues, treason, and revolution, the torch of discontent, disorder, and destruction. Unless something of this kind is done—done immediately and effectually—all that the other branches of the community can do, is but a drop in the bucket to remove the evil, while it leaves a deep root for discontent, and a wide field for raising up jealousies and ill will betwixt two mighty classes of the community, which, for the welfare of all, ought to be united. Not to adopt a measure such as this, is to compel the landed and other interests in the community to become manufacturers, and, as in England, by means of the poor rates, to enable those manufacturers to beat all other competitors out of the market, who have not the same resources to pay their workmen. Add to all this, the consideration, that all that is done, either by poor-rates or general subscriptions, only palliate—but removes not, and never can remove, the evil, while it engenders strife and animosity in the working classes against all those who have property, and who move in a superior sphere of life.

To remedy these evils must be a work of time. But it is a work must be set about prudently, but firmly; or if suffered to increase, it will force itself into public notice, and upon public consideration, in colours more appalling, and in consequences more alarming, than those which at present appear.

Brandy,		3 0	3 3	—
Geneva,		3 4	3 6	—
Aqua,		7 6	7 8	—
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths,	hhd.	60	64	—
Portugal Red,	pipe.	48	54	—
Spanish White,	butt.	34	55	—
Teneriffe,	pipe.	30	35	—
Madeira,		60	70	—
LOGWOOD, Jam.	ton.	£8	—	7
Honduras,		9	—	7
Campeachy,		9	—	8
FUSTIC, Jamaica,		9	10	—
Cuba,		11	12	—
INDIGO, Caraccas fine,	lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	8
TIMBER, Amer. Pine,	foot.	2 4	2 6	—
Ditto Oak,		4 5	5 6	—
Christiansand (dut. paid)		2 3	2 4	—
Honduras Mahogany.		1 4	1 8	0
St Domingo, ditto		—	—	1
TAR, American,	brl.	16	21	—
Archangel,		19	21	—
PITCH, Foreign,	cwt.	10	—	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.		62	63	65
Home Melted,		63	64	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine,	ton.	48	49	—
Petersburgh Clean,		44	45	—
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.		72	74	—
Dutch,		60	125	—
Irish,		50	51	—
MATS, Archangel,	100.	—	—	—
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts,	cwt.	15 0	16 0	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl,		35	36	—
Montreal ditto,		45	49	48
Pot,		37	38	38
OIL, Whale,	tun.	35	—	—
Cod.		87 (p. brl.)		—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine,	lb.	9	9¼	9
Middling,		8	8½	8
Inferior,		7	8	6
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.		—	—	1
Sea Island, fine,		—	—	2
Good.		—	—	2

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 29th July 1819.

	1st.	8th.	13th.	22d.	29th.
Bank stock,	—	217 216½	220 ½	227 228½	234
3 per cent. reduced,	67⅜ ½	67⅛ ⅜	68¾ ⅜	70½ ¾	71⅜ 72
3 per cent. consols,	—	67 ¼	67⅛ 68	69½ 67	71¼ ½
4 per cent. consols,	85 84½	85⅛ ½	87¼ ¾	89⅜ 88⅞	90⅜ ½
5 per cent. navy ann.	108	101⅜ ⅝	102¾ 103¼	105¼ 104¼	104¾ ⅞
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	—	66⅜	—	—	—
India stock,	—	—	—	—	—
—— bonds,	4 2 dis.	2 pr. par.	4 6 pr.	7 9 pr.	9 11 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d. p. d.	3 4 dis.	1 dis. 1 par.	1 dis. par	2 pr. par.	1 dis. 1 pr.
Consols for acc.	68¼ ⅜ ½	68⅝ ⅛ 69	66	70⅜ 70	71⅛ ¼ ⅜
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—	—
—— new loan, 6 p. c.	—	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of June and the 23d of July, 1819, extracted from the London Gazette.

Aston, J. Birmingham, victualler
Adams and Nash, Gloucester, jewellers
Androus, J. Edgware-road, corn-merchant
Ainsworth, T. Bolton, bleacher
Allsop, J. Southampton, baker
Beavan, J. Old Cavendish-street, wine-merchant
Buchan, T. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, piano-forte-maker
Boot, K. Artillery-place, merchant
Beardsal, T. and W. Worksop, dealers
Bell, T. Old Broad-street, insurance-broker
Bryant, E. Old Broad-street, surgeon
Bennett, T. Dartmouth, merchant
Brown, G. Broad-street, upholder
Bee, J. Worksop, butcher
Berry, Broadbent, J. Wilson, and J. Wilson, jun. Huddersfield, cloth-manufacturers
Broomfield and Haslewood, Birmingham, manufacturers
Brown and Gregson, Charles-street, upholders
Butt, P. Cheltenham, grocer
Crockett, J. sen. and E. Dibdale, iron-masters
Carr, W. Leek, silk-manufacturer
Cavet, W. Angel-street, St Martin's Le Grand, cook
Cohen, B. Great Alie-street, watchmaker
Collman, J. Chelsea, coal-merchant
Crombie, R. Chelsea, victualler
Cox, J. jun. Emsworth, chair-maker
Cotton, G. Andover, grocer
Cummings, J. Spital-square, merchant
Collinson, T. sen. Salisbury, cotton-spinner
Capenhurst, W. Tamworth, seedsman
Carkett, N. Tavistock-street, upholder
Clarke, J. Hammersmith, corn-dealer
Dodd, R. Oxford-street, engineer
Dent, E. and J. Southwark, hatters
Dryden, E. Newcastle, grocer
Dunn, J. Bristol, broker
Docura, T. Barith, victualler
Dealt, J. Hackney-road, baker
Featherstonhaugh, H. Bishop Wearmouth, coal-fitter
Fielder, R. Tenterden, victualler
Fentiman, E. Peterborough, haberdasher
Fentiman and Reynolds, Peterborough, haberdashers
Fisher and Ashmore, Cheltenham and Winchcomb, bankers
Granger, T. H. Leeds, scrivener
Gulby, T. Rotherhithe, timber-merchant
Gandy, J. Liverpool, merchant
Greenhalg, J. T. Manchester
Gibbon, J. F. Cambridgeshire, miller
Gregory, J. D. Finsbury-square, silk-manufacturer
Gleave, J. Lancashire, victualler
Griffith, A. Swansea, grocer
Gibson, B. Cheltenham, wine-merchant
Howard, J. Wooburn, paper-maker
Hall, B. Bristol, glazier
Hirst, T. H. Dean-street, oil-merchant
Harris, T. Worcester, draper
Harris, J. Southampton, victualler
Hunt, J. Commercial-road, merchant
Hayward, W. H. Manchester, cotton-spinner
Haywood, F. sen. Liverpool, merchant
Henshaw, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer
Hayward and Collier, Manchester, cotton-spinners
Harris, T. Liverpool, mariner
Harwick, J. Lambeth
Ingall, G. W. and G. Long Acre, colourmen
James, J. Cheltenham, innkeeper
Jones, J. G. Mark-lane, corn-factor
King, J. Ipswich, timber-merchant
Kent, W. Holborn, stationer
Lindsey, J. Leeds, merchant
Lewis, J. jun. Martley, horse-dealer
Love, W. Chipping Sodbury, grocer
Leslie, J. Thames-street, merchant
Law, G. Manchester, grocer
Lay, J. Southmolton-street, Oxford-street, hatter
Longworth and Sudren, Lancashire, bleachers
Low, W. Walworth, merchant
Lowe, T. Dartford, watchmaker
Molling, F. and G. Gracechurch-street, merchants
Marshall, J. York-place, Walworth, merchant
Mort, J. Bolton, cotton-manufacturer
Mann, C. Wakefield, grocer
Miller, R. Taunton, grocer
Mulleneux, J. R. Liverpool, merchant
Mayers, J. Yarmouth, merchant
Mather, T. Warrington, cooper
Nunn, J. Stratford Le Bow, coal-merchant
Paull, S. Portsea, broker
Phillips, J. Littleton, paper-maker
Parker, R. Ellesmere, grocer
Probert, W. Holborn, wine-merchant
Porter and Baines, Mytton, glue-makers
Pardon, C. Plymouth, draper
Protheroe, J. Bristol, ship-broker
Paton, A. Durham, ship-builder
Reynolds, H. J. Peterborough, haberdasher
Reynolds, R. Commercial-road
Roberts, R. Salford, shopkeeper
Raester, A. S. Winchenford, farmer
Rathbone, W. Manchester, printer
Radcliffe, J. Swansea, grocer
Silva, J. R. Liverpool, merchant
Smith, H. Kibworth, miller
Skidmore, W. Sheffield, grocer
Smith, W. Bristol, timber-merchant
Smith, J. Parliament-street, tailor
Southern, G. Streatham, baker
Smith and Forsyth, Princes-street, Bank
Spring, J. G. Lincolnshire, draper
Stacy, C. Nassau-street, victualler
Turner, E. Howarth Cross, cornfactor
Thounson, R. Exeter, baker
Thompson, R. and H. Newcastle, timber-merchants
Waller, T. Trentham, potseller
Willis, J. Wardour-street, coachmaker
Wetherell and Fayle, Aldermanbury, factors
Wright, W. Chipping Barnet, fish-monger
Wailes, W. North Shields, tailor
Worrall, Pope, and Edwards, Bristol, bankers
Walker, W. Hythe, farmer
Willett, T. Hurleston, cheese-factor

Brown, John, saddler, merchant, and d
leather, Perth
Brodie, James, bleacher at Ayton Bleachfi
Clark, John, and Co. cotton-spinners,
Glasgow
Crawford, Arch. and Co. merchants and
Glasgow, and Arch. Crawford and John M
the individual partners thereof
Cunningham, Wm. manufacturer and agen
gow
Dunlop, Colin, manufacturer of and dealer
at Clyde Iron Works
Dick, John, bookseller, High-street, Edinb
Dalmarnock Dye-work Company, and th
head Foundry Company, and George Bro
Tho. Buchanan, the individual partners
Forrester, Anderson, and Jarvie, merchant
gow, and William Anderson and William
the individual partners thereof
Graham, Alex. and Company, merchants, G
and carrying on business at Conceptic
Newfoundland, under the firm of Grahar
Nicoll, and Company; and Alex. Grahar
chant in Greenock, and John M'Nicol
chant in Glasgow, the individual partners
Kirkwood, James, spirit-dealer, Edinburgh
Leitch, Hill, and Company, merchants, G
and Alex. Leitch, Neil Hill, and John M
the individual partners thereof
Lawson, William, grocer, Glasgow
M'Nicol, Ronald, merchant, Glasgow
M'Intyre, Peter, shoemaker and leather-m
Glasgow

EDI

Wheat.	Barley
1st,.....40s. 0d.	1st,.....30
2d,.....38s. 0d.	2d,..... 0
3d,.....34s. 0d.	3d,..... 0

Average

7

London, Corn Exchange, Aug. 2.

	s.	s.
Wheat, Red	76 to	78
Fine	0 to	0
Superfine	0 to	0
White	0 to	0
Fine	0 to	0
Foreign	65 to	76
Rye	34 to	36
Fine	0 to	0
Barley	34 to	37
Fine	0 to	0
Superfine	0 to	0
Malt,	60 to	72
Fine	0 to	0
Hog Pease	46 to	50
Maple	0 to	0
White	42 to	46

	s.	s.
Boilers	42 to	46
Small Beans	0 to	0
Fine	0 to	0
Tick	44 to	46
Fine	0 to	0
Feed Oats	22 to	24
Fine	0 to	0
Poland do	27 to	30
Fine	0 to	0
Potato do.	28 to	31
Fine	0 to	0
Flour, p. sack	60 to	65
Seconds	0 to	0
North Country	0 to	0
Pollard	0 to	0
Bran	0 to	0

Seeds, &c.—Aug. 6.

	s.	s.
Must. Brown,	20 to	0
—White	0 to	0
Tares	10 to	20
Turnips	0 to	0
—New	10 to	16
—Yellow	0 to	0
Carraway	60 to	0
Canary	120 to	0

	s.	s.
Hempseed	50 to	—
Linseed, crush.	56 to	65
New, for Seed	— to	—
Ryegrass,	56 to	—
Clover, Red,	100 to	—
—White	110 to	—
Coriander	22 to	30
Trefoil	70 to	—

New Rapeseed, £44 to £—.

Liverpool, July 31.

	s. d.	s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.		
English	10 9 to	11 6
Scotch	10 6 to	11 6
Welsh	0 0 to	0 0
Irish, new	10 0 to	10 3
Dantzic	10 6 to	10 9
Weimar	10 6 to	10 9
American	8 6 to	9 6
Quebec	9 0 to	9 6
Barley, per 60 lbs.		
English, grind.	4 6 to	5 6
Malting	5 6 to	6 6
Irish	4 0 to	4 6
Scotch	5 0 to	6 0
Foreign	5 0 to	5 3
Malt p. 9 gls.	10 6 to	11 0
Rye, for.	54 0 to	56 0
Oats, per 45 lb.		
English	3 6 to	4 0
Scotch pota.	3 6 to	4 0
Welsh	3 6 to	4 0
Irish,	3 0 to	3 4
Common	2 10 to	3 0
Foreign	2 9 to	3 0
Beans, pr qr.		
English	44 0 to	48 0
Irish	44 0 to	46 0
Pease, per quar.		
— Boiling	40 0 to	50 0

	s. d.	s. d.
Pease, for.	40 0 to	50 0
Rice, p. cwt.	19 0 to	22 6
Flour, English,		
p. 280 lb. fine	60 0 to	62 0
—Seconds	55 0 to	56 0
Irish p. 240 lb.	50 0 to	52 0
Ameri. p. bl.	38 0 to	40 0
—Sour do.	32 0 to	35 0
Clover-seed, p. bush.		
— White	0 to	0
— Red	0 to	0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.		
English	30 0 to	32 0
Scotch	28 0 to	30 0
Irish	26 0 to	30 0

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	s.
Butter, per cwt.		
Belfast	98 to	0
Newry	96 to	97
Waterford, new	0 to	0
Cork, 3d	86 to	0
Pickled,	92 to	0
Beef, p. tierce	85 to	95
—— p. barrel	55 to	65
Pork, p. brl.	82 to	87
Hams, dry,	64 to	66
Bacon,		
Short middles	78 to	80
Long ——	74 to	76

Rapeseed, £ to £ .

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 24th July 1819.

Wheat, 75s. 9d.—Rye, 49s. 2d.—Barley, 41s. 6d.—Oats, 26s. 5d.—Beans, 51s. 0d.—Pease, 49s. 1d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 29s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 *lbs. Scots Troy, or* 140 *lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the* 15*th July* 1819.

Wheat, 64s. 10d.—Rye, 46s. 5d.—Barley, 37s. 7d.—Oats, 25s. 8d.—Beans, 42s. 7d.—Pease, 42s. 9d.—Beer or Big, 34s. 7d.—Oatmeal, 0s. 0d.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

Our present report will be found as favourable as our last was unfavourable to the idea of an improvement in our climate. The thermometer, on the 1st of July, ranged between 42½° and 61½°, and on the 31st, between 55° and 69°. The increase of temperature was, with a few exceptions, progressive from the beginning of the month till the 24th, when it reached its maximum, 74°. After that day it did not again rise to 70°, but stood repeatedly at 69°, and seldom sunk below 55° during the night. The maximum temperature of July 1818 was 80½°, but the mean of the whole month was only *one* degree higher than the mean of July last. The mean daily range of the thermometer is one degree, and the temperature of spring water one-tenth of a degree, less than last year. There is also a remarkable coincidence in the mean height of the barometer. At ten in the morning they are exactly the same to a thousandth part of an inch, and at night they differ only by four thousandths. This is the more remarkable, as the quantity of rain this year is not one-third of what fell in July last year. On the 1st of the month the barometer stood at 29·5, and continued to rise slowly, but almost progressively, till the 13th, when it stood at 30·2. On that day it began to fall, and continued to do so gradually till the 19th, when it had sunk to 29·2. On the 19th it again rose still more regularly than before, at the rate of one-tenth in 24 hours, till on the 29th, it stood at 30·2°, when a depression again took place, which still continues (August 3d,) with the same uniformity as before. We do not recollect having ever observed so much regularity in the fluctuations of the barometrical column. We have compared them with the moon's phases, but cannot perceive any connexion between the two. The results of the hygrometrical observations are very satisfactory, as confirming the accuracy of the late discoveries in that branch of meteorology. The point of the deposition at 10 in the morning coincides exactly with the mean minimum temperature. At 10 in the evening it is 1·7 lower, owing to the deposition of dew that frequently took place between sunset and that hour, and by which the point of saturation was necessarily reduced. Both the absolute and relative humidity of the air has increased since the month of June.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25′, Elevation 185 feet.*

JULY 1819.

Means.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	67.0
..... cold,	51.9
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	61.7
..... 10 P. M.	55.5
..... of daily extremes,	59.4
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	58.6
..... 4 daily observations,	59.0
Whole range of thermometer,	467.5
Mean daily ditto,	15.1
..... temperature of spring water,	56.4

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 63)	29.867
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 63)	29.890
..... both, (temp. of mer. 63)	29.879
Whole range of barometer,	4.555
Mean ditto, during the day,	.077
..... night,	.070
..... in 24 hours,	.147

HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Rain in inches,	1.256
Evaporation in ditto,	2.735
Mean daily Evaporation,	.088
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	28.0
..... 10 P. M.	13.4
..... both,	20.7
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A. M.	51.9
..... 10 P. M.	50.2
..... both,	51.1
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A. M.	74.0
..... 10 P. M.	84.6
..... both,	79.3
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A. M.	.264
..... 10 P. M.	.218
..... both,	.236

Extremes.

THERMOMETER.		Degrees.
Maximum,	24th day,	74.0
Minimum,	1st	42.5
Lowest maximum,	8th	61.0
Highest minimum,	23d	60.0
Highest, 10 A. M.	24th	71.0
Lowest ditto,	3d	55.0
Highest, 10 P. M.	23d	62.0
Lowest ditto	1st	47.0
Greatest range in 24 hours,	21st	22.5
Least ditto,	30th	5.5

BAROMETER.		Inches.
Highest, 10 A. M.	29th	30.225
Lowest ditto,	19th	29.170
Highest, 10 P. M.	28th	30.235
Lowest ditto,	19th	29.275
Greatest range in 24 hours,	17th	.355
Least ditto,	29th	.025

HYGROMETER.			Degrees.
Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M.	7th		50.0
..... Lowest ditto,	3d		5.0
..... Highest, 10 P. M.	7th		32.0
..... Lowest ditto,	2d		5.0
Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A. M.		24th	64.0
..... Lowest ditto,		9th	39.6
..... Highest, 10 P. M.		23d	56.6
..... Lowest ditto,		10th	38.4
..... Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A. M.		3d	95.0
..... Least ditto,		7th	54.0
..... Greatest, 10 P. M.		2d	94.0
..... Least ditto,		10th	65.6
..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A. M.		24th	.381
..... Least ditto,		9th	.175
..... Greatest, 10 P. M.		23d	.339
..... Least ditto,		10th	.167

Fair days, 21; rainy days, 7. Wind west of meridian, 23; east of meridian, 8.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
July 1	M.55	29.735	M.59	N. W.	Fair foren. showers after
	A. 43	.634	A. 59		
2	M.55	.242	M.60	N.W.	Cloudy.
	A. 42	.244	A. 58		
3	M.55	.310	M.59	Cble.	Showery.
	A. 50½	.384	A. 61		
4	M.58	.192	M.62	Cble.	Cloudy fore. rain aftern.
	A. 48½	.221	A. 58		
5	M.60	.205	M.63	W.	Clear.
	A. 46	.259	A. 59		
6	M.58	.291	M.65	W.	Clear.
	A. 48	.342	A. 65		
7	M.65	.396	M.66	Cble.	Clear.
	A. 48	.516	A. 68		
8	M.60	.406	M.66	S.W.	Showers.
	A. 52	.655	A. 65		
9	M.55	.605	M.62	N.W.	Clear.
	A. 52	.760	A. 61		
10	M.57	.645	M.62	N.W.	Clear.
	A. 47	.741	A. 58		
11	M.57	.770	M.61	N.W.	Cloudy.
	A. 44	.730	A. 60		
12	M.61	.815	M.61	Cble.	Clear.
	A. 45	.944	A. 65		
13	M.58	.993	M.65	E.	Clear.
	A. 50	.996	A. 58		
14	M.60	.908	M.67	E.	Clear.
	A. 51	.864	A. 64		
15	M.55	.853	M.62	S. E.	Clear.
	A. 47½	.780	A. 58		
16	M.62	.720	M.68	W.	Cloudy.
	A. 47½	.740	A. 65		
July 17	M.58	29.764	M.65	N.W.	Cloudy.
	A. 49	.762	A. 65		
18	M.57	.432	M.62	S.W.	Showers.
	A. 48½	.529	A. 64		
19	M.59	.107	M.65	S.W.	Rainy.
	A. 48½	.107	A. 60		
20	M.50	.251	M.58	N.W.	Clear.
	A. 47	.480	A. 62		
21	M.58	.595	M.63	N.W.	Clear.
	A. 48	.737	A. 61		
22	M.53	.815	M.66	W.	Clear.
	A. 44	.837	A. 67		
23	M.65	.892	M.70	W.	Clear.
	A. 44½	.999	A. 72		
24	M.67	.958	M.70	W.	Cloudy fore. thun. aftern.
	A. 55½	.559	A. 72		
25	M.57	.982	M.66	E.	Thun. fore. rain aftern.
	A. 53	.982	A. 65		
26	M.54	.837	M.64	E.	Cloudy fore. thun. after.
	A. 52	.945	A. 63		
27	M.59	.955	M.65	E.	Clear.
	A. 51½	.955	A. 63		
28	M.63	.105	M.67	E.	Clear.
	A. 51	.962	A. 67		
29	M.58	.999	M.67	E.	Clear.
	A. 49	.999	A. 65		
30	M.58	.989	M.64	E.	Clear.
	A. 49½	.985	A. 64		
31	M.58	.942	M.64	E.	Clear.
	A. 51	.941	A. 66		

Average of Rain, 1·4 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Adam Duff, Esq. advocate, has been appointed Sheriff Depute of the shire of Edinburgh, in room of Sir William Rae, resigned.

II. MILITARY.

6 Dr.G. R. Dundas to be Cornet by purch. vice Armstrong, prom. 17 June 1819
2 Dr. Lieut. C. Wyndham to be Capt. by purch. vice Fenton, ret. 24 do.
Cornet M. Lloyd to be Lieut. by purch. do.
Cornet and Adj. W. Crauford to have rank of Lieut. 25 do.
R. Markham to be Cornet by purch. 24 do.
7 R. Pringle to be Cornet by purch. 15 July
13 Cornet and Adjutant T. Rosser to have rank of Lieut. 25 June
16 J. R. Broadhead to be Cornet by purch. vice Hodson, ret. 8 July
19 George Talbot to be Cornet by purch. vice Bailey 24 June
21 Cornet T. F. Cowderoy to be Lieut. by purch. vice Somerset, Cape Regt. 1 July
T. Smoke to be Cornet by purch. vice Lindsay, prom. 24 Dr. 5 Sept. 1818
H. S. Hodges to be Cornet by purch. vice Cowderoy 15 July 1819
24 Lieut. J. Mylne to be Captain by purch. vice Smoke, ret. 5 Dec. 1818
—— C. Deane to be Captain by purch. vice Wallis, ret. do.
Cornet M. G. F. Lindsay, from 21 Dr. to be Lieut. by purch. vice Mylne do.
Lieut. C. Wardell to be Adjutant, vice Mylne do.
2 F. Brevet Major C. Williamson, from 3 W. I. Reg. to be Capt. vice Morle, ret. on h. p. 3 W. I. Reg. 29 April 1819
4 Ensign Isaac Beer to be Lieut. vice Blagrave, dead 8 July
W. Lonsdale to be Ensign do.
5 Gen. Sir H. Johnson, Bart. from 81 F. to be Colonel, vice Wynyard, dead 12 do.
30 Lieut. C. R. M'Leod, from 24 Dr. to be Lieut. vice Winrow, dead 12 Nov. 1818
Ensign W. B. Frizell to be Lieut. vice Frazer, East India Comp. Service 15 do.
32 —— A. Stewart, to be Lieut. vice Stephens, dead 15 July 1819
Gent. Cadet T. Calder to be Ensign do.
38 Captain W. Read, from h. p. 72 F. to be Captain, vice Hussey, dead 8 do.
47 Lieut. T. French to be Adjutant, vice Burrowes, dead 24 June
52 Ensign H. P. Smith to be Lieut. by purch. vice Northey, prom. York Ran. do.
R. F. Hill to be Ensign by purch. vice Smith do.
53 Lieut. W. Portbury to be Captain, vice Russell, dead 26 Aug. 1818
Ensign J. Stewart to be Lieut. vice Taylor, dead 1 Oct.
—— E. Browne to be Lieut. vice Portbury 3 do.
—— Hon. F. Curzom, from 69 F. to be Lieut. vice M'Kay, dead 1 Nov.
—— R. F. Davis to be Lieut. vice Macpherson, dead 24 do.
B. J. C. Muirson to be Ensign, vice Davis 1 Oct. 1815
G. Carpenter to be Ensign, vice Silver 2 do.
H. Gray to be Ensign, vice Steward 2 do.
Ensign D. M. Byrne, from h. p. 87 F. to be Ensign, vice Browne 1 Dec. 1818
Assist. Surg. B. L. Landham, from 24 Dr. to be Assist. Surg. vice Pollock 25 do.
65 Ensign W. Newhouse to be Lieut. vice Sharpe, dead 17 Sept.
—— R. Lynd to be Lieut. 31 Oct.
Lieut. P. Farquharson to be Adjutant, vice Ward, dead do.
67 —— D. M'Pherson to be Captain, vice Campbell, dead 25 Nov.
Ensign J. Thompson to be Lieut. do.
68 Gent. Cadet M. Power to be Ensign, vice Rowley, 7 F. 24 June 1819
69 Ensign L. Kelly to be Lieut. vice Mitchell, 65 F. 1 Oct. 1818
69 F. H. D. O'Halloran to be Ensign, vice Curzon, 53 F. 1 Nov.
70 Staff Assist. Surg. S. Farnden to be Assist. Surg. vice Swindell, dead 24 June 1819
75 Lieut. J. Richardson to be Captain, vice Hood, dead 15 July
Ensign R. L. Knight to be Lieut. do.
M. J. Slade to be Ensign do.
77 Ensign J. Molyneux to be Adjutant, vice T. Molyneux, res. Adjutant only do.
81 Major General Sir J. Kempt, G. C. B. fm. 3 W. I. India Regt. to be Colonel, vice Johnson, 5 F. 12 do.
85 Brevet Major W. P. De Bathe to be Major by pur. vice Knox, prom. 4 W. I. Regt. 24 June
Lieut. F. Maunsell to be Captain by purch. vice De Bathe do.
Ensign J. Hunter to be Lieut. by purch. vice Maunsell do.
Lord C. Paulet to be Ensign by purch. vice Hunter do.
86 Lieut. C. M'Laurin to be Captain, vice M'Lean, dead 21 Oct. 1818
Ensign J. Holland to be Lieut. do.
87 J. Vincent to be Ensign, vice Carroll, dead 1 do.
89 Ensign J. M'Lean, from h. p. to be Ens. vice Goodwin, prom. 1 Aug.
4 W. I. R. Major Hon. J. Knox to be Lieut. Colonel by purch. vice Nixon, ret. 24 June 1819
R. York Ran. Lieut. C. R. Northey, from 52 F. to be Captain by pur. vice Edwards, ret. do.
R. W. I. Ran. Ensign W. Midgley to be Lieut. vice George, dead 21 Feb.
Ensign and Adjutant P. Gray to have rank of Lieut. 22 do.

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. W. H. Lys, from h. p. to be Surg. 25 June 1819
—— P. M'Glashan, from h. p. to be Surg. vice Campbell do.
Assist Surg. J. M. Bartley, from h. p. 1 D. G. to be Assist. Surg. to the Forces 24 June
—— Jos. Allen, from R. W. I. Rang. to be Assist. Surg. to the Forces 25 do.
—— J. Woodroffe, M. D. to be Assis. Surg. to the Forces do.
—— E. Millet, M. D. to be Assist. Surg. to the Forces do.
—— E. Maher to be Assist. Surg. to the Forces do.
—— W. A. M'Donough to be Assist. Surg. to the Forces do.
—— P. Kehoe to be As. Sur. to the For. do.
—— G. Lloyd do. do. do.
—— J. Stewart do. do. do.
Dep. Purv. George Pratt, from h. p. to be Dep. Pur. to the Forces, vice Keys, h. p. do.
W. S. Shiell, Hospital Assist. do.
M. P. Birmingham do.

Garrisons.

Assist. Surgeon S. G. Lawrence, from Asylum at Southampton, to be Assist. Surg. of Chelsea Hospital 25 March
Lieut. J. Gallagher, h. p. 98 F. to be Town Major at New Brunswick, vice Jenkins, dead 25 Feb.

Royal Artillery.

Capt. J. Taylor, from h. p. to be Capt. vice Sir J. Onslow, ret. on h. p. 9 June 1819
2d Capt. W. Pakenham, from h. p. to be 2d Capt. vice Twyning, ret. h. p. 7 do.
2d Lieut. N. Cavanagh to be 1st Lieut. 11 May
1st do. R. B. Blackiston do. do.
2d Lieut. J. Hollingworth, from h. p. to be 2d Lieut. vice Cooper, dead 9 do.
—— A. M. Wingfield, from h. p. to be 2d Lieut. vice Scale, dead 10 do.
—— A. Tulloh, from h. p. to be 2d Lt. 11 do.
Gent. Cadet A. Alcock to be 2d Lieut. 8 July

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. Earl Waldegrave, from 54 F. with Lt. Col. Daniel, h. p. 98 F.
Brevet Lieut. Col. Napier, from 43 F. with Major Haverfield, F. p.

Lieut. Smith, from 10 Dr. with Cornet and
Lieut. Burdett, 1 Life Gds.
—— Letham, from 64 F. rec. diff. with L
Boyes, h. p. 26 F.
—— Thomas, from 64 F. rec. diff. with Lt.
h. p. 50 F.
—— M'Phee, from 79 F. with Lieut. Crawl
h. p.
—— Nepean, from 46 F. with Lieut. Ra
h. p. 8 W. I. R.
—— Clarke, fm. 22 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Ste
h. p.
—— Mackay, from 76 F. rec. diff. with L
Wood, h. p.
—— Kelly, from 89 F. with Lieut. Moore,
60 F.
—— Richards, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with
Hunter, h. p. 3 L. Dr.
—— Plunkett, from 63 F. rec. diff. with Pere
h. p.
—— Barker, from 91 F. rec. diff. with L
Buchan, h. p. 25 F.
—— Gardner, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. wit
Fitz Gerald, h. p.
—— Tait, from Staff Corps, rec. diff. with L
Martindall, h. p. 97 F.
—— Edwards, from 20 F. with Lieut. Do
h. p. 66 F.
—— Chantry, from 4 Dr. rec. diff. with L
Method, h. p. 71 F.
—— Powell, from 14 F. rec. diff. with L
Grant, h. p.
—— Stuart, from 46 F. with Lieut. Law, 8
—— Moorhead, from 69 F. rec. diff. with L
Dobbin, h. p.
—— Patterson, from 87 F. rec. diff. with L
Anderson, h. p. 53 F.
Cornet Seton, fm. 18 Dr. with Lt. Battier, 5 I
—— Chambers, fm. 11 Dr. with Lt. Hare, 2
—— Willan, from 21 Dr. with Ensign Era
h. p. 14 F.

BIRTHS, MARR

BIRTHS.

June 23. At Gordon House, Kentish Town
wife of the Rev. Thomas Smith, a son, being

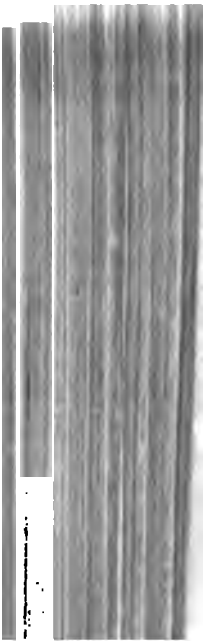
14. At Mayne, the lady of Colonel Hay of Westerton, a son.
— Near Hampton, Mrs R. Boog, a son.
16. At Houndwood House, the lady of Captain Collison, royal navy, a daughter.
— In Sackville Street, Dublin, the lady of James Traill Hall, Esq. a daughter.
19. At Schivas, Aberdeenshire, the lady of Alex. Forbes Irvine, Esq. a son.
20. At Newington, Edinburgh, Mrs Mowbray Stenhouse, a son.
25. At Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, the lady of John Douglas, Esq. of Lockerby, a daughter.
— At Maryfield, East-road, Mrs Anderson, a son.

MARRIAGES.

June 5. At Port-Glasgow, Captain Robert Gilkinson, to Eleonora, daughter of R. Brown, Esq. Port-Glasgow.
24. At Morefield, near Aberdeen, John Cameron, Esq. surgeon, R. N. to Eliza, only daughter of Andrew Third, Esq.
28. At Dundee, Robert Stirling Graham, Esq. of Kincaldrum, to Miss Mary-Ann Jobson, eldest daughter of John Jobson, Esq. of Rosemount.
— At Liverpool, the Rev. James Macgowan, master of the academy, Seel Street, to Miss Susannah Jackson, of the county of Westmoreland.
29. At Ralston House, Robert Orr, Esq. eldest son of John Orr, Esq. Dublin, to Eliza, third daughter of the late William Orr, Esq. of Ralston.
— At Craigleith House, William Fleming, Esq. banker, Cupar, to Helen, eldest daughter of Alex. Bonar, Esq. of Rathe, banker in Edinburgh.
July 1. At Gallanach, Dugald Campbell, Esq. late of Islandree, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Patrick Macdougal, Esq. of Gallanach.
2. At Coralie, Robert Allan, Esq. of Strawberry Hall, to Rebecca, daughter of the deceased John Lawrie, Esq. of Lowherriot.
5. At Dunfermline, Mr James Orrock, merchant, to Miss Jessie Malcolm, youngest daughter of the late Finlay Malcolm, brewer there.
6. At Edinburgh, Mr Henry Ovendon Collard, to Grace, only daughter of Mr Thomas Gilchrist, Edinburgh.
— At London, William Yates Peel, Esq. M. P. second son of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. to Lady Jane Moore, second daughter of the Earl of Mount Cashell.
8. At London, I. R. G. Graham, Esq. M. P. eldest son of Sir James Graham, Bart. of Netherby, to Fanny Callander, youngest daughter of James Campbell, Esq. of Ardkinglass. His Royal Highness the Duke of York gave the bride away, and the Duchess of York was present at the ceremony.
9. At Edinburgh, at St Paul's Chapel, Robert M'Queen, Esq. younger of Braxfield, to Zepherina, eldest daughter of Henry Veitch, Esq. of Eliock.
12. At Ladysmill, Alexander Balloch, Esq. of Middlefield, to Margaret, third daughter of the late Robert Melville, Esq. Falkirk.
— At Edinburgh, Alexander Thomson, Esq. W. S. to Ann, eldest daughter of Charles Hay, Esq. Great King-street.
13. At Edinburgh, Mr J. F. Williams, landscape painter, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr James Pillans, printer in Edinburgh.
— At Edinburgh, William Bogue, Esq. of Kirkland, in the county of Haddington, to Miss Elizabeth West, only daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel John West.
— At Laverock Bank, John Street, Esq. royal regiment artillery, to Catherine, second daughter of Henry Jardine, Esq. of Harwood.
14. At Erskine Manse, James Haldane Tait, Esq. captain in the royal navy, to Stewart, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Cunninghame of Balgownie.
15. At London, Charles Drummond, Esq. jun. to the Honourable Mary Dulcebelia Eden, sister of Lord Auckland.
— At Aberdeen, William Allen, Esq. to Ann, daughter of the late P. Duncan, Esq.
16. At Edinburgh, Mr James Stephens More, teller, Royal Bank, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Walter Lockhart, Esq. depute clerk of Session.
17. First at the church of the Assumption, Rue St Honore, and afterwards at the chapel of the English ambassador, and in presence of his Excellency, Colonel the Comte de Mondreville, of the king's garde du corps, knight of the royal military order of St Louis, commander of the Legion of Honour, &c. to Lady Maria Caroline Brundenell Bruce, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Aylesbury.
19. At Edinburgh, Mr R. Robertson, jun. Glasgow, to Clementina, daughter of the late Mr J. Carmichael, Aithrey, Stirlingshire.
— At Paisley, Deputy Assistant Commissary-General J. Paterson, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Miller, manufacturer.
— At London, the Honourable Frederick Sylvester North Douglas, only son of Lord Glenbervie, to Harriet, eldest daughter of William Wrightson, Esq. of Cusworth.
21. At Edinburgh, Major Orr, of the Royal Fuziliers, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Spencer Boyd, Esq. of Pinkill, Ayrshire.
22. At Broughton Street, Edinburgh, James Crauford, Esq. to Miss Eliza H. Bell.

DEATHS.

Oct. 1818. At Calcutta, Mr George Hamilton, second son of the late John Hamilton, Esq. of Polmont Bank,
Dec. 25. In the interior of India, Ensign James Rainnie Anderson, of the Honourable the India Company Engineers, youngest son of John Anderson, Esq. of Winterfield.
Jan. 13, 1819. At Bangalore, after a short illness, William Simpson, Esq. merchant, Madras.
March 27. At Golden Grove Estate, island of Tobago, after a severe illness, Archibald Campbell, Esq. aged 24 years, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell of Glenderual, Argyleshire.
In March last, off Vera Cruz, of a malignant fever, aged 15, Henry Symons; and five days after, through excess of grief at the loss of his brother, George Symons; both midshipmen on board his Majesty's ship Sybille, and twin sons of J. W. Symons, Esq. of Bath.
Near Falmouth, Jamaica, in the end of March last, Joseph Wood, Esq. an amiable and excellent character, whose valuable and endearing qualities will be long remembered by his surviving relations and friends.
June 3. At Edinburgh, at Mr Hay's, Heriot Row, Major Thomas Broughame, late of the Honourable East India Company's service.
15. At Beaumont Place, Edinburgh, in her 20th year, Miss Elizabeth Lightbody, only daughter of the late Mr James Lightbody, hat manufacturer in Glasgow; and on the 21st, his son, Mr James Lightbody, hatter, in his 22d year.
— Suddenly, Mr James Weatherly, tenant in Hopridge, aged 72.
— At Bermuda, Richard Fred. Baird, youngest son of Sir James Gardiner Baird of Saughtonhall, Bart.
— Drowned, between Coll and Ardnamurchan, Mr Donald Macdonald, distiller in the island of Tyree.
17. At London, aged 82, William Wallis, Esq. the oldest surgeon in the British navy, and last remaining of those who, in the year 1784, under the command of Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, in the Racehorse and Carcase, went the expedition to the North Pole, in which enterprise he was surgeon on board the Carcase.
18. At Glasgow, Mr J. Hepburn, writing-master, aged 57; and on the 21st, his son James, aged 11. They were interred in one grave.
19. At Moray Street, Leith Walk, Mr William Wilkie.
— At Perth, Mrs Stewart of Bonskeid.
— At Hackness, Margaret Anne, wife of George Johnstone, Esq. and eldest daughter of the late Sir R. V. B. Johnstone, Bart.
20. At Zurich, in the 53d year of his age, Mr Henry Lavater, physician, son of the celebrated physiognomist of that name.
21. At Newton-upon-Ayr, James Turner, aged 100. He was a sergeant in the king's army in the year 1745.
— At Dundee, aged 19, Thomas, youngest son of Mr James Duncan, jun. Castlehill, Dundee.
22. At her house in Park-street, London, Mary, Baroness Mordaunt of Turvey, aged 82. By her death this old peerage descends to his Grace the Duke of Gordon, who also succeeds to the entailed estate of Durris, in Kincardineshire.
23. In Easter Duddingstone, Mr Patrick Meik.
— At Airdrie, the Rev. Andrew Duncanson, minister of the associate congregation there, in the



July 1. At Kingston, John Burn, Esq.

— Anne Sophia Shipley, aged 17, daughte
William Green, Esq. of Stanway Hall; and in
evening of the same day, her twin sister Ha
Mary Frances.

— At Dunbar, of scarlet fever, Marion Hepb
eldest daughter of George Sandilands, Esq.;
on the 3d, George Macfarlane, son of Mrs Sa
lands and the late Duncan Macfarlane, Esq. C
gow.

2. At Stockwall, Mr James Mackay, of the
reign Department of the War Office.

— At Newbyth, Mrs Maria Hearsy Gavin, spc
of Robert Baird of Newbyth, Esq.

3. In Salisbury-street, Edinburgh, Mr Alexan
Walker, formerly a brewer and bailie of this cit

— At Paris, H. Crawford, Esq. late of Greenc

— At Paris, Laurence Oliphant, Esq. of Gask

— At Viewfield, near Stirling, Major Alexan
Stewart, Fasnacloich, in the 84th year of his age

4. At Newabbey, Miss Isabella Anderson, dau
ter of John Anderson, Esq. of Fermoy, Ireland.

— At Glammis, Patrick Proctor, Esq. of H
kerton.

— At Oban, Mrs Marion Steel, spouse of
Hugh Stevenson, senior, universally regretted.

5. At Torbain, aged 14, Helen Robertson, daug
ter of William Scott, pewterer, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Ann Hamilton, young
daughter of Alexander Blair, Esq. W. S.

— At his house in Charles-street, Edinburgh, J
John Ranken, late of Portugal-street, Lincoln's I
Fields, London.

— At his seat at Newlands, in the county
Southampton, the Honourable Admiral Sir W
Cornwallis, G. C. B. Vice-Admiral of England, &
&c.

6. At Forbes Lodge, Alexander Forbes, Esq.
Inverness.

— At Haddington, Mr Adam Christison, su
geon, aged 21.

7. At Portobello, Charles, second son of Henr
David Erskine, Esq. of Ammondell.

— At her house, Gilmore Place, Edinburgh
Mrs Murray of Mitchelstone.

— At Elder-street, Edinburgh, Miss Catherin

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XXX. SEPTEMBER 1819. Vol. V.

The Tent.

Carmen Diabolicum—Elopement of Grizzy Turnbull—Lines to Miss Forman—Rencontre with Mr John Ballantyne—Memorabilia of Joseph Gillon—Signor Francalanza. Sanctandrews. Edinburgh Weekly Journal—Cockney Poetry and Cockney Politics—Bristol Hunt and Hampstead Hunt—Arrival at the Tent. L'Envoy. Dr Scott's Farewell. Letter-press to the Frontispiece. Character and Manners of the Tyrolese. Tickler on the Scotsman—Tickler on Brougham—Tickler on Jeffrey and Bonaparte—Bonaparte on Jeffrey. Boxiana—Slack—the Nailor—Coleridge—Kant—Newton—Odoherty on the Irish Character. Ye Pugilists of England, a Song. Scottish Proverbs. Pilgrimage to the Kirk of Shotts—Dr Morris quizzed by the Shepherd. Scribble's Letter to Mr Seward—The Shepherd's Opinion of Oxford Poetry. Small Talk, Canto I. Meeting of Wallace and Bruce—Short Memoir of Berzelius Pendragon, D.D. Pyne's Royal Residences—Tickler found Napping. On Musical Expression—The Editor's late Visit to Beethoven. Dr Scott's Love's Phantoms of Wo. Spanish America—Colonel Hippesley and his Tailor—Brion and Bermudez—Free-and-Easy Ball at Gustavia—Colonel Hippesley obliged to sell his Breeches—Bolivar and Paez—General Sedeno—Arrival of Dr Oglethorpe and Lady—Singular Recognition. Dr Oglethorpe's Lecture on Whiggism—Mr John Carnegie's Invitation to Ardgartan—On Hebrew Points. Leddrie Green, a Song. Inconstancy, a Song. The Powldoodies of Burran, a Chaunt—Departure of the Oglethorpes.

Last Day of the Tent.

Arrival of Dr Parr, and Death of Hector. In Hectora Epitaphia—Notæ Bullerianæ—Dr Parr's Wig shot by Mr Tims—Replaced by the Ettrick Shepherd—Arrival of Prince Leopold—The Dinner—The Chairman's Speech. Mr Wastle's Song. Songs and Toasts. The Friar's Farewell to Oxford, a Song. Hail to the Maiden, a Song. The Shepherd's Toddy—and Odoherty's Song. Captain Paton's Lament, a Song. Striking of the Tent.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence—Works preparing for Publication—Monthly List of New Publications. Monthly Register—Commercial Report—Meteorological Report—Appointments, Promotions, &c.—Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

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BOOKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,

BY

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Thou soul that art the eternity of thought,
And givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! Not in vain
By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up the human soul!"
WORDSWORTH.

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Ὁς τυ Ϛλωσσι μακρον Ϛλωσσι. ARISTOTLE.

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To be a lovely and a fearful thing." BYRON.

VIII.

THE RING of GYGES, a Poem, translated into English heroic measure, from the German of FREDERICK BARON VON LAUERWINKEL. 12mo.

IX.

THE SOUTHSIDE PAPERS; edited by Timothy Tickler, Esq. F.A.S.E. in one volume folio.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XXX. SEPTEMBER 1819. Vol. V.

The Tent.

We have no wish to inform the public of all the difficulties we had to encounter in bringing out the last Number of our valuable Miscellany. It was on the evening of the 16th of August that we arrived in Edinburgh from our Tent; and as we had to ship off to London on the 20th, the hurry-skurry and the helter-skelter at the Printing-Office may be more easily imagined than described. Immediately on stepping out of the Aberdeen coach, we came bob against Mr Blackwood, who exclaimed, "My gracious! Mr Editor, this is a fine prank you have been playing us all! The cry for copy is most terrible—dog on it . . . . But goodness be praised, here you are—come away up to Ambrose's." We soon found ourselves sitting before a sirloin of beef and a pot of porter; and Mr Ambrose, who saw there was something in the wind more than usual, brought in the Steel Pen, our best japan ink, and a quire of wire-wove. Having travelled much in coaches during the early part of our life, we even now ate our dinner as in fear of the horn; so that in less than quarter of an hour the sirloin was removed with a deep gash on his side, and the empty porter pot rose from the table at a touch. We scarcely took time to wipe our mouths, and fell to, "totis viribus," like a giant refreshed, to the "Twelfth of August," an article which we finished at a sitting, and which we are happy to find has given very great and general satisfaction. Ebony, meanwhile, lost not a moment in running down to the Printing-Office with a packet we had brought from the Tent—and on his return, by way of shewing his satisfaction, he whispered mine host to place near our right hand a small bowl of cold punch, which a Glasgow gentleman in the adjacent parlour had been kind enough to manufacture; and we felt it to be no less our duty to ourselves than to Messrs Blackwood and Ambrose, to take a bumper at the close of every paragraph, which may possibly account for their being somewhat shorter than is usual in our full, free, and flowing style of composition.

For three days—and we may almost add nights, there was no occasion to say to us "sæpe vertas stylum," for we boldly dashed at every thing, from Don Juan to Slack the Pugilist; and flew in a moment from the Cape-of-Good-Hope to the Pyramids of Egypt. "My gracious, your versatility is most fearsome," murmured our astonished publisher: "It will be one of our best Numbers after all." The truth is, that we felt nettled by the remark of Dr Morris, in his "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," that we only laid plans for others to execute, and were determined to shew the physician and all the rest of the world,—first, that we are no sinecurists,—and, secondly, that our seat is not at a board under government.

We are not personally known at the Printing-Office, so we hobbled down one midnight along with Ebony to witness the operations. What motion of many twinkling hands among compositors! What display of brawney arms among pressmen! What a stir of printers'-devils! "The Editor's MS. is growing worse and worse every month," said a long sallow-faced stripling, with a page of the Twelfth of August close to his eyes, as if he were going to apply a bandage—"What makes the young lads ay sae sair on Hairy Brougham, I wonder," quoth another—"Here's another slap at Macvey," said a third, "that's really too bad." "I would not grudge sitting up all night at another Canto of the Mad Banker of Amsterdam," added a fourth—but not to be tedious, we were pleased to observe, that on the whole a spirit of good humour and alacrity pervaded the Office, and above all, that that vile Jacobinical spirit, unfortunately but too prevalent among persons of their profes-

sion, had given way beneath the monthly influence of our principles; and that the inflammatory and seditious lucubrations of the Yellow Dwarf, Examiner, Scotsman, and other bawling demagogues, the fruits of whose doctrines are now being reaped by the deluded people of the north of England, were spoken of with indignation and disgust.

We had slyly ordered a few gallons of punch to be brought down to the office, to give a fillup to the worthy workmen at the close of their labours, and an excellent article might be written—indeed shall be—entitled, "The Humours of a Printing-Office;" but for the present, our readers must rest satisfied with the following song, which we understand was written by a devil not exceeding twelve years, an instance of precocious genius unrivalled in the history of Pandemonium.

CARMEN DIABOLICUM.

Sung in OLIVER & BOYD'S *Printing Office, on the Midnight between the 19th and 20th of August*, 1819.

SOLO, BY BOWZY BEELZEBUB.

1.

WHEN the vessel she is ready, all her rigging right and steady,
And the fine folks arranged on the shore,
Then they shove her from the dock with a thunder of a shock,
And the ord'nance salutes with a roar;
But before the hausers slip to give sea-room to the ship,
To propitiate the winds, there is thrown
A flask of generous red, all along the bowsprit shed—
Then God bless her, they cry, and she's gone—

Grand Chorus of Devils.

God bless her—God bless her—she's gone—
With a yo-hee-vo.

2.

SOLO, BY TIPSY THAMMUZ.

Thus when our latest sheet, to make Ebony complete,
Is revised, and thrown off, and stitched in,
And the Editor so staunch is preparing for his launch,
Then he plunges his hand in the Bin.
"Now let every jolly soul lay his ears in the punch bowl,
"And be ready," he cries, with a shout—
"That our enemies may know, when they hear our yo-hee-vo—
"We'll play hell* with them all when we're out."

Grand Chorus of Devils.

"We'll play hell, we'll play hell, when we're out—
"With a yo-hee-vo!"

Well, out came the Magazine, as usual, on the 20th, when, according to Hogg's celebrated sonnet,

"One breathless hush expectant reigns
from shore to shore."

But such is the strong inconsistency of all human desires, that no sooner was the load off our shoulders, than we almost wished it on again, and began to wonder what we should do with ourselves for the next fortnight. It was not mere ennui that beset us, for (since the story will out, it is best we ourselves tell it) during our absence we had suffered a domestic affliction which time may alleviate, but never can wholly cure. For home had now no charms for us—that lofty home once so still and pleasant, fourteen flats nearer heaven than the grovelling ground-floors of ordinary men—and commanding a magnificent view, not only of the whole New Town of Edinburgh, but of the kingdom of Fife

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* Pope says, of a fashionable preacher,

"And never mentions *Hell* 'fore ears polite."

This, we think, is excellent advice, both to the Clergy and the Laity, even in less refined society; but the reader will bear in mind that this Chorus was written by a devil, and sung by a batch of devils. These local allusions are therefore quite in place, and are *sanctioned* also by the authority of Milton.

in front, to the west far as the towers of Snowdon, and to the east the sail-studded expanse of the noble Frith, and the rich corn-fields of Lothian,

"The empire of Edinburgh, to the farthest Bass."

Our housekeeper* had eloped with an English Bagman who had met the honest woman as she was coming home from market with a couple of herrings in a kail-blade, and had been but too successful in filling her imagination with those romantic notions of love and happiness which that eloquent and accomplished class of men know so well to instil into the too susceptible heart. The following letter was lying on the little tri-clawed table at which we had so often drunk tea together, and occasionally, perhaps, "sterner stuff,"—and ours, you may be assured, was not a soul to peruse it without tears.

"BEST AND KINDEST OF MASTERS,—Several nights before you read this my fate will have been indissolubly united with that of Mr Perkins. I am no love-sick girl, sir, of eighteen—and though I have known Mr Perkins only a few days, yet I have not entered rashly into this solemn league and covenant. I have observed in him a truly devout and serious spirit, and have no doubt that he will turn out so as to satisfy all my most anxious desires. Our marriage is a marriage of souls—and as our religious principles are to a tittle the same, I trust that, unworthy as we are, some portion of sublunary happiness may be vouchsafed to us. Mr Perkins, it is true, is some years younger than myself, being about thirty-five, but he looks considerably older than that, and has a sobriety and discretion far beyond his years. I know well that there will be much evil-speaking throughout Scotland about this matter,—and that the public, censorious on people far my superiors in all things, will not spare poor Grizzy Turnbull—but my heart knoweth its own purity,—and the idle gossip of an idle world will soon die away.

"AND NOW, my ever-dear master, let me confide to you a secret which I have treasured up in my heart these last twenty years—years alas! of misery and of happiness never again to return. SINCE THE FIRST NIGHT I SLEPT BENEATH YOUR ROOF I HAVE LOVED, MADLY LOVED YOU! yes, the confession is made on paper at last—written over and over again, crossed and recrossed in every possible way, as it long has been, by the trembling hand of passion on my heart of hearts! Oh! my sweet master, (surely that word may be allowed to me in our parting hour,) for twenty years, come the Martinmas term, have I doted upon thee! yes! I have watched the progress of thy rheumatism with feelings which even thine own matchless pen would fail to analyse! Lord Byron himself could not paint the conflict of passions that turmoiled within my bosom, when, under the guidance of that angel of a man, Dr Balfour, I rubbed that dear rheumatic leg on the sofa! oh! our little tea-drinkings! . . . . . but in the sweet words of Campbell,

Be hushed, my dark spirit, for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore,
Be firm as a rock of the ocean, that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!
Through the scowl of mischance, and the smile of disdain,
Let thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate,
YEA EVEN THE NAME I HAVE WORSHIPPED IN VAIN,
Shall awake not a throb of remembrance again,
To bear is to conquer our fate!!!

Mr Perkins must now be all in all to me—but though I will cherish him in my bosom, no code of laws, either human or divine, passes sentence of oblivion on vanished hours of innocent enjoyment—and be assured, that if I be ever blessed with a family, my second son, (for I must call the first after its grandfather,) shall bear the christian and surname of my too, too dear master. But away with delightful dreams, never, perhaps, to be realized! and with such feelings as a new-born infant might avow, I subscribe myself, yours as fit only,

GRACE PERKINS.

14th of August,
Written in the dear little blue parlour.

Had this unexpected blow fallen upon us during the bustle of winter, we could have borne it. But at this solitary season, there was nothing to lighten that load of grief,—in the words of Michael Angelo,

El importune et grave selma,

that absolutely bowed us down to the earth,—a grief the more acute, from the sad conviction, that our inestimable Housekeeper had been partly driven into Mrs Perkins, by a hopeless and therefore undivulged passion for the Editor of this Magazine. To kill thought and time, we lay in bed till

* Of this very extraordinary woman we shall give a short memoir in an early Number, accompanied with specimens of her compositions both in prose and verse. Her natural talents were great, and her literary attainments by no means contemptible. She was lost to us in the 57th year of her age, a dangerous time of life to a female of cultivated mind, and rather too strict ideas on the subject of religion.

eleven; then eat some muffins from M'Ewan's, "which did coldly furnish up our breakfast table," and hobbled down the mound, witless where to go. All was silence and desolation. Not a soul going into the panorama of Algiers; and the long line of Prince's Street, from St John's chapel to the Prince Regent Bridge, unbroken, save perhaps by some coach wheeling along its pile of dust-covered outsides. At the corner of some cross street sat some hopeless fruiterer, with her basket of gooseberries, "alas! all too ripe;" while perhaps some unlucky school-boy, who was drawling his dull holidays in town, hesitatingly eyed the small red hairy circlets, and had the resolution to pass by with his halfpenny in his hand. The linen-blinds shaded the shop-windows, in winter and spring so gorgeously displayed, and not one gay and buzzing insect was seen to enter or issue from the deserted hive. The Middle Shop itself, two little months ago, before our shoes were old in which we went to the moors,

"So full of laughing faces and bright eyes,"

stood empty and silent, save when some summer-stranger from the South came in to ask for a copy of the last Number of Blackwood's Magazine or of Peter's Letters, or when we ourselves hobbled in, and received an unwitnessed greeting from our publisher, whom the well-known sound of our foot had brought forth with a pen behind his ear, from the Sanctum Sanctorum. Even in Ambrose's the sound of the grinders was low. The ordinary in Barclay's tavern, at which we have seen thirty pair of knives and forks at play, did well if it exhibited half-a-dozen mouths; and the matchless weekly suppers of the Dilettanti at Young's (to which we are sometimes admitted), had, in the heat of the weather, melted quite away. True, the Theatre was open, but it was likewise empty; and O'Neill, Farren, Abbot, and Jones, sighed, wept, doted, laughed, and whisked about in vain. Would you go down to the seaside? There some solitary bathing machine voided its nudity into the waves, or some parsimonious bachelor sat wiping his hairy length on a stone; while, perchance, one of the London packets sailed briskly from the pier, and seemed soon to carry away into the dim distance the scanty remains of the population of Edinburgh.

In this state of mind, it would have been folly to remain in town; so we resolved once more to join the Tent, which had now taken root in the Highlands; and while trying to take courage to buy a ticket in the Perth Breakneck, we strolled into our favourite snuff and tobacco shop, and filled our cannister with Princes' mixture and segars. There, while admiring the beautiful arrangements of pipes, boxes, &c. and regarding with a friendly affection the light, airy, and graceful figure of the fair Miss Fanny Forman, we mentally indited the following lines.

LINES TO MISS FANNY FORMAN, ON BIDDING HER FAREWELL.

By the Veiled EDITOR *of Blackwood's Magazine.*

I.

Oh! the grass it springs green on the Street of the gay,
And the mall 'tis a desolate sight:
And the beaux and the belles they are all far away,
And the city's a wilderness quite.
And I too will wander—at dawn of the day
I will leave the dull city behind;
I will tread the free hills, and my spirits shall play,
As of old, in the spring of the wind.

II.

Yet, a lowly voice whispers, that, not as of old,
Shall to me the glad spirit be given:
Tho' the lakes beaming broad in their glens I behold,
And the hills soaring blue in the heaven:
That the kind hand of Nature in vain shall unfold
All her banner of innocent glee—
For the depths of my soul in despondence are rolled,
And her mirth has no music for me.

III.

Yes, o'er valley and mountain, where'er I may go,
That voice whispers sadly and true,

I shall bear, lovely Fanny! my burden of woe—
Cruel maid—my remembrance of you!
As some cloud whose dim fleeces of envious snow,
The rays of the evening-star cover,
Thy memory still a soft dimness shall throw,
O'er the languishing breast of thy lover.

While we were casting about in this way whom should we see turning the corner of Hanover Street in an elegant dennet, and at a noble trot, but our excellent friend Mr John Ballantyne? We thought he had still been on the Continent, and have seldom been more gratified than by the unexpected apparition. There he was, as usual, arrayed in the very pink of knowingness—grey frock and pebble buttons, Buckskins, top-boots, &c.—the whip—for Old Mortality needs no whip—dangling from the horn behind—and that fine young grew, Dominie Sampson, capering round about him in the madness of his hilarity. Whenever we met last spring we used to have at least a half-hour's doleful chat on the progress and symptoms of our respective rheumatisms—but Ballantyne now cut that topic short in a twinkling, assuring us he had got rid of the plague entirely—and, indeed, nobody could look in his merry face without seeing that it was so. We never croak to people that are in sound health—and, therefore, not likely to enter into the spirit of our miseries; so, affecting an air of perfect vigour, we began to talk, in the most pompous manner, about our late exploits in the moors, regretting, at the same time, that Ballantyne had not come home in time to make one of our party on the 12th of August. "We are just off again for Braemar," said we. "The devil you are," said John, "I don't much care to go with you if you'll take me." "By all means, you delight us," said we. "Well," cried he, "what signifies bothering, come along, I'll just call at Trinity for half a dozen clean shirts and neckloths, and let's be off." "Done," said we, mounting to the lower cushion, "only just drive us over the way and pick up our portmanteau." No sooner said than done. In less than an hour we found ourselves, with all the cargo on board, scudding away at twelve knots an hour on the Queensferry road.

During the whole journey to our Tent, we were kept in a state of unflagging enjoyment by the conversation of our companion. Who, indeed, could be dull in immediate juxta position with so delightful a compound of wit and warm heartedness? We have heard a thousand story-tellers, but we do not remember among the whole of them more than one single individual, who can sustain the briefest comparison with our exquisite bibliopole. Even were he to be as silent as the tomb of the Capulets, the beaming eloquence of that countenance alone would be enough to diffuse a spirit of gentle jovialty over all who might come into his presence. We do not think Allan has quite done justice to Mr Ballantyne's face, in his celebrated master-piece, "Hogg's Housewarming." He has caught, indeed, the quaint, sly, archness of the grin, and the light, quick, irresistible glance of the eyes; but he has omitted entirely that fine cordial suffusion of glad, kind, honest, manly mirth, which lends the truest charm to the whole physiognomy, because it reveals the essential elements of the character, whose index that most original physiognomy is. But the voice is the jewel—who shall ever describe its wonders? Passing at will through every note of seriousness and passion, down into the most dry, husky, vibrations of gruffness, or the most sharp feeble chirpings of old woman's querulousness, according to the minutest specialities of the character introduced for the moment upon the stage of that perpetual Aristophanic comedy; his conversation—why, Bannister, Mathews, Liston, Yates, Russel—none of them all is like John Ballantyne, when that eye of his has fairly caught its inspiration from the sparkle of his glass. Even here in our gig, where we had neither bottle nor glass, a few puffs of one of Miss Forman's segars, as Odoherty describes them,

The true Havannah smooth, and moist, and brown,

were enough to kindle and rekindle as much mirth as was consistent with the safety of the vehicle that contained us. Among other things he told us a great many capital stories about his late

tour to the Netherlands, expressing, as he went on, in every particular of look, voice, and gesture, the very corporal presence and essence of his friends the Hogan-mogans. Theodore Hooke—Provost Creech—and Joseph Gillon, each had his niche in this Peristrephic Panorama of remembered merriment, and of each he told us innumerable new anecdotes—new to us at least—which we would give not a little to be able to reproduce for the edification of our readers; but alas! it would require a much bolder man than we are to attempt the hazardous experiment of serving up such dainties in a hash. One of Joseph Gillon's good things, however, we shall venture on, because the wit of it is of that kind which disdains to be improved by passing through the lips of any man, even of Ballantyne. Joseph happened to be in a certain pretty numerous party at Edinburgh (would he had never left us!) at the time when the Northern Whigs were everywhere exerting their lungs in the first of those systematic blasts which have since swelled the inflammable balloon of Brougham to that immoderate bulk. "Joseph," whispered a modest Tory in company, "you have seen this young fellow—what is *your* real opinion of him? *Do you think the man will rise, Joseph?*" "Aye," quoth Joseph, "I'll be bound he will—*at a general rising.*" One day Gillon was very unwell, (it was in July) and Mr Ballantyne went to visit him. He found him on a couch in his writing chamber, surrounded by all his clerks and apprentices; "What, Gillon," said he, "this place is enough to kill ye man, it is as hot as an oven;" "and what for no, man?" cried Joseph, "it's the place whar I mak my bread, man." We beg pardon for these stories; but really Joseph was a true wit. Why does he not try his hand at a contribution now and then? But perhaps the worthy "door-keeper in the Lord's house" would have a *text* against us were we to make the application.

A great deal of his talk turned also (*quis dubitaverit?*) on Paris. He seems, in deed and in truth, to have done what Miladi Morgan was said to have done,—he has seen Paris from the garret to the saloon, from the Palais Royal to the Catacombs. We had great pleasure in hearing his account of all the strange doings and goings on of that remarkable city—a city in which we ourselves have spent many happy—alas! very happy days and nights. While the names of the modern beaux and belles of that Regal City fell glibly from the lips of the bibliopole, faint and shadowy visions of the beaux and belles of her former days rose in dim and fleet succession before our too faithful eye of imagination. Kind, jovial, elegant Duc de la Cirelabouche, friend of our youth—friend and patron!—alas! where be now thy petits soupers! Beautiful, radiant, luxurious Madame la Biche!——but wherefore renew yet again these soul-piercing retrospections?—While we were in the midst of our melancholy abstraction, our friend began chanting, in his own light, elastic, bounding style, that excellent French song,—

En Angleterre a ce qu'on dit
C'est une chose des plus rares
Mourir dans son lit—
Ah! ces Anglais barbares!
Si une dame est cruelle
Et ne laisse rien d'espoir—
Son adieu a la belle—
Est par corde ou rasoir, &c. &c.

"By the way, Monsieur Jean," said we, "did you take any lessons in fencing when you were in Paris?"—"To be sure," said he, "I spent three or four hours every morning in the Salle des armes, and I believe I could now take my inches even at *contre point* against any swordsmen in Scotland."—"Not so fast, friend," said we,—"not quite so fast, neither. Have you measured foils yet with Francalanza?"—"No, faith," quoth he; "but I have seen his advertisement, and shall certainly call upon him the very day I return to Auld Reekie."—"Have your doublet well lined then, Giovanni," we returned, "and see that your mask sits close about your ears, and expect, with all your precautions, to come back with the marks of his button between every pair of your ribs; for we have fenced with the Rolands, the Angelos, and most of the amateurs in the three kingdoms—but Heaven forbid we should ever venture a second trial with this Italian!"—"An Italian is he?" cries Ballantyne—"I think I have heard his name mentioned in Paris." "Very probably," said we, "he is well known there—he fenced a great many years ago with Angelo, who

said he had the finest turn of a wrist, and, without exception, the most irresistible pair of eyes he had ever met with." —"The marshal," quoth John, "must be admitted to be an excellent judge; he is allowed to be the first *homme-d'epee* in all France, old as he is."—"Our own Prince Regent," we continued, "is not a bad judge neither; and we have reason to know that he has seen Francalanza fence, and thinks at least as highly of him as Marshal Augereau. We ourselves have heard both Leslie and Underwood, the two finest amateur swordsmen in these islands, bear the most unequivocal testimony to his merits; we used to meet with them often at his rooms in Cateaton-street. He is a glorious fellow—and let us tell you, Mr Ballantyne, his fingers manage the guitar just as well as they do the rapier. He sings and plays much in the same charming style with that prince of good fellows and artists, John Schetky."——"Why, he will be quite an acquisition," cried Ballantyne; "we must get him into the Dilettanti with all speed."—"We wish to heavens you would get ourselves into the Dilettanti, Mr John," returned we; "we have spoken of it a thousand times, but you'll never condescend to propose us when a ballot comes about."—"Wait a little; have patience, my dear Editor," cries John; "there's a braw time coming yet."—We shall keep our eye upon Mr John Ballantyne next winter, and, depend on it, if he neglects to introduce us to this illustrious society, we shall not be easily pacified. In the mean time, seeing that we had given him a little offence, we proposed to enliven our journey by singing a few duets together, which we did. We think both of us were particularly happy in that exquisite genuine old High Dutch one,—

Persantribat clericus
Durch einem grünem waldt
Videbat ibi stantem, stantem, stantem,
Ein Magdelein wohlgestallt
Salva sis puellula
Godt gruss dich Magdelein fein, &c &c.

"I hope," said Ballantyne, "that you will return to Edinburgh in time, at least, for the grand Musical Festival. We never could do without you. By the way, I cannot but be rather surprised that you are not one of the directors, Mr Editor."—We assured our good friend, that the omission of our name in that list was entirely owing to ourselves; that it had been early put down by Lord Gray; but we hate all kind of notoriety, and therefore requested his Lordship to be so good as to withdraw our name, at the same time promising him, or any other of the directors, every assistance and advice in our power.—"You see that we are to have Dragonetti's double bass—what a perfect volcano!—a very earthquake it is, Mr Editor!—but I am extremely anxious that you should hear little Signora Corri."—"Hear little Signora Corri!" we replied: "have we not dandled the little syren on our knee a hundred times, when she was in frock? and were not we ourselves the first to prophecy her future noise in the world, and suggest to her papa the propriety of sending her to Catalani? Those were pleasant nights, John, when we used to sit at the long supper-table of Signor Corri, and sometimes inspirited by noyeau and cherry bounce, venture our own cracked voice in a glee; but, in truth, ear is every thing—'tutto, tutto, tutto;'—as the Corri used to say, 'I do like vast well for to hear Signor Christophero sing *Il suo gusto e perfetto.*'"

When we had wearied ourselves with singing, Ballantyne said he would read us a MS. poem he had in his pocket by the merest accident, written by one Peter M'Finn, an old friend of his, who is now minister of Kilmorran, in Fife.—"What! Peter M'Finn, our own dear Contributor?" said we. "Let us hear it, by all manner of means. We wonder why the dog has not sent the poem to the Magazine—is it good for any thing?" —"A capital thing, upon my life, Mr Editor; let us just smoke a single segar, and wet our whistles with this good body's Glenlivet—(we happened to be just passing a turnpike)—and then I shall read it aloud, *pro bono.*"—Refreshed by his due portion of a gill of the best whisky we have seen out of the Tent, Mr Ballantyne proceeded to the fulfilment of his promise, and beguiled away a couple of pretty rough miles with the well-poised and strenuous stanzas of the reverend Mr M'Finn.

The rushing German, in his wintry guise
Whilst not one wing the sweeping tempest
Nor shines one friendly star amid the ski
Till on the dusky brow of night arise,
Struggling to pierce the belt of darkness
Greeting, with saviour gleam, the sailor's
A ruddy Star of ever changing hue,*
Which shoots its trembling rays afar o'e
blue.

III.

Be mine in summer air from eastern verg
The dim discovered, ever passing sail,
The broad capacious bay, where dark and
The snorting porpoise shews his shapeless
Nor ever silent to the sea-bird's wail
O'er sands more level than the marble dee
Thro' which an oily path-way seems to tra
And far beneath upfrowns the nodding ste
Whilst twilight stillness holds, and day
breezes sleep.

IV.

Or give me to enjoy the cooling wave,
Which gently tides these rocky creeks alon
Whilst many a fervid wight, his limbs to l
Essays his swimming powers, the surge amo
And all around is summer's motley throng,
The limpet fish-wife searching with her cre
And youth's unhallowed jeer, and boyhood's
And stranger's downward peep, and lass's s
Expressive of the rage they much affect to

V.

But on that creek, designed the " witch's lak
Let winter rush in desolation wide,
Till all the " hill,"‡ where suffered at the
Th' unhappy victim, mingle with the tide!

X.

let me muse on all the motley crew,
graced or shamed this memorable place,
: when,* St Rule, thy masonry was new,
vast the wear of man's time-wasted race,)
plundering each in undulating chace,
arch of mind thro' error's devious way,
superstition's terror-breathing face,
vilight of reform, truth's lightning ray
burst upon these towers in ruin and dismay.

XI.

n these walls of high cathedral state,
tar, priesthood, holy rites, appear,
that once was splendid, sacred, great,
tch the eye, or fascinate the ear!
hapeless ruin all, and silence here!
et it pass—yon starry arch remains,
mple of *our God*, no hands can rear;
ork of man, or flourishes, or wanes,
n's temple to the last its workmanship retains.

XII.

t it pass—in noise and tumult melt
with each monument of man's disgrace:
eagued with tyrants superstition dwelt,
orged their chains to subjugate our race!
hateful, much detested place.
lace of skulls, golgotha of our Isle,
every shattered arch, and window-space,
hy features, reformation, smile,
Knox stands musing by and freedom
shouts the while.

XIII.

And let it pass—and passing in its train,
Down to the waves of darkness evermore,
Descend that ruined "castle"† of the main,
That hurls its tide-worn fragments on the shore,
Beneath it still let mining surges roar,
Till nothing shall survive of all the boast,
Of him, whose hands were red in human gore,
Who joyed a brother-man in flames to roast.
Inhuman was the act, the actor most accurst!

XIV.

Besuits it too to muse on later times,
To which that Aisle attracts the gazer's heed,
That monument to infamy and crimes,
To every crooked, every cruel deed!
"Drive furiously along, postilion speed,‡
Th' avenger is behind thee, urge thy flight,
Oh save thy master in his utmost need;
And save from future obloquy, and blight
The covenanted cause of Scotland, and of right."

XV.

And died the Shepherd at his shieling door,
And gasped frail womanhood amidst the flood,
Did Scotland grieve from east to western shore,
Her glens and mountain-wastes besmeared with blood?
Hast *thou* on every free-born feeling trod,
With unrelenting malice urging on,
Condemned the guiltless, and betrayed thy God,
Till all thy cup of crime was overrun,
And must we own, at last,§ the deed was foully done?

: Rule, or St Regulus' Tower, said to be very ancient; and from the top of which there is an nt bird's eye view.

he Castle of St Andrews, from one of the windows in front, of which Cardinal Beaton, or ie, contemplated, with seeming satisfaction, the execution of his own worse than Babylonian ze, on the person of poor Wishart!

lie reader in these allusions will readily recognize the murder of Archbishop Sharp, on Moor, which is represented on a marble monument *erected*, at least now *remaining* with- *Presbyterian* town-church of St Andrews,

——"Pudet et hæc opprobria nobis,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli."

statement of the whole circumstances of this transaction are to be found in "Woodrow," many other historians. Five unfortunate individuals, Thomas Brown, James Wood, Anword, John Waddle, and John Clyde, vide Cloud of Witnesses, 347, Ogle's Edition, 1810, ater proportion of whom had never been in Fife till the day preceding their execution, were ed on Magus Muir, about four miles from St Andrews, to appease the manes of the Arch-

The stone which testifies their death and their innocency of the crime, was lately re-erect- friend of ours, who wrote the following lines on the occasion:

I.

nd stand thou there a record meet,
midst the tide of future time,
every passing eye repeat,
ıy tale of cruelty and crime.

II.

ınd thee sleep the Muirland waste,
ound thee bloom the heather bell,
curlieu build her yearly nest,
ne herald of the mountain fell.

III.

By beauty, worth, and wit, be paid
The lay, the tribute, and the tear,
And many a stranger step delayed,
To visit those that slumber here.

IV.

And never from the Scottish heart,
Escape the grateful feeling true,
To those who lived the Patriot part,
And died the Patriot Martyr too!"

§ "And though the loun be weel awa,
The deed was foully done."

Woodrow, who applies these verses originally applied to Cardinal Beaton, to the death of hop Sharp.

XVI.

Not all the sympathy thy fate demands,
And every human heart will mourn the deed
Which stained with priestly blood unholy hands,
Nor reverenced a parent's hoary head,
But in a daughter's presence, saw him bleed!
Not all that power, that party can attest,
That even *this* lying monument can plead,
Can wipe one drop from out thy mitred crest,
Nor of eternal shame thy memory divest.

XVII.

Then turn we from the view to yonder Fane,
Where sleeps the dust, Salvator, of thy Sire;*
Long may that curious workmanship remain,
In mimic cornice, tracery, and spire,
For many a passing stranger to admire,
Whose heart, when pausing on the solemn past,
Shall in a prayer of gratitude aspire,
To him whose virtues as his name shall last,
Till baffled nature sink in one oblivion vast!

XVIII.

The rich of blood have passed and closing still
O'er them and theirs comes darkness and despight,
The flame of nobler minds, like mountain rill,
Burst out at length in all its crystal light:
As smiles mid yonder heaven the queen of night,
They ray their beams to Time's unmeasured line,
Whilst fades each twinkling starlet on the sight,
In all their native loveliness they shine,
Asserting from their orbs pre-eminence divine!

XIX.

Of this enough. Along thy stretching quay,
Whilst fishermen unships his finny store,
Let me advance, the *Haddock*, *Cod*, to see,
Dragged by the noisy fish-wife to the shore.
Meanwhile the husband rests upon his oar,
His labour past, or swings his chilly hands,
Advancing homewards; whilst his steps before
Runs gleesome speed, and ragged filth in bands,
Which nor a mother's threats, nor father's curse commands.

XX.

And now the baskets are arranged and set,
Crammed with a scaly mass of teeming life;
The husband idly smokes, or mends a net,
Trusting the sale to ever-bustling wife,
Who, glorying in the bothering and the strife,
From house to house her boasted treasure bears,
Or mounted on a *cart* for Cupar-Fife,
To market-cross, on market-day, repairs,
And palms on Writer fat her finger-fumbled wares.

XXI.

But hark! 'tis Croaking Johnny's† little bell,
That tinkling jingles him along the street,
In accents of the damned, his tale to tell,
And totter on with time unsettled feet,
And fresh are all his fish, his butter sweet,
Yet cares he not the *message* to deny,
But "*rather dowed*," will knowingly repeat,
If that a sage professor pass him by,
And side-long tip the wink with truth enquiring eye.

XXII.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

XXVI.

Strange City of Obscurity come forth
From out thy native darkness into day,
Stand lampless in the nightly stranger's path,
And spread thy masonry amidst his way,
Nor be those heaps concealed, which fishers lay
In close array, along thy narrow lanes,
Thy street-ward dunghills festering to the ray
Of mid-day sun, thy "causeway" that retains
Of sun-dried fish the glaze, of every filth the stains.

XXVII.

Ye Deacons, Bailies, that enrich the state
And Parliament with wisdom and controul,
Who having dined abroad, returning late,
Besplash your stockings in the gutter-hole—
Or 'midst the mud magnificently roll,
Shine out in lamps on this unhallowed night,
Or people will affirm, upon my soul,
Because your actions cannot brook the light,
You robe them in a veil of darkness from the sight.‡

XXVIII.

Oh! dull resort of every sickened brain,
Flesh-lacking maidenhood, with sunken eye,
The Nabob labouring with his load of pain,
Who all but health and happiness can buy,
O'er whose sun-withered heart no youthful joy
Retains a hold—the jointured widow prim—
The ever-calling dame that loves to fly§
From door to door, in all her withered trim,
And boarding-school's long shew of necks and ankles slim.

---

* Archbishop Kennedy, the founder of St Salvator's College.

† "Croaking Johnny,"—a character well known in St Andrews, who, in a voice any thing but human, gives *notices* which none but the inhabitants of the place can possibly understand. "The was lost, (said he, yesterday, in our hearing) a lady's parcel," some person corrected him "parasol," from an adjoining door, when, with the greatest coolness, he tottered on, muttering to himself "ay, ay, parcel—parasol—it's a' ane!"

‡ We mean nothing—we disclaim all intention of meaning any thing of censure or charge against the Magistracy; but we regret that both town and Magistracy do not concur in taking some measure for remedying the nuisance we complain of.

§ The custom of "forenoon calling," which in larger cities is reduced to a system, is here, as in most other smaller towns, left to the inclination and caprice of every individual. And when you see a couple of "large bonnets" approaching your door, in the way of a call, you can never, with any degree of certainty, anticipate the hour of their departure—this is a great evil under the sun; and all people who can enjoy or improve their time, and who have the disposition to kill it, will write, "Procul, oh procul," to all such, on their gate-way.

XXIX.

All here are golfers—strangers, natives, all
The sons of science, idleness, and war,
Who can or wield a club, or hit a ball,
Professor, Soldier, Student-lad, and Tar,
And country Laird, attracted from afar,
With some mischancy Writer to engage;
Whilst oft the rag, and spirit-chafing *jar*,
Provokes to sudden bet, and smothered rage,
Which twice another round will quietly assuage.

XXX.

It is indeed a goodly sight to see
These red-coat champions marshalled for the fray,
Driving the ball o'er bunker, rut, and lea,
And clearing, with imperious "hove," the way,
Enlivening still the game with laugh and say,
Whilst trotting club-man follows fast behind,
Prepared with ready hand the "*tees*" to lay,
With nicest eye the devious ball to find,
And of the going game each player to remind*.

XXXI.

It is in sooth a goodly sight to see,
By east and west, the Swilkin† lasses clean,
Spreading their clothes upon the daisied lea,
And skelping freely barefoot o'er the green,
With petticoats high kilted up I ween,
And note of jocund ribaldry most meet;
From washing-tub their glowing limbs are seen
Veiled in an upward shower of dewy weet!
Oh! 'tis enough to charge an anchorite with heat!

XXXII.

Is there dull student much disposed to watch
By midnight lamp, on lettered page to pore,
O'er problematic lines his head to scratch,
Or cram his skull with philologic lore;
"A skinny thoughtfulness," book-withered sore,
Night-dried, and costive, seldom *at his ease*,
Whose very food is nutriment no more;
Let him with distant peep his fancy please,
While careful Johny builds most knowingly the "Tees."

XXXIII.

Ye doctors that attack book-reading men
With bolus, potion, recreative drug,
Who do your best, and doing what you can,
Lodge them be-*cast* the town‡ in mansion snug,
Go, and administer to lady's pug,
Which backward strains with many a rueful look;
Yon frame so sappy, and yon face so smug,
From air and exercise its physic took,
And for these manly sports your laxatives forsook.

XXXIV.

Ye who uplift instructions hallowed lid,
To minds prepared, or not prepared to drink,
Oh, kindly view the effort, if unbid,
I strive your merits to invest in clink;
Blink on my labour, only deign to blink,
And I shall sing, as never Phœbus sung;
Already am I maddening, yes I think
I feel the hurried couplets on my tongue,
And from my hiving brain are winged ideas flung.

XXXV.

But who may dare with temerarious pen,
Of "Masters§ nine," the merits to pourtray,
To reach the depths of professorial men,
In sober, suiting, inoffensive lay.
"Bout ship," to leeward I behold the spray,
The angry waves with chafing rocks contend,
The anchor from my bow is borne away,
The breakers burst around my nether end,
And o'er my dripping deck a thundering drift they send!

XXXVI.

Grave City of instruction, pregnant still
With Latin, Greek, Philosophy, and Truth,
With all that nerves the soul, or guides the will,
That forms the habits of untutored youth,
Thou art a very hospital, in sooth;
Thither resort, diseases of the mind,
Dark ignorance, rusticity uncouth,
And doubt's hysteric-fit, and error blind,
And vanity blown up with unemitted wind.

XXXVII.

Thither resort, the Grampian sons of frost,
Y-born beneath a drifted heap of snow,
Questioning the miles, the labour, and the cost,
O'er many a mountain sheep-tract, as they go;
It is indeed a smile provoking show,
To view these mountaineers in scarlet gown,
Whilst peeps the coarse and clouted garb below,
Seeming their present purpose to disown,
And through their winter robe with summer visage frown.

XXXVIII.

And lurks there, too, beneath that rustic form,
Stout resolution, never-damped emprise,
The heart prepared to brave misfortune's storm,
And o'er adversity in triumph rise,
Nerve to perform, and wisdom to devise;
These are thy guardians, Scotia, ever true,
True as the Pole star of their native skies;
What time fell Gaul, her mailed host updrew,
And many a bonnet waved o'er blood-stained Waterloo.

XXXIX.

And thither doth repair a straggling band,
From Western islands, and Atlantic roar,
And still at leisure hour they haunt the sands,
Shooting their kindred sea-gull on the shore;
Not much affect they literary lore,
But chieftain-born, they love the chieftain-life,
And deem it folly o'er a book to pore,
Wasting the sunny morn of human life,
Apart from vassal-state, and revelry, and strife.

XL.

And here conveen Anguscan, Fifan, each
Mamma's own progeny in head and heart;
And thither flock the sons of those that preach
"In Mary's‖ sacred bowers" to play their part,
And nature yields to all subduing art;
Then, like the Chrysolis, disrupt the shell,
Forth from their crusted awkwardness they start
Assume the beau—yet just it is to tell,
Draining the hallow'd tide from Mary's sacred well

---

* These are mysteries that only Golfers know.

† The Swilkin, a small stream west of the town, upon the green sward-banks of which the lasses practise all the more ancient methods of clothes-washing and bleaching.

‡ The burial ground so situated.

§ The Professors of the United College are styled "Masters."

‖ St Mary's, or the Divinity College.

To sit in judgment on each college lad,
To lift Examination's eagle eye,
To hear the problem solved, the classics re
By varied question, varied merit try,
Whilst† *αυν αριστευειν* blazes from on high

XLIII.

The work is done, the sixth day's labour o
The seventh day comes, a day of welcome
Respite from sitting, now a rest no more,
As every nether bone can well attest,
And deep-depressed seat, where like a nest
Of learned loin remains the indented shape
All merit here is who attends the best,
Resists all inclination to escape,
Filling the student's eye with Professorial s

XLIV.

But see they scud their classic garb aside,
In social dress they congregate to dine,
Where what of comfort may in beef reside,
Or what of merriment in cheering wine
Is thine, and most deservedly is thine,
Thou labourer of the winter, fagged, and d
Thy pupils yet, through other years shall a
To distant times shall glow each student ak
From Cheviot's southern ridge to furthest
of Mull.

XLV.

Thus far the Muse, in mad unlicensed lay,
Hath run the gauntlet of her wild career,
Nor did she yet one sober truth essay,
But streight she marred the couplet with a j

---

* Catherine Kennedy—St Salvator Colleg

† The inscription upon a cut-lugged boa
mination is yearly held.

‡ King James VI. —here

In passing through Perth we picked up a copy of the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* for the week, which we read aloud to Mr Ballantyne during the consumption, by him, of some three or four segars of the longest. We were both sorry to observe, that the ingenious Editor of that paper was still quite on the wrong key about the Manchester affair. "What's this new whim that has taken your brother's head, Mr John?" said we; "this will never do—one of the best principled and best written Newspapers in Scotland cannot indulge in such rashnesses as these, without very materially injuring its character, and, what is of still greater moment, its usefulness." Our companion nodded assent. "A good newspaper," we continued, "a newspaper such as this of our friend James', is in Scotland an engine of very great importance, and if conducted with uniform and steady adherence to a lofty and truly *Scottish* standard of principle and feeling, may be likely to produce more of real and substantial benefit to the right cause—the cause of rational freedom and rational loyalty—than almost any other species of periodical publication. It is not, therefore, without great regret, and some little indignation too, that we have seen this paper condescending on an occasion of this kind to lend additional power, by its echo, to the mad and malevolent screams of the many far inferior papers, now as of old enlisted against the peace and against the honour of the country. Surely these paragraphs must have been penned in some very careless mood, for it is impossible that such views could have been in such a mind the result of deliberate investigation." "Heaven knows," quoth the other, "But I perfectly agree with you that they are absurd and ill-timed, and I hope we shall see no more of them." "Nay," said we, "if things go on at this rate, we shall certainly employ old Timothy Tickler to hit him over the fingers' ends with 'Letters to Eminent Literary Characters, No. X. (or whatever the Number may be) to Mr James Ballantyne'"—"Quite right, Editor," was the answer, "and if that wont do, give him right over the shoulders with the flail of Idoloclastes, or draw and quarter him with the glaive of Lauerwinkel, if you will." "We hope," said we, "there will be no occasion for carrying matters to that extremity. His own correspondent L. T. has already tickled him pretty closely;* and it is but fair to wait till we see whether the milder medicine works a cure; it will at least have nature and a good sound constitution at bottom to assist it."

"What sort of a looking fellow is this Hunt they talk so much about?" said the Bibliopole, willing, we suppose, to change the subject a little. "Did you ever see him?" "Oh yes, Mr Ballantyne," replied we, "we have seen him, and that too long ago, before he had become at all so important a personage as people seem now to be in the habit of considering him. We happened to be in Bristol a good many years ago, when he made his first public entrée into that city. He had a large loaf stuck upon the pole of the Jarvie in which he travelled, and harangued the rabble all along with promises, that, give him annual parliaments and universal suffrage, he would soon raise the penny loaf to the same tempting dimensions. He is a coarse, thickset fellow, with an appearance half way between a stage-coachman and a black-leg—abundance of tongue, however, and withal of coolness—and an air of dry dogged plebeianism about every look and gesture, that reminds one of Cobbet at times, although *longo intervallo*."—"What," said our friend, "is the relationship between him and the Editor of the Examiner? are they brothers? or father and son? or uncle and nephew? or only cousins? They are evidently birds of the same nest, however."—"Why, Mr John," said we, "things certainly look very much that way; and whether your conjecture be founded in fact or not, there is no question it is founded in philosophy.

"The Cockney School of Politics, Mr Ballantyne," we continued, "is so intimately connected with the Cockney School of Poetry, that it is almost impossible to describe the one without using many expressions equally applicable to the other. They are twin establishments erected about the same time, supported by the same dupes, and enlightened by the same quacks.

* See the excellent defence of the Manchester Magistrates, published under that signature in the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, and copied into most of the Newspapers.

It is not, indeed, to be denied, that the Cockney politics have been embraced and defended by some whose patronage of the Cockney poetry has not yet been proclaimed to the world. But the real organs of the two heresies, their missionaries and tub-orators are, we believe, essentially the same. It is, indeed, impossible that it should be otherwise. If a man can for a moment suppose, that the Hampstead Hunt is a fit person to be associated with Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth; his perception of the differential qualities must be so blunted, that no one need stare at his believing the Bristol or Manchester Hunt to be worthy of a seat in the same senate with Canning, Wilberforce and Grattan. The patriotism of the one is as arrant a jade as the muse of the other. Under pretence of sacrificing at the altar of British freedom, the demagogue of Bristol burns impious incense to flatter the coarse nostrils of the idiot mob. He of Hampstead proclaims in notes, prefaces, and sonnets, that he is the rightful heir of that noble race which of old gave birth to Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton; and one of his deluded admirers has so far allowed himself to be gulled by his impudent assertions, as to make him a present of 'A LOCK OF MILTON'S HAIR!!!' We have, begging the Doctor's pardon, every reason to believe that he has been imposed upon by a fictitious pedigree. The *Desirée* of Lisson Grove has neither writings nor features to shew, that can lend the shadow of support to his ambitious Tree. To be sure he has great examples to plead in his favour; for we do believe he has quite as many claims to be the ENGLISH POET of our day, as old Scaliger had to the blood of the princes of Verona, or the late ingenious Monsieur Catholineau to that of St Lewis; or to give him an instance more in his way, as his illustrious namesake, the White-hatted hero, has to be the living representative of Hampden, Sydney, and Russell.

"Our friend Hampstead Hunt," —we proceeded, "seems to have about as many strange inconsistencies in his character as ever before met together on the confines either of Parnassus or of Bedlam. He talks at times of *the Wolseleys, the Burdetts, and the Shellys*, in terms which would almost persuade one that he really entertained some feelings of decent reverence for the old phylarchic aristocracies of England; but whenever he has occasion to mention the name of poor Bristol Hunt, he destroys the hopes we had begun to form of him by some malicious sarcasm against that worthy kinsman of his. He is apprehensive, we suppose, that the nation might think the HOUSE OF HUNT were sticking too much together, and were plotting their own rise on the ruins of the HOUSE OF HANOVER; and he adopts this unnatural style of severity in order to relieve our fears. Surely never was adjective more happily connected with substantive than in Mr Johnny Keat's favourite phrase of 'kind Hunt.'

"The Hunts are indeed a very alarming family: we have no doubt that they are as ambitious as the Nevilles used to be, though probably the epithet of 'kingmakers' is not quite so much coveted at Hampstead as it was of old at Warwick. Something, however, should certainly be done. Even the Douglasses never had more than one Bell-the-cat at a time; the fertility of the present heroic race is a thing totally unexampled. Their splendid Penates look with equal pride on the poet and the orator; the triumph of their line is alike apparent in the brawny white-feather of Cockspur-street, and the lank and sallow hypochondriack of the 'leafy rise' and 'farmy fields' of Hampstead. It is in vain for the members of the family to pretend that they have no connexion with each other. That is a palpable joke. Every old woman can see through the design of it. No one can listen for five minutes to the oral eloquence of Henry, without being reminded in the most lively manner of the 'written wisdom' of Leigh. They address, indeed, different audiences, and therefore there is some difference in the manner of their harangues. The one has to do with the bony and sinewy constituents of the street mob, and he attacks them with the bluster and swagger of a ring-fighter. The other speaks to a sorely dispersed remnant of 'single gentlemen' in lodgings, and single ladies we know not where—a generation afflicted with headaches, tea-drinking, and all the nosologia of the nerves; people who have never a wholesome taste in their mouths, and

are glad to rub their teeth upon any insipid drug that comes in their way. He therefore avoids any thing that might impertinently remind his valetudinarians of the health and vigour which they themselves have lost. The knowing quack-doctor has always performed some of his most wonderful cures upon himself, and maintains, that, after all, he could not hold out three months were it not for the infallible cordial. Hunt gains the good will of his patients by the same sort of tricks. He is always writing about headaches, bile, tea, and suppers of boiled eggs and lettuces, and so persuading his male subscribers, that he is '*one of us.*' To win the affections of his ladies, he repeats the usual cant about the absurdity of marriage, and the glorious freedom of concubinage; and the dear creatures are in raptures to find their own 'noble theories' supported by a clever gentleman who publishes sixteen pages about the House of Commons, and the play-houses, every Sunday—besides sweet little volumes of verses every now and then, stuck full of beautiful eulogiums upon adultery and incest. It is the cue of Henry to copy the straight-forward knock-me-down style of Cobbett, as far as his utter ignorance and stupidity can permit him to approach the manner of that vulgar and insolent, but forcible and *English* declaimer. But we doubt not, his chicken heart beats very piteously at times against the rugged disguise under which it is concealed. Leigh Hunt's natural propensities are more accordant with his interests and wishes. It costs him no great struggle to appear a weak desponding drivelling garetteer—he is the enemy of greatness, because he is conscious of littleness—the apologist of vice, because he has not vigour enough to be virtuous.

"Mr Bristol Hunt (as Mr Hampstead Hunt elegantly denominates him) is evidently, notwithstanding the unfortunate affair of Cockspur-street, a person of more manly habits, and therefore more fitted by nature for the duties of an active demagogue, than his sentimental namesake. 'He of the rose and the violet' is jealous, we suppose, of the more decided and visible species of ascendancy which has been acquired, by *him of the large quartern loaf*, over the minds of the more robust race of the Cockneys; so he takes every opportunity of disclaiming all connexion with his doings, and even insinuates, in so many words, that the Bristol orator is a rude vulgar dog, who could never be permitted for a moment to shew his nose in those elegant and intellectual coteries, where 'crowns of ivy' and locks of 'glorious hair' are presented to the bard of Rimini. This puts us in mind of a certain humorous scene in Roderick Random, wherein a ricketty valet-de-chambre, who has just got an ensign's commission, and his lady, a faded Abigail, treat with high contempt their fellow-travellers in the northern waggon, and interrupt all the boisterous merriment of Joe and his company by perpetual and peevish interjections of 'How low!' Nobody can dispute the fact, that Bristol Hunt is a vulgar fellow; but it really is not a little amusing to hear this objection to his character from the lips of the founder of the Cockney School of Poetry. There are many kinds of vulgarity, and they are all disagreeable; but we are quite sure, that any man of taste, were he reduced to a choice among difficulties, would prefer the company of the stage-coachman to that of the clerk of the coach office, and, by the same rule, would rather spend an evening at the cider-cellar with the rough jolly ex-candidate for Westminster, than one at Lisson Grove with the whining milksop sonneteer of the Examiner.

"Many, however, are of opinion, that all this is no hypocrisy on the part of Leigh; and if it be so, we have no doubt the contempt of the two Hunts is a mutual passion. ἐχθροὶ ἀδελφῶν κακιστοι—they hate each other cordially, as a Whitfieldite hates a Wesleyan, or as Mr Grose hates Mr Taylor. Bristol Hunt utterly despises 'Foliage,' 'Rimini,' and 'the Feast of the Poets;' and cannot imagine how 'annual parliaments and universal suffrage' (the great objects, as he says, of all his own exertions) are to be brought about by a set of whiffling creatures, that fall into ecstacies at the chime of a musical snuff-box, and speak of a print of Mr Landseers with as much rapture as they should of the Magna Charta. Hampstead Hunt, on the other hand, fears, that if the House of Commons were re-modelled after the designs of the Bristol artist, things would be arranged in such a

of their creeds. Some amial
promise should be brought
the ' mutual friends' of the
at all events, they should sup
other manfully in the mean ti
not be falling out about the
of the spoil, while the victo
very uncertain. They have a gr
in hand, and we suspect it
quire the full compliment
united strength to accomplis
few ill-armed and undiscipli
surgents cannot expect to dest
a solid and venerable structur
constitution of England, unl
club their might, and encour
other by their cheers during
riod of the assault. We advi
to make it up with all con
speed. Mr Waithman has b
means overcome the aversion
the Examiner long expressed f
and now, it seems, has the best
of that popular oracle for all h
schemes in the city. It would be
matter for a man of so much ad

Often-times have we reflec
In the choice of men for o
For the old and standard p
Here among the Grecian n
Recognised in every realm
Are rejected and abandone

A message from our compositor forces us to cut short, and to reserve for another Number our account of Dunkeld, and other noble Highland scenery which we visited on our way to the Tent. Indeed we have whole volumes in our brain about the Highlands, and can never hope to live long enough to utter all we think, feel, and know of that wonderful country. For the present, gentle reader, imagine yourself sitting between ourselves and Mr Ballantyne, a little forward on the seat for the sake of room, and once more behold our Tent rising before you, almost like a native production—that snow-white graceful pyramid. Who are those figures issuing from the door?—Need you ask?—Tickler and the Standard-bearer. Mr Ballantyne gently pulled up Old Mortality, when about quarter of a mile from the Tent, and took out of his pocket that seven-league spy-glass of his, presented to him by Adie, that most piercing of opticians; and putting it it into our hands, said, "Tak a keek at the callans." We did so—and Tickler and Odoherty seemed standing by the very nose of Old Mortality. The Sage had a prodigious whisky-bottle in his hand, from which the Adjutant was receiving a bumper with a steady hand and determined countenance; and never saw we any mortal man take "his morning" with more relish—we almost thought we heard the smack of his lips, as the warm genial fluid descended into his penetralia. "Give me a keek," said the Bibliopole. He applied the tube to his ogles; but just as he had caught a glimpse of Tickler in the act of having the compliment returned by the Standard-bearer, a fine hare sprung up from a bush on the roadside, and after her away scoured Dominie Sampson. Mr Ballantyne bounced out of the dennet as if he had been discharged from a catapulta, and lighting upon his feet, he joined the pursuit straight up a steep, stony, heathy hill, shouting aloud, "Halloo! halloo! halloo!" and was out of sight in less than no time. We laid the reins on Old Mortality's back, and told him to jog on quietly to the Tent. "God bless you all, our dear Contributors," was all we could say, for our heart was full to behold them again all looking so well, and so happy to see us. When the first burst of congratulation was over, we were especially delighted to see Tims, whom we again shook cordially by the hand, his little finger being now, he said, quite healed under the care of Drs Scott and Morris. Tims seemed quite an altered man. He had let his beard grow, that he might have a rural, a pastoral appearance, like the Ettrick Shepherd; and he was ready to leap out of his skin when we remarked the resemblance. This beard of his consisted of perhaps about one hundred hairs, seemingly very soft and silky, and altogether of a different character from the mustachios of the 10th Hussars. "My dear Tims, you are a perfect Aaron."—"I h'ant shove since you went away to Scotland," said the little exulting Cockney—"neither no more has Pricey." The gentleman designated by this endearing diminutive then caught my eye, and beard enough he had with a vengeance. Price is a big lumbering fellow, not so much amiss in the way of good looks; and we do not know how it is, but he always reminds us of that able-bodied barber, who comes lollopping into one's bed-room, of a morning, in the Old Hummums, Covent-Garden, insisting upon the immediate detonsure of you, nolentis volentis. But we had little time to bestow upon Mister Price and his whiskers; for we missed Dr Scott in the throng, and loudly called for the Odontist. Alas! he too soon appeared, mounted upon his white poney—in every respect the same vision that so delighted us some weeks ago.

"But, ohon! the Doctor's departure is near,
Umbrella unfurled, and mounted his gear."

"It's a sad thing, Mr Editor, for freens to part; but aff I maun gang; I deliver up the Tent and the Contributors all hale and hearty into your ain hauns, (the Doctor had been Vice-roy during our absence) see you keep them a' as quate as I hae done. O! he's a sair rumpawger that Odoherty, and gude faith, Tickler's but little better. Mr Buller, with the brazen nose, is a fine civil, clever, weel-informed laddie; and I canna say that I dislike that Seward either; but ye ken a' their characters brawly yoursel'—so, fareweel—fareweel. O! Mr Editor, I'm maist like to greet." We need not say how much affected we ourselves were; and we wanted words to express our concern when the Ettrick Shepherd advanced, and proposed a round of genuine Glasgow punch

We'll consecrate a bumper,
We'll consecrate a bumper
And we'll pour the dear lib
For a noble fellow's leaving

With right good will we'd
But since go he must—oh!
May his poney's feet be ste
And may ne'er a thorn hae

May that pony ne'er be star
May no stravaiging heifer b
May no reaver bands disturl
He'll perhaps have no object

Oh! may the skies be crysta
And the sun be shining brig
That the brightness and the
And your heart may dance w

May ye ne'er want for good
A bonny lass to stir the fire—
And when ye rise at cock-cro
To reach the stirrup goblet,

O blythe be a' your journey,
That oft ye may take heart a
And whene'er the Doctor's ro
For meikle can we do withou

DR SCOTT'S FAREWELL TO BRAEMAR.

AIR—"Lochaber."

1.

FAREWELL, then, ye mountains in mystery piled,
Where the birth-place and home of the tempest is found;
Farewell ye red torrents all foaming and wild;
Farewell to your dreamy and desolate sound;
And farewell, ye wide plains, where the heath and the fern
Bloom in beauty forlorn, while above them is skimming,
Far up in the rack, the majestical Earne,
To the lone ear of Nature his orison hymning.

2.

And farewell to thy shadow, thou Queen of Pavillions,
Pitched on turf that is smooth as the eider-bird's wing,
'Neath the dais of his splendour, the monarch of millions
Might envy the bliss that hath hallowed thy ring!
What is purple, that floats in the weight of perfume,
And the gold-circled mirrors that parasites see,
To the rich twilight-breath of the languishing broom,
And the pure native crystal of pastoral Dee?

3.

And farewell to the friends that I leave in thy shade,
Wit, mirth, and affection exalting their cheer!
Oh! ne'er shall their forms from my memory fade:
Still, whate'er may be absent, my *heart* shall be *here*;
Though o'er flood, field, and mountain my wanderings be wide,
Back, still back to Braemar faithful fancy shall flee,
And the beauty of Kelvin—the grandeur of Clyde—
Shall but deepen my sigh for the banks of the Dee.

4.

Yet one cup ere we part, ye dear friends of my bosom!
One sweet-flowing measure—one more—only one!
Life's gay moments are few: then why needlessly lose 'em?
You'll have plenty of time for regrets when I'm gone.
In dulness to meet, and in dryness to part,
Suits the barren of feeling, the narrow of soul—
Be it *ours*, lads, the gladness, the grief of the heart
To improve, to assuage, by the juice of the bowl!

Long did every straining eye follow the Doctor, till the last green gleam of his umbrella faded in the distant woods. "An honester—better—cleverer fallow 's no in a' Scotland than that very same Doctor whom we have lost," said the Shepherd; with which eulogy we all cordially agreed; while Buller, turning toward our own person, repeated sonorously from Aristophanes—

Νυν' σον τρεγον ις, ἐπειδη,
Την καλην ἱλιηφις ἡνστις,
Εἰχες ἐξ ἀρχης—παλιν
Ἀναπεκξιν σαυτον ἀει,
Και βλεπειν αὐθις το δεινον,
Εἰδε παραληρων ἀλωσει,
Και βαλης τι μαλθακον
Αυθις ἁιρεσθαι σ' αναγκη
Εφι παλιν τα τρωματα.

We did not, however, come to the Tent to indulge unavailing sorrow; so we issued two regimental orders, one for our breakfast and dinner conjoined, without loss of time; and another for a general muster of Contributors in the Tent after mess, to take into consideration the state of the Magazine, and to hear read such articles as had been got up during the Viceroyalty of the Odontist. There is no occasion to describe the *dejeunè a la fourchette*; and after it the Editor hung out his well-known signal—"SCOTLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

We knew that the eyes of our country were upon us, and felt confident of the result. On the roll being call-

ed by the Adjutant, not a man was missing from his post. The *coup d'œil* was most imposing. Wastle took his seat at one corner of the table, almost in the open air, in the same full court dress which attracted so much notice last May when he walked with the Commissioner; immediately opposite the Laird, Morris sported his black silk stock, and richly-furred surtout; on the Physician's right hand sat, in earnest confabulation, Buller of Brazennose in his cap and gown, both he and Seward having brought their academical dress down to Scotland to astonish the natives; between ourselves and Buller sat Mister Price in the cap, or, as Tims called it, the black silk bonnet of the Surrey hunt, and kept his eyes fixed, with unceasing wonder, on Bailie Jarvie, who, in a full suit of black, with his "three cockit" and gold chain, looked up gashly in our face from the right, and obviously contained within himself the germ or elements of future Dean of Guild and my Lord Provost of Glasgow; on the Bailie's right shoulder, that is behind it, for he of the Salt-market absolutely turned his back on him of Ludgate, sat Tims, with a strange mixture of self-importance from feeling himself one of the Tent, and of personal fear from being at such an immense distance from the sound of Bow-Bell, which expression of face was not lessened by the consciousness of the immediate contiguity of Tickler, who had stretched as many feet of his legs beneath the table as possible, to bring his head on a line with the organization of the other in-door Contributors; behind Dr Morris sat Kempferhausen, who had mounted his Hanseatic Legion cap; and on his right stood uncovered the jocund Bibliopole with a face incommunicable both to copper and canvass; in front sat Seward, with all the gracefulness of a Christ-church man, on a cask of whisky, from which John of Sky ever and anon let off a quech of the dew, unnoticed from behind; at Seward's right hand lay in his plaid the Ettrick Shepherd, his attention wholly absorbed by a large salmon that was floating exhausted to the bank in tow of Wastle's tall valet, who had become quite a prime angler under the tuition of Walter Ritchie; but we refer the world to the * Frontispiece, which was sketched on the spot by Odoherty, the only departure from truth of any great moment, being the introduction of Dr Scott, whom the literary and scientific world will easily recognise in the portly figure smoking a pipe of tobacco on the foreground to the left of the chairman. The affection of the Adjutant could not be satisfied without this tribute to his much-regretted brother bard, and he has introduced his own figure with foraging-cap, &c. reposing close by the side of the Odontist. Our brief address to the Contributors being ended, our eye chanced to fall first on Kempferhausen, when the ingenious German rose and read the following Article.

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* Our readers will probably observe that there are several etchings in this Number of our Magazine. Most of our Contributors are tolerable draftsmen, and several of them well acquainted with the whole art of design. We have long lamented the general inattention in Scotland to painting—which is certainly one of the fine arts that ought to be included within the course of a liberal education. We know of no accomplishment more becoming a gentleman than masters of the brush or pencil. In Edinburgh we have many first-rate teachers—Nasmyth, that fine enthusiastic veteran, to whose taste and science the poet owes so much in Scotland—Andrew Wilson, master of the academy whose native genius has been expanded and refined by the study of the noblest works of painting, sculpture, and architecture, in Italy—and Peter Gibson, whose knowledge of the art has been exhibited both by his many excellent pictures, and by his judicious writings on its principles in the Encyclopædia Edinenses, and other works; our readers, however, must not expect etchings in every Number.

ON THE CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF THE TYROLESE.

It is a common observation, that the character of a people is in a great measure influenced by their local situation, and the nature of the scenery in which they are placed; and it is impossible to visit the *Tyrol* without being convinced of the truth of the remark. The entrance of the mountain region is marked by as great a diversity in the aspect and manners of the population, as in the external objects with which they are surrounded: nor is the transition, from the level plain of Lombardy to the rugged precipices of the Alps, greater than from the squalid crouching appearance of the Italian peasant to the martial air of the free-born mountaineer.

This transition is so remarkable, that it attracts the attention of the most superficial observer. In travelling over the states of the north of Italy, he meets every where with the symptoms of poverty, meanness, and abject depression. The beautiful slopes which descend from the Alps, clothed with all that is beautiful or luxuriant in nature, are inhabited for the most part by an indigent and squalid population, among whom you seek in vain for any share of that bounty with which Providence has blessed their country. The rich plains of Lombardy are cultivated by a peasantry whose condition is hardly superior to that of the Irish cottager; and while the effeminate proprietors of the soil waste their days in inglorious indolence at Milan and Verona, their unfortunate tenantry are exposed to the merciless rapacity of bailiffs and stewards, intent only upon augmenting the fortune of their absent superiors. In the town the symptoms of general distress are, if possible, still more apparent. While the opera and the Corso are crowded with splendid equipages, the lower classes of the people are involved in hopeless indigence:—The churches and public streets are crowded with beggars, whose wretched appearance marks but too truly the reality of the distress of which they complain—while their abject and crouching manner indicates the entire political degradation to which they have so long been subjected. At Venice in particular, the total stagnation of employment, and the misery of the people, strikes a stranger the more forcibly from the contrast which they afford to the unrivalled splendour of her edifices, and the glorious recollections with which her history is filled. As he admires the gorgeous magnificence of the piazza St Marco, or winds through the noble palaces that still rise with undecaying beauty from the waters of the Adriatic, he no longer wonders at the astonishment with which the stern crusaders of the north gazed at her marble piles, and feels the rapture of the Roman emperor, when he approached, "where Venice sat in state throned on her hundred isles;" but in the mean and pusillanimous race by which they are now inhabited, he looks in vain for the descendants of those great men who leapt from their gallies on the towers of Constantinople, and stood forth as the bulwark of Christendom against the Ottoman power; and still less, when he surveys the miserable population with which he is surrounded, can he go back in imagination to those days of liberty and valour, when

> "Venice once was dear,
> The pleasant place of all festivity,
> The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy."

From such scenes of national distress, and from the melancholy spectacle of despotic power ruling in the abode of ancient freedom, it is with delight that the traveller enters the fastnesses of the Alps, where liberty has imprinted itself in indelible characters on the character and manners of the people. In every part of the Tyrol the bold and martial air of the peasantry, their athletic form and fearless eye, bespeak the freedom and independence which they have enjoyed. In most instances the people go armed; and during the summer and autumn they wear a musket hung over their shoulders, or some other offensive weapon. Universally they possess arms, and are trained early to the use of them, both by the expeditions in search of game, of which they are passionately fond—and by the annual duty of serving in the trained bands, to which every man capable of bearing arms is, without exception, subjected. It was in consequence of this circumstance, in a great measure, that they were able to make so vigorous a resistance, with

so little preparation, to the French invasion; and it is to the same cause that is chiefly to be ascribed that intrepid and martial air by which they are distinguished from almost every other peasantry in Europe.

Their *dress* is singularly calculated to add to this impression. That of the men consists, for the most part, of a broad-brimmed hat, ornamented by a feather; a jacket tight to the shape, with a broad girdle, richly ornamented, fastened in front by a large buckle of costly workmanship; black leather breeches and gaiters, supported over the shoulders by two broad bands, generally of scarlet or blue, which are joined in front by a cross belt of the same colour. They frequently wear pistols in their girdle, and have either a rifle or cloak slung over their shoulders. The colours of the dresses vary in the different parts of the country, as they do in the cantons of Switzerland; but they are always of brilliant colours, and ornamented, particularly round the breast, with a degree of richness which appears extraordinary in the labouring classes of the community. Their girdles and clasps, with the other more costly parts of their clothing, are handed down from generation to generation, and worn, on Sundays and festivals, with scrupulous care, by the great-grandsons of those by whom they were originally purchased.

The dress of the women is grotesque and singular in the extreme. Generally speaking, the waists are worn long, and the petticoats exceedingly short; and the colour of their clothes are as bright and various as those of the men. To persons habituated however to the easy and flowing attire of our own countrywomen, the form and style of this dress appears particularly unbecoming; nor can we altogether divest ourselves of those ideas of ridicule which we are accustomed to attach to such antiquated forms, both on the stage and in the pictures of the last generation. Among the peasant girls, you often meet with much beauty; but, for the most part, the women of the Tyrol are not nearly so striking as the men; an observation which seems applicable to most mountainous countries, and to none more than to the West Highlands of Scotland.

It is of more importance to observe that the Tyrolese peasantry are every where courteous and pleasing in their demeanour, both towards strangers and their own countrymen. In this respect, their manners have sometimes been misrepresented. If a traveller addresses them in the style of insolence or reproach, which is generally used towards the lower orders in France or Italy, he will in all probability meet with a repulse, and if the insult is carried farther, he may, perhaps, have cause permanently to repent the indiscretion of his language. For the Tyrolese are a free people; and though subject to a despotic government, their own state preserves its liberty as entire as if it acknowledged no superior to its own authority. The peasantry too are of a keen and enthusiastic temper; grateful to the last degree for kindness or condescension, but feelingly alive on the other hand to any thing like contempt or derision in the manner of their superiors. Dwelling too in a country where all are equal, and where few noble families or great proprietors are to be found, they are little accustomed to brook insults of any kind, or to submit to language from strangers which they would not tolerate from their own countrymen. A similar temper of mind may be observed among the Scotch Highlanders, it has been noticed in the mountains of Nepaul and Cabul, and has long characterised the Arabian tribes; and indeed it belongs generally to all classes of the people in those situations where the debasing effects of the progress of wealth, and the division of labour have not been felt, and where, from whatever causes, the individuals in the lower ranks of life are called into active and strenuous exertion, and compelled to act for themselves in the conduct of life.

If a stranger however behaves towards the Tyrolese peasantry with the ordinary courtesy with which an Englishman is accustomed to address the people of his own country, there is no part of the world in which he will meet with a more cordial reception, or where he will find a more affectionate or grateful return for the smallest acts of kindness. Among these untutored people, the gratitude for any good deed on the part of their superiors, is not as in more civilized states, the result of any habitual awe [illegible] or of any selfish consi[illegible]

advantage to be derived from cultivating their good will. It is the spontaneous effusion of benevolent feeling, of feeling springing from the uncorrupted dictates of their hearts, and enhanced by the feudal attachment with which they naturally are inclined to regard those in a higher rank than themselves. Though the Tyrolese are entirely free, and though the Emperor possesses but a nominal sovereignty over them, yet the warm feelings of feudal fidelity have nowhere maintained their place so inviolate as among their mountains; and this feeling of feudal respect and affection is extended by them to the higher classes, whenever they behave towards them with any thing like kindness or gentleness of manners. It has arisen from the peculiar situation of their country, in which there are very few of the higher orders, and where the peasantry possess almost the entire land of which it consists, and where, at the same time, the bonds of feudal attachment have been preserved with scrupulous care, for political reasons, by their indulgent government, that the peasantry have united the independence and pride of republican states with the devoted and romantic fidelity to their sovereign, which characterises the inhabitants of monarchical realms. Like the peasantry of Switzerland, they regard themselves as composing the state, and would disdain to crouch before any other power. Like the Highlanders of Scotland, they are actuated by the warmest and most enthusiastic loyalty towards their sovereign, and like them they have not scrupled on many occasions to expose their lives and fortunes in a doubtful and often hopeless struggle in his cause. From these causes has arisen, that singular mixture of loyalty and independence, of stubbornness and courtesy, of republican pride and chivalrous fidelity, by which their character is distinguished from that of every other people in Europe.

Honesty may be regarded as a leading feature in the character of the Tyrolese, as indeed it is of all the German people. In no situation and under no circumstances is a stranger in danger of being deceived by them. They will, in many instances, sacrifice their own interests rather than betray what they consider as so sacred a duty as that of preserving inviolate their faith with foreigners. In this respect their conduct affords a very striking contrast to the conduct of the French and Italians, whose rapacity and meanness have long been observed and commented on by every traveller. Yet, amidst all our indignation at that character, it may well be doubted, whether it does not arise naturally and inevitably from the system of government to which they have had the misfortune to be subjected. Honesty is a virtue practised and esteemed among men who have a character to support, and who feel their own importance in the scale of society. Generally it will be found to prevail in proportion to the weight which is attached to individual character; that is, to the freedom which the people enjoy. Cheating, on the other hand, is the usual and obvious resource of slaves, of men who have never been taught to respect themselves, and whose personal qualities are entirely overlooked by the higher orders of the state. If England and Switzerland and the Tyrol had been subjected by any train of unfortunate events to the same despotism which has degraded the character of the lower orders in France and Italy, they would probably have had as little reason as their more servile neighbours to have prided themselves on the honesty and integrity of their national character.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the character of the Tyrolese, is their uniform PIETY, a feeling which is nowhere so universally diffused as among their sequestered vallies. The most cursory view of the country is sufficient to demonstrate the strong hold which religion has taken of the minds of the peasantry. Chapels are built almost at every half mile on the principal roads, in which the passenger may perform his devotions, or which may awaken the thoughtless mind to a recollection of its religious duties. The rude efforts of art have there been exerted to pourtray the leading events in our Saviour's life; and innumerable figures carved in wood, attest, in every part of the country, both the barbarous taste of the people, and the fervour of their religious impressions.—Even in the higher parts of the mountains, where hardly any vestiges of human cultivation are to be found, in the depth of untrodden forests, or on the summit of seemingly inaccessible

cliffs, the symbols of devotion are to be found, and the cross rises every where amidst the wilderness, as if to mark the triumph of Christianity over the greatest obstacles of nature. Nor is it only in solitudes or deserts that the vestiges of their devotion are to be found. In the vallies and in the cities it still preserves its ancient sway over the people. On the exterior of most houses the legend of some favourite saint, or the sufferings of some popular martyr, are to be found; and the poor inhabitant thinks himself secure from the greater evils of life under the guardianship of their heavenly aid. In every valley numerous spires are to be seen rising amidst the beauty of the surrounding scene, and reminding the traveller of the piety of its simple inhabitants. On Sunday the *whole people* flock to church in their neatest and gayest attire; and so great is the number who thus frequent these places of worship, that it is not unfrequent to see the peasants kneeling on the turf in the churchyard where mass is performed, from being unable to find a place within its walls. Regularly in the evening prayers are read in every family; and the traveller who passes through the villages at the hour of twilight, often sees through their latticed windows the young and the old kneeling together round their humble fire, or is warned of his approach to human habitation, by hearing their evening hymns stealing through the silence and solitude of the forest.

Nor is their devotion confined to acts of external homage, or the observance of an unmeaning ceremony. Debased as their religion is by the absurdities and errors of the Catholic form of worship; and mixed up as it is with innumerable legends and visionary tales, it yet preserves enough of the pure spirit of its divine origin to influence, in a great degree, the conduct of their private lives. The Tyrolese have not yet learned that immorality in private life may be pardoned by the observance of certain ceremonies, or that the profession of faith purchases a dispensation from the rules of obedience. These, the natural and the usual attendants of the Catholic faith in richer states, have not reached their poor and sequestered vallies. The purchase of absolution by money is there almost unknown. In no part of the world are the domestic or conjugal duties more strictly or faithfully observed: and in none do the parish priests exercise a stricter or more conscientious control over the conduct of their flock. Their influence is not weakened as in a more advanced state of society by a discordance of religious tenets; nor is the consideration due to this sacred function, lost in the homage paid to rank, or opulence, or power. Placed in the midst of a people who acknowledge no superiors, and who live almost universally from the produce of their little domains, and strangers alike to the arts of luxury, and the seductions of fashion, the parish-priest is equally removed from temptation himself, and relieved from guarding against the great sources of wickedness in others. He is at once the priest, and the judge of his parish; the infallible criterion in matters of faith, and the umpire, in the occasional disputes which happen among them. Hence has arisen that remarkable veneration for their spiritual guides, by which the peasantry are distinguished; and it is to this cause that we are to ascribe the singular fact that their priests were their principal leaders in the war with France, and that while their nobles almost universally kept back, the people followed with alacrity the call of their pastors, to take up arms in support of the Austrian cause.

In one great virtue, the peasants in this country (in common it must be owned with most Catholic states,) are particularly worthy of imitation. The virtue of *charity*, which is too much overlooked in many Protestant kingdoms, but which the Catholic religion so uniformly and seduloudly enjoins, is there practised, to the greatest degree, and by all classes of the people. Perhaps there are few countries in which, owing to the absence of manufactures and great towns, poverty appears so rarely, or in which the great body of the people live so universally in a state of comfort. Yet, whenever wretchedness does appear, it meets with immediate and effectual relief. Nor is their charity confined to actual mendicants, but extends to all whom accident or misfortune has involved in casual distress. Each valley supports its own poor; and the little store of every cottage, like the meal of the

Irish cottager, is always open to any one who really requires its assistance. This benevolent disposition springs, no doubt, in a great measure from the simple state in which society exists among these remote districts; but it is to be ascribed not less to the efforts of the clergy, who incessantly enjoin this great Christian duty, and point it out as the chief means of atoning for past transgressions. Much as we may lament the errors of the Catholic, and clearly as we may see its tendency, (at least in its more corrupt forms) to nourish private immorality, and extinguish civil liberty, it is yet impossible to deny, that, in the great duty of Christian charity, which it invariably enjoins, it has atoned for a multitude of sins; and to suspect that amidst the austerity and severity of the presbyterian discipline, we have too much lost sight of the charity of the gospel; and that with us a pretended indignation for the vices which involve so many of the poor in distress, too often serves as a pretext for refusing to misery that relief to which from whatever cause it has arisen, our Saviour tells us that it is entitled.

There is something singularly delightful in the sway which religion thus maintains in these savage and sequestered regions. In ancient times, we are informed, these mountains were inhabited by the Rhaetians, the fiercest and most barbarous of the tribes, who dwelt in the fastnesses of the mountains, and of whose savage manners Livy has given so striking an account in his description of Hannibal's Passage of the Alps. Many Roman legions were impeded in their progress, or thinned of their numbers, by these cruel barbarians; and even after they were reduced to subjection, by the expedition of Drusus, it was still esteemed a service of the utmost danger to leave the high road, or explore the remote recesses of the country. Hence the singular fact, almost incredible in modern times, that even in the days of Pliny, several hundred years after the first passage of these mountains by the Roman troops, the source of both the Rhine and the Iser were unknown; and that the naturalist of Rome was content to state, a century after the establishment of a Roman station at Sion, that the Rhone took its rise "in the most hidden parts of the earth, in the region of perpetual night, amidst forests for ever inaccessible to human approach." Hence it is too, that almost all the inscriptions on the votive offerings which have been discovered in the ruins of the temple of *Jupiter Penninus*, at the summit of the great St Bernard, and many of which come down to a late period in the history of the empire speak of the gratitude of the passengers for having escaped the extraordinary *perils* of the journey. The Roman authors always speak of the Alps with expressions of dismay and horror, as the scenes only of winter and desolation, and as the abodes of barbarous tribes. "Nives coelo prope immistæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus pecora jumenta que torrida frigore homines intonsi et inculti, animalia inanimaque omnia rigentia gelu cetera visu quam dictu foediora terrorem renovarunt."* No attempt accordingly appears to have been made by any of the Romans in later times to explore the remoter recesses of the mountains now so familiar to every traveller; but while the Emperors constructed magnificent highways across their summits to connect Italy with the northern provinces of the empire, they suffered the vallies on either side to remain in their pristine state of barbarism, and hastened into remoter districts to spread that cultivation of which the Alps, with their savage inhabitants, seemed to them incapable.

What is it then which has wrought so wonderful a change in the manners, the habits, and the condition of the inhabitants of those desolate regions? What is it which has spread cultivation through wastes, deemed in ancient times inaccessible to human improvement, and humanized the manners of a people remarkable only, under the Roman sway, for the ferocity and barbarism of their institutions? From what cause has it happened that those savage mountaineers who resisted all the acts of civilization by which the Romans established their sway over mankind, and continued even to the overthrow of the empire, impervious to all the efforts of ancient improvement, should, in later times,

* Liv. lib. 21.

have so entirely changed their character, and have appeared, even from the first dawn of modern civilization, mild and humane in their character and manners? From what but from the influence of RELIGION—of that religion which calmed the savage feelings of the human mind, and spread its beneficial influence among the remotest habitations of men; and which prompted its disciples to leave the luxuries and comforts of southern climates, to diffuse knowledge and humanity through inhospitable realms, and spread, even amidst the regions of winter and desolation, the light and the blessings of a spiritual faith.

Universally it has been observed throughout the whole extent of the Alps, that the earliest vestiges of civilization, and the first traces of order and industry which appeared after the overthrow of the Roman empire, were to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of the religious establishments; and it is to the unceasing efforts of the clergy during the centuries of barbarism which followed that event, that the judicious historian of Switzerland ascribes the early civilization and humane disposition of the Helvetic tribes.* Placed as we are at a distance from the time when this great change was effected, and accustomed to manners in which its influence has long ago been established, we can hardly conceive the difficulties with which the earlier professors of our faith had to struggle in subduing the cruel propensities, and calming the revengeful passions, that subsisted among the barbarous tribes who had conquered Europe; nor would we, perhaps, be inclined to credit the accounts of the heroic sacrifices which were then made by numbers of great and good men who devoted themselves to the conversion of the Alpine tribes did not their institutions remain to this day as a monument of their virtue; and did we not still see a number of benevolent men who seclude themselves from the world, and dwell in the regions of perpetual snow, in the hope of rescuing a few individuals from a miserable death. When the traveller on the summit of the St Bernard reads the warm and touching expressions of gratitude with which the Roman travellers recorded in the temple of Jupiter their gratitude for having escaped the dangers of the pass, even in the days of Adrian and the Antonines, and reflects on the perfect safety with which he can now traverse the remotest recesses of the Alps, he will think with thankfulness of the religion by which this wonderful change has been effected, and with veneration of the Saint whose name has for a thousand years been affixed to the pass where his influence first reclaimed the people from their barbarous life; and in crossing the defile of Mount Brenner, where the abbey of Wilten first offered an asylum to the pilgrim, he will feel with a late eloquent and amiable writer how fortunate it is "that religion has penetrated these fastnesses impervious to human power, and spread her influence over solitudes where human laws are of no avail; that where precaution is impossible, and resistance useless, she spreads her invisible ægis over the traveller, and conducts him secure under her protection through all the dangers of his way. When, in such situations, he reflects upon his security, and recollects that these mountains, so savage and so well adapted to the purposes of murderers and banditti, have not, in the memory of man, been stained with human blood, he ought to do justice to the cause, and gratefully acknowledge the beneficent influence of religion. Impressed with these reflections, he will behold with indulgence, perhaps even with interest, the crosses which frequently mark the brow of a precipice, and the little chapels hollowed out of the rock where the road is narrowed; he will consider them as so many pledges of security; and rest assured, that, as long as the pious mountaineer continues to adore the "Good Shepherd," and to beg the prayer of the "afflicted mother," he will never cease to befriend the traveller, nor to discharge the duties of hospitality."†

It must be admitted, at the same time, that the Tyrolese are in the greatest degree superstitious, and that their devotion, warm and enthusiastic as it is, is frequently misplaced

* Planta, vol. 1. p. 17, &c.
† Eustace, 1. 98.

in the object of its worship. There is probably no country in which the belief in supernatural powers, in the gift of prophecy to particular individuals, and the agency of spiritual beings in human affairs, is more universally established. It forms, indeed, part of their religious creed, and blends in the most singular manner with the legendary tales and romantic adventures which they have attached to the history of their saints. But we would err most egregiously, if we imagined, that this superstition with which the whole people are tinged, savours at all of a weak or timid disposition, or that it is any indication of a degraded national character. It partakes of the savage character of the scenery in which they dwell, and is ennobled by the generous sentiments which prevail among the lowest classes of the people. The same men who imagine that they see the crucifix bend its head in the dusk of the evening, and who hear the rattle of arms amid the solitude of the mountains, are fearless of death when it approaches them through the agency of human power. It is a strong feeling of religion, and a disposition to see, in all the events by which they are surrounded, the marks of divine protection, which is the foundation of *their* superstition; and the more strongly that they feel reliance on spiritual interposition, the less inclined are they to sink under the reverses of a temporary life.

There is a wide distinction between *superstition* and the belief in sorcery or witchcraft. The latter is the growth of weakness and credulity, and prevails most among men of a timid disposition, or among ignorant and barbarous nations. The former, though it is founded on ignorance, and yields to the experience and knowledge of mankind, yet springs from the noblest principles of our nature, and is allied to every thing by which the history of our species has been dignified in former times. It will not be pretended, that the Grecian states were deficient either in splendour of talents or heroism of conduct; yet superstition, in its grossest form, attached itself to all their thoughts, and influenced alike the measures of their statesmen and the dreams of their philosophers. The Roman writers placed in that very feeling which we would call superstition, the most honourable characteristic of their people, and ascribed to it the memorable series of triumphs by which the history of the republic was distinguished. Nulla inquam republiâ aut major aut sanctior fuit, says Livy; and it is to their deep sense of religion that Cicero imputes the unparalleled success with which the arms of the republic were attended.* Yet the religious feeling which was so intimately blended with the Roman character, and which guided the actions and formed the minds of the great men who adorned her history, was for the most part little else than that firm reliance on the *special* interposition of providence, which is the origin of superstition. The Saracens, during the wars which followed the introduction of the Mahometan faith, were superstitious to the highest degree, yet with how many brilliant and glorious qualities was their character distinguished, when they triumphantly carried the Crescent of Mahomet from the snows of the Himmaleh to the shores of the Atlantic. The crusaders even of the highest rank, believed firmly in the miracles and prophecies which were said to have accompanied the march of the Christian army; nor is it perhaps possible to find in history an example of such extraordinary consequences as followed the supposed discovery of the Holy Lance in the siege of Antioch; yet who will deny to these great men the praise of heroic enterprise and noble manners? Human nature has nowhere appeared in such glorious colours as in the Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso, where the firmness and constancy of the Roman patriot is blended with the courtesy of chivalrous manners, and the exalted piety of Christian faith; yet superstition formed a part of the character of all his heroes; the courage of Tancred failed when he heard the voice of Clorinda in the charmed tree; and the bravest of his comrades trembled when they entered the enchanted forest, where

"Esce all hor de la selva un suon repente,
Che par rimbombo di terren che treme,
E'l mormorar degli Austri in lui si sente,
E'l pianto d'onda, che fra scogli geme."

Examples of this kind may teach us, that although superstition in the age, and among the society in which we

* Liv. Lib. i. Cic. de off. Lib. i. c. 11.

live is the mark of a feeble mind, yet that in less enlightened parts of the world, it is the mark only of an ardent and enthusiastic disposition, such as is the foundation of every thing that is great or generous in character, or elevated and spiritual in feeling. A people in fact strongly impressed with religious feeling, and to whom experience has not taught the means by which providence acts in human affairs, *must be superstitious;* for it is the universal propensity of uninstructed man, to imagine that a special interposition of the Deity is necessary to accomplish the manifestation of his will, or the accomplishment of his purposes in human affairs. Nor is there any thing impossible or absurd in such a supposition. It *might* have been, that future events were to be revealed on particular occasions to mankind, as they were during the days of ancient prophecy, and that the course of human events was to be maintained by special interpositions of divine power. Experience alone teaches us, that this is *not* the case; it alone shews, that the intentions of providence are carried into effect through the intervention of human agents, and that the laws of the moral world work out their own accomplishment by the voluntary acts of free agents. When we see how difficult it is to make persons even of a cultivated understanding comprehend this subject even in the present age, and with all the experience which former times have furnished, we may cease to wonder at the superstition which prevails among the peasants of the Tyrol; we may believe, that situated as they are, it is the natural effusion of a pious spirit untaught by the experience of other ages; and we may discern, in the extravagancies of their legendary creed, not less than in the sublime piety of Newton, the operation of those common laws by which man is bound to his Creator.

The scenery of Tyrol, and of the adjacent provinces of Styria and Carinthia, is singularly adapted to nourish romantic and superstitious ideas among the peasantry. In every part of the world the grandeur of mountain scenery has been found to be the prolific parent of superstition. It was the mists, and the blue lakes, and the sounding cataracts of Caledonia, which gave birth to the sublime but gloomy dreams of Ossian. The same cause has operated to a still greater degree among the Alps of Tyrol. The sublimity of the objects with which man is there surrounded—the resistless power of the elements which he finds continually in action—the utter insignificance of his own species, when compared with the gigantic objects in which he is placed, conspire to produce that distrust of himself, and that disposition to cling to higher powers, which is the foundation of superstitious feeling. In cities and in plains, the labour of man effaces in a certain degree these impressions; the works which he has there accumulated, come to withdraw the attention from the distant magnificence of nature; while the weakness of the individual is forgotten in the aggregate force of numbers, or in the distractions of civilized life. But amidst the solitude of the Alps no such change can take place. The greatest works of man appear there as nothing amidst the stupendous objects of nature; the distractions of artificial society are unknown amongst its simple inhabitants; and the individual is left in solitude to receive the impressions which the sublime scenery in which he is placed is fitted to produce. Upon minds so circumstanced the changes of external nature come to be considered as the immediate work of some invisible power; the shadows that fall in the lakes at sunrise, are interpreted as the indication of the approach of hostile bands—the howl of the winds through the forests is thought to be the lamentations of the dead, who are expiating their sins—and the mists that flit over the summits of the mountains, seem to be the distant skirts of vast armies borne in the whirlwind, and treading in the storm.

The Gothic ruins with which the Tyrol is filled, contribute in a remarkable manner to keep alive these superstitious feelings. In many of the vallies old castles of vast dimensions are perched on the summit of lofty crags, or raise their mouldering towers high on the mountains above the aged forests with which they are surrounded. These castles, once the abode of feudal power, have long since been abandoned, or have gradually gone to decay, without being actually dismantled by the proprietors. With all of them the people connect some romantic or terrible exploit; and the bloody deeds of feudal anarchy are

remembered with terror by the peasants who dwell in the villages at their feet. Lights are often observed at night in towers which have been uninhabited for centuries; and bloody figures have been distinctly seen to flit through their deserted halls. The armour which still hangs on the walls in many of the greater castles, has been observed to move, and the plumes to wave, when the Tyrolese army were victorious in war. Groans are still heard in the neighbourhood of the dungeons where the victims of feudal tyranny were formerly slain; and the cruel Baron, who persecuted his people in his savage passion for the chase, is often heard to shriek in the forests of the Unterberg, and to howl as he flies from the dogs, whom he had trained to the scent of human blood.

Superstitions too, of a gentler and more holy kind, have arisen from the devout feelings of the people, and the associations connected with particular spots where persons of extraordinary sanctity have dwelt. In many of the farthest recesses of the mountains, on the verge of perpetual desolation, hermits in former times fixed their abode; and the imagination of the peasants still fancies that their spirits hover around the spot where their earthly trials were endured. Shepherds who have passed in the gloom of the evening by the cell where the bones of a saint are laid, relate that they distinctly heard his voice as he repeated his evening prayers, and saw his form as he knelt before the crucifix which the piety of succeeding ages had erected in his hermitage. The image of many a patron saint has been seen to shed tears, when a reverse has happened to the Tyrolese arms; and the garlands which are hung round the crosses of the Virgin wither when the hand which raised them has fallen in battle. Peasants who have been driven by a storm to take shelter in the little chapels which are scattered over the country, have seen the crucifix bow its head; and solemn music is heard at the hour of vespers, in the higher chapels of the mountains. The distant pealing of the organ, and the chant of innumerable voices is there distinctly perceptible; and the peasant, when returning at night from the chase, often trembles when he beholds funereal processions, clothed in white, marching in silence through the gloom of the forests, or slowly moving on the clouds that float over the summit of the mountains.

A country so circumstanced, abounding with every thing that is grand and beautiful in natural scenery, filled with gothic castles, over which ruin has long ago thrown her softening hand, peopled by the phantoms of an extravagant yet sublime superstition, and still inhabited by a valiant and enthusiastic people, seems of all others to be the fit theatre of *poetical* fancy. It is truly extraordinary therefore, that no poet has appeared to glean the legends and ballads that are scattered through this interesting country, to perpetuate the aerial beings with which superstition has filled its wilds, and to dignify its mouldering castles with the recital of the many heroic and romantic adventures which have occurred within their walls. When we recollect the unparalleled interest which the genius of the present day has given to the traditions and the character of the Scottish people, it is impossible not to regret, that no kindred mind has immortalized the still more wild and touching incidents that have occurred amidst the heroic inhabitants and sublime scenery of the Tyrol Alps. Let us hope, that the military despotism of Austria will not long continue to smother the genius, by restraining the freedom of those higher classes of her people where poetical talents are to be found; and that, before the present traditions are forgotten, or the enthusiasm which the war has excited is subsided, there may yet arise the Scott of the south of Europe.

The great circumstance which distinguishes the Tyrolese from their neighbours the Swiss, to whom in many respects they bear a close resemblance, is in the animation and *cheerfulness* of their character. The Swiss are by nature a grave and heavy people; nor is this peculiar character the result of their republican institutions, for we are told by Planta, that their stupidity had become proverbial in France before the time of their republic. The Tyrolese, on the other hand, are a cheerful and lively people, full of fire and animation, enthusiastically devoted to their favourite pursuits, and extremely warm in their resentments. Public games are frequent in every valley; and the keen penetrating look of the peasants shews with what alacrity they enter into any subject in

which they are interested. This striking difference in the national character of the two people appears in their different modes of conducting war. Firm in the maintenance of their purpose, and undaunted in the discharge of military duty, the Swiss are valuable chiefly for their *stubborn* qualities—for that obstinate courage on which a commander can rely with perfect certainty for the maintenance of any position which may be assigned for their defence. It was their stubborn resistance, accordingly, which first laid the foundation of the independence of their republic, and which taught the Imperialists and the Burgundians at Laupen and Morat, that the pride of feudal power, and the ardour of chivalrous enterprise, may seek in vain to crush "the might that slumbers in a peasant's arm." In later times the same disposition has been evinced in the conduct of the Swiss Guards, in the Place Carousel, all of whom were massacred at their post, without the thought of capitulation or retreat being once stirred amongst them. The Tyrolese, on the other hand, are more distinguished by their fiery and impetuous mode of fighting. In place of waiting, like the Swiss infantry, the charges of their enemies, they rush on unbidden to the attack, and often accomplish, by the hardihood of the enterprise, what more cautious troops could never succeed in effecting. In this respect they resemble more nearly the Highland clans, who, in the rebellion in 1745, rushed with the broad sword on the English regiments; or the peasants of La Vendee, who, without cannon or ammunition, assaulted the veteran armies of the republic, and by the fury of their onset, frequently destroyed armies with whom they would have been utterly unable to cope in a more regular system of warfare.

One reflection there is, which may be drawn from the determined valour of the Tyrolese, and their success against the disciplined armies of France, which it is of the utmost importance to impress steadily on our minds. It is this; that the changes in the art of war in modern times has produced *no alteration* on the ability of freedom to resist the aggressions of despotic powers; but that still, as in ancient times, the discipline and the numbers of arbitrary governments are alike unavailing against the stubborn valour of a free people. In every age, and in every part of the world, examples are to be found of the defeat of great and powerful armies by the cool and steady resistance which characterises the inhabitants of free states. This is matter of proverbial remark; but it is of the more importance to observe, that this general steadiness and valour, which seek for no support but in the courage of the individual, can be attained only by the diffusion of *civil liberty*, and that the value of such qualities is as strongly felt in modern wars as it was in any former period of the world. It is related by Homer, that at the siege of Troy, the Trojan troops, in whom the vicinity of Asia had introduced the customs of oriental warfare, and the feelings of oriental despotism, supported each other's courage by shouts and cries during the heat of the battles; while the Grecians, in whom, as Mitford has observed, the monarchical form of government was even then tempered by a strong mixture of republican freedom,* stood firm, in perfect silence, waiting the command of their chiefs. The passage is remarkable, as it shews how early, in the history of mankind, the great lines of distinction between the courage of freemen and slaves was drawn; nor can we perhaps any where find, in the subsequent annals of the world, a closer resemblance to what occurred in the struggle between English freedom and French despotism on the field of Waterloo. "The Grecian phalanx," says the poet,† "marched in close order, the leaders directing each his own band. The rest were mute; insomuch, that you would say, *in so great a multitude there was no voice.* Such was the silence with which they respectfully watched for the word of command from their officers. But the cries of the Trojan army resembled the bleating of sheep when they are driven into the fold, and hear the cries of their lambs. Nor did the voice of one people rise from their lines, but a confused mixture of many tongues."—The same

* Mitford, i. 158. † Iliad ii. 427.

distinction has been observed in all periods of the world, between the native unbending courage of freemen, and the artificial or transitory ardour of the troops of despotic states. It was thus that the three hundred Spartans stood the shock of a mighty army in the defile of Thermopylæ; and it was from the influence of the same feeling, that with not less devoted valour, the fifteen hundred Swiss died in the cemetery of St James in the battle of Basle. The same individual determination which enabled the citizens of Milan to overthrow the whole feudal power of Frederick Barbarossa on the plain of Legnano, animated the shepherds of the Alps, when they trampled under foot the pride of the imperial nobility on the field of Sempach, and annihilated the chivalry of Charles the Bold on the shores of Morat. It was among the free inhabitants of the Flemish provinces, that Count Tilly found the materials of those brave Walloon guards, who, as contemporary writers inform us, might be knocked down or trampled under foot, but could not be constrained to fly by the arms of Gustavus at the battle of Leipsic;* and the celebrity of the Spanish infantry declined from the time that the liberties of Arragon and Castile was extinguished by Charles V. "There is ample room," as a late eminent writer† has well observed, "for national exultation at the names of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. So great was the disparity of numbers upon those famous days, that we cannot, with the French historian, attribute the discomfiture of their hosts merely to mistaken tactics and too impetuous valour. They yielded rather to the intrepid steadiness in danger, which had already become the characteristic of our English soldiers, and which, during four centuries, has ensured their superiority wherever ignorance or infatuation has not led them into the field. But these victories, and the qualities that secured them, must chiefly be ascribed to the freedom of our constitution and the superior condition of the people.—Not the nobility of England, not the feudal tenants, won the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, for these were fully matched in the ranks of France, but the yeomen who drew the bow with strong and steady arms, accustomed to its use in their native fields, and rendered fearless by personal competence and civil freedom." ‡

Now, after all that we have heard of the art of war being formed into a regular system, of the soldier being reduced to a mere machine, and of the progress of armies being made the subject of arithmetical calculation; it is truly consoling to find the discomfiture of the greatest and most disciplined army which the world has ever seen, brought about by the same cause which, in former times, have so often given victory to the cause of freedom; to find the victories of Naefels and Morgarten renewed in the triumph of the Tyrolese patriots, and the ancient superiority of the English yeomanry asserted, as in the days of Cressy and Agincourt, on the field of Waterloo. Nor is it perhaps the least remarkable fact of that memorable day, that while the French army, like the Trojans of old, animated their courage by incessant cries; the English battalions, like the Greek phalanxes, waited *in silence* the charge of their enemies: proving thus, in the severest of all trials, that the art of war has made *no change* on the qualities essential in the soldier; and that the determined courage of freemen is still able, as in the days of Marathon and Platæa, to overcome the utmost efforts of military power. It is interesting to find the same qualities distinguishing the armies of a free people in such distant periods of the world; and it is the fit subject, not merely of national pride, but of universal thankfulness to discover, that there are qualities in the composition of a great army which it is beyond the power of despotism to command; and that the utmost efforts of the military art, aided by the strongest incitements to military distinction, cannot produce that steady and unbending valour which springs from the enjoyment of CIVIL LIBERTY.

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* Memoirs of a Cavalier, by Defoe. † Hallam's Middle Ages, i. 74.
‡ 1 Froissart, i. c. 162.

When Kempferhausen sat down after reading this composition, we must say, that the feeling uppermost in our mind was one of regret that he should have brought this fine subject so speedily to a termination. In looking round the Tent, however, it is not to be denied that we observed some slight symptoms, as if the whole of our friends had not been quite so uniformly and uninterruptedly delighted as ourselves. In short, Tickler, Odoherty, and the Ettrick Shepherd, manifested pretty plainly, that they thought the Hamburgher was still somewhat subject to his old infirmity of amplification. Wastle and Morris, on the contrary, Jarvie, Mullion, and Buller of Brazennose, were enthusiastic in their applauses of the German's Essay; and, supported by their decision, we could not hesitate to express to the Essayist himself, our conviction that his powers were expanding themselves in a manner most luxuriantly promising, and our hope and confidence that henceforth he would form one of the most efficient and vigorous of all our Contributors. The Shepherd remarked, that "the Essay might be a braw essay for ought he kenned, but he was sure it was an unco lang ane—and luik," quoth he, "gin Hector be not shaking himself frae side to side, and yawning and nuzzling as if he had been listening to ane of Mr R—— of Y——'s* very weariesomest action-sermons. The lad will not be the worse of a glass to weet his whistle ony way."—"Gie him a bumper by all means," quoth Jarvie;—"indeed, if he were to get his right, he would get mair nor ane, for here's twa or three that have not been dry listeners—only look, Mr Tickler, we've scarcely left enough to *fang*† anither bowl."—"You may make the next one yourself, Bailie," says Tickler, "for its my turn to be spokesman—you know the article goes round the opposite way from the bottle." Then turning to the chair,—"Mr Editor," continued the Senior, "we've got a new Number of the Edinburgh Review since you left us, and, if you please, I shall read a few remarks I have jotted down concerning it. I would not have taken so much trouble, only I was surprised to see them holding up their heads so briskly on some points, considering what a nailer you gave them so very lately.

"Go on, Mr Tickler," we interrupted; "you need not hesitate to enter upon any topic from fear of being tedious. As yet *nihil quod tetigisti non ornasti;* and even here we have no doubt, *materiam superabit opus!*"—Encouraged by these words, the Sage drew down his spectacles from his forehead, and after clearing his throat with a few portentous hems, he thrust his left hand into his waistcoat pocket, and stretching forth the dexter with its MSS. to within a few inches of ourself, began to read as follows in a distinct voice. The mysterious music of some of his solemn cadences, seemed at first to alarm and astonish the southern part of his hearers, but the strong sense of the man soon overcame all these lesser emotions, and seldom has even a Tickler been listened to by a more attentive auditory.

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* Of this excellent gentleman we embrace this opportunity of recording an interesting anecdote. Some years ago, when the Ettrick Shepherd had Dr Anderson (editor of the British Poets) and Mr Wordsworth (author of the Excursion) as his guests in Yarrow, he carried them one forenoon to eat some bread and cheese in the manse, and taste the minister's home-brewed, which is proverbial for its good qualities in that part of the country. During this cold collation, a great deal of highly instructive and intellectual conversation occurred, as might have naturally been expected, at a meeting of four such gifted men. As they were going away, the minister called back Hogg, and—"Faith, Jemmy," said he, "he's a fine chiel that Wordsworth—he's very discreet and well informed. I really never heard of a horse-couper quoting poetry before in all my life." It is almost needless to observe, that the excellent minister had supposed himself to be entertaining the eminent horse-dealer of Leith Walk,—a conjecture which was doubtless sufficiently natural, considering Hogg's well-known love for appearing at the weekly sales at that gentleman's repository. The Shepherd, we suppose, now undeceived him.

† We believe, that to *fang a well* signifies to pour into it sufficient liquid to set the pump at work again.

TICKLER ON THE SCOTSMAN.

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE glanced over this last number of the Review, for I always like to see how our friends are getting on, and whether the stirring spirit of Mr Jeffrey has been able to pierce the portentous load of dulness with which it has, of late years, been overlaid. But I find nothing, literally nothing, here to dispel, or even to divide the gathering fogs; and if matters go on at this rate, I am afraid the lively Editor will be at last fairly suffocated. It has afforded me some amusement to observe the progress of this phenomenon. I have marked how the successive exhalations drawn up from the marshes of Whiggism by the first fervid blaze of the critical luminary have gathered and spread over, and finally closed upon its disc, till the process has terminated in the baleful eclipse which we all lament. It is plain to every one, indeed, that Mr Jeffrey pants for very existence under the encumbering help of his new colleagues.

What, indeed, have we got in this new Number? Passing over the ingenious labours of the Frisick antiquary, and the bad jokes of the Botany Bay politician, we come to No 3, in which no one can fail to trace the classic pen of your friend and admirer the Scotsman. No man can more highly admire this ingenious person than myself. His hebdomadal profundity of disquisition—his modest and tasteful raillery of his betters—his inimitable skill when upon his own proper arena, and valiantly squabbling with deacons and policemen—his grand and original schemes for paying the national debt, and *checking the city accounts*—in short, his services universal and particular — political and financial—with tongue and with pen, in gossipping, grinning, and growling, can never be sufficiently appreciated. But with the most profound regard for this laborious and useful person, I cannot say that his *reviews* edify me greatly. I like the *raw material* of Adam Smith as it exists in his own book, far better than after it has been manufactured on the Spinning Jenny of this *operative* reviewer.

I must confess at once, that I have never seen a more perfect specimen of prosing and pedantry than this paper, which is entitled, "Commercial Embarrassments—Trade with France." What are the public to think of the wiseacre, who tells them, with a didactic air, that "a sudden cessation of the demand for any class of commodities necessarily subjects the persons engaged in their manufacture *to considerable distress and difficulty*." p. 14. Here is a discovery in political economy worthy of the sagacious President of the Board of Agriculture himself. After having in this masterly and original manner laid down his *principles*, the author proceeds to show that it is not easy to convert a machine for spinning cotton into a thrashing-mill, or, as he learnedly expresses it, to transfer fixed capital (p. 49)—that "war may increase or diminish foreign trade" (ibid)—that during the late war, the French did not become soldiers so much from the mere love of fighting, as from the difficulty of finding any thing else to do—that their enemies were pleased to take the commerce of the whole world under their own management—and that the extraordinary prosperity enjoyed by this country, arose out of its commercial monopoly—its increased population—and many other causes "of an inferior and subordinate description, which we leave to the sagacity of our readers to discover and appreciate." (p. 51.) This is well; but I don't perceive that much progress has been made by the rotatory motion of the Reviewer. We had the whole trade, or a monopoly of trade, during the war; we have not a monopoly at present; we have, therefore, less trade and more distress than during the war. This is a sober and certain truth indeed; but it might have been told in a single sentence better than in this elaborate and unprofitable dissertation.

"But the restoration of tranquillity disclosed the *brittle and insecure nature of the foundations* on which the imposing fabric of our prosperity had been raised." Admire the eloquence of the Champion of Burgh Reform. Does he mean, that because we could not enjoy, in perpetuity, the advantages of that universal commerce which he has himself described as the source of "extraordinary prosperity," we ought therefore to have rejected a twenty years lease of them which power and policy had put into our hands? Was it nothing to have enjoyed so long the

vast gains of an unlimited monopoly as a set off against a course of unparalleled expenditure, although we may now be forced to abandon what every one must have recognised as contingent upon, and commensurate with, a state of war? If it be true, as this sagacious person has told us in murmuring echo from the opposition newspapers, that the restored Bourbons, with their brother sovereigns of Europe, are jealous of British prosperity, now that they have obtained the power of competing with it, we have the more reason, instead of prattling about "the brittle and insecure nature of foundations," to applaud that course of policy by which we were enabled to derive so many legitimate advantages from a state of war, and to meet, by the rapid accumulations of industry, its great but inevitable expenditure.

But to proceed a little farther with this farrago of cant and common-place: "It is much easier, however, (says the Reviewer) to trace the principal causes of our present embarrassments, than to point out the means by which they may be either partially or entirely removed." (p. 55.) Much easier, I have no doubt, the one being the task of a mere fifth rate retailer of opposition politics, the other requiring some little portion of sagacity and genius. But the redoubted provincial Editor adventures upon the higher enterprise, and buckles on his armour to grapple with the giant of commercial embarrassment. He is but indifferently mounted to be sure; his spear is one of the bluntest, and his whole accoutrements betray the fashion of other days. But he has a talisman—of the old school of enchantments too—on the strength of which he is to work miracles of achievement, and to banish poverty from the land. This charm is "free trade;" and really to those who know any thing of the present state of the science of political economy, it must be surprising to observe the unblushing confidence with which the poorest of quacks parades a string of truisms as if he were recounting a series of discoveries.

You, my dear Editor, know Adam Smith well, and you know with what inimitable perspicuity and force of reasoning he has shewn the impolicy of restrictions on trade, and demonstrated the important truth, that universal freedom is the source of universal gain. You are familiar also with the history of Mr Pitt's political life; and I know you respect his memory. You must remember well the power with which he enforced the philosophical doctrines of Smith, and carried them into the practice of nations. You must remember also with what perverted energy the *enlightened* mind of Fox struggled against the commercial treaty with France, and endeavoured to confound liberality of commercial principles with political truckling and submission to the ancient enemy of England. Now, Sir, I pray you to remark, that what Smith liberally expounded, and Pitt manfully enforced, this intelligent person, the Scotsman, has thought it necessary to announce and to illustrate with all the conscious pride of a discoverer. For him it was reserved to perfect the inconclusive reasonings of the philosopher, and invigorate the ineffective rhetoric of the orator—an office which he has assumed with as much propriety as that with which a common ballad singer would essay an improvement on the strains of Fodor or of Catalani.

Let us see for a moment how he performs his task. He gives us the novel and interesting information, that, with freedom of trade, "those countries which were best suited *for* the raising of corn, would naturally devote themselves to agriculture, &c." (p. 56.) That "to accomplish this most desirable object, we have only to relinquish a few of the worst and most contemptible of our prejudices—to admit that claret may be as palatable as port, brandy as English gin—and that a Frenchman may be quite as honest as a Portuguese," (p. 57.) Now, I should like much to know, where these prejudices in favour of English gin and Portuguese honesty are entertained? The Reviewer, we think, might have discovered another little difficulty in the way of a free trade with France, besides the prejudices existing on this side of the water. There must ever be two parties to a bargain; and has the eloquence of the Scotsman yet obtained the consent of the *French* government and nation? He said not long before, that, jealous of the commercial prosperity of this island, they had even improved upon Bonaparte's system of exclusion. But he has still a resource left; "for although France should presist in refusing to purchase our cottons and woollens, that surely is

no good reason why we should refuse to import her corn, silk, or wine, provided we can obtain them from her cheaper than from any other country." (p. 58.) But how are we to *pay* for them under this system of French obduracy? The French may be very honest people, and yet not willing to give their corn, silk, and wine *for nothing*, even though they might thus greatly promote the freedom of trade. We must send something in return, goods or bullion; goods they will not have—and where, we ask this wiseacre, is the bullion to be found in the actual state of British commerce?

It is of no use, thus standing the argument, to flounder through the common-places about the trade to China,—or to tell us always to remember, that "bullion is a commodity, and nothing but a commodity"—that it will be exported only if its exportation be profitable—or that the real secret of getting rich by foreign trade, is to take care that your imports are of greater aggregate value than your exports, (pages 59, 60.) This country, by its exports in other directions, obtains a sufficient supply of bullion to enable it to trade with the Chinese, upon the only principle admitted by these semi-barbarians; but without a large *increase* of its exports, for which a similar return in bullion could be had, how is it to carry on a *Chinese trade* with France? The Reviewer has not told us in what direction this new and convenient export-trade is to be created; and therefore he has told us nothing to the purpose. The fine theory about the rapidity of the transport, and the equalization of the price of bullion, in the market of the world, is all very well, where there is a free trade accorded and sanctioned by all parties; and it was precisely in character with such a writer as this, to bring forward that theory where it can have no application. Had the Reviewer not before him his own example of the trade to China, to shew that where imports are rigorously prohibited on one side, there is no legerdemain known to political economy by which the character of the trade, as an exporting trade in bullion to the other party, can be altered. But indeed, Sir, I am wearied of the dull fooleries of this writer. Nothing has convinced me so much as the perusal of this essay, of the advantages which a very weak person may gain by entrenching himself in the technical phrases, and the semi-geometrical forms of demonstration familiar to the masters of this great practical science.

I am anxious, Sir, to have done with this pretender; and I observe you are as tired of him as I am myself. But one piece of ignorant and blundering presumption yet remains, which must not escape chastisement. This self-elected instructor of kings and legislators must not be permitted with impunity to tamper also with the works of philosophers.

Passing, therefore, over all the rubbish upon which you stumble as you advance towards the close of the essay, about the proportion which the silk weavers bear to the whole manufacturing population—the comparative insignificance of *their* interests, and those of their employers, whom this humane person would cheerfully abandon to starvation, unless they can be subsisted upon some of the unintelligible saving clauses of his theory—the curious recommendation to seize the present period of commercial distress for completely revolutionizing the course of foreign trade, upon the principle, that as the people are suffering at present, there can be little harm in making them quaff the bitter draft to the dregs—and other novelties of the like description, we come at last to "a very few remarks on Dr Smith's theory, relative to the superior advantages derived from the employment of capital in the home trade," (p. 71.)

You are aware, Sir, that Dr Smith has said and *proved*, that capital employed in the home trade is more beneficially employed for the country than that which is invested in the foreign trade. The Reviewer disputes this proposition; and *after what manner* does he dispute it? Smith remarks, that the interchange of commodities in the course of the home trade replaces two *British* capitals with their profits, and that a similar interchange of commodities, by means of foreign trade, although it replaces also two capitals with their profits, *replaces only one that is British*. This is the mere statement of a fact; and a very plain and incontestable statement it appears to be. The inference deducible from it is, that the foreign trade ought never to be encouraged by boun-

ties or otherwise, at the expense of the home trade, upon the silly and exploded principle of obtaining a favourable balance, or upon any other sophism which may hit the fancy of foreign merchants or underling politicians. Smith does not say, however, that after all the capital has been employed in the home trade, which it can absorb, foreign trade does not then become expedient. Now, what is our friend's "remark" upon this doctrine? "In making this statement," says he, "Dr Smith appears to us to have lost sight of the principle which he had himself established, and which shews, that the amount of the productive industry of any particular country must always be proportioned to the amount of its capital; and hence, unless it could be made out, that the importation of foreign commodities has a tendency, which most certainly it has not, to force capital abroad, the consequence here pointed out by Dr Smith would not follow."—And is it really true then, that nothing less than forcing capital abroad can diminish public wealth? Will a general reduction of profit not accomplish this effectually? Adopting the illustration suggested by Smith, that corresponding capitals in London and Edinburgh are employed in the home trade, or in the manufacture of goods reciprocally exchanged and consumed, so that the one manufacture becomes a condition of the prosperity, and indeed of the existence of the other—if the English capital is by some impolitic measure of government —by a large bounty for example—directed into the channel of foreign trade, is it not manifest, that the Scottish capital must seek some other employment, and produce a general reduction of profit, by adding to the mass of unemployed capital? And does not the English capital again become the instrument of rewarding that foreign industry whose produce it is employed in importing, instead of the domestic industry which it formerly excited and encouraged? It is vain to say, that the Scottish capital will find other employment. So indeed it may, but unless the demand for capital be unlimited—a supposition refuted by constant and melancholy experience—the change will be accomplished with great inconvenience, and with that sensible reduction of profit which formed the very evil contemplated by Dr Smith, and which he justly considered as stamping an inferiority in point of public advantage upon the foreign, compared with the home trade, and removing every motive or pretence for the extraordinary encouragements which the former has too often demanded and received.

The truth is, that the Reviewer's "few remarks" do not meet the question at all, but preserve that respectful parallel which is so faithfully kept by that class of reasoners who take it upon them to refute what they do not understand. Dr Smith was not the man to "*lose sight*" of his principles; nor is the Reviewer the man ever to have got a glimpse of them. If you, Sir, should ever think of perusing the sequel of his argument, which I have neither time nor patience at present to examine, you will find, that his answer to Smith's doctrine, which asserts the superior benefits of the home compared with the foreign trade, amounts in substance to this—*that it is better to possess and to cultivate both of them.* And this is a discovery, a sagacious correction of the errors of a great author: This discovery, too, is made by one of Mr Ricardo's *licentiates*, a class of persons whom a brother Reviewer in the same number pronounces to be the only fit governors of colonies and provinces! Really Mr Jeffrey had better take to his assistance in this department some of his old clients, the Glasgow weavers, who have unfortunately too much leisure on their hands at present, and who would do his business in a far more workmanlike manner than this silly gentleman, who has taken upon himself the defence of a free trade. I have no doubt, indeed, that the Universal Suffrage Journal, about to be established in the metropolis of the west, under the patronage of the reforming weavers, will speedily and entirely eclipse the Scotsman.

Here Mr Tickler was interrupted in rather an impatient way by Mr Wastle, who had, indeed, for several minutes, been listening in a state of great visible fretfulness. "My dear Sir," cried he, "what, in the name of wonder, is all this you are talking about? I never admired the Edinburgh Review any more

than yourself, but in days of yore, it was at least written by gentlemen. How can Mr Jeffrey tolerate such an insult upon himself and his old associates, as a quarterly visit from so low a person as this Scotsman?" "No matter for that," returned Tickler, "the thing is not more pitiable than true——." "Well," quoth Wastle, "since it is so, for Godsake say no more about it—you've said more than enough already about so disgusting a subject. Is there nothing better worthy of your comments? What say you to that article on the Education of the Poor—for my part, I have not yet been able to read it." "All in good time, Mr Wastle," returned The Veteran, "I was just coming to your old friend Brougham, but you have such a trick of interrupting one——," a thousand apologies, Mr Tickler, said Wastle, with a bow as low as he ever made to Lord Morton—whereupon the offended Sage composed himself once more for elocution, and in a tone of triumphant good humour, resumed as follows:—

But, Mr Editor, if the miserable pedantry of the Scotsman has amused me, I have been surprised, I own, by the inimitable effrontery of article fifth, "Education of the Poor." The bold spirit of misrepresentation with which this dull paper has been got up, can be accounted for on no other supposition than that of the Reviewer's belief, that his former misty article had so darkened and perplexed the subject, as to have rendered detection impossible. But obscurity shall not save him; he shall be dragged from his murky den; and the public shall judge whether the tone of triumph which he has assumed be not premature.

You would naturally suppose, from the manner in which the Reviewer begins his diatribe, that the opposition to Mr Brougham's scheme had, from its commencement, been headed by the ministry, and conducted exclusively by their most servile partisans. Nothing, however, can be more erroneous. The ministers did *not*, in the House of Commons, oppose Mr Brougham's bill at all; a majority of them supported it in the House of Lords; the opposition to it was neither directed nor encouraged by them. In what manner an *independent* opposition to this clumsy project of incipient despotism should have originated, may indeed appear a mystery to that class of high spirited politicians, who have declared it "essentially necessary to regard every measure, whether proposed by the government or their opponents, *not merely on its own merits, but in connexion with the men who bring it forward*, and the system of which it forms a part." (Edin. Review, No. 59, p. 187.) *They* may not understand why Mr Brougham's measure should have been condemned "merely on its own merits." But in this their lack of understanding, they had as well be economical of their "unfeigned compassion," and hoard it for their own use against the day of need which approaches.

The opposition having in this instance been directed against Mr Brougham's conduct merely on its own merits, it can be of no earthly consequence to the issue, whether my Lord Castlereagh has chosen to kidnap the Learned Gentleman's project or not. The opponents of the scheme are involved in no perplexity by the tergiversation of the eminent Statesman, even if it had been as fully realised as the Reviewers pretend;—the Noble Lord would only have become the patron of the *bad* measure of Mr Brougham, that is all. And *that* indeed is every thing to the men who regard party, not principle, in all their proceedings; but it may still be a very trifling matter to the opponents of Mr Brougham. A man should not thus begin to triumph by misrepresenting a fact, and shuffling in a sophism.

But *have* the Ministers, by the bill of last session, adopted the scheme of Mr Brougham? So says the author of this lumbering article. The Quarterly Reviewers, &c. he maintains, "have exhausted all their means in hunting down *the very measures* which their employers, in about one calendar month, were to adopt as their own." (p. 90.) I pray your attention for a moment, while I proceed briefly to expose this singular misrepresentation, by the most unquestionable of all evidence—that afforded by the Edinburgh Review itself.

Mr Brougham's original bill, although it was not opposed by Ministers, underwent many important modifications in its passage through the House of Lords. Mr Brougham and his friends complained of these modi-

fications; and here is the Reviewer's statement of the precise subjects of their complaint. "The principal changes which the supporters of Mr Brougham's bill had complained of, were the confining its operation to charities connected with education—the exception *of all foundations having special visitors—and the refusal of compulsory process to the Commissioners.*" (p. 90.) Of course all these points have now been conceded, or—the Reviewer has much misrepresented the matter.

Observe, too, the relative importance of the various limitations in the opinion of the Reviewers themselves. In their former article on this subject, while speaking of the act of the last Parliament, they observe: "Nay, upon a pretence of not interfering with private rights, equally groundless with those which we have examined, no inquiry whatever is to be instituted into any charity which has a special visitor—*as this is by far the most important restriction which has been imposed upon the Commissioners,*" &c. (p. 511.) To justify the assertion which is now made, therefore, this point, above all others, must surely have been conceded. Nor must the statement, "that almost all the cases of abuse examined by the Committee *were in charities having special visitors,*" (p. 513.) be left out of account in estimating the importance, in the opinion of Mr Brougham and his friends, of this branch of the inquiry. Surely, then, *this* class of charities has been included in the new act by which the Ministers have adopted the "very measures" of Mr Brougham. Not at all; not one of them has been included. Upon this point, as the Reviewer himself whimsically expresses it, "the Ministers *appeared resolved* to make a stand." (p. 93.) The plain truth is, as you well know, *that they did make a stand;* and that this, "by far the most important restriction imposed on the Commissioners," has been continued by those who are said to have adopted the very measures of Mr Brougham. Nor will the Reviewer's equivocation about the question, of visited charities not having been originally argued, help him out of his difficulties. It is but the petty resource of a runaway scattering baubles about him in his flight to distract the attention of his pursuers.

But to proceed: "An exemption," says the Reviewer, "was very properly introduced into the new bill, to exclude the jurisdiction of the commissioners in cases where the institution is principally maintained by subscriptions from time to time, and where its concerns are managed by committees of the subscribers." (p. 91.) This was, of course, very proper; but if we mistake not, this, nor no other exemption was recognized in the sweeping plan of Mr Brougham. It is stated afterwards, that "the funds raised there (in the metropolis), as well as in several of the larger towns in England, by yearly subscription, occasional gifts, and collections at charity sermons, are very large. To those who have not had an opportunity of witnessing the noble and *generous* spirit of charity which animates our wealthier neighbours," &c. (ibid.)—Now these "large funds," which were not exempted by Mr Brougham, *are* exempted by the bill of last session; "by far the most important restriction" is also continued; and I should be glad to know in what sense it is said, after this, that "the measures of this year extend the inquiry to *all* charities whether connected with education or not," and that the "pitiless employers" of the Quarterly Review have adopted "the very measures of Mr Brougham." Is it that this gentleman, in his terror, would thrust forward these "pitiless employers" to shelter him from the storm, and poorly skulk behind the unpropitious form of Lord Castlereagh himself?

Come we now to the last head of complaint in the Reviewer's enumeration—"The refusal of compulsory process to the Commissioners." You are aware, Sir, that Mr Brougham demanded for *his* Commissioners, the power of commitment during pleasure in every case of refusal to produce papers or answer questions. Have the Commissioners obtained this power by the new act? Hear the Reviewer. It gives, he says, "the power of *applying* to the Courts of King's Bench or Exchequer, who are authorised to impose an unlimited fine upon all persons disobeying the order of the Commissioners to answer questions or produce papers." (p. 90.) And this is another proof of the *identification* of the act of last session with the scheme

of the Learned Chairman of the Education Committee. Mr Brougham would have made the Commissioners *Judges*, with summary and unlimited powers. The statute has constituted them only *suitors* to the ordinary courts of law. Mr Brougham would have given his Commissioners the power of arbitrary imprisonment.—The statute has conferred upon the judges the power of fine only. These, we think, are distinctions somewhat palpable and important; they must have been seen by any other than the filmed vision of the Reviewer; they might have been *felt* even by one who could not see at all, if all sound sensation had not been obliterated by the duties of an unhealthy vocation.

But both you and I have heard, that besides the points of complaint which the Reviewer has found it convenient to notice, and which he states to be now removed, there were many others in the original plan of Mr Brougham, with respect to which, he did at one time utter some very heart-rending complaints, although he may *now* see it meet to suppress his lamentations. The Reviewer quaintly observes, that "the whole controversy forms an episode to the larger question of education out of which it arose." And he adds, that "*for very obvious reasons* it has proved so interesting as to throw the main subject itself into the shade." A very interesting sort of episode this to be sure, but the principal theme is not quite so much obscured as these worthies affect to believe, and, I have no doubt, sincerely desire. The public have not yet forgotten that Mr Brougham proposed that *his* commission should not only inquire into "all charities whether connected with education or not," but into "all education whether connected or unconnected with charities"—that the commission which was to have powers so extensive, was to be *his* commission—aye, *named by himself*—that it was to fill up the vacancies occurring in its own numbers, without interference of the Crown or of Parliament—that its power was to be of unlimited duration—that the members were to have large annual salaries, and an ultimate remuneration equal to the entire aggregate of the salaries received, and *that* without any new vote of Parliament, &c. &c. Here, in a *constitutional* point of view, was the essence of "the whole controversy," to use the Reviewer's words; and I should be glad to know whether, in the new act, this essential part of Mr Brougham's plan has been sanctioned by those who are said to have adopted "the same measures." Indeed, Sir, it is idle to talk of this subject; the new act does not even approximate, in any important particular, to the project of the Learned Chairman of the Education Committee; and in spite of all that can be said or done for him by the officious zeal of his friends, he must be contented to bear the reproach of having meditated a very improper measure, together with the bitter and conscious feeling, that his attempt has proved wholly abortive.

But I have detained you far too long with the trashy contributions of Mr Jeffrey's underlings; let us now see what he has been doing himself. It is ever easy to discover his lively and luminous visage in the crowd of his dark compeers.—He has such a clear and rapid current of small thinking—the stream is so sparkling, although it be something shallow; the occasional jets of glittering and fanciful thought are so refreshing in one's journey through the periodical wilderness, of which he injudiciously sanctions the creation, that I confess I am always glad to meet him on these occasions. Here he is visibly employed upon Crabbe; and I observe he says it is the *fourth* time he has commemorated the progress of that singular writer: no wonder then that he should be a little puzzled how to begin, and still more how to fill up, the usual quantity of thirty or forty pages—a range of expansion which every Edinburgh Reviewer, from Mr Jeffrey himself down to the Scotsman, seems to think essential to the dignity of his lucubrations. That Mr Jeffrey has sometimes well filled up this vast measure of space, when he has had a proper subject, and has chosen fairly to put forth his powers—as in his account of Mr Alison's book on Taste—no one can deny; but this *fourth* critique on Crabbe seems really to have posed him. Instead of remarks on the poetry therefore, we are treated with a theory of the intellectual generation of the author; and are ingeniously informed,

Pushed by a wild and artless race
From off its wide ambitious base,
What time her northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell to thousand fragments broke!

In more modern times, too, every body, except the Edinburgh Reviewers, heard the thunder of the chariot wheels of destiny, before the downfall of Napoleon. But there was no warning given to the *knowing ones* when, on Sunday the 10th April 1750, Broughton fell before Slack, and resigned the Championship of England to that UGLY CUSTOMER.

The mind of the nation was taken unawares, and wholly unprepared for such an event. There was a sudden revulsion of all its most cherished feelings, and a perfect demolition of its strongest convictions. Broughton conquered by Slack! It sounded in the incredulous public ear like an impossibility—and while the metropolis was agitated by this mighty revolution, months elapsed before any thing like certainty prevailed over the remoter corners of the empire.

It cannot be doubted that the effects of this revolution must have been long and severely felt throughout the whole southern division of Great Britain.—Bets to an immense amount had been lost and won. A sort of civil war was kindled in the country, for fathers had sported their gold-dust against their sons—and wives against their husbands, at immense odds—and though the wars of the rival houses of York and Lancaster certainly lasted longer, and occasioned a greater effusion of blood, yet it may be doubted if the mutual exasperation of the adherents of the red and the white rose was at any period of their history more inveterate than that of the friends of Broughton and Slack for a good many months after their celebrated conflict. We have seen the effects produced by that fatal milling on the Duke of Cumberland. He felt the loss of that battle more than the defeat of Fontenay—and it may be questioned if the liberties of Britain ever received so fatal a blow as that inflicted on them by the shutting up of Broughton's amphitheatre, or, in other words, by the suspension of the Fibbias Corpus.

It is generally a long time before we can so reconcile ourselves to the defeat of a great warrior as to allow the superiority of his conqueror. Indeed, in many instances we never are—and even at this day, we regard Hannibal as a greater soldier than Scipio, while, in spite of the battle of Waterloo, the milling qualities of Bonaparte and Wellington are thought to be so equally balanced, that in the event of another trial it would, among the cognoscenti, be only guineas to pounds, or the Irishman for choice. So was it with Slack and Broughton. The fame of the former was not built on the *ruins* of that of the latter—but on the contrary, the calm and philosophical reader of pugilistic history, while he cheerfully acknowledges the pluck and gluttony of Slack, pauses with still higher feelings over the page of Egan, in which are recorded the skill and heroism of Broughton. It would lead us into too long discussion, to explain the *philosophy* of all this. Suffice it to hint, in the interim, that our unwillingness to yield a single point in favour of long-established merit, either in arts or in arms, has at once a moral and intellectual origin—springing both from an amiable love of virtue long admired, and from that strength of mind which will not easily give up such of its convictions as have been cautiously matured. This is more peculiarly the case in all free countries—and, indeed, exhibits a striking contrast to that levity and fickleness of public opinion so notorious among the enslaved nations of the Continent, who forget the objects of their idolatry the instant they are overthrown, and whose admiration of greatness, instead of being a vast national feeling generated and cemented through continuous ages, is seldom more than an insulated and transient sensation called forth by something striking or brilliant in the character of men or of events.

It was in the fourth year of his reign that Slack was called upon to defend his crown against the French. Our readers will remember the great national quarrel between England and Venice, decided in the reign of Fig, by the champions of the two nations, Bob Whitaker and that Gondolier cognomen'd the Jaw-Breaker.

In some of the prominent features, the following contest between Slack

and Petit bears, what may be well called, a striking resemblance to that memorable set-to.

"This battle proved as singular a conflict as ever took place in the annals of pugilism. Monsieur, on the first set-to, darted with uncommon fury at Slack, and seized him by the throat, and for half a minute held him tight by the rails, till Slack was nearly chocked and black in the face; and it was with some difficulty that Slack released himself from this unpleasant situation. The next ten minutes the Frenchman appeared like a blacksmith hammering away at Slack, and driving him all over the stage with uncommon impetuosity, till at length Slack closed upon Petit, and gave him three desperate falls, but during which period he canted Slack twice off the stage. Monsieur began to appear shy of Slack's method of throwing, and ran in upon him and seized him by the hams, and tumbled him down, by which means Slack fell easy. A guinea to a shilling was the odds against Slack after they had been fighting eighteen minutes; when, at the commencement of the fight, it was four to one in his favour. Slack now changed his method of attack, and followed up the Frenchman so close, that he had no opportunity of running in upon him, but was compelled to stand up and fight, when Slack closed one of his eyes, and disfigured his face in a striking manner. Petit's wind now began to fail him, and Slack was recovering his strength fast. Petit once more got a little advantage, and threw Slack over the rails—but *in going over* Slack put in a desperate blow under the ribs of the Frenchman that made him cry peccavi. Slack was not long in mounting the stage, but Monsieur was so panic-struck that he brushed off with all the haste imaginable, never stopping to look back after his opponent. It was the opinion of the spectators that Petit was full strong when he *bolted*. The battle lasted twenty-five minutes, perfectly ridiculous at times, and equally dreadful by turns.

This, we believe, is the only pitched pugilistic combat on record between an Englishman and a Frenchman—and to do the latter justice, it would appear that the Anti-gallican had work to do before Parlez-vous cried peccavi. It requires much stretch of thought to consider the French as a boxing people. A man may knock another down out of pure good will, but not out of pure politeness. The whole system of bowing, chattering, scraping, and shrugging of shoulders, is adverse to the habits of the Ring. The French are a too lively, a too talkative, to be a good knock-down people—who could, for one moment, conceive of Tom Crib as having been born in the French dominions?

About a twelvemonth after he had overcome the Gaul, Slack was challenged by Harris, a Bristol collier—but the shine was taken out of the black diamond in twenty minutes, and indeed it was so much cracked that it was never afterwards set in a ring. Four years afterwards Morton of Acton-Wells, a game man, and a slaughterer, fought Slack upwards of half-an-hour, but at last,

Procumbit humi Bos.

Slack had now reigned ten years,—no very long period in an humble and obscure life, but an age of glory—when BILL STEEVENS, THE NAILOR, arose, and put in his claim to the crown.

"The Haymarket was the scene of action, and a stage was erected in the Tennis Court, James Street. Slack entered the field with all the confidence of a veteran, and was acknowledged to have the advantage in the first part of the battle. But the Nailor, with an arm like iron, received the ponderous blows of his antagonist on his left with ease, while with his right arm he so punished the champion's nob, that he knocked off the title, picked it up, and wore it. Thus fell the hitherto invincible Slack!"

It is not recorded in the annals of pugilistic history whether any omens preceded the defeat of Slack. We are told by Shakspeare, who writes on the authority of historians contemporary with the event that

"A little e'er the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeel and jibber in the Roman sheets."

So that we have no doubt, that before SLACK AND THE NAILOR stripped, the Londoners beheld figures flooring each other among the clouds, while the gigantic ghost of Broughton sported its canvass in the midnight sky. Historians too often omit all mention of the signs of the times,—but the philosophic pugilist knows how to supply their silence, and can imagine, without being told of them, all the superstitions that disturbed the FANCY before the overthrow of the GRANDSIRE OF THE BELCHERS.

The face of Kempferhausen, during this sporting article, was most excellent. The practice of pugilism was evidently a mystery which his fine speculative understanding could not penetrate, and though few men have more

enthusiasm than our good friend Phillip, he could not go along with the profound disquisition and empassioned feeling of the Adjutant on such a theme. He contented himself, however, with a short quotation out of Emmanuel Kant,* who had, it would appear, considered pugilism as one of those anomalies in the history of the human mind, inexplicable by the transcendental philosophy,—and with hinting, that Randal the Nonpareil could have found no favour in the eyes of the sage of Koningsberg. Odoherty avowed his utter ignorance of all Cant, but was willing to pin his faith on the sleeve of Plato, who, it was well known, was in his day a fighting man of great skill, pluck, and bottom; and who, though desirous of excluding poetry from his republic, recommended an enlightened patronage of pugilism. At the same time, he was very far from thinking, with his quondam friend, Bill Parnell, knight of the shire for Wick-

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* Mr Coleridge has somewhere expressed himself to this effect—That, if Plato were to rise again from the grave and appear in London, any performer of chemical tricks would be looked on as much the greater man; and further, that with respect to any discovery, *he* would have more credit for it who should make it *à posteriori*, (accidentally perhaps, or by benefit of a fine apparatus)—than he who should demonstrate its necessity *à priori*, (i. e. should deduce it from the law which involved it.) This remark is well illustrated in the following case: Twenty-six years at least before Dr Herschel discovered the planet which bears his name (otherwise called the planet Uranus, and in England the Georgian planet), it had been predicted—or, to speak more truly, it had been demonstrated—by Kant, that a planet would be found in that region of the heavens (i. e. a planet superior to Saturn). The difference between the discoveries is this: Herschel's was made empirically, or *à posteriori*, by means of a fine telescope; Kant's scientifically, or *à priori*, as a deduction from certain laws which he had established in his Celestial System (*Himmel's System.*) We have unfortunately not brought with us to Braemar the volume which contains Kant's *Himmel's System*; but we will state from memory the course of reasoning which led Kant to this prediction. What is a comet? It is a planet whose orbit is exceedingly eccentric. Are then the planets not eccentric? Yes, but much less so. How much less? Some in one degree—some in another: their eccentricity varies. According to what laws: or does it vary according to any law? In general according to this law: the eccentricity has a tendency to increase, as the distance from the sun increases; that is to say, the planets become more eccentric in their orbits, i. e. more *cometary*—as they approach to that region of the heavens from which the comets descend. Now from this gradual tendency of the planetary motions to become cometary (which tendency, by the way, is itself a necessary consequence from Kant's *system*, and no accident), Kant suspected, that as nature does not ordinarily proceed *per saltum*, the system of planets must pass *gradatim* into the system of comets—and not so abruptly as it would do if Saturn were the last planet. Therefore, said he, at some future period, there will be found at least one planet superior to Saturn—whose orbit will be much more eccentric than that of Saturn, and will thus supply a link to connect the motions of the planets and the comets into a more continuous chain. The comets will perhaps vary as much in eccentricity as the planets, and according to the same law: so that the last planet and first comet will stand pretty much in the same relation to each other as any planet to the next superior planet—or as any comet to the next more eccentric comet.——This was said in the year 1754 at the latest. With respect to the date of Herschel's discovery, having no Astronomy in our Tent later than that of David Gregory, the Savilian Professor, (Astron. Phys. et Geomet. Elementa: Genevæ 1726,) we cannot assign it precisely; but according to our recollection it was made in 1781; and certainly no earlier than 1780. Kant then discovered the planet Uranus *à priori*, (that is, he discovered the necessity of such a planet as a consequence of a law previously detected by his own sagacity at least six and twenty years before Herschel made the same discovery *à posteriori* by—the excellence of his telescope.——N. B. The reader will perhaps object the case of Mercury and of Mars—the first as contradicting the supposed law, the second as imperfectly obeying it, (his eccentricity being indeed less than that of the next superior planet, but yet greater than according to his distance from the sun:) these exceptions, however, confirm the system of Kant—being explained out of the same law which accounts for the defect in bulk of these two planets. It might have been supposed that Sir Isaac Newton would have been led to the same anticipation as that here ascribed to Kant, by the very terms in which he defines comets, viz. "*genus planetarum* in orbibus valde eccentricis circa solem revolventibus;"[a] but he was manifestly led away from any such anticipation by the same reasoning which induced him to conclude, that no tenable theory could be devised which should assign a mechanical origin to the heavenly system. Kant has framed such a theory, which we shall lay before our readers in a month or two. EDITOR.

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[a] Princip. lib. 3. Prop. 41.

low (whom he now indignantly disowned), that the Irish people, owing to their ignorance of pugilism, "were *base, cowardly, and savage.*"* The man who could utter such a sentiment is unworthy of his potatoes. "His *soul*," said the Adjutant, with much animation, "has not the true Irish accent—it wants the brogue of his country. I agree with my friend, Lord Norbury, in thinking 'we are a fine people;' and if I heard Bill Parnell with his own lips say, that '*it is only backed by a mob of his friends that an Irishman will fight*,' I would not tell him, Mr Editor, to remember the fine lines of my friend, Tom Moore,

When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
That he won from the fierce invader—

but I would call upon him, in the words of a pardonable parody, to think,

How Donelly wore the kerchief of blue,
That he won from the Deptford gardener.†

"What, sir! would any Irishman who ever heard sung 'the sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green,' accuse his countrymen of cowardice? Let me not be misunderstood. I conceive that a duet in a ring at Moulsy-Hurst is pleasanter music than a general chorus at Donnybrook fair. But that is a cultivated, a scientific taste; and let no man rashly assert, that the genius, and intellect, and moral worth of a people, may not exhibit themselves as strikingly in the shilelah as in the fist, in a GENERAL ROW, as in a LIMITED SET-TO. Is it the part of a coward, Mr Editor, for one of the Tipperary lads to step forward and ask the Kerry lads, '*who will snaze?*' and if Roderic Milesius M'Gillicuddy replies, '*I am the boy to snaze in your face*,' is my cousin a coward because the Tipperary shilelahs come twinkling about his nob as thick as grass?‡ By the staff of St Patrick, a coward has no business there at all; and what though Mr M'Gillicuddy *be backed by a mob of friends*, as the county says, has not O'Donnahue his friends too? and where then is the cowardice of knocking down every Pat you can lay your twig upon, till you yourself go the way of all flesh? and if 'twenty men should basely fall upon one,' why, to be sure, their turn will come next, and all odds will be even.

At the close of the day, when the pot-house is full,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought in the tap-room is heard but a bull,
And 'arrah, be easy!' comes soft from the grove.

"No, Mr Editor, never may Morgan Odoherty live to see that day when the shilelah shall no longer flourish and be flourished in the Green Isle."—Here Mr Tims softly interposed, and after complimenting the Standard-bearer on that liberal philosophy, which discerns and knows how to appreciate the genius of a people in their pastimes, without any invidious preference of one to another, volunteered (if agreeable to the Editor and the Contributors) a song, entitled, "Ye pugilists of England," which he understood was written either by Mr Gregson, Mr Egan, or Mr Thomas Campbell. This handsome offer was received with thunders of applause, and nothing could be grander than the trio. We remarked, that during the ode there was not an unclenched fist in the whole Tent.

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* Maurice and Berghetta, or the Priest of Rahery; a tale. London, 1819.

† An allusion to the great fight between Sir Dan and Oliver.

‡ This is a sweet pastoral image, which we ourselves once heard employed by a very delicate-looking and modest young woman, in a cottage near Limerick, when speaking of the cudgels of an affray. A broken head is in Ireland always spoken of in terms of endearment, and much of the same tender feeling is naturally transferred to the shilelah that inflicted it. "God bless your honour," said the same gentle creature to us, while casting a look of affectionate admiration on our walking-stick (at that time we had no rheumatism), "you would give a *swate blow with it*." It is in such expressions that we may trace the genius of a people, and they should serve to moderate that indignation with which moralists are wont to speak of the "*brutality*" of Irish quarrels. In the account of the battle between Randal and Martin the baker, we observed, with pleasure, an imitation of this Hibernian amenity. After stating that Randal finished the fight by a knock-down facer, the historian (probably our good friend, Mr Egan) very prettily remarked "*Randal is like a bird on the boughs of a tree.*" A fine sylvan image!

YE PUGILISTS OF ENGLAND.

As Sung by Messrs Price, Tims, and Woods (Son of the Fighting Waterman), on the 4th of September 1819, *near the Linn of Dee.*

1.

Ye Pugilists of England,
Who guard your native sod,
Whose pluck has braved a thousand years,
Cross-buttock, blow, and blood,
Your corky canvass sport again,
To mill another foe,
As you spring, round the ring,
While the betters noisy grow;
While the banging rages loud and long,
And the betters noisy grow.

2.

A Briton needs no poniards,
No bravos 'long his street—
His trust is in a strong-roped ring,
A square of twenty-feet.
With one-twos from his horny fists,
He floors the coves below,
As they crash, on the grass,
When the betters noisy grow;
When the banging rages loud and long,
And the betters noisy grow.

3.

The spirits of prime pugilists
Shall rise at every round;
For the ring it was their field of fame,
To them 'tis holy-ground.
Where Slack and mighty Belcher fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As you peel, true as steel,
While the betters noisy grow;
While the banging rages loud and long,
And the betters noisy grow.

4.

The Randal-rag of England
Must yet terrific burn,
Till Ireland's troublesome knight be beat,
And the star of Crib return!
Then, then, ye glutton-pugilists,
The claret red shall flow,
To the fame, of your name,
When the noise of betts is low;
When Sir Dan lies levelled loud and long,
And the noise of betts is low.

Mr Price, whose voice reminded us of Incledon in his best days, took the tenor; Mr Tims' sweet and shrill pipe was a most exquisite counter-tenor; and, with the sole exception of Bartleman, we never heard any thing at all comparable to the bass of young Woods.* The accompaniment, too, was exceedingly fine. Wastle blew his bugle affletuoso; Tickler, who fingers with any man in England, though we confess that his bow-hand is not so free, flowing, and unfettered, as that of Yaniewicz, was powerful on his fiddle; and John of Sky, on the bagpipe, at one moment, roused the soul to all the triumph of victory, and at another sunk it into the despondency of defeat. At that line, in particular, which the three voices dwelt upon with mournful emphasis,—

"When Sir Dan lies levelled loud and long,"—

we observed the tear start into Odoherty's eyes, and he veiled them with his foraging-cap, as if wishing to seal his sight from the vision of the conquest of Crib and the downfall of Donelly. We were apprehensive at one time, that the Standard-bearer and Mr Tims would have quarrelled; but on the latter assuring Odoherty that he yielded to no man in his admiration of the pluck and prowess of Sir Daniel Donelly, and that he could not be supposed answerable for the prophetic intimations of the poet, the Adjutant extended his hand towards him with his accustomed suavity, and by that pacific overture quieted the incipient alarm of the Cockney. He at the same time offered to back Sir Dan against all Britain, Crib not excepted, for a cool hundred—and against Jack Carter, £100 to £80. The best Irish pugilists, continued the Adjutant, "have been Corcoran, Ryan, Odonnel, Doherty, (filius carnalis, we believe, of Morgan's half-uncle, Father Doherty, an Irish priest, who dropt the O for reasons best known to himself,) and Donelly"—but here we felt it absolutely necessary to interfere, and to request Mr Wastle to read his article, by way of diverting our thoughts into a different channel. The Laird observed, that he

* This entertaining and accomplished young fellow is Mr Tims' body servant. He is a natural son of the brave Woods, who fought Richmond the Black, but he is a far better man than his father; and though he has, we believe, never exhibited publicly in the ring, his private turn-ups have been numerous, and he has still been the winner, without a scratch. He is the only man in England a match for Randal. Will the sporting Colonel back the Nonpareil for £200?

did not feel as if his "Essay on the Study of Physical Science" would sound well after the Boxiana, and therefore would, for the present, content himself with reading a very short paper, on

THE SCOTTISH PROVERBS OF ALLAN RAMSAY.

It would be unfair to take the proverbs of any nation as a complete index of its dispositions, as these sayings are generally imbued with a certain harshness and severity, resulting from the prudential purposes they are meant to serve. Among the proverbs of all nations, a great many bear evident marks of having been first suggested to the human mind in its struggles with the evils of life. They are couched in salt and poignant language, such as evinces that they were not conceived in a genial humour, or on a bed of roses. The devil is frequently mentioned in all collections of proverbs. The pleasurable hours of life are not those which give birth to many wise saws, reflection being oftener produced by anxieties and disappointments. Most nations have some proverbs adapted to times of conviviality; but these are commonly prudential in substance, and consist of epicurean exhortations to enjoy ourselves while we can. It is remarkable, that women are never mentioned with complacency in any collection of adages, nor is the passion of love alluded to without a sneer—a circumstance which concurs, with many others, to prove, that the inventors of most proverbs have been gray-headed persons.

The collection of Scots proverbs, made by Allan Ramsay, is probably far from a complete one; but, so far as it goes, it is certainly interesting and full of meaning. The images are strong and homely—indeed sometimes too homely to be quoted. One characteristic which the Scots proverbs have, along with some others, is, that nothing is expressed directly if it can be expressed by implication. Another characteristic is, that a more than usual number are couched in the form of taunts, and are evidently meant to serve as checks in store for vanity and self-complacency; and, indeed, it has been often said of our countrymen, that the desire of levelling was rather too powerful an element in their composition; and probably this is the reason why incredulity appears among them rather like a passion than as an intellectual habit. Whatever may be the relation which the spirit of emulation bears to morality, it cannot be denied that, when it runs in a fortunate channel, it is a fertile cause of glorious undertakings and performances, and in a free country ought to make itself known by all sorts of excellent fruits. But nothing can be more pernicious, when it exists among a people, not as an active and productive principle, but merely as a love of detraction, and a habit of shutting one's ears in dogged self-complacency. This unfortunate style of feeling is well exemplified in the pictures drawn, of Scottish peasantry, by Mrs Hamilton in the Cottagers of Glenburnie—a book in which some errors of the national dispositions are traced to their source, and their degrading tendency made clear and apparent. It is unfortunate for the glory of a nation, when the spirit of emulation thinks, according to one of Allan Ramsay's proverbs, that "it is better to hold than to draw," and says, "I am contented to sit still, provided nobody else distinguishes himself, and all I wish for is, to find a sufficient number of persons similarly inclined, who will unite with me in keeping every thing level." And certainly, if a very great majority are so pleased, it often happens that every thing may be kept level as a frozen lake. But then our country becomes nothing more than our place of residence, instead of forming the centre of disinterested associations and attachments—instead of being the abstract idea which presides over every liberal undertaking.

Allan Ramsay does not say that he collected his adages from any particular district. He was born in the town of Peebles, and spent a great proportion of his life in Edinburgh, where the conflux of persons from all districts of Scotland would occasion a mixed circulation of these morsels of traditional wisdom. When some half dozen of farmers met at a tavern, the proverbs of their respective shires would be interchanged by way of repartee, or flung in each other's teeth like texts of Scripture in a theological dispute. In the book the sayings are ranged

ing her voice, is lost as to the purposes of eating and ruminating; or, perhaps, the aim of the proverb is to indicate, that silence is a good symptom with regard to the degree of perseverance exerted in any occupation.

The first puff of a fat haggis is ever the bauldest.

This ill-favoured expression has probably been most frequently made use of as a damper. Its aim is slyly to insinuate, that activity is like steam, whose force is poured out once for all, and copiously only at first. The proverb has also its true application to any species of elasticity which results only from compression, and which loses itself in air when impediments are removed.

They are ay gude that are far awa'.

A taunt, meant to serve as a check upon the practice of invidiously commending the absent, in reference to the faults of those who are nearer. It is probably a domestic proverb, and chiefly used among relations. In this expression, the person who is "far awa'" is placed in a most ludicrous position, being virtually warned against

The thiefer-like the better sodger,

Means only that a rough exterior is connected with valour; for, to take it in any other sense, would be to throw discredit on the military character. Whatever might be the notion that was entertained concerning the nature of a soldier-like appearance when this saying had its origin, a soldier is now expected to be more personable and venust than the member of any other profession.

There is little left for the rake after the shool.

This is evidently the reflection of a person accustomed to look about him, and observe where he could employ his rake with advantage, but who found that many others were abroad on the same errand.

These are a few specimens to shew the flavour of Allan's compilation, and to induce the study of such things as illustrate the dispositions of our forefathers, and consequently of their descendants. It would be a sin to turn over even the proverbs of one's country, for no other purpose than to make jests on them. The coldest and most unfavourable side of a nation's character is always that which appears in its prudential sayings, and therefore the best light in which to view these sayings, is to consider them as the necessary reverse, and opposite element to its poetry, according to the maxim of those philosophers who think that all things exist like a Gothic arch, by the pressure of opposite forces. I wish we could take hold of twenty other things besides proverbs to prevent our countrymen from forgetting themselves.

Just as Mr Wastle was concluding his acute little article, John Mackay, whom we had despatched for Braemar to meet the walking postman, returned with a packet of letters—and for half an hour the Contributors were busily employed with their contents—all except Odoherty, who with perfect sang-froid suffered his three to lie unopened on the table, or every now and then gave them, one after another, a chuck into the air with singular dexterity, that shewed him to be a perfect adept in legerdemain and slight of hand. On asking our friends if any of their communications were articles for the Magazine, the Adjutant replied, that as far as his letters were concerned it was for ourselves to judge—one being a dun from Scaife and Willis—another, a short account, he believed, from the keeper of a billiard table—and the third, he had some reason to think, was a bill for £25 on the Commercial Bank, which he had sent to a friend to whom he was indebted for that sum, but which, he dared to say, was now returned to him with the well-known words "no effects." All this was said with that gay and careless manner that marks the true man of the world, and the Standard-bearer remarked with a smile, that Messrs Scaife and Willis, though the best natured and most skilful tailors in being, ought not to send accounts to gentlemen whose breeches they had made without pockets capable of holding them, and that therefore he was under the necessity of employing their well intentioned letter in lighting his pipe. Mordecai Mullion then handed over to us the following letter from his brother Hugh, accompanied with a very clever sketch, which our readers will perceive we have got engraved; and, with his permission, we read it aloud.

MY DEAR MORDECAI.

I FOUND all our concerns in a much better way at Glasgow than we could have expected after the late crash; and I verily believe, that our good friend the Skipper will yet beat to windward of the Gazette. Folks don't look the least shy at our bills, and our credit is good. The Skipper requested me not to press him hard, which God knows never was our intention; and he will send us six barrels of the best Bunawe salmon, a hogshead of Jamaica, 500 lbs. of double Gloucester, a choice assortment of best Westphalias, and a ton of dried ling: he lets us have them all very low; and when I have seen them stowed away in our cellars, I shall feel easy about the Skipper. M'Corquindale and M'Clure offered to settle our account at once in cod and craw-fish; but as we suffered much from our cods last year, and craw-fish is a drug, I demanded Loch-fine herring, and kiplings, and got what I believe will cover us. I had most difficulty of all with that wasp M'Huffie, and had to threaten a horning. My

gentleman came to himself when he found me serious; and I saw his reindeers boxed before I left the Gallowgate; and finer tongues never pressed a palate. Poor Donald M'Tavish is on his last legs, but I took his debt in branxy, and have no doubt of inflicting it to advantage on our brethren of the Dilettanti. That sumph, Rab Roger, offered me a bill on Cornelius Giffen; I preferred taking him in good Mearns butter; and he sent me ten croaks of 30 libs. each, as yellow as a dandelion. In short, our books will balance, which is more than some of our acquaintances both here and in the west can say, who hold their heads higher than the Mullions.—So much for business. And now, my dear Mordecai, let me give you an account of a sort of adventure in which I was engaged on my way back from Glasgow. I fear it will lose much in the recital—as I have not the pen of a Tickler or an Odoherty; yet as you requested me to give you the news, I will try to describe the scene just as I saw it acted.

I was jogging along on our "bit powney," with my honest father's wallise behind me as usual, when just where the former road takes up the hill to the auld Kirk o' Shotts, I met a most extraordinary Cavalcade, which reminded me of Stothard's Picture of the "Procession of Pilgrims to Canterbury," so well engraved by our poor friend Cromek et multis aliis. I really felt, as if I had slid back many centuries, and were coeval with Gower and Chaucer. My surprise was not diminished, when the leading pilgrim gravely accosted me with "how do you do Mr Hugh Mullion? When did you hear from your brother Mordecai?" I pulled up old Runciman, and took a leisurely and scrutinizing observation of the pilgrimage. Before I had time to open my mouth, or rather to shut it again, for I believe it was open—the leading pilgrim continued, "I am the Editor of Constable and Company's Magazine, and these are my Contributors. We are going to pitch our tent near the Kirk o' Shotts, for you must not think, Mr Hugh, that we are not allowed a *vacance* as well as Ebony's people. If you are not obliged to be in Edinburgh to-night, will you join us?—I dare say we shall find you useful." I declare to you, my dear Mordecai, that the very thought of this procession so convulses me with laughter, even at this hour, that I can write no better a hand than a member of parliament. For, only imagine, the good worthy editor, in half-clerical, half-lay attire—namely, black breeches, and D. D. boots, black silk waistcoat, pepper and salt coat, and shovel hat most admirably constructed for scooping a draught out of a well, mounted on a remarkably fine jack ass, who, on being brought to a stand-still, let down his immense head between his fore legs, like the piston of a steam-engine, and then shewing his alligator like jaws, gave a yawn in which was gaunted * out a whole month's sleeplessness. It requires a very peculiar kind of a seat, to look well on ass-back; long stirrups, and legs nearly if not altogether meeting below; whereas the Editor sat too far forward upon the shoulder, like Don Olivarez, the Spanish minister, in that famous picture of Velasquez, in our last exhibition. Immediately behind him came our excellent friend, the old German doctor, in a full suit of sables, with spurs on his pumps, according to the ancient physical school; and elevated many feet above the editor, on that well known hack the Paviour, for many years the property of Mr Campbell, Stabler and Vintner, Canongate. The doctor perspired extremely, and had a Monteith handkerchief hanging over his brows from beneath his hat, which caused him to elevate his chin considerably before he could bring his ogles to bear on any inferior object. As he pulled up, a swarm of flies went off with a loud fuz from his veil, and then all settled again upon it, as if the queen-bummer had been enclosed in a crany of the Monteith. I never saw an elderly gentleman seemingly more uncomfortable; and he could only exclaim, "any thing's better than this; I wish I were in the Hartz forest." Scarcely could I believe mine eyes, when they seemed to behold riding together cheek by jowl, and as like as twins, no less personages than the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, and "John the brother of Francis."

* See Dr Jamieson once more. There is really no doing without the Doctor's Dictionary; but let no man, on any account whatever, buy the Abridgment.

"This is not the cause of Faction, or of any individual; but the

To DAVID BRIDGES JUNR ESQUIRE.

The former marked my astonishment on perceiving him in such company; and to divert my ideas, exclaimed, with his usual vivacity, (there is certainly something very pleasant in Jeffrey's smile.) "Ha! Mullion my good fellow! these were very tasty hams you sent us out to Craigcruick; as my friend Napier would say, I made an essay on the scope and tendency of Bacon: nothing like repeated experiments—induction is the most satisfactory of all modes of reasoning. I am surprised the ancients never stumbled upon it; though to tell you the truth, I believe it to be as old as the days of Ham." All this time, a very peculiar expression played round the greater Jeffrey's lips, which it would not be fair to call *wicked;* but which certainly had in it a good deal of malice of a small playful kind. As he glanced his hawk eyes towards the Editor, whose back was turned, because his ass insisted it should be so, he said in an affectionate tone of voice, "En avant, en avant, my dear coz: I hear the wheels of the mail-coach, give little sturdy a touch of Peter Bell." The ass seemed instinctively afraid of Mr Jeffrey's voice, and got under weigh,

"With the slow motion of a summer-cloud,"

followed by the PAVIOUR, and the more alert nags of the brother-reviewers, which they had obvious difficulty in reining in, so as to prevent them from passing the Editor.

But now a much more formidable Contributor presented himself in the person of that perfect gentleman, the SCOTSMAN. He was mounted on that trying animal, a mule, which had planted his fore-feet considerably in advance, strongly backed by his hind ones, brought up as a corps de reserve to support the first line, so that he was entrenched in a very strong position, from which the cudgel of the infuriated Scotsman in vain banged to dislodge him. It was a fair match between wrath and obstinacy; and it was impossible to say which would win the day. There were moments in which the mule seemed to lose heart, under the murderous blows of his rider; while, at other times, the stubbornness of the wretched creature he so inhumanly bestrode so irritated the Scotsman, that he would frequently hit his own shins with his own cudgel, and then betray his uneasiness by the most dismal gestures. Beside him rode that thickset vulgar-looking person, somewhat like a methodist preacher, a good deal marked with the small pox, and well known among the town council by the name of the Scotsman's FLUNKY,* (there is no need to enrich ye with his name,) who told him "to remember his infirmity, and not to allow his passion so to get the better of him as to bring on one of his fits." I thought, my dear Mordecai, that the *Scotsman's* fits had always come on about the same hour on the Saturdays only, but I now found that they are not so regular as to be depended upon, and that he is often overtaken quite unexpectedly, and without any previous intimation. The fit by no means improved his natural beauty and elegance—but caused such unaccountable contortion, both of face and person, that the Flunky himself seemed alarmed—while Dugald Macalpine, the Pimping Caddy of the Laigh Kirk, who accompanied the procession, was heard to exclaim "Pure fallow, is this him that wishes to mend the constitution? I'm sure nae burrugh's half sae rotten as his ain breast. Gude saf' us, hear how he's fliting on the Lord Provost, wha's worth a dizen sic like Gallowa' stots as himsel.—Hush, hush—he's now cursan on Mr Blackwood.—Wha's he that Dr Morris he's slavering about? I wush him and sum ither Doctor was but here to gie him a dose of pheesic. O, sirs! luk at the red whites o' his e'en, a' rowan' about in his heed! Hech! how the tae tail o' his mouth gangs up wi' a swurl to his ee-bree! What a lang foul tongue's hanging out o' his jaws! Ach! siccan a girn! I doubt he'll ne'er cum about again. It's shurely an awfu' judgment on him, for swearan, and cursan, and damman on ither folk.—Hech, sers, but he'll mak a grusome corp!"

My attention was luckily diverted from this painful spectacle by one of the most ludicrous exhibitions you can imagine—and one which made me feel the genius of our immortal Shakspeare (I call him ours, Mordecai, for, after our President's famous speech on that great day before the Dilettanti, Shakspeare

* The most opprobrious name, in Scotland, for a body-menial.

belongs exclusively to our society,) in bringing together on the same scene the extremes of human wretchedness, and human absurdity. For I looked, and lo! upon a white horse sat Dr Search* and the Dominie! I knew the horse well, Mordecai!—a fellow of most rare action—who had run through many a summer's heat and winter's cold in the Dunbar dilly, but who, having become not a little spavined of late, has *degraded* from his wonted diligence, though still it would appear a hack—

"And he now carries who ere-while but drew."

Dr Search occupied the seat nearest the mane—and the Dominie sat with a grim and dissatisfied face on the haunches, which, being very high, may be likened to the two-shilling gallery in reference to the boxes. He held desperately with one hand by the crupper, while, with the other, he was ever and anon snatching at the reins, which he could not bear to see in Dr Search's hand, who, to say the truth, is not so good a horseman as Colonel Quintin by 360 degrees. The Doctor had a spur, I observed, on his near heel, which, short and blunt as it was, he contrived, by repeated kicks, to indent into the gushets of the Dominie's black worsted stockings so as to fetch blood. The poor pedagogue implored ride and tie, but to the prayer of this equitable petition, such is the charms of precedence, his ear the practitioner would not seriously incline—and the patient had nothing for it but to submit his leg to the search. They were clothed, "first and last," in black apparel, but the Dunbar hack, who is the oldest horse that ever wore white hairs, seemed to have been rubbed over with some depilatory preparation, and so freely shed "his longs and his shorts" over the two unfortunate gentlemen, most unjustifiably seated on his back, that they were both in a very hairy condition, and the Dominie indeed was absolutely gray. The spectacle was not lost on two small boys who were enjoying the summer vacation of the High School in the country, one of whom, like a little Triton, blew a cow's horn in honour of those mounted deities, and the other clapping an immense rush fool's cap on his head, spouted, as if reciting for a school-medal, that fine line in Gray's Ode,

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,"

while a poor old labourer who was knapping stones on the road side, kept his hammer in air, aimed towards the mark at his toe, and seemed to congratulate himself on the appearance of two persons evidently worse off than himself, and in a more hopeless condition. As the "arcades ambo" ambled by, they were succeeded by a knot of persons evidently attached to the procession, whom I soon perceived to be the "seven young men" of the Chaldee MS. They wore a sort of uniform, of which lean and shrivelled nankeen pantaloons formed the most distinguishing part. These pantaloons had been so frequently washed, that they had almost shrunk up into breeches, and indeed, I discovered them to be pantaloons chiefly from the want of buttons below the knees. The seven seemed all to be Knights of the Garter—some of them sporting red worsted, but most of them tape. The Editor had obviously distributed to each young man a pair of unbleached thread stockings for the festival, and eke a pair of new shoes, in which, as usual, he shewed more genius than judgment, for sorely seemed their feet to be blistered, so that seven lamer young men could not be seen in town or country on a summer's day. Neither did they keep the step properly, but were perpetually treading on each other's kibes, so that they might have been traced along the dry dust of the beaten highway by the drops of blood that kept oozing from their heels. To keep up their courage, they were all singing pretty much after the fashion of a Dutch concert—and I distinctly heard the voice of one of them quavering a sort of profane parody on a well-known English glee,

* For farther particulars of this learned Theban, see a pamphlet lately published by him, in reply to the aspersions of Dr Morris on the University of Edinburgh. By the by, Ritson the antiquary was exceedingly wroth with Dr Percy for saying "See MSS." when such MSS. was in the sole possession of the Bishop of Dromore himself, and whom our readers, on attempting to get a sight of this erudite writer, may as well expect sending them on a wild-goose chase. Nevertheless, there is such a

"We are Seven poor Contributors,
From garret just set free, &c."

while, unless I am much mistaken, another breathed out in still more Elegiac murmurs, an imitation of Wordsworth's well-known lyrical ballad, "We are Seven," at the pathetic close of which I could not but feel very much affected—

"But still the child would have his will,
Nay, master, 'we are seven.'"

But I now recollected, that the Editor had requested me to join the party, so, as Runciman was quite fresh, I helped up several of the seven young men upon his back, and cautioning the foremost and hindermost to take a lesson by Dr Search and Dominie, and hold well by the mane and crupper, at the same time quieting the fears of him in the middle by reiterated assurances of his safety, I turned back pretty sharply on foot, and came up with the Editor and his advanced guard, just as they had fixed upon a spot for their encampment. I was grievously disappointed, however, on missing both the Greater and lesser Jeffrey, who had gone on, as I was told, to pay a visit at Hamilton Palace, to their friend Lord Archibald—and who had, good-naturedly, lent the party their countenance as far as the Kirk of Shotts, being resolved to play fair by the Editor. In less than half an hour up came the Seven young men, who all in one voice returned me thanks for the use of Runciman, without whom they verily believed they could never have reached the camp. Runciman looked at me in a very quisquis sort of a way, as much as to say, "I think nothing of the wallise, but I never bargained for the Contributors." There was some difficulty in getting them all off—but by dropping down one at a time behind, Runciman's decks were at last cleared, and he instantly testified his satisfaction, by throwing his heels up in the air with an agility scarcely to have been expected from a steed of his standing at the bar. Shortly after, the SCOTSMAN and his FLUNKY, and the PIMPING CADDY, arrived—the first with those dull, heavy, leaden eyes, and that sallow cadaverous face, so fearful in one just recovered from the epilepsy of passion.* The Caddy had wished to have carried him back to the Infirmary; but this proposal roused every feeling in the Flunky's soul, who, you will remember, made a most eloquent speech last year about foul bandages, and stained sheets, and crowded water-closets, and indeed raved beyond all rational Hope. The Scotsman was, therefore, seated on a stone, where he looked like one of those master-pieces of ancient art—not surely the Apollo Belvidere, nor yet the Antinous—but some solitary satyr, exhausted by a Morris-dance; and the Editor could only look at him with a true Christian pity, without being able to administer to him the smallest relief.

I now found, that the Tent had been sent by the heavy waggon, and had lain all night on the road-side, so that it was in a sad rumpled condition. An attempt was, however, made to put it into some decent kind of order, but just as we were going to hoist it, a sour Cameronian-looking sort of a farmer came up, and sternly declared, that the Tent should not be pitched there to "fley the stirks," calling us, at the same time, a set of "idle stravaiging fallows," and threatening to send for a Constable, at which I observed the seven young men faintly smiled. We accordingly shifted our quarters higher up the hill, and were commencing operations a second time, when a band of shearers, Irish and Highland, were attracted by curiosity to the tent, and their conversation became so extremely indecent, that no respectable set of Contributors could stand it; so we broke ground again, and attempted a lodgment close to the Kirk of Shotts. For some time we were greatly annoyed by numbers of black cattle, who returned wheeling and wheeling around us, in the language of Milton,

"Sharpening their mooned horns,"

probably attracted by the "Galloway Stot;" but they soon grew weary of looking at us, and finally gave up the Magazine.

At last the pole was hoisted, and the canvass displayed, with the words "CONSTABLE AND COMPANY'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE," in large letters above the door, surmounted by the whole posse and esse of Beasts. It was,

* The Scotsman's fits are certainly of the nature of epilepsy, a disease thus defined "a convulsive motion of the whole body, or some of its parts, *with a loss of sense.*"

however, soon but too evident that not one of the party knew how to pitch a tent of the description; and there was no getting the pole to stand perpendicular, so that the ropes on one side were a great deal too long—and on the other by much too short. There was no deficiency of wooden pegs, but they were blunt and pointless, and could make no impression on the hard ground of the hill of Shotts, parched and baked as it was by two months drought. The dominie exerted himself in vain with his great maul, but he missed the mark much oftener than he hit it, and the pegs committed to his charge seemed the bluntest of the whole set. "I think the tent will stand now," said the Editor, with a dubious face and hesitating voice—and the Dominie replied, "It is perfectly glorious." Perfectly glorious! thought I—why it is more like an empty haggis-bag than any thing else—and as the old Scotch proverb says, "an empty bag winna stand." The German doctor put his back to the pole, like Sampson carrying the gates of Gaza—but as he had shaved that morning, his strength had departed from him, and he was like other Contributors, so he prudently retired from the championship. The pole creaked ominously, and there was a continued starting of wooden pegs—but we sat down nevertheless to a sort of lunch, consisting of kibbuck * bakes* and small beer—with a small allowance of butter to each Contributor, which, I regret to say, was very rancid, melted down into a sort of lamp-oil, and thickly interspersed with flies. There was in a hamper, a large store of eggs which had been previously boiled—but then they had come several months before from the Isle of Arran, and though few of them were chickeny, all of them were a great deal worse—some black as ink, and others of that yellow peculiar to the pus on a long-neglected wound. "I never smelt any thing half so noxious," said the Flunky, "but an ulcer last year on an old woman's knee, in the Infirmary, which had not been allowed half its allowance of rag"——— but here the Editor mildly stopt the Flunky, reminding him, that the yoke of the Arran eggs was hard enough to bear of itself, without any unnecessary exaggerations. Here I very fortunately went to the door—for some how or other small beer never quite agrees with me—and no sooner had I got "*sub dio*," than down came CONSTABLE AND COMPANY'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE about the ears of the Contributors, while such a noise arose

"As if the whole inhabitation perished."

Soon as the first wild din ceased, I heard the small plaintive voice of Dr Search exclaiming, as if he had been under the University of Edinburgh, "the whole edifice is in ruins!" The Scotsman was heard growling like a bear with a sore head—and the Dominie cried aloud, "the pole, the pole," though certainly the last man in the world likely to reach it. By and by the Flunky rose up with a load of canvass on his back, like a week's sheeting of the Infirmary; and this gave the Contributors an opportunity of escaping from their thraldom, and of making their appearance through the north-west passage. The Editor and senior Doctor were dug out of the ruins with small symptoms of animation—but the Seven young men, who had lain down to sleep, escaped with a few inconsiderable bruises. The two caddies, Pimping Donald and Drunken Dugald, waxed very wroth, and the former burst out, "tamn her, what ca ye this? The Scots Magazeen? She's na worth a single doit. The bits o' rapes that should haud her up, are a' rotten—ae pluff o' wun 'll coup her. We maunna expec' her to staun by hersel'—faith, hoist her up as you wull, she'll just aye play cloit again."

It was now obvious to all, that the Editor had taken too high ground, and that if the company's tent was to be pitched at all, it must be in a situation where it would be less exposed to sudden flaws of wind. It was accordingly carried by the Caddies, Editor, and the seven young men, down a gentle declivity, with slow and cautious steps, till at last they reached a deep hollow, where it was pitched with considerable ease, the soil being bare of all vegetation except a sort of whitish moss, and so soft and moist, that the pole slipt in at once, notwithstanding the awkward interference of the Dominie, who, in spite of the Editor's mild remonstrances, made much need-

* See Dr Jamieson.

less flustering, and kept running to and fro like a wasp without a sting, very fierce and fudgy. The Magazine was not visible from almost any part of the adjacent country, in this sheltered hollow—and when every thing was properly got up, a glass of small beer was handed round to each Contributor, but for the reason already assigned, I civilly begged leave

"To kiss the cup, and pass it to the rest."

The scene now became a good deal more cheerful. The little Kirk of Shotts, crowning the hill, made a decent appearance—here and there were small scanty spots of greenish oats and barley that had, however, got all the ripening they were ever to have—and small insignificant cocks of rushy hay stood pertly enough in various directions. Rather unluckily there was in the tent a nest of humble bees, of that brown irritable sort called "foggies" —which were far from being agreeable contributors, and some of them took a violent antipathy to the Dominie, entangling themselves in his black sleek hair, and thereby sorely aggravating the natural irritability of his temper. A curlew, (Scotticè whawp) uttered its wild cry from a neighbouring marsh, and a lapwing, (Scotticè pease-weep) afraid that the Editor intended to rob her nest, kept wheeling round and round the tent, and then trundled herself off, with seemingly broken legs and wings, to the strong temptation of Dr Search, who, getting nettled, made one of his injudicious sallies from the Magazine, in chase of her, but came down on his breech in a wet marshy spring with a squash that was heard in the interior of the tent, and brought out the Dominie with a copy of Potter's Translation of Eschylus in his dexter hand, to know what had resulted. Dr Search did not recover his serenity during the whole afternoon, but kept

"Pacing about the moors continually,"—

with his hand on the part that was more sinned against than sinning—extending the wet cloth a few inches from the skin, and with a rueful face watching the progress of the drying, which, from the low situation of the place affected, and of the tent, was long and tedious.

The Contributors were beginning to bite their nails for want of something to do or think, when the Flunky, who had gone down to the high-road to see the mail coach pass by, returned with a parcel of letters, all addressed to the Editor, which being on the public business of Tent or Magazine, were read aloud by him in an agreeable, but somewhat mouthing manner.

I.

DEAR SIR,—I am so busy with my discoveries in Asia, that I cannot come to the Kirk of Shotts. Besides, I think there is going to be a change of weather—and as I have slept in the Tent formerly, when it was in much better repair than now, I really cannot bring my mind to think of risking my health in it, it being said to have so many chinks. Pitch it in a lown place, and be sure you all sleep together to windward. Yours very sincerely, H. M.
Excise Office, August 28th.

II.

MY DEAR SIR,—My professional duties will prevent me from joining the Magazine at present. Besides, you know I have all along been against this scheme of the Tent. It is too obvious an imitation of our good friends in Prince's Street, and you really ought not, my worthy sir, to steal from Dr Morris, and at the same time abuse him, as I was truly sorry to see you doing in your last Number. Depend upon it, that some confounded Chaldee MS. or other will be coming out to put you all into hot water.—I am, my dear sir, yours ever.
College Library.

III.

SIR,—It wont pay.—Yours, W. H.
P. S.—Reynolds is off.
Chapter Coffee-house, London. August 24th.

IV.

DEAR SIR,—Gude faith I maun mind the shop, ma man.—Yours, however,
D. B. Junior.
The Corner.

V.

MR EDITOR,
HONOURED SIR,—I have got a sore head, having been at a Mason Lodge last night. But I will take care to send you the second canto of the Silliad, when you come back. I return you many thanks for the guinea.—I am, honoured sir, your grateful Contributor, WILLISON GLASS.*

* We have since been assured by Mr Willison Glass, who is really a man of genius, (his "Prince Charlie" is a fine Jacobite strain, and he sings it most pathetically,) that he wrote no such letter as the above. It must, therefore, be the invention of some wag or other. Mr Glass has likewise requested us to assure the public that he is not the author

Please shew the following card to the gentlefolks.

Card to the public.

An ordinary every lawful day at 2 o'clock —cow-heel, tripe, liver, and lights, (and a bottle of small beer between every two), for 5½d. Also, on sale a volume of Poems, price 3 shillings; to which is now added, an appendix, containing the Silliad, Canto I. published in the last Number of Constable and Company's Edinburgh Magazine. The succeeding Cantos which I am fast writing for that celebrated work, will be delivered gratis to the 3 shilling subscribers. Performed by me, WILLISON GLASS.

These apologies threw a considerable damp over the Tent, but, in imitation of Odoherty and his companions, it was now proposed to have a shooting match. I had not previously observed any arms or ammunition about the party, who indeed seemed inoffensive and altogether defenceless —but drunken Dugald now handed out the weapons, and the match was decided as follows. The Scotsman pulled out of a dirty bag (in which he carried his spare shirt) a copy of Peter's Letters.

" Aye me! that e'er green Mona's* skrely childe,
Should draw the breath impure of paynim dungeon vilde!"

And bellowed out in a voice like that of an ox with a bull-dog hanging by his lips, " curse him, damn him, blast him," but here the Flunky stept up and beseeched the " Mull of Galloway" to remember the state he was in only a few hours ago, and that two fits in one day would infallibly carry him off. The three extended volumes of Dr Morris were accordingly put up at the distance of 20 yards, forming a line of about 3½ feet long and 1 broad. The Editors and Contributors were drawn up *en potence* by drunken Dugald, who had once served in the sea fencibles, Aberdeen, but a more awkward squad I never clapped eyes upon, and when they came to the " shoulder," some of them threw up their pieces into the right hand, and some into the left, so that there was great confusion, and the Dominie and Dr Search actually exchanged weapons for a few moments like Hamlet and Laertes in the play.

Trial on the 25th at 20 yards distance, all shooting with No 4, (except the Scotsman, who used rusty nails, bits of glass, and broken types,) at the expanded three Volumes of Dr Peter Morris of Pensharpe Hall, Aberystwith.

	Wadding.	Shot. Oz.	Grains put in.	Leaves pierced.
Editor,	Old Sermon.	¼	0	0
1. Trial, found not to be charged				
2. Hung fire				
3. Flashed in the pan				
4. Went off accidentally				
5. Missed				
German Doctor	Gardener's grass.	½	Ditto.	Ditto.
Flunky	Foul linen.	2½	Ditto.	Ditto.
Scotsman, gun recoiled	Ditto.	5	Ditto.	Ditto.
Dr Search	Foolscap.	½	1	Ditto.
Dominie, blunderbuss burst	Title-page of the 1st edit. of Cona.	5	Ditto.	Ditto.
Seven young men, pop gun	None.	½ lb. pease.	130	0

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of the Silliad. Indeed, who that knows his talents could, for a moment, suppose him capable of the ensuing stuff.

I could write better if I read more poets:
But I grow tired of them, I cannot tell
One from another: " Tales of the Hall!"—O it's
Wordsworth wrote them. No, Crabbe.—Aye, Peter Bell
Is Wordsworth's latest poem, Is it?—No it's
Not,—there's Benjamin the Waggoner—well,
I never read it:—I read only Blackwood's
Magazine poems—very good!—and Packwood's
Razor-strop poems—better still!—and Warren's
Poems on Double Blacking—best of any!—
Warren's a mighty genius, nothing barren's
In his invention: trust me there's not many
Poets with Warren can be placed on par, in's
Knack of story-telling, worth a Heyne
To comment on: O, he is far 'bove Packwood,
A fortiori, greatly above Blackwood!

This is indeed powerful satire; and our prophecy is fulfilling, that Constable's Magazine would laugh Blackwood's down. We have quoted these stanzas, that the public may see how very witty some people are!!! and that it is a great shame to overlook old Maga. Will Wastle's " Dunciad" do after this? We shall see by-and-by.

* This quotation from Spenser is very well in Hugh Mullion, for the family of Dr Morris came originally from Anglesea.

was a hopeless effort—and one of
:ven wise men, (I beg his par-
one of the seven young men
sed a trial at 10 yards, but this
)bjected to by another of them,
e shot would be like one ball.
ıen proposed to extend the distance
yards, when their pieces would
r more widely—and accordingly
's Letters were removed by them
still higher elevation. But just
r Search was going to fire, his
:aught that of the well pleased
ligent physician of Aberystwith,
suddenly shutting his eyes very
, as frightened as a volunteer on
d-day, he let fly, and missed the
e concern by at least twenty yards.
as the Dominie was going to fire,
ıonest face of the Ettrick Shep-
guffawed to him from the comely
'o, as if he was laughing to scorn
l'ent and all the helpless creatures
t its gates, and the pedagogue's
which he had borrowed from the
ıman, dropped from his hand,

Inutile telum.

Editor's turn came next, but just
was taking aim, the calm, thought-
philosophical, countenance of Mr
ın beamed from the book, and at

Et tu Brute

Editor went to the right about,
walked undischarged into the
t. The Scotsman then took his
on, but the recoil of his piece, on
former trial, had swollen his right
k to an enormous size and ugli-
, so that he was constrained to take
from the left side, and had
ly committed fratricide on one of
stirks grazing in the minister's
e. The Flunky and others gave
n despair; and Dr Morris, invul-
ble to the banditti into whose hands
ıad fallen, was recommitted a pri-
r to the Scotsman's dirty bag,
ı which I hope he will escape ulti-
ely, without either infection or
nin.

t was now beginning to get rather
l in this high situation, and the
tt's shower came drifting by, so we
ght shelter in our Tent. But never
was any thing so uncomfortable. A sort of fire had been kindled in it, and drunken Dugald had been at his pipe—so it was filled with smoke, through whose darkness visible frowned at times the uncomely face of the Scotsman. It was also very wet beneath foot; and how, or on what, we were to pass the night, must have been a trying thought to all of us. It soon began to rain in good earnest, a downright plumper, and the water came in as through a sieve. I said nothing, but went out and found Runciman with his haunches prest close to the leeside of the Tent, imploring shelter. I clapt the saddle and wallise on him, and mounted. Never was a horse happier—He set off at a round trot, and I soon got to Mid-Calder, where I shifted, and made myself comfortable over a jug of toddy with the landlord, who had observed the pilgrimage pass by, and felt much for their helpless condition when the storm should come on. I afterwards understood, that a message had been sent from the Tent to the manse imploring a night's lodging; but the excellent minister and his lady were from home, and the servant-lasses would not, on any account, admit any but the "Seven young men," who looked so cold and innocent that they were taken to the kitchen fireside, and, after a bellyful of buttermilk brose, were shewn the door of the barn—but the rest passed a plashy night in the Tent. I am frightened to look back at the length of this enormous letter—crost and recrost like a field in spring with the harrow. But you are a good decypherer—so, hoping you will pardon all this nonsense, which is at least perfectly good-natured, I am, dear Mordy, your affectionate brother, HUGH MULLION.

Provision Warehouse,
Grassmarket, Sept. 1.

I heard them pluffing away to-day at the partridges close to the Maiden-hospital. I have attempted a kind of sketch of the pilgrimage which I got the Director-General of the arts to furbish up a little with a few of his battery touches.

Most of us were greatly entertained with this odd letter of Hugh Mullion, ugh perhaps all its allusions were not understood by more than two or

three of the party, of which number we frankly confess that we ourselves were not. To Seward and Buller it seemed wholly unintelligible, though they both continued listening to the broad patois of Mordy with most laudable perseverance; the first occasionally exclaiming, "cursed witty,'pon my soul, you Scotch people, if a christian could comprehend ye;" and the latter as doggedly attentive as a man to a sermon in the incipient stage of drowsiness; while Price and Tims, who seemed quite alarmed at the mystery, took an opportunity of going out of the Tent with the avowed design of bathing Randal and Flash in the Dee, these two tykes for some time having sorely interrupted the letter-reader by that desperate snuzzling of mouth and nostril which accompanies an unsuccessful flea-hunt. But though the Oxonians were not initiated into these mysteries of the Cabiri, they were highly delighted with the spirited sketch of the pilgrimage—and Buller, who, with all his gravity and taciturnity, is evidently a wag in his way, put himself into an attitude, when sitting behind Seward on the head of the whisky-cask, most ludicrously imitative of the Dominie

"Alike—but oh! how different."

"Pray, Mordy," said Dr Morris, "have you in good faith a brother called Hugh, or is this letter all a quiz?" "It is exceedingly good to hear you talk of quizzing," replied Mordecai—"but do you know, Dr, that many people in Edinburgh maintain that you—even you yourself—are a fictitious character altogether, and that John Watson's picture is not a *copy* of, but absolutely *the original and only Dr Morris*. You are a mere man of canvass, Dr, and that pawky face and skeely skull of yours, so like flesh, blood, and bone, is, I am credibly informed, nothing but a mixture of oil-colours, and that you were begotten, carried forward, born and bred, all in about three sittings." Dr Morris, who is so much given to laugh at others, was somewhat disconcerted by this attack on his very existence, and Tickler recommended him to institute a prosecution against those who absolutely were attempting to deprive him, not of the means of subsistence, for that was a mere trifle, but of a body to be subsisted.—"If," continued Tickler, "you be indeed a fictitious character, you are the most skilful imitation of a human being that I ever met with in daylight. You think nothing of eating a brace of grouse and a pound of branxy to your breakfast—indeed, always saving and excepting our Editor, I will back you to eat against the whole Tent—and as for the mountain-dew, ye sip it like a second Ettrick Shepherd. Come, tell us frankly at once, are you, or are you not, a fictitious character?" Hogg chuckled to hear his friend Morris roasted; "for," quoth he, "Pate is aye playing off his tricks on me and my fiznomie, and though I'm as gude-natured a chield as maist folks, deil tak me gin I dinna turn about some day on him and some mair o' you daft blades, and try gin I canna write a Chaldee MS. Gray was doing a' he could to put me up to it a gay while syne, but gin I do't at a' I'll do't o' mysell, and no for nane o' his gab—for he's just gaen a' hyte thegither, 'cause Dr Morris there didna clap him in amang the leeterawti."—Dr Morris had by this time recovered himself, and he observed, that on a question of this nature, he could scarcely be admitted as a witness, still less as a judge. Yet he must be allowed to say, that the charge of nonentity brought against him was far from being handsome in the Whigs of Edinburgh, to whose existence he had not scrupled to bear the most honourable testimony. "Pray," added the Doctor, "is Mr Jeffrey a fictitious character? Is Professor Leslie a fictitious character? Nay, to come nearer home, is Mr Wastle here a fictitious character? I am confident that every candid person will at once reply in the negative. Why, therefore, not admit me to the same privilege?

"Though fame I slight, nor for her favours call,
I come in person, if I come at all."

The point being at last conceded to the eloquent physician, Mr Seward rose from the cask with his usual grace, and threw over to us a letter written in a

large gnostic sprauling hand, on massy hot pressed paper, and enclosed in a franked envelope, with a splash of wax as broad as a china saucer, which he said we were at liberty to read, now that the Cockneys were hunting the Naiads, swearing us at the same time to silence, as from the irascible temper of Tims, who had lately been within an ace of swallowing the Standard-bearer, he could not hope to return to his rooms in Peck-water,* were that illustrious Luddite to discover the nature of his correspondence with old Scribble.

TO HARRY SEWARD, ESQ.

Bedford Coffeehouse, Sept. 1, 1819.

I PITY you sincerely, my dear friend, amongst those Scottish savages. You are like Theseus amongst the Centaurs. Buller himself seems to be undergoing a sort of metempsychosis, and his transformation begins at the stomach. He is, probably, by this time a wolf. As to those two anomalous instances of humanity, those Weaklings of the City, I really expect that they will be devoured in the first dearth of game, and that Tims, being found too meagre even for soup, will be cast as "bones" to those lean and hungry quadrupeds who follow the march of your frightful army. Every thing with you seems to wear the same face; from the "imber edax" to the canines themselves.

Well, here I am, the victim of leisure and hot weather. I am waiting my uncle's arrival from Paris, and my only consolation is, that I am at least on duty. I struggle through the day in the most pitiable perplexity, labouring from hour to hour to be amused and amusing in vain. I even suspect that I shall infuse a portion of my languor into this my epistle to you. I dont know how the devil the women contrive to get on, but there is a spirit of perversity about them now and then, which supplies the place of animal strength. The male performers at the Lyceum have evidently been unable to go through three pieces each night; so the women started (all fillies as for the "Oaks") and run over the ground alone. This is a piece of impudence on the part of the petticoats which deserves something more than mere remonstrance. Miss Kelly, to be sure, stands out as a fine concentration of the male species, (she is the only approximation to the sex,) and "serves you out" with a due portion of talk, in order to do justice to her corporate capacity. Mrs Chatterly, too, is a pleasant evidence of loquacious frailty; and Miss Stevenson, with only one character to support, has a sort of double-tongued attainment, which she puts forth in a way prepossessingly earnest. We feel convinced, at once, that Mr Ashe is by no means the only person who can perform a duet on one instrument.

I lament, sincerely, that you haven't got your gloves with you; otherwise you might take the conceit out of *Mister* Price, and abolish Tims altogether,—the one for affecting the gentleman, and the other for imitating man at all.

Tims!—There is a monosyllabic thinness in the name that stands in the place of the most elaborate comment. It has no weight upon the tongue, and sounds like the essence of nothing. It scarcely amounts to "thin air"; and when one strives to elevate it to the dignity of a word, one feels a consciousness that the attempt is presumptuous and vain. The letters seem scarcely the legitimate offspring of the alphabet. They have, collectively, none of the softness of the vowel, and none of the strength of the consonant; but seem to be at the half-way house between meaning and absurdity. The name (pronounce it) sounds like the passing buzz of a drone. It is like a small and ill-favoured number in the lottery, which seems predestined to be a blank from the beginning. I see Tims "the shadow" before me; and whenever, for the future, I shall quote the saying of the mighty Julius, I will say, "Aut Cæsar, aut Tims!"

And then you tell me of *Mister* Price. I admire your ingenious note

* Mr Seward has since condescended to inform us that Peck-water is the name of one of the quadrangles (or, as he terms them, *quads*) of Christ-Church.

about dandies, but the subject is stale and I cannot revive it. He seems of the same intellectual stature with his friend, but he has more of the leaven of mortality about him. This seems to be the sole distinction between them—one appears to be a vehicle for want of meaning, and the other cannot claim to be even any thing. The utterance of the name of "Price" leaves the lips in a state of suspension, and as it were consideration, which alone gives him claim to some attention. One says, almost mechanically, "Price!"—"What Price?"—any Price:—no Price. The fall is like that of the stocks in stormy times, except that the name is scarcely worth a "speculation!"

Talking of gloves, as Mr Aircastle would say, puts me in mind of the real thing, of which gloves are but the representatives.* Cy. Davis has retrieved his fame. He has committed a sort of conquest upon a gentleman from the 'Emerald Isle', whose genius was anything but pugilistic. They met at Moulsey; the collision was *striking* enough, but altogether in favour of Cy. Your friends are wrong about Donelly. He did not 'go immediately to Brighton.' I saw him at Riddlesdown about three hours after his *victory*, as it has been pleasantly called, (he was within an ace of getting a drubbing) and I heard Shelton invite him very civilly to a renewal of the sport in two or three months time. 'Sir Daniel,' however, seemed to have more than enough of conquest, and sported forbearance. He is a heavy, awkward fellow, and beat, by mere accident, Oliver, who is much lighter than himself, and the slowest hitter in the ring. 'Mr Daniel,' before the battle, affected to be sorry for poor 'Oliver, on account of his family—*because he should bate him so asily!!*' But what is all this to you who, it seems, put forth your Oxford fruit in a foreign land, and reduce the Coliseum to couplets.

By the bye, if Buller should go on blundering at the birds as in the olden time, he will stand a good chance of getting a coup de grace from one or other of your new friends. Perhaps Mister Odoherty may 'do the honours,' or the task may be confided to the 'shepherd's dog' in one of those snug dells which occur frequently among the mountains. Mr Odoherty is a pleasant exotic, who would run wild in any soil. Give my compliments to him; and say that, for Dr Morris, his visage, and his craniology, I profess to entertain the most profound respect.

Now that you *are* in the North, my dear fellow, you may as well do my cousin Longus Scribble a good turn. You know his universal genius, and can do justice to it. Just mention him to the Editor *in your way*.† Longus is just coming out with an elaborate work. It will occupy, I understand, three quarto volumes, (they will be hot pressed) and will be entitled, '*An Essay upon Things in General.*' There is fine scope, as you will see, for Longus's genius here. The title to a common man would be absolutely alarming; but my paper is exhausted. I have scarcely room to say that I am, as usual, yours very sincerely,

FREEMAN SCRIBBLE.

P. S. I thrust this scrap of paper into my letter, merely to say that I was at the Reform Meeting where all went off quietly enough. I saw one respectable looking person in the crowd from whose pocket the following lines fell, perhaps they may amuse you.

* * * *

———ifficult: oh! what a train I see
To guard against, the wicked and the weak,
Both dangerous. Wordy demagogues, first heard

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* A promising plant of the Bristol Garden. He was beat by Turner, and it was thought by some, that he fought shy of the Welchman's left-hand—but t'other day, he smashed Bushnel, the little Irish Ajax, like so much crokery-ware. Cy. is a good hitter—but he is fond of having things his own way, and is thought to pay a compliment better than he receives one. But who is perfect? EDITOR.

† It was a singular enough coincidence, that we had a letter in our pocket at this very time from Longus himself, soliciting our patronage, and offering to send down for our inspection a small specimen (200 pages) of his work. We have also lying by us (in Edinburgh) an article by him "on Virtues and Vices," which should have been inserted in our Magazine before this time, but for its extreme length, breadth, and thickness,—the subject being palpably too large for discussion in a periodical work. EDITOR.

And first neglected. Then come desperate men,
Who're born of turbulence and storm, and rise
And fall like scum upon the troubled wave,
Torn from its depths by powerful accident,
And sinking as the sea grows clear and quiet.
Then, pliant heartless rogues, too light to sink,
Who, buoyed by weightier stuff, sail gaily on
Thro' cross and dangerous currents, uppermost,
Whate'er the weather, and like corks, rebound,
Unhurt from every shock. Then some there are,
Deep villains these, who keep their subtle course
Below the surface; whom the winds ne'er ruffle,
And the rough storm rides over; scarcely known
But by the bubbles they send forth to burst,
And that shows how they wander. Then comes forth
The loose-brained fanatic, like a balloon
Lighted by others' wit, and sent abroad,
A wavering perilous light to cheat the eye,
That knaves may thrive, and many more
Who * * * * *

At the conclusion of this epistle, the Ettrick Shepherd asked Seward, with more asperity than we recollect ever before to have seen him exhibit, "wha that Scribble ane had in his ee whan he tauked o' Scottish savages?" Seward, who had long taken a strong liking to the Shepherd, gave him the most reiterated assurances that there was nothing personal in the remark, but that, on the contrary, it applied to the Editor and all the Contributors indiscriminately—with which satisfactory explanation the Bard seemed quite contented. Nothing could be more delightful than to witness the friendship of those two great men. We had been informed in the morning by Tickler, that during our absence Hogg and Seward were inseparable. The Shepherd recited to the Oxonian his wild lays of fairy superstition, and his countless traditionary ballads of the olden time—while the Christ-Church man, in return, spouted Eton and Oxford Prize Poems,—some of them in Latin, and, it was suspected, one or two even in Greek,—greatly to the illumination, no doubt, of the Pastoral Bard. Hogg, however, frankly informed his gay young friend, "that he could na thole college poetry, it was a' sae desperate stupid. As for the Latin and Greek poems, he liked them weel enough, for it was na necessary for ony body to understand them; but for his ain part, he aye wished the English anes to hae just some wee bit inkling o' meaning, and, on that account, he hated worse o' a' them that Seward called by the curious name o' Sir Roger Newdigates. Deel tak me," quoth the Shepherd, "gin the Sir Rogers binna lang supple idiots o' lines, no worthy being set up in teeps." "Similitude in Dissimilitude" is the principle of friendship as well as, according to Mr Wordsworth, of poetry—and certainly while Hogg and Seward resembled each other in frankness, joviality, good humour, generosity, and genius, there is no denying that the shades of difference in their appearance, dress and manners, were very perceptible. Seward was most importunate on the Shepherd to get him to promise a visit to Oxford, where, with his light sky-blue jacket and white hat, he would electrify the Proctors. Nay, the Englishman went so far as to suggest the propriety of the Shepherd's entering himself at one of the Halls, where gentlemen, by many years his senior, sometimes come to revive the studies of their youth—and "who knows," said Seward, "my dear chum, if the Ettrick Shepherd may not one day or other be the Principal of St Mary's Hall." The Shepherd replied with his usual naivete, that he "preferred remaining the Principal of St Mary's Loch;" at which piece of pleasantry Buller himself, though a severe critic of jokes, condescended to smile, somewhat after the manner of Dr Hodgson.* This sally of the Shepherd's took so prodigiously throughout the Tent, that Buller resolved to be witty likewise, and accordingly, mounting the whisky cask, as a rostrum (or, as the Shepherd called it with equal propriety, a nostrum), he recited extremely well the following jeu d'esprit.

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* There are two Dr Hodgsons, well known in the literary and theological world—the Principal of Brazennose and the Minister of Blantyre. It is the former whom Mr Buller takes for his model.

Small Talk.

Blaspi mello Saphi stello
Cyrni repo murmolan:
Partu Janni Leide Ranni
Crispor claspor emosan!

Conro preena, sildoleena,
Timbri? Maltri?—sinabee?
Laral snovi, Laral Lovi
Planab askirestabee!*

TARSHLUBIK, Book III. v. 550.

CANTO I.

I.

AID me, ye Nine! I own that's nothing new,
I'll think of novelty another time;
Aid me, ye three times three! perhaps may do,
And three to one it passes for sublime;
Aid me—and on my paper let me view,
If not true poetry, at least true rhyme;
I've much to say—the Nine have but delayed me,
And therefore, once for all, ye Muses aid me!

II.

Poems are now the fashion; half we meet
Twine bays around their brows, *or try to twine.*
Prose may be called blank verse, if right the feet,
Provided capitals commence each line.
Many are poets in their own conceit;
Each has his phrenzy, I perhaps have mine;
When the verse halts, and inspiration lingers,
We count the syllables with thumbs and fingers.

III.

All have their hobbies, and away they ride
Wherever happiness appears to be;
Some choose a hobby which they cannot guide,
And get capsized by land, or wrecked by sea;
Let monied men their golden calf bestride,
A Pegasus shall be the horse for me;
Some bards write always dolefully, and thus
They make a Nightmare of their Pegasus.

IV.

Upon *my* hobby, I can never lack
Companions as I go; so many sing,
That Pegasus is now almost a hack;
Young ladies sometimes chirp like any thing;
Placing a side-saddle upon his back,
They canter of to the Castalian spring:
Though ink is spilt in triumph as they pass us,
They're spilt themselves before they reach Parnassus.

V.

All search for fame, which has been scarce of late;
And men are vastly pleased ere they bestow it;
But if I think my talents very great,
I'll find a way to make the people know it;
As barbers have their signs, so o'er my gate
I'll write up—"Regular Apprenticed Poet."
I'll serve my time directly, in the trade
Fine verses and fine fortunes have been made.

VI.

But critics all my budding hopes may blight;
They're vastly disagreeable, no doubt,
When sparks peep forth affecting to be bright,
With large extinguishers they put them out;
These vile Reviews annihilate us quite,
And spoil our daily rest, like fits of gout,
Yes, just like gouty fits, for they appear
As periodical, and as severe.

VII.

But I profess to be, and am indeed
One of the lofty highly favoured few;
I'll scribble in security, nor heed
Aught the severest of the throng can do;
They tell us what we may—or may not read;
What with applause, or censure we may view;
They awe small wits—to that I don't object,
It makes us greater wits the more select.

VIII.

They may be mischievous at times I own,
When private pique or malice intervene;
Tho' vast decision sits upon their frown,
They're not infallible by any means;
Some in maturity have met renown,
Whose lays were damned in toto, in their teens;
Great critics (like great poets) sense have got,
Small critics (like small poets) have it not.

* Will any of our Correspondents favour us with a translation of these verses, or indeed of the whole poem of which they are a part? The poem may be seen in the first volume of that curious work, "The Huminstyle," which we are surprised has never been given to the world in an English dress. The French translation is most execrable.

IX.

ty knowing persons ne'er peruse
ooks or new, tho' they adorn their
helves;
thly or else quarterly, they use
ns borrowed from reviewing elves;
s, whilst they are taking in reviews,
re very often taken in themselves.
ts are dangerous at second hand,
ld not prate unless we understand.

X.

r might as well attempt to trace
ant prospect which he never saw;
ril's Bridge, or any other place
n, it would be difficult to draw;
they read a book, with wondrous grace
praise a beauty, or condemn a flaw;
coks are named, and others praise or
blame,
ok exceeding wise, and do the same.

XI.

uch excel in Small Talk, who can mix
ayings of a literary kind;
eople have exhausted politics
kes the conversation more refined;
ay men, their whole attention fix
the state of weather, and of wind;
y, if glasses rise, or glasses fall;
irs must be the Smallest Talk of all.

XII.

rary gleaners prate away,
others think them very deeply read;
guments have weight, and well they may,
dering their density of head;
all them the Apollos of the day,
llo's image may be made of lead)
ey cut grammar or misquote a line,
learning sounds prodigious fine.

XIII

'alk is indispensable at routs,
more so at a little coterie
friends, in number eight—or thereabouts,
to enjoy loquacity and tea;
l talk were abolished, I've my doubts
lies would survive to fifty-three;
ll the stigma, ladies, fall on you,
ve a little bit of Small Talk too.

XIV.

hanges there would be, if no tongues ran,
pt in sober sense and conversation;
many a communicative man
ld take to silence and to cogitation;
d stop old maids (if aught that's earthly
can)
cut the thread of many an oration:
chelors would daudle through the day,
on in a very hum drum way.

XV.

What would become of those who, when at prayers,
Lean down their heads and whisper in their
pews?
Those at the play who give themselves such airs,
Careful each celebrated speech to lose?
How would the poor man suffer, who prepares
For small snug parties which he can't refuse?
What would become of all the gay pursuits,
If all gay people suddenly turned mutes?

XVI.

Partners at balls would look extremely blue,
Whilst waiting for their turn to point the toe;
Youths tete-a-tete would scarce know what to do,
Over their juice of grape, or juice of sloe;
Two people in a chaise might travel through
England and Wales—and they in fact might go
Over the Continent, and all the way
Be *confidential* once or twice a day.

XVII.

Lovers would think it very hard, I fear,
If sober sense they were condemned to speak,
Husbands and wives a voice would seldom hear
Unless it happened to be washing week;
The language of the eyes, I think, 'tis clear
Old married people very seldom seek:
(Couples oft disagree, I'm told)—but this
Is just by way of a parenthesis.

XVIII.

How very peaceable we should be then,
None would have words, e'en bullies would
be dumb,
How changed would be the busy hum of men,
The fame of certain wits would prove a hum;
Tatlers deprived of speech, would seize a pen,
They are a nuisance not to be o'ercome;
Schemers the credulous no more would balk,
For schemes would very rarely end in Talk.

XIX.

One thing assuredly would pass away,
One ever useful, ever sweet resource,
Which, when good folks are puzzled what to say,
Gives the discussion piquancy and force;
It keeps both male and female tongues in play,
Till male and female voices become hoarse;
Scandal, I mean—when sense is in repute,
The many tongues of scandal must be mute.

XX.

These changes are not all;—I'll not proceed,
I've mentioned quite enough in my narration,
They'd be so universal, that indeed,
They'd baffle any man's investigation
To calculate them all—I must exceed
George Bidder, who is famed for calculation:
Arithmetic to him's a pleasant game;—
"He lisped in numbers for the numbers came!"

XXI.

But as for me, my skill was never great
In casting up odd figures and round O's.
At school my master I did execrate,
From words he very often came to blows;
And most undutifully on my slate,
I used to sketch the outline of his nose;
I scribbled on my copy-book for fun;
And always failed at dot and carry one.

"Here endeth Canto first," quod Buller—"we may reserve the farther consideration of the subject for another discourse." Poetry being the order of the day, we took up a little parcel which had been forwarded to us from Edinburgh, and found it to contain some very beautiful verses by Mrs Hemans, on a subject that could not but be profoundly interesting to the soul of every Scotsman. Our readers will remember, that about a year ago, a truly patriotic person signified his intention of giving £1000 towards the erection of a monument to Sir William Wallace. At the same time, he proposed a prize of £50 to the best Poem on the following subject—"The meeting of Wallace and Bruce on the Banks of the Carron." This prize was lately adjudged to Mrs Hemans, whose poetical genius has been for some years well known to the public, by those very beautiful poems, "Greece," and "The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy."—Our pages have already been graced with some of her finest verses—witness that most pathetic Elegy on the Death of the Princess Charlotte, which first appeared in our Miscellany. It was with much pleasure that we lately observed, in that respectable journal, the Edinburgh Monthly Review, a very elegant critique on a new volume of Mrs Hemans, entitled "Tales and Historic Scenes," with copious extracts; and when we mentioned in the Tent, that Mrs Hemans had authorised the judges, who awarded to her the prize, to send her poem to us, it is needless to say with what enthusiasm the proposal of reading it aloud was received on all sides, and at its conclusion what thunders of applause crowned the genius of the fair poet. Scotland has her Baillie—Ireland her Tighe—England her Hemans.

THE MEETING OF WALLACE AND BRUCE ON THE BANKS OF THE CARRON.

THE morn rose bright on scenes renown'd,
Wild Caledonia's classic ground,
Where the bold sons of other days
Won their high fame in Ossian's lays,
And fell—but not till Carron's tide
With Roman blood was darkly dyed.
The morn rose bright—and heard the cry
Sent by exulting hosts on high,
And saw the white-cross banner float,
(While rung each clansman's gathering note)
O'er the dark plumes and serried spears
Of Scotland's daring Mountaineers,
As all elate with hope, they stood,
To buy their freedom with their blood.
The sunset shone—to guide the flying,
And beam a farewell to the dying!
The summer-moon, on Falkirk's field,
Streams upon eyes in slumber sealed;
Deep slumber—not to pass away
When breaks another morning's ray,
Nor vanish, when the trumpet's voice
Bids ardent hearts again rejoice;
What sunbeam's glow, what clarion's breath,
May chase the still cold sleep of death?
Shrouded in Scotland's blood-stain'd plaid,
Low are her mountain-warriors laid;
They fell, on that proud soil, whose mould
Was blent with heroes' dust of old,
And guarded by the free and brave,
Yielded the Roman—but a grave!
Nobly they fell—yet with them died
The warrior's hope, the leader's pride.
Vainly they fell—that martyr-host—
All, save the land's high soul, is lost.
Blest are the slain! *they* calmly sleep,
Nor hear their bleeding country weep;
The shouts, of England's triumph telling,
Reach not their dark and silent dwelling;
And those, surviving to bequeath
Their sons the choice of chains or death,
May give the slumberer's lowly bier,
An envying glance—but not a tear.
But thou, the fearless and the free,
Devoted Knight of Ellerslie!
No vassal-spirit, formed to bow
When storms are gathering, clouds thy brow,
No shade of fear, or weak despair,
Blends with indignant sorrow there!
The ray which streams on yon red field,
O'er Scotland's cloven helm and shield,
Glitters not *there* alone, to shed
Its cloudless beauty o'er the dead,
But, where smooth Carron's rippling wave,
Flows near that death-bed of the brave,
Illuming all the midnight scene,
Sleeps brightly on thy lofty mien.
But other beams, O Patriot! shine
In each commanding glance of thine,
And other light hath filled thine eye,
With inspiration's majesty,
Caught from th' immortal flame divine,
Which makes thine inmost heart a shrine!
Thy voice a prophet's tone hath won,
The grandeur Freedom lends her son;
Thy bearing, a resistless power,
The ruling genius of the hour;
And he, yon Chief, with mien of pride,
Whom Carron's waves from thee divide,
Whose haughty gesture fain would seek
To veil the thoughts that blanch his cheek,
Feels his reluctant mind controlled
By thine of more heroic mould;
Though, struggling all in vain to war
With that high mind's ascendant star,
He, with a conqueror's scornful eye,
Would mock the name of Liberty.
Heard ye the Patriot's awful voice?—
"Proud Victor! in thy fame rejoice!
Hast thou not seen thy brethren slain,
The harvest of thy battle-plain,

And bathed thy sword in blood, whose spot
Eternity shall cancel not?
Rejoice!—with sounds of wild lament,
O'er her dark heaths and mountains sent,
With dying moan, and dirge's wail,
Thy ravaged country bids thee hail!
Rejoice!—while yet exulting cries,
From England's conquering host arise,
And strains of choral triumph tell,
Her Royal Slave hath fought too well!
Oh! dark the clouds of woe that rest
Brooding o'er Scotland's mountain-crest,
Her shield is cleft, her banner torn,
O'er martyred chiefs her daughters mourn,
And not a breeze, but wafts the sound
Of wailing through the land around.
Yet deem not thou, till life depart,
High hope shall leave the patriot's heart,
Or courage to the storm inured,
Or stern resolve, by woes matured,
Oppose, to Fate's severest hour,
Less than unconquerable power!
No! though the orbs of heaven expire,
Thine, Freedom! is a quenchless fire,
And woe to him whose might would dare,
The energies of *thy* despair!
No!—when thy chain, O Bruce! is cast
O'er thy land's charter'd mountain-blast,
Then in my yielding soul shall die
The glorious faith of Liberty."
"Wild hopes! o'er dreamer's mind that rise!"
With haughty laugh the Conqueror cries,
(Yet his dark cheek is flushed with shame,
And his eye filled with troubled flame;)
Vain, brief illusions! doomed to fly
England's red path of victory!
Is not her sword unmatched in might?
Her course, a torrent in the fight?
The terror of her name gone forth
Wide o'er the regions of the north?
Far hence, midst other heaths and snows,
Must freedom's footstep now repose.
And thou—in lofty dreams elate,
Enthusiast! strive no more with Fate!
'Tis vain—the land is lost and won—
Sheathed be the sword—its task is done.
Where are the chiefs who stood with thee,
First in the battles of the free?
The firm in heart, in spirit high?
They sought yon fatal field to die.
Each step of Edward's conquering host
Hath left a grave on Scotland's coast."
"Vassal of England, yes! a grave
Where sleep the faithful and the brave,
And who the glory would resign,
Of death like theirs, for life like thine?
They slumber—and the stranger's tread,
May spurn thy country's noble dead;
Yet, on the land they loved so well,
Still shall their burning spirit dwell,
Their deeds shall hallow Minstrel's theme,
Their image rise on warrior's dream,
Their names be inspiration's breath,
Kindling high hope and scorn of death,
Till bursts, immortal from the tomb,
The flame that shall avenge their doom!
This is no land for chains—away!
O'er softer climes let tyrants sway!
Think'st thou the mountain and the storm
Their hardy sons for bondage form?
Doth our stern wintry blast instil
Submission to a despot's will?
No! *we* were cast in other mould
Than theirs by lawless power controlled!
The nurture of our bitter sky
Calls forth resisting energy,
And the wild fastnesses are ours,
The rocks, with their eternal towers!
The soul to struggle and to dare,
Is mingled with our northern air,
And dust beneath our soil is lying
Of those who died for fame undying.
Tread'st thou that soil! and can it be,
No loftier thought is roused in thee?
Doth no high feeling proudly start
From slumber in thine inmost heart?
No secret voice thy bosom thrill,
For thine own Scotland pleading still?
Oh! wake thee yet—indignant claim
A nobler fate, a purer fame,
And cast to earth thy fetters riven,
And take thine offered crown from heaven!
Wake! in that high majestic lot,
May the dark past be all forgot,
And Scotland shall forgive the field,
Where with her blood thy shame was sealed.
E'en I—though on that fatal plain
Lies my heart's brother with the slain,
Though reft of his heroic worth,
My spirit dwells alone on earth;
And when all other grief is past,
Must *this* be cherished to the last?
Will lead thy battles, guard thy throne,
With faith unspotted as his own,
Nor in thy noon of fame recall,
Whose was the guilt that wrought his fall."
Still dost thou hear in stern disdain?
Are Freedom's warning accents vain?
No! royal Bruce! within thy breast
Wakes each high thought, too long suppress'd,
And thy heart's noblest feelings live,
Blent in that suppliant word—"Forgive!"
"Forgive the wrongs to Scotland done!
Wallace! thy fairest palm is won,
And, kindling at my country's shrine,
My soul hath caught a spark from thine.
Oh! deem not, in the proudest hour
Of triumph and exulting power,—
Deem not the light of peace could find
A home within my troubled mind.
Conflicts, by mortal eye unseen,
Dark, silent, secret, there have been,
Known but to Him, whose glance can trace
Thought to its deepest dwelling-place!
—'Tis past—and on my native shore
I tread, a rebel son no more.
Too blest, if yet my lot may be,
In glory's path to follow thee;
If tears, by late repentance poured,
May lave the blood-stains from my sword!"
Far other tears, O Wallace! rise
From the heart's fountain to thine eyes,
Bright, holy, and unchecked they spring,
While thy voice falters, "Hail! my king!
Be every wrong, by memory traced,
In this full tide of joy effaced!

Hail! and rejoice!—thy race shall claim
A heritage of deathless fame,
And Scotland shall arise, at length,
Majestic in triumphant strength,
An eagle of the rock, that won
A way through tempests to the sun!
Nor scorn the visions, wildly grand,
The prophet-spirit of thy land!
By torrent-wave, in desert vast,
Those visions o'er my thought have passed,
Where mountain-vapours darkly roll,
That spirit hath possessed my soul!
And shadowy forms have met mine eye,
The beings of futurity!
And a deep voice of years to be,
Hath told that Scotland shall be free!
He comes! exult, thou Sire of Kings!
From thee the chief, th' avenger springs!
Far o'er the land he comes to save
His banners in their glory wave,
And Albyn's thousand harps awake
On hill and heath, by stream and lake,
To swell the strains, that far around
Bid the proud name of Bruce resound!
And I—but wherefore now recall
The whispered omens of my fall?
They come not in mysterious gloom,
—There is no bondage in the tomb!
O'er the soul's world no tyrant reigns,
And earth alone for man hath chains!
What though I perish ere the hour
When Scotland's vengeance wakes in power,
If shed for her, my blood shall stain
The field or scaffold not in vain.
Its voice, to efforts more sublime,
Shall rouse the spirit of her clime,
And, in the noontide of her lot,
My country shall forget me not!"

Art thou forgot? and hath thy worth
Without its glory passed from earth?
—Rest with the brave, whose names belong
To the high sanctity of song,
Chartered our reverence to control,
And traced in sunbeams on the soul!
Thine, Wallace! while the heart hath still
One pulse a generous thought can thrill,
While youth's warm tears are yet the meed
Of martyr's death, or hero's deed,
Shall brightly live, from age to age,
Thy country's proudest heritage!
'Midst her green vales thy fame is dwelling,
Thy deeds her mountain-winds are telling,
Thy memory speaks in torrent-wave,
Thy step hath hallowed rock and cave,
And cold the wanderer's heart must be,
That holds no converse there with thee!
Yet, Scotland! to thy champion's shade,
Still are thy grateful rites delayed!
From lands of old renown, o'erspread
With proud memorials of the dead,
The trophied urn, the breathing bust,
The pillar, guarding noble dust,
The shrine where art and genius high
Have laboured for eternity;
The stranger comes—his eye explores
The wilds of thy majestic shores,
Yet vainly seeks one votive stone,
Raised to the hero all thine own.
Land of bright deeds and minstrel-lore!
Withhold that guerdon now no more.
On some bold height, of awful form,
Stern eyrie of the cloud and storm,
Sublimely mingling with the skies,
Bid the proud Cenotaph arise!
Not to *record* the name that thrills
Thy soul, the watch-word of thy hills,
Not to assert, with needless claim,
The bright *for ever* of its fame;
But, in the ages yet untold,
When *ours* shall be the days of old,
To rouse high hearts, and speak thy pride
In him, for thee who lived and died.

We now took up, with great satisfaction, a small packet, the superscription of which was evidently in the hand-writing of our old worthy friend, Dr Berzelius Pendragon. The Doctor, though now a shining star of the Episcopalian Church, had not been originally destined for holy orders, and for some years bore the commission of surgeon in the 1st regiment of the West-York Militia. On its reduction he naturally enough turned his thoughts to divinity; and having, at the age of fifty, got a curacy worth £80, at least, per annum—he, being a bachelor, may be said to have been in easy, if not affluent circumstances. Just on reaching his grand climacteric he fell into matrimony, and the cares of an infant family ensuing, he very judiciously took boarders and wrote for reviews. The boarders, however, being all north-country-men, and thence voracious, over-eat the terms; and the reviews paid only £2, 2s. per sheet of original matter, where extracts were of no avail. Having heard of our Magazine—as indeed who has not?—he came down into Scotland in 1818, and took up his abode with Ben Waters. No man ever so looked the Contributor as the Rev. Berzelius Pendragon, (for at that time he had no degree;) and we accordingly put him into training in Constable's Magazine, to see as it were what he could do there with the mufflers, before we ventured to back him in a real stand-up fight. His first performances were promising; and his account of a wonderful American animal, twenty feet high, and with soles three yards in circumference, (under the fictitious signature of Serjeant Pollock, Blantyre,) attracted considerable notice among the naturalists of the united kingdoms. Unfortunately, in the farther prosecution of that animal, he committed himself by some

allusion to Sir Joseph Banks, who was then too ill to be taking that active interest in the mastodonton (so the creature of Pendragon's imagination was called) attributed to him; and the suspicions of the sapient Editor having been awakened, he very considerately wrote to Dr Hodgson of Blantyre for a certificate of Serjeant Pollock's existence. The Serjeant of course turned out to be as completely a fictitious animal as the mastodonton himself, and the soles of his feet precisely of the same dimensions; and of course a very striking anatomical sketch of the latter, which Berzelius had drawn for Constable, was committed to the flames, and the very paper bones of the formidable monster reduced to ashes. Pendragon, however, had acquired reputation by this set-to, and he was matched against the Bagman, (See Number for August, 1818,) whom he beat with apparent ease; though we confess, that during the battle he attempted more than one blow of dubious character, which the Bagman, who is a fine spirited lad, agreed to overlook. His fame getting wind, the Senatus Academicus of the University of Glasgow, in the handsomest manner, conferred upon him the unsolicited degree of D.D., and rarely has it been by them so judiciously bestowed. From this time, our friend Pendragon, who had been previously noted for a sort of dry humour, that in days of old was wont to set the mess-table of the West-York Militia in a roar, became somewhat grave and formal—nay, even pompous and aphoristical—so that he reminded us very much of Dr Sleath, the present head-master of St Paul's School, London, formerly of Rugby. He is, however, a truly worthy man—"a man of morals and of manners too;" and our readers will be happy to be informed, that what with "the annual comings-in of a small benifice," (such are some words in the Excursion,) and what with our ten guineas per sheet, the Doctor and Mrs Pendragon contrive to make the ends meet very comfortably, and likewise to support a family, which bids fair to emulate in numbers that of the greatest productive labourer of this economical age—the President of the Board of Agriculture! After this slight and imperfect sketch of Berzelius Pendragon, D. D.—for he was not known to the whole conclave—we did not fear to read aloud the following article on

PYNE'S HISTORY OF THE ROYAL RESIDENCES.*

It is quite possible to have too much of a good thing. This may be considered as a somewhat trite and elderly remark, to proceed from the pen of one of our (collectively speaking) original and erratic divan. But fortunately for the existence and well-being of that at present flourishing fraternity, there yet remains amongst them one sober, staid, and quietly disposed gentleman—one true-bred and thoro'-paced Reviewer of the old school—in short, that anomaly in our little museum of natural history at Ambrose's, "a married man between fifty and sixty." By-the-bye, that "obscure man," the Editor, seems, during our absence from the shooting party on the twelfth of August, to have entirely forgotten *us*. But we do not wonder at it—for the whole party frequently forget us even in our very presence, when we are sitting in due state over our pint of London porter, after supper at Ambrose's—listening to,—or at least *hearing*, their enormous jokes.—And yet there is nothing very strange in this, for, to disclose one of the "secrets of the prison-house," they sometimes, on these occasions, forget themselves.

But observe the effect of "evil communication!" The perpetual example of these flighty fellow-labourers of ours has actually betrayed *us*, Berzelius Pendragon, D. D.† into the unpardonable indecorum of departing from the strait road which we had prescribed to ourselves.

We were about to observe, that if it

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† It may be well to state that one of our brethren (the reader will guess *which*) knowing no better, interpreted this D.D. Doctor of Decorum; alluding probably to our increasing, though too frequently ineffectual, efforts to preserve that propriety of conduct at our meetings without which a society of literati are little better than a society of other people. Ever since that time, though there are several other doctors among us, we have been styled THE DOCTOR, par excellence. Perhaps they give us this title as a quiz, but we take it as a compliment.

were not for a Contributor of the kind we have described ourselves to be,—capable and willing to throw in a measure of salutary dulness now and then, by way of ballast,—the vessel would very soon upset, or be blown clean out of the water. With all our sober and constitutional views on politics, properly so called, yet we are fain to confess, that there is nothing like a republican form of government in societies like ours. Or perhaps it should rather be called an oligarchy. In short, let it be anything rather than a monarchy; for in three months *that* would inevitably degenerate into a flat despotism. Think, for a moment, of our Miscellany being governed or conducted by any *one* among our numerous, and, in their own departments and their own opinions, highly gifted fraternity! why, instead of being, as it is now, a perpetual "Magazin de Nouveautés,"—a perfect "Theatre de Variétés,"—it would instantly be recast in the mould of the self-love of him into whose hands it might fall, and become, like the walls of Carlisle prison, all of a colour, and very hard to get through. For example:—If the conduct of our work were resigned to Dr Morris, does any one who knows that worthy Welshman doubt that, notwithstanding his natural acuteness and love of variety, he would be tempted to make it subserve to the aggrandizement of (whatever he may say or swear to the contrary) his favourite study? All its features would be changed. The four sides of the cover, instead of exhibiting the philosophical and philanthropic physiognomy which has been mistaken for that of Mr Blackwood himself,—and the interesting and instructive advertisements of books published by "John Murray and William Blackwood," or "William Blackwood and John Murray," would be occupied by a front, a back, and two side views of the human skull divine, forming, together, a complete atlas of the geography of the four different quarters of that (in his opinion) celestial globe. And the internal arrangements would undergo a change no less calculated to "perplex the nations;" for the doctor would certainly convert it into a kind of log-book, to record the discoveries he has made, and intends to make, in his late and future expeditions to examine the regions about the NORTH POLE. Would the work be better off under the sole guidance of any other among us? Alas! no. Kempferhausen would inflate it into a huge paper-balloon, to go up into the clouds monthly, and carry messages between him and his lady, the moon. Wastle would make it all rhyme—which is bad enough; and Lauerwinkle all reason—which is worse.—Nay, we shall candidly confess—(for candour is our foible)—that if *we ourselves* had the management of it, it would probably be very little better than Constable's.—Even if Odoherty—the inexhaustible and immortal Odoherty—(I call him "immortal"—for it appears that he has hitherto escaped unhurt from Waterloo, an Irish widow, and whisky punch,) even if *he* were to undertake the care, it would certainly fail—for he would make it anything, which is nothing. That is to say, he would "make nothing of it." Or if he did, it would be only fun:—And if one could conceive an ocean formed all of whisky toddy—(nothing but the antique imagination of the Ettrick Shepherd, or the antic one of Odoherty, *could* conceive such a thing)—it would probably be quite as unpleasant and as unprofitable to be drowned in that as in one of common salt-water.—

No.—If we regard the welfare of our little community, we must none of us aspire to be Cæsars. Unless, indeed, when a dozen of us are met together at our little library in Gabriel's Road, we can fancy ourselves, for the time-being, THE TWELVE CÆSARS, shut up in a coin-collector's cabinet.—The truth is, we form a very strong and handsome bundle as it is; but if any accident should break the string that holds us together, we shall be no better than so many *sticks*.

But we are astonished, and even scandalised, on looking over what we have written!—Why, we have been thinking and talking about our flashy and frisky fraternity, till they have actually inveigled us into a fit of momentary mirth!—To our contemplation the thing seems as little in keeping, as it would be to see Professor Leslie play at leap-frog, or Dugald Stewart dance a saraband.—A fit of pleasantry!—We would as soon, if not sooner, have had a fit of the gout: For while the former is sure to betray us into some idle and unseemly levity, the latter,—with its

concomitants of easy-chair, foot-stool, flannel and madeira,—gives an air of doctorial dignity to the whole man; and demands a degree of deference and respect oftener—(we grieve to say it)—oftener expected than paid. Truly, we have most strangely departed from the accustomed and required dignity of our department. If we should hereafter learn that we have been so unhappy as to call up a smile to the face of the reader, we shall never forgive ourselves;—and shall never hear the last of it at Ambrose's. But still the reader himself shall not suffer through our misconduct: for, seeing that at the outset of our article we have been more lively than became us, we shall take care, throughout the remainder of it, to indulge him with more than our usual and stipulated proportion of dullness.—But, before proceeding to the immediate subject of our article, it may be well to state, for the satisfaction of all parties, that the foregoing is our very first exhibition of this kind; and is likely to be the very last. We might, to be sure, expunge the objectionable part of what we have written, and re-write the whole article. But,—to say nothing of our being rather behind our time,—we have considered that it will be, upon the whole, better to let it remain; as a salutary warning, both to ourselves and others, not to quit the path which nature, habit, and inclination have marked out for them:—For, if we may judge of ourselves, we cut as strange a figure at a frisk, as the Ettrick Shepherd would at a quadrille party. For be it known to all whom it may concern, (and who does it *not* concern?)—that we Berzelius Pendragon, D. D. do hereby disclaim all participation in the merits or demerits of the numerous noisy and nonsensical articles that have from time to time appeared in this Magazine. But as the Public seem to patronise them, well and good. It is their concern, not ours.—At the same time, though no one has hitherto thought fit to mention our name—not even the Editor in his account of the late shooting party on the 12th of August—we shall no longer be induced to forego the portion of credit which really does belong to us; and which the Contributors themselves were not very wise in so long withholding from the true claimant, seeing that they would every one of them be sorely averse from taking it upon themselves.—All the grave articles, then,—(it is quite needless to particularise them)—which have graced and are to grace these pages—all which by general consent have been stamped with the (in *our* opinion meritorious) character of dullness—were contrived and constructed solely and exclusively by us Berzelius Pendragon *, D. D.—We now return to "the even tenor of our way,"—and proceed to "labour in our vocation."

It has not been our practice to notice works whose chief attractions consist in their pictorial embellishments; but we have been so much pleased in looking over these volumes, that we are induced to make them more extensively known than they are likely to be in this part of the kingdom without our aid.—Among the many richly illustrated works that have of late years evinced the enterprise and liberality of British publishers, perhaps this is at once the most splendid and the most interesting.—Undoubtedly the external character and appearance of the English palaces has long been the theme of vulgar surprise and contemptuous comparison, by foreigners visiting this country; and also by those English *travellers* who visit the *continent* (that is to say, *Paris*,) for the notable purpose of discovering and making known in what respects other countries are superior to their own. If you tell these people that London boasts the finest religious temple in the world, they answer "But look at St James's Palace, and compare it with that of the Thuilleries!" If you point to our Charitable Institutions, unapproached in munificence of endowment and extent of utility by those of any other nation, they exclaim "But then how miserably inferior are Kew and Hampton Court to St Cloud and Versailles!" If you prove to them that the Cus-

* The reader will probably have anticipated, even if we had not informed him, that whenever it is needful for any written communication to pass between *us* and our coadjutors, they invariably place a hyphen between each syllable of our name—Pen-drag-on. Thus transforming a distinguished patronimic into a despicable pun—or rather a trinity of puns. Tria juncta in uno.

tom House, the East India House, and the Bank, evince more wealth and public spirit than could be found among the same class of persons in all the nations of the continent united, they reply, "But then, what a paltry private residence for a queen is the cottage at Frogmore, compared with the two Trianons!" It is undoubtedly a reasonable subject of surprise, that, during the last two centuries, so little has been added to the external splendour of the English palaces; but, as it regards the people, one should perhaps expect it to form a subject of congratulation rather than regret.—Certain it is, however, that the magnificent work to which we now call the reader's attention, fully proves that, in the internal arrangements of the royal residences, there is no lack of splendour which should surround the court and person of the English sovereign; no deficiency of subjects calculated to awaken and renew many of those delightful associations which we are accustomed to connect with times of romance and chivalry; and, above all, no want of evidence of British sovereigns having felt that the walls of a palace can in no other way be so splendidly and appropriately ornamented as by the unfading works of genius and taste: for it is a very interesting feature of the illustrations of this work, that copies are given of all the ancient pictures which enrich the walls of the different apartments—each appearing in the relative situation which it actually occupies. Some of these copies, though necessarily on a very minute scale, are so extremely well executed as immediately to recal to the recollection of those who are acquainted with them, the admirable originals. This is peculiarly the case with respect to the cartoons, which occupy the walls of one of the apartments at Hampton-court.

Mr Pyne's work consists of four quarto volumes, containing together one hundred plates, which are all facsimiles of coloured drawings made for the purpose by artists of the very first celebrity; each drawing representing, in its present state, some one apartment in one or other of the royal palaces. These drawings were executed by the express permission, and of many we may say, under the actual inspection of the royal inhabitants themselves—who not only patronised, but really took a personal interest in the progress of the work: and it may be not uninteresting to know, that the vignette, representing the hermitage, in the garden at Frogmore, is copied from a plate etched by the Princess Elizabeth herself. We have been informed of these particulars by the gentleman to whom we are indebted for a sight of this work; for we confess its price has rendered it quite inaccessible to ourselves. If we were to notice any of the plates in particular, we should point to the exquisite and elaborate workmanship of those representing the splendid architectoral decorations of the Royal Chapel and St George's Chapel in Windsor Castle; and the conservatory and gothic dining-room at Carlton-house. For magnificence of modern embellishment, the golden drawing-room and alcove, and the crimson drawing-room at Carlton-house, are perhaps not surpassed in any palace in Europe.

We shall not be expected to have much to say with respect to the literary merits of a work like this; and if we admit that the arrangement of the materials appears to be perspicuous, and the style tolerably clear and correct, it is, perhaps, all that the ambition of the author would demand. We shall, however, fairly confess, that we are, for once, reviewing a book that we have not read through. But though it will be easily admitted that this is a work in which pictorial embellishment may not improperly form the principal feature, yet on turning over its pages, and stopping to read here and there, (and this is all we have had time to do,) we find it interspersed with a variety of very amusing anecdotes and circumstances connected with the successive occupiers of the palaces; and also with some interesting historical and critical notices of some of the principal works of art, copies of which pass in review before us; together with biographical sketches of the distinguished persons whose portraits are among the number.

It must not be imagined, by our gentle readers, that during the enunciation of the various excellent articles which they have now been favoured with, we good people in the Tent were under any very severe discipline. We are no Martinet, and are of opinion that, even on actual service, it is better to com-

mand by love than by fear. Accordingly, it was understood among the Contributors from the very first, that while no man was to be allowed loud laughter except the Shepherd, in respect to his genius and infirmity, an occasional titter would be overlooked by the Editor; and that even a little whispering in a corner would not excite so much displeasure in his breast as it has been observed to do in that of my Lady Piano F. during the performance of a screeching solo at a musical party in her house. The Contributors kept going out and coming in like bees, so that a low, pleasant, continuous murmur encircled the Tent. There was not even an ordinance against sleep—except with a snore; and it is a singular enough fact in natural history, that those Contributors who performed most powerfully during the night, when such indulgence was freely permitted to us all, took snatches of slumber during an article as silently as so many dormice. This is one of many proofs of the power of the will over the functions of the bodily organs in sleep. We must all remember how, during the course of our travels, we used to awake, to a minute, at an hour fixed mentally with ourselves before going to bed; and, on the present occasion, we could not help smiling, to see with what supernatural accuracy Timothy Tickler would awake at the conclusion of any article at which he had taken an alarm, and avoided by a skilful and well-timed nap. Was it that he first conjectured its probable duration, and then, by an act of the sleeping yet waking will, awoke just as it ceased? Or may the phenomenon be accounted for on a simpler theory, namely, that Tickler awoke as the Editor or Buller, for example, ceased to speak, just as we have heard of naval officers starting up in their hammocks, awakened by the unusual silence, when the morning-gun did *not* fire?—Owing to the relief given to the mind by little interruptions and incidents of this kind, we suspect that the articles of our Contributors seemed much better ones when read aloud in the Tent, than they may do when perused in a brown study or the Glasgow coffee-room; but this is a disadvantage to which all viva-voce harangues are liable in tent, in church, and in state. Even one of Dr Chalmers' astronomical discourses, which we heard him preach before the Commissioner, seemed to us more sublime when vollied by his thunderous voice through those Gothic arches, than when looked at silently in our own little blue parlour, with our feet on the fender, and our worthy housekeeper (but that way madness lies) knitting a worsted stocking for our rheumatic leg, sufficiently long to reach half way up the thigh. In like manner, we remember reading, with scarce any emotion but a slight one of contempt, a speech of Mr Tierney in a newspaper, which we were told by Odoherty convulsed with laughter the whole House. In like manner, a joke of Mr Cockburn's will, in the General Assembly of our Church, well nigh shake the wigs from the heads of hundreds, which, when confidentially communicated afterwards by one of his admirers to some unfortunate gentleman not present at its first delivery, would seem to have been still-born. The truth is, that as it was necessary to have been in the High Church, the House of Commons, or the General Assembly, fully to feel and admire the eloquence of Chalmers, the wit of Tierney, or the humour of Cockburn—so was it necessary to have been in our Tent, to enjoy, with perfect enjoyment, the eloquence of a Kempferhausen, the wit of a Tickler, or the humour of a Pendragon.

After the last gentleman's article, we were not without hopes that our dear friend Dr Morris would have favoured us with something good; but Peter let us understand that we must not expect any article from him for some months, as he was busy on his "Letters from the Highlands of Scotland," which he hoped to have out early in spring. Nobody who has not seen the Doctor write, can have the slightest idea of the rapidity of his intellectual and manual operations; and he now lifted up and fluttered before our eyes at least a hundred pages of closely-written MSS, exclaiming,—"Nearly half of the first volume, you dog. When Scotland is finished, then 'for England, ho!'—But, Mr Editor, though I have no article for you of my own, I have, agreeably to your request, looked over that from your Newcastle Correspondent, on the Remarks in your last Number on his Musical Queries; and I am of opinion, that he possesses not only a scientific knowledge of the principles of music, but that he is gifted by nature with a singularly acute metaphysical genius. If you

please,—as I am sure you must be fatigued, and are getting a little hoarse,—I will read the article, though not so good a reader by half as either of our friends, James Ballantyne or Terry.

ON MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

(In defence of the Queries.)

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE attentively perused, in your Number for last month, the Reply to my Musical Queries. You will probably not be surprised to find me still a heretic; for controversy, whatever lights it may afford the by-standers, seldom ends in convincing either of the disputants. It is with some diffidence that I presume upon your further indulgence for the insertion of the following observations. There is always a risk of protracted discussion degenerating into wrangling. In thus continuing the subject, however, I trust I shall be found for the most part to have avoided repetition, and I shall be as brief as I can consistently with clearness. Your correspondent admits, that the expression of airs in part results from an imitation of the intonations of passion. He asserts, however, that much of the pleasure derivable from airs springs from other sources, adducing as a reason, that if this were not so, recitatives ought to afford the greatest pleasure, inasmuch as they are, in his opinion, the closest musical imitations of the inflections of the human voice. In examining this assertion I must first remark, by the way, that recitatives do not appear to me to possess that similitude to human intonation which your correspondent supposes. The frequent changes of key appear to me to be unnatural, and to approach more nearly to the affected tones of common theatrical declamation or fanatical preaching, than to those of natural speaking. Bad actors are often upbraided with Recitativo, which seems to shew that this is the general impression on the subject. I am afraid I have been misunderstood in my assertion that musical expression arises from the imitation of the natural intonations of the human voice. It was never my meaning to say that airs were good only in proportion to the closeness of such imitation. What was intended to be conveyed, was, that it arose from an imitation of the general intonation of an impassioned speaker, not servilely following every particular inflection, but poetically heightened, and reduced to rythmical regularity. For granting that Recitatives could be made perfect imitations, or, in other words, supposing that Mr Kean's inflections of voice could be noted down in musical characters, this would not be music any more than the exhibition of the best parts of prose conversation in a comedy is poetry. What I maintain is, that the tones of passion musically heightened and modified, and modulated into rythmical regularity, constitute a musical air in the same way as the natural expressions of passion poetically heightened and modulated into blank verse constitute dramatic poetry. Mozart's air of "con vedrai" is particularly adduced as an example of the superiority of the modern scientific air. I can only say, that it seems to me that this air which is meant to express exquisite tenderness, does not exhibit the general intonation which a correct speaker would give to appropriate English words, with nearly the same perfection that the old airs do, but on the contrary resembles strongly that florid and artificial style of intonation which has been called meritricious. I never meant to aver that the modern airs are devoid of expression. What is intended to be said is that their style is unnatural, and that we only know when the composer means, as we know when a bad actor means, to express a passion, all the time feeling that he does not do so correctly.

If it be conceded that the expressive part of the pleasure of music (whatever pleasure else may be connected with it) I say if the expressive pleasure of airs arises from some kind of imitation of natural intonation, how does it happen that persons ignorant of or not familiar with the German and Italian languages can perfectly understand or relish German and Italian expressive airs, as this is to recognize the truth of an imitation without knowing the thing imitated, it being certain that the general intonations

both of Germans and Italians differ materially from that of Englishmen, and from each other. This, indeed, would hold good in some slight degree with different dialects of the same country, were it not obviated by all, excepting perhaps a few of the very lowest class, having in their minds a tolerable standard of correctness, which they endeavour with more or less success to approach in reading or deliberate speaking. This is apparent in the ridicule so plentifully bestowed, even in their native places, upon theatrical aspirants who fail to keep their peculiarities of dialect out of sight. It is also further observable, that to know the imitation is correct, is not sufficient, unless we could feel at the time exclusively in German or Italian. Their intonation, when compared with ours, must necessarily seem either to be overcharged or flat, a comparison which, if made at the moment, would be fatal to the excitement intended by the music. Were I to be asked which of the modern airs came the nearest to the expression of the old airs, I should name without hesitation the "Si m' abandoni" of Paesiello, and yet this air, for any English ear, must, I think, include too much of the Italian—(what shall I call it)—theatrical mannerism.

Your correspondent a little surprises me by his opinion, that the early airs were not composed with any express intention of conveying a particular passion or sentiment. His language here is hardly consistent, as he at the same time admits, that they were probably intended to agree with the general meaning or tendency of the words, (ballad if he chooses) to which they were adapted. I do not understand the terms meaning or intention, used in contradistinction to sentiment, unless the word meaning be substituted for rythm. Be this as it will, it is difficult to imagine that such airs as the "Passage of the Boyne," or that extraordinary melody, "The Lament of Glencoe," were not composed with a view to those events. The notes to Captain Fraser's Highland Melodies, if well founded, are decisive on this point.

One of the strongest arguments for the existence of Musical Expression of the highest kind in the old airs is, that it has been found, or supposed to be there, by men whose intellect was peculiarly adapted to the discovery; by such men, for instance, as Ramsay, Leyden, Burns, and Moore. Rousseau has observed, that the musical world consists of three classes. In the first class are those who are destitute of that fineness of auricular nerve, or whatever else it be which constitutes what is called a "good natural ear;" but whose imagination and feelings are peculiarly liable to be affected by the sentimental part of music. In the second class are those possessed of a fine ear, but who are devoid of the faculty of being affected by or well appreciating musical expression. In the third class are the few who, in a considerable degree, unite these qualifications. Now, who that reads Rousseau's definition of his first class, does not exclaim, "such a man was Burns." The mode in which the poet possessed himself of the characters of the airs which he was about to marry to his immortal verse, is best detailed by himself in his correspondence with Mr Thomson. His having the air played to him until he could sing it in his mind, for to sing, excepting the "music that cannot be heard," he never could be taught even sufficiently to have qualified him for the office of parish clerk in a country church—his "croonings" of it over—his stalkings about in a state of musical possession; for these Dr Currie's volumes must be consulted. Having done so, in opposition to Burns let us place Mozart. The ear of the great composer appears to have been morbidly delicate. When an infant, he was thrown into convulsions by the blast of a trumpet, and irritated to rage by a discordant pianoforte. His general powers of intellect, however, as I have been assured by an eminent musician long in familiar intercourse with him, were by no means beyond mediocrity. In Mozart no one would have suspected a celebrated character. His conversation and understanding were those of an ordinary man. Is it not more probable, then, that the expression of sentiment, which was found by the intellectual and sensitive poet in the old airs, is really there, rather than in compositions of the merely scientific musician?

Your correspondent asserts, that the chief pleasure of music is derived from what he calls its "self-contained expression." "Else whence," he de-

mands, "could arise the beauty of an instrumental piece, to which we attach no particular ideas, and which, though it suggests no conceptions to the imagination, yet fills the mind with agreeable feelings?"

This sentence appears to me to include much confusion and inconsistency. All expression must express something, and that something must be expressed to the mind. Now, as nothing can exist in the mind but in the form of idea, which is only another term for mental conception, what kind of expression can that be which suggests no conceptions? The term "self-contained," as here used, I do not understand. If by it is meant to be asserted, that music has the same power of expression which words have, that is to say, an expression which arises totally and exclusively from the words, I must beg an explanation of the process. Words are expressive only because they are the signs of ideas arbitrarily affixed to them by common agreement. That musical tones, without such prior agreement, can possess this kind of expression is impossible.

Your correspondent, however, in the sentence quoted, probably only means to assert (as I have already allowed in Query 37.) that harmony, or the exhibition of musical chords, acts as a general pleasurable stimulus to the nerves. That this is the case with most persons cannot, I think, be denied. Many of us, doubtless, have felt or seen the extasy of children when they produce an accidental chord by sounding their little "corn pipes" in concert. When chords are complicated and strongly given, the effect is much heightened. A full chorus not very unfrequently induces a tendency to faintness; and Messrs Flight and Robson's gigantic harmonicon is said, in one instance, to have brought on coma. This, however, is no more than an action upon the nervous system, probably analogous to that of alcohol, the nitrous oxide, and other stimulants. The brain here is excited through the auricular nerves, the precise modus operandi being in all these cases uncertain, though the musical excitement may perhaps be thought by some to countenance the theory of Hartley. This general nervous excitement, however, ought not to be put upon a level with the mental delight derived from the musical expression of actual sentiment.

In the imitations of the noise of a battle or thunderstorm, or of the singing of birds, we may be pleased with the ingenuity of the composer; but no highly pleasurable trains of thought are necessarily created by them, and the whole has an air of trick.

The idea, that a good overture might include a series of passages expressive of the leading sentiments of the drama, is contained in Queries 13, 14. For passages I have written airs, as much is lost in losing regularity. The best irregular passage I can only conceive to bear that relation to air, which measured prose does to verse.

Experience does not teach us, that fondness for elaborate composition grows with musical knowledge. On the discovery of counterpoint, the most elaborate and complex pieces were soon composed and admired. Dr Burney has preserved some of the almost impossible figures composed between the reign of Elizabeth and the Protectorate. They are, in fact, so many grave games in music, at that trying sport which schoolboys have very aptly designated "hot-foot-follow." Fantastical as they now seem, however, both science and great powers of combination are displayed.

I am sorry that my want of perspicuity should have given any trouble to your correspondent. By the phrase, "Refinements of feeling," in Query 32, were meant those finer and more mingled shades of passion or empassioned sentiments, which are overlooked or not formed by minds not yet arrived at a certain state of civilization, and I fear partly refined away when that state is past. That the genuine poetical feeling, and the total freedom from vulgarity which characterize the bulk of the early airs, will preserve them to be admired when generations of fashionable composers shall be discarded and forgotten, I cannot bring myself to doubt. In a musical article of a former Number of your Miscellany, the old national airs were described as bearing the same relation to Mozart and Beethoven that the old ballads do to the standard epics. This may be doubtful, but the illustration is still useful. Many of the old ballads, as well as the alterations and imitations of them by Scott, Burns, and others,

contain passages of pathos and general poetical beauty which would not disgrace any epic. In this analogy they are to represent the old airs. Modern composers need only interweave such passages with the combinations which they may choose to stand for the narrative parts of the Epic, and their Iliads will be worth listening to.

In drawing up the foregoing remarks, I trust your correspondent will not think me guilty of too much cross-questioning, though it is to be feared that a certain air of interrogation is inseparable from the attacking side of a controversy. I am content, however, to be thought a little categorical, if I shall have escaped the imputation of captiousness or of quibbling; and I cannot take leave of my antagonist without thanking him for the dispassionate manner in which he has conducted his argument.—I am, &c.

Sept. 4, 1819. D. P.

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* By the way, talking of Music, we were in Germany for a month last spring, and took the opportunity of spending part of a day with our friend Beethoven, at Mödling near Vienna. He is very deaf still, but seems to be otherwise in high feather—running about the hills all day, and bringing down notes for innumerable fine things every evening. He shewed us a prodigiously beautiful piano forte, which had just been sent to him by Mr Broadwood of London, a noble specimen of the admiration with which the genius of this great man is regarded in every part of the world. The instrument is by far the finest we ourselves ever saw, and had attracted immense applauses from all the cognoscenti of Vienna. We ventured to touch it ourselves, and our performance was much approved by Beethoven. We subjoin a notice concerning the instrument which appeared in a late number of the *Wiener Zeitschrift fur Kunst*, &c. chiefly for the gratification of our friend Broadwood, who, we hope, has not forgotten the many pretty voluntaries we have played in his warehouse, when our fingers were freer than this vile rheumatism has now left them.

EDITOR.

"Die Kunst hat kein Vaterland: überall in der Brust gebildeter Menschen, sie mögen en den Ufern des Ganges oder am Oronoco wohnen, findet sie eine willkommene Heimath, wo sie sich niederlässt und ihre heiligen Feste feyert. Diess wirkt die Macht ihrer himmlischen Zauber und ihre Verwandtschaft mit dem Göttlichen im Menschen, denn sie ist göttlichen Ursprungs.—So waltet der herrliche Genius Beethovens, der, eine ruhmstrahlende Zierde unserer Kaiserstadt, das Herz seiner Landsleute durch die Fülle und Kraft des begeisterten Gemüths bewegt; in den Frühlingsgärten Italiens die liedertrunkenen Hörer durch seine Melodien entzückt; an den winterlichen Ufern der Newa durch die Gluth des Gesangs das Eis um den Busen des Nordens schmelzt; die regen Geister an der Seine durch die Gewalt seiner Töne in Bewunderung fesselt, un der den edlen Stolz Albions der Macht seiner Kunst beugt, wenn er in gewaltigen Akkorden den heissen Kampf um Freiheit und den Siegesjubel von Vittoria wieder in ihrem Schoosse erweckt, dass die klangbewegten Wellen um das geliebte Eiland freudig in die Lieder des Nachruhms rauschen.

Vor allen scheint der Charakter der Britten geschaffen, den tiefen Ernst und hehren Uuffing der Beethovens's chen Muse in die Himmel der Melodien, in seiner gauzen Fülle und Erhabenheit zu erfassen. Diess zeigt die daurende Begeisterung, womit sie den Heros der deutschen Musik würdigen, bewundern, verehren. Unter vielen hat ein neuerliches, ausgezeichnetes Beyspiel diess abermahls rühmlich und ehrenvoll bekundet, indem ein edler Britte als Repräsentant seiner kuustsinnigen Landsleute unsern Meister durch ein seltenes Geschenk, das durch die Art, wie es dargebracht wurde, seinen Werth nur noch erhöhen musste, anerkannte und ehrte. Dieser ist Herr Broadwood in London, der das vorzüglichste Pianoforte, das sich daselbst zu solchem Zwecke würdig darboth, auswählte, und es als Zeichen seiner Berehrung von Beethovens hohem Genius demselben frachtfrey in seine damahlige Sommerwohnung nach Mödling nächst Mien übersandte. Dieses kostbare und schöne Instrument hat sechs ganze Oktaven vom Contra C bis fünf gestrichenen C, deren Klang durchaus voll, schön und kräftig, und in den Contra-tönen majestätisch, im Diskant singend ist. Der Anschlag ist ienem eines guten Clavichords zu vergleichen, und alle Modifikationen eines Tons lassen sich ohne besonderen Zug hervor bringen. Doch ist auch durch den Einsaiter zur Linken vermittelst eines Fusstritts dafür gesorgt, und dem dadurch erzeugten Tone kommt an sonorer Schönheit nichts gleich. Zur Rechten sind zwey Fusstritte, womit die Dämpfung so wohl im Diskant für sich, als im Bass für sich, und wieder in beyden zusammen kann aufgehoben werden. Ausserdem findet sich an der rechten Seite oben, am ende des Griffbrets noch ein Zug, wodurch man mit zwey Saiten anschlägt. Sehr sinnreich ist die Einrichtung, dass die Diskanttöne der Stärke des Basses nichts nachgeben, indem von zweygestrichenen G bis dreygestrichenen E die Dämpfung lockerer oder loser wird; dom dreygestrichenen E bis viergestrichenen C aber die Töne ohne Dämpfung sind. Übrigens ist an diesem Instrumente alles von solcher Dauerhaftigkeit, dass es hierin mit keinem andern zu vergleichen ist. Einen

It was now wearing pretty far into the afternoon, and the Editor's travelling china punch-bowl, Hogg's jug, and the quechs of the other Contributors, had, as our readers will readily suppose, been plenished and replenished oftener, perhaps, than it is needful to avow. There could have been no getting on without this; for joy is every whit as dry as sorrow, and the tongues of the Contributors would have cloven to the roofs of their mouths without a judicious and well-timed infusion of the true spirit. We were just in the act of proposing a bumper to the health of that most entertaining of all human beings, Mr John Ballantyne, who had gone out to breathe the fragrance of the heather, and to hear John of Sky

"His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,"

when that gentleman himself put his facetious face in at the Tent-door; and with an expression of the most profound and solemn respect strangely blended with its natural and invincible archness, he exclaimed, in considerable agitation, "By the author of Waverley, and every other great Known or Unknown, here is Dr Mansel, the bishop of Bristol. I have been with him for this half-hour—such another famous bishop saw I never at home or abroad. Put in a jaup mair rum into the bit bowlie, for by his talk I warrant him a dreigh sooker. That'll do—rise up, gentlemen, while I fetch in the bishop." We were all thrown into some consternation by this unexpected visit from so high a dignitary of the Episcopalian Church, and every lidless eye was bent towards the Tent-door, when once more came bowing in, hat in hand, our small incomparable Bibliopole, ushering forward, in full sail, and gorgeous array, not Dr Mansel, bishop of Bristol—but hear it, O Dee, and give ear, thou Clyde—Dr Scott, the celebrated Odontist of Glasgow. One roar of unextinguished laughter shook the Tent—while that wittiest of doctors looked towards that wittiest of bibliopoles with a countenance of the most solemn assurance, and pompously asked, "What sort of treatment is this for a Bishop?" John Ballantyne had never before seen Dr Scott, and he now kept his small gray piercing eyes suspiciously upon him, as the veil of clerical mystery seemed to be falling off from the shoulders of the self-appointed spiritual peer.—"Me a Bishop," cried the exulting Doctor, "I was only *gagging you*, man! Ye nae sooner tald me your name, than I said into myself—hooly, hooly, we hae gotten here the wuttiest and gleggest wee chield in a' Edinburgh, and gin I can but

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Begriff von der Haltbarkeit seiner Stimmung kann es geben, wenn man bedenkt, dass es die Reise zur See von London, wo es Anfangs Januar 1818 abging, nach Triest, wo es bis Ende May gestanden, von da auf der Achse nach Vien, und von Vien nach Mödling gemacht hat, ohne dass es bey seiner Ankunft nöthig gewesen wäre, irgend einen Ton zu stimmen. Kurz, es ist ein wahres Meisterwerk, im Innern des Baues, wie im Aussern, das sich durch Einfachheit, Schmucklosigkeit, Festigkeit und Bewegbarkeit nach jedem beliebigen Orte hin, vor allen andern auszeichnet.

Auf der obern Seite über dem Griffbrete findet sich folgende lateinische Inschrift:

Hoc instrumentum est Thomæ Broadwood (Londini) donum, propter ingenium illustrissimi Beethoven.

Vorn über dem Griffbrete ist der Nahme

BEETHOVEN

mit grossen Lettern von schwarzgebeisstem Ebenholz eingelegt und darunter die Nahmen der Verfertiger: John Broadwood and Sons, Makers of Instruments to his Majesty and the Princesses.

Great Pultney Street, Golden Square, London.

Zur Rechten ober dem Griffbrete befinden sich die autographischen Nahmen von fünf er ersten Klavierspieler Londons als Bestatiger von der Vortrefflichkeit des Instruments, nähmlich;

Frid. Kalkbrenner.
Ferd. Ries. J. B. Cramer.
C. G. Ferari. C. Knyvett.

Bey Gelegenheit der Ubersendung dieses Instruments hat die k. k. Hofkammer einen eben so ehrenden ass ermunternden Beweis der Würdigung der hohen Talente unsers Beethoven dadurch an den Tag gelegt, dass sie die Einfuhr desselben von Triest bis an Ort und Stelle zollfrey gestattete.

So zeichnet die Verwaltung wahre talente im vaterlande aus; so ehrt sie die Fremde Das ist aber die Herrlichkeit der Kunst, dass sie die Schranken des irdischen Lebens uberfliegend im Reiche der Geister innig vereinigt, was durch iene getrennt ist."

gagg Mr John Ballantyne, what will Carnegie and Provan, and a' the ither clever fallows in Glasgow, think o' me then?" The Doctor's classical and theological imagination had, it seems, suggested to him the idea of personating the Bishop of Bristol; and during half an hour's conversation with Mr Ballantyne, he had more than half concluded a bargain for the copy-right of a volume of Sermons, in which the Socinian controversy was for ever to be laid at rest on both sides of the Tweed. But how came Dr Scott to be hereabouts at all? Had he not departed in the morning for Glasgow, or, to call that thriving city by the more rural appellation bestowed on it by its poetical inhabitants, "The West-Country?" No such thing. The Doctor had been the gay deceiver of us all. At the very moment when his soul seemed to be breathing out sighs of scarcely articulate grief at the Parting Hour, and had responded so passionately to the L'Envoy of the inspired Shepherd, even then, had he meditated no farther journey than down to Mar-Lodge to give some medical advice to the Thane, of whose arrival there he had been confidentially informed by an express the night before; and it was on his return to the Tent that he had fallen in with Mr Ballantyne, whom curiosity had drawn towards a cottage on the river's side, from the door of which the Doctor said a beautiful Highland girl was "showering her delightful smiles." Such were the ipsissima verba of the Odontist. "Why, Doctor," said the Shepherd, "you are as bad as my freen, Lord Byron, himsel, and it seems ye were just lauching in your sleeve a' the time you were sayin' gude day to me and the ither Contributors, just as he was lauchin' in his, when he said,

> 'Fare thee well, and if for ever,
> Still for ever, fare thee well.'

Faith, Doctor, ye great poets, the Scotts and the Byrons, and sic like, ar a' thegither past my comprehension." Mr John Ballantyne frankly confessed that he had, for the first time in his life, been *fairly gagged*. "But," said he, "I shall have my revenge. Henceforth, gentlemen, let you and all the rest of the world combine to call Dr Scott THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL." This motion was immediately carried by acclamation, and the Bibliopole and the Bishop shook hands, and sat down on the whisky cask, Buller having vacated his seat by accepting the chirper's hamper.

Order having been restored, and the Bishop having bestowed his benediction on us, and a bumper on himself, we took the earliest opportunity of requesting from him a small article; and as he had nothing to offer in opposition to so equitable a request, he asked, "Verse or prose?"—"Verse to be sure."—"Long or short metre."—"Oh! long certainly—one would never think of getting short measure from a Bishop." The Peer accordingly cleared his pipes, and chanted, with a tone and manner of gesticulation which at one time strongly reminded us of Wordsworth, and at another of Rowland Hill, the following very beautiful Poem:

LOVE'S PHANTOMS OF WO.

1.

DAY's gone down in the west; yet his last tinge of gold
Is not all from the chimneys of Anderstoun rolled—
And already, far eastward, the meek orb of Dian
With a pale struggling lustre the Calton is eyeing;
The Stockwell and the Gallowgate slumber between,
And the brown Molindinar is flowing unseen.

2.

While the hour's holy stillness reigns sad in the soul,
Oh! 'tis sweet with slow steps up the Trongate to stroll,
For the long sleeping shadows of steeple and land
Sink deep in the spirit with harmony bland;
And well does my sensitive heart sympathize
With the hum of the air and the gloom of the skies.

3.

Man may sigh when earth laughs in the rays of the sun
O'er the dreams of ambition whose race hath been run;
Man may weep when the morn in her glory comes forth
O'er the parted memorials of friendship and worth;
But be mine in the dimness of twilight to rove,
When I charm up the long-faded Phantoms of Love.

4.

Oh! vainly and wildly the world's eye would seek,
When the forehead is smooth and a smile's on the cheek,
The wide wildering waves of reflection to sound,
Where the soul sleeps beneath in her darkness profound—
Where sorrow, like truth, is contented to dwell
Cold, clear, and unseen, in the spirit's deep well.

5.

Yet not false is the language that floats from my tongue,
When I joke with the joyous, and laugh with the young;
There is naught of deceit in this eye sparkling bright,
All cordial the chorus of festive delight—
All sincere and substantial the raptures I shew,
When Wit's rays bid the ether of merriment glow.

6.

Were it wise—were it well—to refuse to mankind
The light of the spirit—the sun of the mind?
Were it wise, wrapt for ever in garments of wo,
Through the world's busy paths like a spectre to go?
Oh, no! life has moments for more things than one,
Man's great soul can find room both for sorrow and fun!

7.

I have left the dim Trongate, and climbed the high stair,
Where the Horns are hung out as the Sign of the Fair;
I have entered the centre and shrine of delight,
Where around Peggy's bowl my friends' faces are bright,
And shall I be in dumps, and a damper? oh, no!
Drown, ye bumpers of friendship, Love's Phantoms of Wo!

8.

Though the mystical musings that feed the lone mind,
Leave a gentle and mellowing softness behind;
Though the eye that with joy should all radiant appear,
Still reveal thy faint trace—Sensibility's tear!
Oh, forget it my friends, and reproach me not so,
For I'll drown in deep bumpers—Love's Phantoms of Wo!

The Lay of the first Bishop was received with high applause, and the dignitary, availing himself of his right to call for a song or an article, fixed the inevitable darts of his eyes upon us; and as we were in no voice to sing, we took out of our "pocket, lodgeable and deep," an article that we had composed at the Spittal of Glenshee the night before, while Mr John Ballantyne was at a dance in the neighbourhood, and read it aloud as far as the first long extract.

A NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE RIVERS ORINOCO AND APURE IN SOUTH AMERICA.*

THIS is an extremely comfortable book to look at and to touch, but an extremely uncomfortable one to read. It is excellently well printed—and the hand slips smoothly over the wire-wove hot-pressed paper, as over a lady's

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* Narrative of the Expedition to the rivers Orinoco and Apurè, in South America, which sailed from England in November 1817, and joined the patriotic forces in Vene-

arm, with or without a glove. Indeed it does one's heart good to dally with so comely an octavo—fat, fair, and forty—and we absolutely fell asleep with it in our arms. On awaking from our slumbers, we began to converse a little with our Spanish mistress, but to our unspeakable mortification found her not only tiresome to a degree, but unhappy herself unless she could make us equally so, and acquainted with sad misery,

"As the tanned fally-slave is with his oar."

But to speak with a gravity more becoming our years and profession, here is a narrative upwards of 500 pages long, in which the gallant Colonel Hippisley keeps so constantly before our sight in one attitude of distress after another, that our feelings of sympathy are so worn out that we wish either he or ourselves had never been born—and feel at last as if we could not long survive, he his endurance, and we his narration of all the miseries of human life.

The gallant colonel was called up to London from his retirement, by several mercantile gentlemen, who promised to come forward with pecuniary resources to any old officers who would embark in the cause of the Spanish American patriotic government, who had for seven years past been fighting hard for freedom from the iron yoke of Ferdinand VII. He immediately waited on Luis Lopez Mendez, the agent from the republic of Venezuela, and had an audience of him in the presence of the deputies from Chili, Peru, Mexico, and Santa Fè. In the appendix he gives a copy of the agreement afterwards entered into between him and Mendez, by which he was constituted colonel-commandant of the first regiment of Venezuelian Hussars—all the officers whom he had chosen confirmed in the rank which he had given them—pay and allowance equal to those in the British service guaranteed to them—also a remuneration from the Venezuelian government to every man disabled by wounds, or rendered unfit for actual service—and a pledge given, that no officer should be removed from his regiment into any other, without his colonel's concurrence. The private men of the regiment (600) were to be selected from the natives of Spanish South America, and disciplined by Colonel Hippisley and his officers on their arrival at the Caraccas. The pay and allowances of the commissioned officers were to commence from the day (inclusive) of their arrival at the Caraccas, island of Margarita, or any part of the Spanish main—and of the non-commissioned from that of their embarkation on board of the vessel to convey them from England. On their arrival at the Caraccas allowances were to be made for the expenses on the voyage to the colonel-commandant, field officers, captains, and subalterns, dollars 200 each—and to non-commissioned, &c. dollars 80 each, in addition to the regular pay.

Colonel Hippisley, thus "armed and prepared for active exertion," commenced operations, by "visiting the shops of the various tradesmen to be employed in the equipment of my officers, and the regiment in general." "I began," says he, "with the saddler;" and having directed patterns of caps, he finished by "causing a button-mould to be engraved, denominative of my regiment, and emblematic of the service on which I was to lead it." One of the chief defects of this volume is the want of an engraving of this emblematical button, which we doubt not did credit, as well to the colonel's ingenuity in the fine arts, as to his enthusiasm in the cause of liberty. Having, as he thought, put caps, saddles, buttons, &c. in good trim, his next object was to get the "bulk, the sinews, and the thewes of men"—and after considerable exertions, he got together half-pay officers, discharged sergeants of cavalry, and "young gentlemen who had never before held a military commission," to the number of one lieutenant-colonel, two majors, eight captains, sixteen lieutenants, eight cornets, adjutant, quarter-master, two surgeons, two apothecaries, and riding-master. Their uniform, which is described, was a very smart and dashing one, contracted for with Messrs Thompson and Mackintosh for about £40 per officer, which sum, and all others connected with their outfit, each gentle-

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zuela and Caraccas; by G. Hippisley, Esq. late Colonel of the first Venezuelian Hussars, in the service of the Republic, and Colonel-Commandant of the British Brigade in South America. London, J. Murray, Albemarle Street.

man promised on his honour to pay before embarkation. Meanwhile other heroes besides our colonel were raising regiments for the same service. Colonel Campbell was completing his corps of riflemen—Macdonald the first regiment of Lancers—and by and by Colonel Hewit commenced the equipment of a second regiment of Lancers—and Colonel Wilson the Second, or Red Hussars of Venezuela. There was now a crying demand for saddlery and shipping—and the sufferings of Colonel Hippisley may be said to have begun. And first of all came Messrs Thompson and Mackintosh, with faces as long as their ell-wands, and declared the utter impossibility of getting the uniforms finished by 20th of August, the day "nominated in the bond." The various patriotic regiments may be said to have been all clashing together—for though they had many colonels they had but one tailor—and the particulars of an arrangement are given, by which breeches seem to have been handed out to the officers according to a principle of proportion which we dare say was quite equitable—but not until the feelings of Colonel Hippisley seem to have been greatly harassed. These details may be said, with or without a pun, to have been uniformly affecting—and the Colonel exhibits throughout them all great magnanimity of character. After rigging out the rifle-corps, Mr Esdaile, army clothier and tailor, began to shew the white feather; and distrusting the guarantee of Don Mendez, laid "the fame, favour, and profit, (such are Colonel Hippisley's words) likely to arise from an order so extensive," on the shoulders of Mr Doolan, who began cutting out and stitching away with all the alacrity of a true tailor. It was now high time to embark, and the Prince, a ship which had been procured by Messrs Thompson and Mackintosh, was in readiness for their reception. Each officer paid into the hands of a committee, consisting of two captains and two subalterns, the sum of £14, 10s. for laying in wine, spirits, pigs, and poultry, and 10s. per head was farther levied, for the purchase of a *tent*, to mess in on the shores of Venezuela. The senior surgeon, who possessed that "suaviter in modo which seduces the heart and sometimes the understanding," was intrusted with the money thus collected—and engaged to get together pigs, &c. On inspection, the Prince was found fit for the reception only of sixty men and twenty officers—instead of forty-four commissioned officers and 180 non-commissioned and artillerists. The colonel very promptly disembarked his men "without their breakfast;" and after much vexation and considerable delay, finally procured the Emerald, formerly a French corvette, and a prime vessel both in accommodation and sailing. But, alas! the old surgeon, so suave in his manners, grand treasurer and caterer to the 1st regiment of Venezuelian Hussars, and who had caused one general watering of mouths among the patriots, by the long list of promised dainties to be devoured during the voyage, was nowhere to be found—and had actually got himself arrested on a false debt, and confined to a spunging-house, that he might be safe from his brethren in arms. The pigs and the poultry were discovered to be mere creatures of imagination—and the crockery the work only of the ancient chirurgeon's brain. Three officers to whom our colonel had become security for the payment of their clothing and saddlery went off by the light of the harvest moon. The second major declined going out—and two captains and several junior officers resigned. At last the Emerald got under weigh, and made Madeira after 14 days of boisterous weather, during which time the plague raged among the pigs, and confusion among the crockery, to such an extent, there was no bacon to dress, and had there been, scarcely a plate from which to devour it. On their arrival in the Bay of Funchal, they were not only told to keep their distance, but absolutely fired at from the fort. They succeeded, however, next day in getting some fruit and wines brought on board, that though they had no dinners, they might at least have a dessert—and continued their voyage, passing by Antigua, till they cast anchor off St Bartholomew, and landed at the town of Gustavia. During the run from Madeira, great insubordination prevailed among the junior officers were perpetually quarrelling—and one of them being brought to a court-martial, was found guilty of theft—sentenced to be [illegible] missed the service of the Venezuelan—and on landing, on the

main, to be turned to the right about. At Gustavia the officers appear in uniform, and the soldiers, as might have been expected, prove extremely troublesome and riotous among the natives. The Prince arrives at the island with colonel Wilson and his troops on board, and also the Britannia with colonel Gilmour and the artillery—but all the different colonels between whom indeed it appears that there was little cordiality before they left England, are all exceeding shy and testy, and indeed behave more like so many big lads for the first time in a ball-room, and quarrelling about the places of their partners, than middle-aged and indeed elderly gentlemen, going to deliver an immense continent from the yoke of oppression. Here a very splendid ball was given by his Excellency the Governor to the patriot officers, at which, we are informed, colonel Wilson and Gilmour, in imitation of a Frenchman who wore orders on his breast, also appeared with dazzling appendages of a like kind, but by whom bestowed, and by what services acquired, the honest colonel Hippisley professes his entire ignorance. On this lieutenant-colonel English, who seems to be a bit of a wag, hinted, "that had we known that the production of a something at the button-hole would have been uniform, the whole of the remaining British officers might have sported a doubloon suspended at their bosom. If its appearance there would not have added to their rank and dignity, it would however have added to their credit, and have convinced the good tavern-keepers in Gustavia, that their guests, as far as the doubloons would go, were trust-worthy."

From the time of their leaving St Bartholomew's to the meeting with admiral Brion's (the patriot admiral,) squadron in the Orinoco, we have nothing but accounts of duels,—mutinies—and desertions—in one of which no less than forty men abandoned the cause. In addition to all these evils, the brackish water of the Orinoco made all the men ill—so that the few men who were left belonging to this expedition were feeble and dispirited, as well as undisciplined, ignorant, and by the ears with each other. The final disastrous issue was at hand. We have now gone over, as rapidly as we could, 900 pages of colonel Hippisley's narrative. We come now to something like a little information concerning persons, of whom one is anxious to hear—the admiral's and general's in the patriot cause.

His excellency, Luis Brion, admiral of the Venezuelian navy, and of the coast between the river Amazon and the Gulf of Florida, captain-general and commander-in-chief of the naval republic, is a native of the island of Curacao; in stature about five feet five inches; thin make; his limbs firm, and well put together; rather a round face, much sun-burnt, and pitted with a few marks of small-pox; short black hair, dark penetrating eyes, and good teeth; a jewish cast of countenance, which, however, is rendered more expressive of his real situation by the full mustachio which he wears on his upper lip. In person and manner he displays a good deal of ease, and on a first appearance he is even rather prepossessing; he speaks English, and understands it well; he is as good a Frenchman as he is a Spaniard, and speaks the latter tongue with true Castilian pronunciation."

Proceeding up the river, at Angustura, Colonel Hippisley and Colonel Wilson of the Red Hussars, with the officers, were entertained at dinner by General Bermudez, whom, with the governor, he thus describes.

"Bermudez is one of the oldest, as well as the best, generals the patriot army possess. He is about thirty years of age, nearly six feet high, rather thin, but strong and muscular in his limbs. He is stated to have been born in the district of Barcelona, of a brown complexion, round face, dark eyes, and hair so dark as to be almost black; at certain times a degree of ferocity is visible in his looks, which is augmented by his very long and dark mustachios, which remind the observer that he can act as well as look savagely, especially when his mode of retaliation at the siege of Barcelona, and at Old Guyana, is remembered.

General Bermudez can also assume the appearance of humanity, kindness, and politeness; and I was pleased with him when he got up from table, which I understood he did so early, to give time for the large hall in which he had dined to be prepared for a ball. The governor of Angustura (general of brigade Montillo) has one of the most prepossessing countenances ever seen. In stature he is about five feet seven inches, stout and well made, clear brown complexion, and dark hair; his eyes, although rather small, are black, and the most brilliant, and perhaps the most soft and playful that ever were seen in the head of man. Montillo is brave to a fault; by birth he is a Caracarian; he possesses humanity, and harbours not the smallest tincture of jealousy or resentment. He is a great favourite with the general in chief, Bolivar, and is about twenty-seven

years of age, excessively neat in his person and appearance; but, unfortunately, so addicted to drinking, that he is scarcely known to go to his hammock sober at night, and he too frequently commences his potations soon after mid-day. When he appeared at General Bermudez's, although I had only seen him for a few minutes previously in the street, yet he struck me as being drunk when he came to the table.

A most disagreeable but somewhat ludicrous misunderstanding took place, immediately after dinner, between our author and Montillo. Our author inadvertently turned his back on the governor, who took it so much in dudgeon, that after various manœuvres and much play at cross purposes, the colonel had his sabre taken from him, and was himself put under arrest. The true cause of all this rumpus is not very apparent—but we shall charitably suppose that Montillo was, according to his usual custom, drunk—and that colonel Hippisley being quite ignorant of the language, and a little too much given to ride a horse somewhat higher than those used in the cavalry, unintentionally exasperated the punctilious Spaniard by his provoking simplicity. Next morning, however, the governor, like a worthy Toper, repented him of the arrest—and not only became reconciled to colonel Hippisley, but embraced him most fraternally, and insisted on his taking up his lodgings in the government-house. The progress and termination of this quarrel, so influential on the destinies of Spanish America, are described by colonel Hippisley in a manner worthy of their vital importance—and so is the subsequent departure of Bermudez and Montillo for Guyana, leaving him and his brother officers of the different Hussar regiments all at loggerheads with each other; and as far as we may judge by their behaviour, totally indifferent to the cause in which they had embarked.

To comfort the Colonel under all his embarrassments, Bolivar confirmed the rank originally guaranteed to him by Don Mendez, and "he appeared in the general orders of the day (See Appendix marked N.) as colonel commandant." But alas! where were the 200 dollars promised to him on his arrival at Angustura, or the 30 due to his men? Not a bit of beef that was eatable, and the rum sent all who drank it to Pluto! Strange as it may seem, so elated was the colonel commandant with his dignity, that he absolutely formed the idea of giving, under these impossible circumstances, a grand dinner!!

"However, on second thoughts, having computed the expense, and turned my thoughts seriously to the circumstances in which we stood, the economical idea presented itself, whether I had not bettter give a ball instead of a dinner. To the latter the ladies of the city could be invited—the grand council of the republic—the native officers and civilians in the garrison—and our brother countrymen in Colonel Wilson's corps—all all might partake of such an entertainment, and besides the cost, the risk of a drunken party at dinner be thus avoided."

At this ball the only ladies who did not attend "were the wife of lieutenant-colonel Rooke and two French girls of respectability." Those who did attend, were ladies whose virtue was not so impregnable as either Gibralter or Bergen-op-Zoom—and we are told "that the refreshment rooms were broken into sans ceremonie, in order to attack the porter, wine, and spirits, and the whole was drunk off without rule or decorum." Colonel Hippisley, who, as colonel commandent, led off the first dance with a lady whose motto was "liberty, independence, and equality," facetiously informs us, that since the revolution and taking of the city of Angustura, the good Padres had not been called upon to perform the solemnization of the marriage ceremony. The loving and happy couples whom fancy, choice, or persuasion, had joined together, were perfectly contented in their unceremonious union with one another, and "if ever matrimony even entered their heads, it was merely momentary, and as a matter that could either be dispensed with wholly, or postponed to another more fit and propitious opportunity."

It does not appear that this sort of promiscuous dancing improved the morals of the officers so much as Colonel Hippisley probably anticipated, and the following statement of that fact is undoubtedly very picturesque.

"In the interim, some of the officers and others had behaved themselves most unwarrantably; notice was obliged to be taken of their conduct, and Montillo shewed that he possessed great good nature and feeling, which I observed the more as I was an inhabitant of the same house with him. Yet drunkenness was his foible, and I believe he never went to bed without his full dose.

At night when he came home (for he was generally on one visit or another) a large tub, containing as much water as would take him above his middle, was in readiness for him, into which he would jump, and remain for a quarter of an hour, on coming out be wiped dry, and wrapped in his dressing-gown go to his hammock, where he swang until sunrise. The bath was again resorted to, and he dressed and rode out, and transacted what business was required of him. He is a great favourite with Bolivar, who knows him to be brave and trust-worthy, but laments the attachment which he unfortunately has to liquor of any kind that he can get."

People may for a while dance away care—but we suspect that under the following circumstances, balls and assemblies must, at last, have been rather thinly attended.

"I again made application for money, and urged it with every possible exertion, particularly when I found that the officers were selling even their clothing, to obtain it for absolutely necessary expenses. I was assured by the intendant general that every endeavour to obtain a supply should be made, and he undertook to promise that some pay should be forthcoming before we left Angustura. I had been obliged to part with many of my own articles, some of which were indeed superfluous, in order to meet my immediate wants. All my blankets, save one, my cot, cabin-lamps, some plain clothing, and other articles, my master tailor's wife disposed of for me, and I obtained in cash about 100 dollars. I was now able to procure some provisions more nutritious and congenial to my taste; for although I was not so ill as to prevent me from riding and going my daily rounds, yet I was feeble and debilitated from the absolute want of proper food, nor could I ever establish a regular and general mess for the officers with every exertion for that purpose. Beef soup, and stewed beef, without vegetables, rice, pepper, and salt, were in reality so bad and unwholesome for continual diet, that both officers and men felt the ill effects; and as the allowance of rum, bad and pernicious as it evidently was, was indispensable to mix with the water of the Orinoco to soften its quality, kill the animalculæ, and take off the effects of the mineral poison with which it was impregnated, we suffered much from our beverage as well as from our meat. The water itself is a strong purgative; and, if used without passing it through a filtering stone, will cause violent spasms in the bowls, and bring on dysentery and all its concomitant miseries."

At last the British, when called on to swear allegiance to the republic, positively refused, unless paid the stipulated 80 dollars—and many of them were in consequence disarmed.—Order was at length restored by a promise of the money, which the council in a few days raised by a forced loan—but just as the troops were expecting their arrears, an unexpected order was issued to delay the payment till within a few days of their intended embarkation for the river Apuré. The colonel at first supposed that Montillo was drunk when he issued this arbitrary order on the civilians for the money—and that on getting sober, he commanded its restitution. But the approach of a British vessel with clothing, equipments, and necessaries for 10,000 men, soon solved the difficulty—and Montillo looked on his dollars as saved.

The governor had issued, it seems, his orders to commemorate the anniversary of the eighth year of their *independence*,—and after describing the grand military procession to the church, Colonel Hippisley indulges himself in the following description. We could pardon the coarse and vulgar spirit of his picture of that famous ball—but nobody will pardon the irreverent tone in which he speaks of the mysteries of the Roman Catholic religion. Nothing was more disgraceful to the character of the British army in the Peninsular war than the insulting spirit which the officers too often exhibited towards the priests and the canons of their faith; and Colonel Hippisley, whom we, nevertheless, believe to be a worthy and enterprising man, makes himself more contemptible in the following passage than any of those whose religion he there attempts to ridicule with all the ignorance and all the grossness of a buffoon.

"Having taken his seat on the left of the altar, on the outside of the railing, with the colonel of the regiment de Valerosa on his right, I was placed next; and Colonel English, and the colonel of artillery, the colonel of marine, and Colonel Wilson of the red hussars, took their appropriate stations. High mass was performed in the presence of all the officers of the garrison, civilians, and a great number of females. I was requested to approach the altar, and so was Colonel English, where, having a cushion placed to kneel upon, we were prayed over by the patriot bishop, and received a sprinkling of the holy water. I perceived the General Montillo's arch look and smile at both during a part of the ceremony: probably my countenance depicted the doubts I entertained of being made a Catholic, "nolens volens." I acknowledge I began to think the joke was going too far, and in-

wardly determined, should the wafer be presented to me, to decline the offering, and leave the clergy in the lurch. The blessing and the sprinkling I concluded would do me no harm; and I consented to receive those heavenly dews, from an earthly hand, with composure and resignation. I soon, however, discovered it was only the prelude to high honours. I was cleared of all my sins, my errors, and transgressions, and, being thus purified and white-washed, I was deputed as one of the six bearers to support the canopy of silk carried over the head of the bishop whilst he supported the host in his arms."

We find that we must pass over all the wrangling and jangling from page 309 to page 361, and content ourselves with the following sketches of two naval characters.

"Dias, commodore of the gun-boats, and Paddillio, commodore of the armed flecheras. The former is a little sturdy fellow, about five feet five inches in height, strong built, and fleshy. When drunk he has the appearance of good humour, and if not displeased can be vulgarly talkative, rude, and assuming; if ruffled, he immediately displays what by nature he is—a bloodthirsty inhuman savage, who could with pleasure eat the being whom he sacrificed to his hatred or revenge. He boasts of the number he has slaughtered in cold blood, and relates, without horror, that he has fed on human flesh. He has shown a degree of ferocious courage and professional abilities which have been peculiarly serviceable to the independent cause, on more than one occasion. I was twice in company with him; and the second time placed my pistol in my bosom, to protect myself from any brutal attack he might have been induced to commit; and I acknowledge that I felt happy when I found myself freed from his society, nor did I ever again seek it, or by accident fall into his company a third time."

Commodore Paddillio would, if he wore a shade over his eye, be a more agreeable looking man; having received a cut down his cheek, extending to his eye on the right side, which seems as if starting from its socket, and gives to his countenance a horrid and terrific appearance; yet he is fond of dress, and cleanly in his habits. There is also a great deal of generosity and sociable conduct in this man, and he is as firm a friend as he is an implacable enemy. He never forgives an injury; but he has honour and courage sufficient to meet his adversary on a fair and equal footing; and although much used to scenes of bloodshed and murder, and ready to perform such tasks, too, when ordered by his superior, yet there is no instance on record where he has suffered the victim to be tortured, or butchered with any additional inhumanity. Not so his brother commodore, who enjoys the sight of the victim of his cruelty or revenge dying by inches. The two commodores are, however, sworn foes to each other. Whilst on actual duty they meet, and will act in concert; but should they cross each other off duty, Paddillio has vowed that one of them shall die before they separate, in retaliation for a blow formerly given him by Dias."

Soon afterwards all discipline among the British was at an end, and the majority of the men under Colonel Wilson and Major Trewren deserted to join the patriot Paez. Colonel Hippisley treats us with upwards of a 100 pages more of what may be called his personal narrative, down to the time when he was forced to sell his equipments to get a passage to England—from which we shall extract the few passages that are interesting.

"General Bolivar is a mean looking person, seemingly (though but thirty-eight) about fifty years of age. He is about five feet six inches in height; thin, sallow complexion, lengthened visage, marked with every symptom of anxiety, care, and, I could almost add, despondency. He seemed also to have undergone great fatigue. His dark, and, according to report, brilliant eyes, were now dull and heavy, although I could give them credit for possessing more fire and animation when his frame was less harassed. Black hair, loosely tied behind with a piece of riband, large mustachios, black handkerchief round his neck, blue great coat, and blue trowsers, boots and spurs, completed his costume. In my eyes he might have passed for any thing but the thing he really was. Across the chamber was suspended one of the Spanish hammocks, on which he occasionally sat, lolled, and swang, whilst conversing, and seldom remained in the same posture for two minutes together. After an interview of nearly an hour, I left the apartment, and his excellency did me the honour of attending me to the hall door, and bidding me adieu."

Paez's cavalry are much superior in point of dress, appearance, and good condition of their horses; yet I do not wish it to be understood that they are uniformly clothed. There are none of them so naked as many of Sedeno's legion; but they consist of some without boots, shoes, or any body covering, except their blanket, which is the necessary appendage to the general uniform. They all wear trowsers, or something in the shape of breeches or loose drawers, and their arms are similar to the other corps of cavalry. Many of Paez's men are clothed in the spoils taken from the enemy; and thus are seen men in helmets bound with brass and plated metal; large sabres with silver hilts; saddles and bridles ornamented with silver tips and buckles. I actually saw one horseman

whose stirrups were made of the same precious metal. Many anecdotes are told relative to Paez, and vouched for as being authentic. Indeed several of our countrymen were witnesses to his exploits. Though almost a general of his own authority, yet he is too powerful for even Bolivar to dispute his rank, which he has therefore fully acknowledged. Paez is self-taught, and sprang up all of a sudden, from nothing, during the revolution, before which he was hardly heard of. When it broke out, he was soon found at the head of a numerous body, avowedly for the purpose of aiding the cause of the republic. His courage, intrepidity, repeated successes, and the numbers of his followers, speedily gained him a name. The quickness of his movements, the rapidity with which he pursued the flying enemy, the personal conflicts in which he had been engaged, and the conquests he had made, both collectively and individually, rendered him the admiration of his adherents, and the dread of the enemies, into whom his very name struck terror as they advanced to the plains and savannahs to encounter him. His followers, too, were all so many Paezes, looking up to their general as a superior being, to whose mandate upwards of four thousand brave men paid implicit obedience. On the parade, or in the field, Paez was their general and supreme. In the hours of rest from the fatigues of a long and rapid march, or from conquest over the adversary, and the retaliation rigidly executed, Paez would be seen dancing with his people, in the ring formed for that purpose, smoking with them, drinking from the same cup, and lighting the fresh segar from the one in the mouth of his brothersoldier.

"General Paez is uncommonly active. He will, for amusement, as he did before some English officers, single out a wild bull from the herd of cattle, and ride him down, pass his lance through, and thus slay him; or gallop up to the animal's rear, and grasping the tail firmly in his hand, twist it so suddenly and so strongly as to throw the beast on his side, when, if some of his followers do not come up at the moment to pierce him, he will, by a cut of his sabre, ham-string and leave him, until the arrival of his people puts the finishing stroke to life, and the flesh is prepared for cooking."

"At the action of Ortiz, in April, 1818, Paez, with his cavalry, were engaged, and had made several successful charges against the enemy, who, though inferior in numbers, was far superior to Bolivar in discipline and generalship; but the general-in-chief had so puzzled matters, and so confounded the line, that the infantry were beaten, and nearly destroyed, before Bolivar could collect himself, which extorted some sharp rebukes from Paez to the chief in person."

"Paez covered the retreat, at Bolivar's request, and one or two charges secured the remnant of the infantry from annihilation. After the last of these charges, which he led himself, he retired on one side, and having dismounted, was seized with a fit (something of the hysterical kind,) and lay on the ground foaming at the mouth. Colonel English, who related the circumstance to me, was present. He went up to Paez, though some of his people warned him by no means to disturb the general: "he will soon be well," said they, "he is often so, and none of us dare to touch him until perfectly recovered." Colonel English, however, approached, and having sprinkled some water in his face, and forced a little down his throat, he speedily recovered; and coming to his recollection, thanked him cordially, saying he was a little overcome by the day's fatigue, having with his own lance and with his own arm killed thirty-nine of the enemy, and been taken ill whilst running the fortieth through the body. The bloody lance lay by his side, and he presented it to Colonel English, as a memento of his friendship and affection. Paez soon recovered, and joined his legion; and when Colonel English departed, he presented him with three very fine horses from his own stud.

"I shall trespass on my reader's attention a few minutes more, whilst I relate another anecdote of this man. Since the refusal of General Morillo to give quarter, he has never been known to spare the life of a prisoner. Yet, at the battle of Calaboza, having been successful in one or two charges, by which he forced the royalists to retreat, he was in the height of good humour, and an officer who had been taken by his men was brought to him—he was mounted. The General asked him a few questions, and then directed his *man of business* to do his duty. The Spanish officer begged hard for life. "Well," says Paez, "ride to yonder tree," pointing to one some distance off, "and when you get there, escape as fast as you can, and take care I do not come up with you!" The officer obeyed, and when he arrived at the tree, casting one glance behind him, commenced his race. Paez pursued, and soon overtook him, and was in the act of putting his lance through his body. The royalist, with some presence of mind, said, "General Paez is too noble to take an advantage. My horse was tired, and could not gallop; but if you, general, will give me your horse, and the same liberty, I think I could save my life." "Done!" answered Paez, and immediately the Spaniard was mounted on his horse. The distance was again pointed out; the officer rode to the spot, and started afresh. Paez, in the meantime, had mounted the jaded royalist charger. He started also, and gained ground, and in about two miles actually came up with the unfortunate Spaniard, who fell beneath the point of the insurgent general's spear. The race was witnessed by hundreds, and the air was soon filled with the shouts of applause bestowed on the intrepid and sanguinary Paez.

" Early in the morning of the following day a most extraordinary bustle seemed to prevail; people running and riding in all directions. Some thought it was occasioned by the advance of the royalists having entered the town at the south-east extremity. If this were the case, I considered that all would fall an easy prey to the invaders; for of such a set of mixed rabble no other country could boast. Some with spears or lances pointed, galloping violently along the road; others with drawn swords in their hands, racing up and down: the whole accompanied by a confusion of tongues, noises, and shoutings. The first hussars had been drawn up opposite our boats, by my order, to await further directions, when we perceived, approaching the flechera with the remainder of Colonel Wilson's hussars, a person on horseback passing in full speed, with this motley group at his heels: and one of the native officers coming up to me, told me that he who rode by was General Sedeno, whom his soldiers were going to kill, for not doing his duty at the last battle fought near Calaboza. Concluding, therefore, that none but General Sedeno's enemies were near, our people were dismissed, and I, with several of the officers, followed the crowd, to see what had actually befallen the general, who I was convinced, if he continued to ride at the same rate, would not easily be overtaken by the tired and nearly knocked-up cavalry which followed him.

" Having followed the stream of idlers to the upper part of the town, we came to the prison, where some of his friends met the fugitive, and enabled him for the present to escape the fury of the soldiery, though an immense crowd had surrounded the house, and report said that they were cutting off the general's spurs previous to his being executed. In a few minutes after, he was led out by an officer holding him by the left hand, as a gentleman would hand a lady, and I perceived that the highest respect was paid to this personage, who frequently placed his own left hand on his breast, and uttered some words vehemently in Spanish: the spectators and soldiery bowed their attention and forbearance. Sedeno is a tall, thin man, and looked at that moment nothing like a general, but a thief, or some other rascal, just taken in the act. His companion and guardian was a man of about five feet seven inches high, rather fleshy, plump, round face, fair complexion, and most prepossessing countenance. He appeared in a dark blue jacket, sabre, cocked hat, with a large silver cockade in front, as he wore his hat, as the sailors say, fore and aft.

" The native officer who had before addressed me, and who had joined the throng, now informed me, that he who conducted Sedeno was the gallant Paez, who had most fortunately arrived to save him from the hands of his own men. No one, said my new acquaintance, could have sheltered him but Paez: it was not in the power of the supreme chief; the men would not have attended to him. I inquired what General Paez spoke when he was leading Sedeno along: he said, 'that the man who attempted to molest or slay Sedeno must first pierce his heart; that he would answer for his innocence.'

" 'Pray, of what is he accused?' 'It has originated,' answered my companion, 'from a drunken quarrel between two of Sedeno's officers, one of whom Sedeno cut in the arm, an hour ago, with his sabre. This officer has charged him with cowardice and flight, leaving his division to be cut up by the royalists; asserting, that he was so sure of being beaten by the enemy, that he sent off his wife and treasure the day before the action, and himself deserted his people, for which they ought to kill him.'

" Again I asked, 'Does the supreme chief suffer the men to become judges of their officers' conduct, with liberty to put them to death, as they may think fit?' 'Oh! yes,' was the reply: 'the general-in-chief does not interfere; if he was to behave in a cowardly or treacherous manner, they would very soon take off his head, without giving any trouble for further inquiries. But look, colonel,' said he, 'they are now dispersing; Paez has saved him; and yonder is part of Paez's cavalry marching into town.' I afterwards saw Sedeno going unattended into General Bolivar's quarters."

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" Sedeno's cavalry were composed of all sorts and sizes, from the man to the boy; from the horse to the mule. Some of the troopers with saddles, very many of them without; some with bits, leather head-stalls and reins; others with rope-lines, with a bight of the rope placed over the tongue of the horse as a bit; some with old pistols hung over the saddle-bow, I cannot call it the pommell, either incased in tiger-skin or ox-hide holster-pipes, or hanging by a thong of hide on each side. As for the troopers themselves, they were from thirteen to thirty-six or forty years of age—black, brown, sallow complexion, according to the casts of their parents. The adults wore large mustachios, and short hair, either wooly or black, according to climate or descent. They had a ferocious, savage look, which the regimentals they appeared in did not tend to humanize or improve. Mounted on miserable, half-starved, jaded beasts, whether horse or mule, some without trowsers, small-clothes, or any covering except a bandage of blue cloth or cotton round their loins, the end of which passing between their legs, fastened to the girth round the waist; others with trowsers, but without stockings, boots, or shoes, and a spur generally gracing the heel on one side; and some wearing a kind of sandal made of hide, with the hairy side outward. In their left hand they hold the reins, and in their

right a pole from eight to ten feet in length, with an iron spear, very sharp at the point and sides, and rather flat; in shape like our sergeant's halbert. A blanket of about a yard square, with a hole, or rather slit, cut in the centre, through which the wearer thrusts his head, falls on each side of his shoulders, thus covering his body, and leaving his bare arms at perfect liberty to manage his horse, or mule, and lance. Sometimes an old musket (the barrel of which has been shortened twelve inches) forms his carbine; and with a large sabre, or hanger, or cut-and-thrust, or even a small sword, hanging by a leather thong to his side, together with either a felt hat, a tiger skin or hide cap, on his head, with a white feather, or even a piece of white rag, stuck into it, these troopers of the legion of Sedeno appear complete, and ready for action."

The toils of the day were now near a close, and the Editor with his Contributors were about to leave the Tent for an evening-walk along the Dee and its "bonny banks of blooming heather," to indulge the most delightful of all feelings, such, namely, as arise from the consciousness of having past our time in a way not only agreeable to ourselves, but useful to the whole of the wide-spread family of man, when John Mackay came bouncing in upon us like a grasshopper, "Gots my life here are twa unco landloupers cumin dirdin down the hill—the tane o' them a heech knock-kneed stravaiger wi' the breeks on, and the tither, ane o' the women-folk, as roun's she lang, in a green joseph, and a tappen o' feathers on her pow." At the word "women-folk," each Contributor

"Sprang upwards like a pyramid of fire;"

and we had some difficulty in preventing a sally from the Tent. "Remember, gentlemen," quoth we, "that you are still under literary law—be seated." We ourselves, as master of the ceremonies, went out, and lo! we beheld two most extraordinary Itinerants. The gentleman who was dressed in brown-once-black, had a sort of medico-theological exterior—which we afterwards found to be representative of the inward man. He was very tall, and in-kneed*—indeed, somewhat like Richmond the black about the legs—the squint of his albino eyes was far from prepossessing—and stray tufts of his own white hair, here and there stole lankly down from beneath the up-curled edge of a brown caxon that crowned the apex of his organization. He seemed to have lost the roof of his mouth, and when he said to us, "You see before you Dr Magnus Oglethorpe, itinerant lecturer on poetry, politics, oratory, and the belles letters," at each word, his tongue came away from the locum-tenens of his palate, with a bang, like a piece of wet leather from a stone, (called, by our Scottish children, "sookers," we forget the English name,) each syllable, indeed, standing quite per se, and not without difficulty to be drilled into companies or sentences. But we are forgetting the lady. She was a short, fat, "dumpy woman"—quite a bundle of a body, as one may say—with smooth red cheeks, and little twinking roguish eyes;—and when she returned our greeting, we were sensible of a slight accent of Erin, which, we confess, up in life as we are, falls on the drum of our ear

"That's like a melody sweetly played in tune."

She was, as John Mackay had at some distance discovered, in a green riding habit, not, perhaps, much the worse, but certainly much the smoother for wear,—and while her neat-turned ancles exhibited a pair of yellow laced boots which nearly reached the calf of her leg, on her head waved elegantly a plume of light-blue ostrich feathers. The colours altogether, both those of nature and of art, were splendid and harmonious, and the Shepherd, whose honest face we by chance saw, (contrary to orders) peeping through a little chink of the Tent, whispered "Losh a day, gin there binna the queen o' the Fairies!" We requested the matchless pair to walk in—but Dr Magnus, who was rather dusty, first got John Mackay to switch him, behind and before, with a bunch of long heather, and we ourselves performed the same office, with the greatest delicacy to the lady. The improvement on both was most striking and instantaneous. The Doctor looked quite fresh and ready for a lecture,—while the lady reminded us, so sleek, smooth, and beautiful, did she

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* It was upon this gentleman that the celebrated punster of the West made that famous pun, "the Battle of the Pyrenees—(the pair o' knees.")

appear, of a hen after any little ruffling incident in a barn-yard. We three entered the Tent—"Contributors! Dr Magnus Oglethorpe and Lady on a lecturing tour through the Highlands." In a moment twenty voices entreated the lady to be seated—Dr Morris offered her a seat on his bed, which, being folded up, he now used as a chair or sopha—Wastle bowed to the antique carved oak arm-chair that had been sent from Mar-Lodge by the Thane—Tickler was lifting up from the ground an empty hamper to reach it across the table for her accommodation—Buller was ready with the top or bottom of the whisky cask, and we ourselves insisted upon getting the honour of the fair burden to the Contributor's box. Seward kept looking at her through his quizzing glass—"deuced fine wumman by St Jericho! demme if she b'nt a facsimile of Mary-Ann Clarke—only summat deeper in the fore-end—one of old Anacreon's βαθυκολπους." Her curtsey was exceedingly graceful—when all of a sudden, casting her eyes on the Standard-Bearer who, contrary to his usual amenity towards the sex, stood sour and silent in a corner, she exclaimed, "by the powers, my own swate Morgan Odoherty," and jumping up upon the table, she nimbly picked her steps among jugs, glasses, and quechs, (upsetting alone Kempferhausen's ink horn over an ode to the moon) and in a moment was in the Adjutant's arms. Mrs M'Whirter, the fair Irish widow whom the Ensign had loved in Philadelphia, stood confessed. There clung she, like a mole, with her little paws to the Standard-bearer's sides—striving in vain to reach those beguiling lips, which he kept somewhat haughtily elevated about six feet three inches from the ground, leaving an unscaleable height of at least a yard between them and the mouth of the much flustered, deeply injured Mrs M'Whirter. The widow, whose elegant taste is well known to the readers of this Magazine, exclaimed, in the words of Betty, (so she called him),

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where love's proud temple shines afar!"

"Never mind the money—my dearest Morgan—Och! I have never known such another man as your sweet self since we parted at Philadelphia." The Adjutant looked as if he had neither lost nor won—still gently but determinedly repelling the advances of the warm-hearted widow, whose face he thus kept, as it were, at arm's length. At last, with a countenance of imperturbable solemnity, worthy of a native of Ireland and a Contributor to this Magazine, he coolly said, "Why, Mr Editor, the trick is a devilish good one, very well played, and knowingly kept up—but now that you gentlemen have all had your laugh against Odoherty, pray Mrs Roundabout Fat-ribs, may I ask when you were last *bateing hemp*, and in what house of correction?" "Och—you vile sadducee."—"I suspect," said Tickler, "that you yourself, my fair Mrs M'Whirter, were the seducee, and the ensign the seducer." "Why look ye," continued Odoherty, "if you are Molly M'Whirter, formerly of Philadelphia, you have the mark of a murphy (Hibernicé potatoe) on your right side, just below the fifth rib—and of a shamrock, or as these English gentlemen would call it, a trefoil, between your shoulders behind, about half way down."……Here Mrs M'Whirter lost all temper—and appealed to Dr Magnus Oglethorpe, if Odoherty was not casting foul aspersions on her character. The doctor commenced an oration, with that extraordinary sort of utterance already hinted at, which quite upset the Adjutant's gravity—and the lady now seizing the "tempora mollia fandi," said, with a bewitching smile, "Come now my dearest Morgan, confess, confess!" The Standard-bearer was overcome—and, kissing his old friend's cheek in the most respectful manner, he said, "I presume Mrs M'Whirter is no more, and that I see before me the lady of Dr Magnus Oglethorpe—in other words *Mrs Dr* Oglethorpe." "Yes, Morgan, he is indeed my husband—come hither Magnus, and shake hands with the Adjutant—this is the Mr Odoherty, of whom you have heard me so often spake." Nothing could be more delightful than this reconciliation. We again all took our seats—Dr Magnus on our own left hand, and Mrs Dr Magnus on our right, close to whom sat and smiled, like another Mars, the invincible Standard-bearer. It was a high gratification to us now to find that Odoherty and Mrs M'Whirter had never been united in matri-

mony. It was true that in America they had been tenderly attached to each other, but peculiar circumstances, some of which are alluded to in a memoir of the adjutant's life, in a former Number of this Magazine, had prevented their union, and soon after his return to Europe, the M'Whirter had bestowed her hand on a faithful suitor, whom she had formerly rejected, Dr Magnus Oglethorpe, lecturer on poetry, politics, oratory, &c. a gentleman famous for removing impediments in the organs of speech, and who, after having instructed in public speaking some of the most distinguished orators in the House of Representatives, United States, had lately come over to Britain, to retard, by his precepts and his practice, the decline and fall of eloquence in our Island. As we complimented the doctor on the magnificent object of his pedestrian tour, he volunteered a lecture on the spot, and in an instant—and springing up as nimbly upon the table as Sir Francis Burdett or Mr John Hobhouse could have done, the American Demosthenes (who seemed still to have pebbles in his mouth, though far inland), thus opened it* and spake:

LECTURE ON WHIGGISM.†

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

FEAR is "Whiggism"—hatred is "Whiggism"—contempt, jealousy, remorse, wonder, despair, or madness, are all "Whiggism."

The miser when he hugs his gold—the savage who paints his idol with blood—the slave who worships a tyrant, or the tyrant who fancies himself a god—the vain, the ambitious, the proud, the choleric man—the coward, the beggar, all are "Whigs."

"The "Whig," the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
The madman."

"Whiggism" is strictly the language of *imagination;* and the imagination is that faculty which represents objects, not as they are in themselves, but as they are moulded, by *other* thoughts and feelings, into an infinite variety of shapes and combinations of power. This language is not the less true to nature, because it is false in point of *fact;* but so much the more true and *natural*, if it conveys the impression which the object under the *influence of passion* makes on the mind. Let an object, for instance, be presented in a state of agitation or fear, and the imagination will distort or magnify the object, and convert it into the likeness of whatever is most proper to encourage the fear.

Tragic "Whiggism," which is the most empassioned species of it, strives to carry on the feeling to the utmost point, by all the force of comparison or contrast—loses the sense of present

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* The expression "*Thus opened his mouth*," is incorrect, for without a plate it would be impossible to shew the manner in which Dr Magnus opened his mouth.

† The land of Whiggism is the very reverse of the fairy-land: in both all is illusory; but in the one, the meanest and vilest things appear invested with splendour and elegance—in the other, *real* worth and beauty seem what is the reverse of both. Fairy glamour is a delightful imposture, a temporary realization of our sweetest dreams; but when Whigs cast the glamour over us, even though it is a bright glad summer day, all is horror and darkness.

"A work," says Mr Walter Scott, "of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fictions, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery-tales of the subsequent ages."

The truth of this ingenious remark is exemplified in the case of Whiggism; for its popular fables had their origin in the dark and turbulent north, where winter's

"Savage car
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores." &c.

They passed into the theology of this country in the seventeenth century; from thence into the romance of the eighteenth; and now they are fast becoming mere nursery tales, the belief of old wives and children only.

the unicorn species, we may say
his passion lashes itself up, and
and rages like a tide in its so
course, when, in answer to the
expressed of his returning "te
he says—

"*Never Iago.* Like to the Pontic
Whose icy current and compulsive
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps
To the Propontic and the Hellespon
Even so my 'frantic' thoughts, w
lent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to
'sense,'
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up."

The pleasure, however, derived
tragic "Whiggism," is not any
peculiar to it as Whiggism, as a
tious and fanciful thing. It is r
anomaly of the imagination. I
its source and ground-work in
common love of "power" and s
excitement. As Mr Burke obse
people flock to "Whig meetin
but if there were a public executi
the next street, the "house" w
very soon be empty. It is not
difference between fiction and re
that solves the difficulty. Chil
are satisfied with stories of ghosts
witches. The grave politician d

the ultimate meaning of his production. "As the lecture was but short, will you have another?" "No—no—enough is as good as a feast," quod Odoherty —"perhaps," Mr Editor, "if you request it, Mrs Magnus will have the goodness to make tea." There was not only much true politeness in this suggestion of the Adjutant, but a profound knowledge of the female character—and, accordingly, the *tea things* were not long of making their appearance, for in our Tent it was just sufficient to hint a wish, and that wish, whatever it might be, that moment was gratified. Mrs Magnus, we observed, put in upwards of thirty spoonfuls—being at the rate of two and a half for each Contributor—and the lymph came out of the large silver tea-pot "a perfect tincture;" into his third and last cup of which each Contributor emptied a decent glass of whisky; nor did the Lady of the Tent, any more than the Lady of the Lake, shew any symptoms of distaste to the mountain dew.* The conversation was indeed divine—and it was wonderful with what ease Mrs Morgan conducted herself in so difficult a situation. She had a word or a smile for every one, and the Shepherd whispered to Tickler, just loud enough to be heard by those near the Contributor's Box, "sic a nice leddy wad just sute you or me to a hair, Mr Tickler. Faith, thae blue ostrich plumbs wad astonish Davy Bryden, were he to see them hanging o'er the tea-pat at Eltrive-Lake, wi' a swurl." Alas! there is always something imperfect in sublunary happiness. Baillie Jarvie seemed very unwell and out of spirits. "What ails you, my dear Baillie," said we, in the most affectionate tone, but still Jarvie sat with a long, dull, dissatisfied aspect, which looked most excessively absurd close to the small insignificant happy face of Tims, who had some how or other got into an extraordinary high flow of spirits, (we suspect he had sipped too much of that

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* We beg leave thus publicly to acknowledge our gratitude to Mr John Carnegie of Glasgow, for the very kind and handsome invitation which he sent us, to join a joyous party at Ardgartan, Argyllshire, the abode of his excellent brother the captain. Nothing but the distance prevented us from beating up those hospitable quarters; but, in all probability, before another month elapse, we shall muster strong beneath that Walnut-tree, under whose shadow we have ere now reposed. Mr Carnegie's letter was couched in the shape of a song to the tune of "Fy let us a' to the wedding;" and want of room only now prevents us from laying it entire before the world. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of quoting some of the concluding verses, which, to use the language of Milton, might "create a soul under the ribs of death."

And there will be violets and lilies;
Betseys, Beannys, and Ellens, I ween;
As for lads, every lass will have three then,
To dance with on our charming green.

And there will be lobsters and partans,
And pars, eels, and ling-fish, and scate;
And oysters, wilks, mussels, and lampits,
And haggis for our sonsy Pate. (*a*)

And there will be haddocks and herrings,
And sa'mon, some het and some cauld,
And codlins, trouts, whiting, and flounders,
To serve baith the young and the auld.

And there will be champit potatoes,
And ingans, beans, turnips, and leeks;
And sowens, brose, parritch, and butter,
To last for some twa or three weeks.

And there will be kirnfu's o' sour milk,
And whey baith in pans and in jars;
Bowls o' cruds and rich cream in great pint-stoups,
To feast our brave lads frae the wars.

And there will be auld and green kibbocks,
Oat bannocks and barley scones too;
And yill in big flaggons and boynfu's
O' whisky, to fill the folks fu'.

Then hey, and come a' to Ardgartan,
For ye will hae dancin' there,
And feastin', and drinkin', and rantin',
And a' that drives awa' care.

Ardgartan, Argyllshire. JOHN CARNEGIE.

We also return our thanks for a friendly letter, beginning, "We of the west," complimenting us on our good humour, in a jolly sort of a song, to the tune of Johnny Cope, of which the following amiable lines are a specimen.

1.

My worthy friend, and honest soul,
As ever sat beside a bowl,
Ye laugh and sing, and never growl,
Frae evening till the morning.

2.

O fill another jorum yet,
And let's be happy while we sit,
It's time enough for us to flit,
Wi' the wee sma' hours i' the morning.

3.

It's mony a day since first we met,
Wi' social love, our lips to wet;
I liked you then—I like you yet,
Wi' Wastle's horn i' the morning.

(*a*) A compliment to Dr Morris.

stout tea) and was coaxing and cockering up the Baillie with "how now, Mr Jarvie, I ope you are more better now; will you try one of my pills, my good sir, Mamar 'as given me the box; see, it has a picture of Hesculapius on the top. Hopen it, Mr Bailiff, and take out as many as you choose; but three is a doze." "I am for none o' your nasty pills, Mr Tims, swallow them all yourself before you lie down." "Mr Bailiff, Mr Bailiff, three is a doze; was I to do that, Tommy Tims might lie down, but Tommy Tims would never rise hup no more;" and as he ceased speaking, we could not help thinking of that passage in Milton, where it is said of Raphael, that when he came to a house, Adam could not help thinking that the angel had not finished his speech. "Come, come," said we, "give us a song, Baillie," "I don't believe you wish me to sing or to do any thing else," was the reply; and in an instant we saw into the very seat of the Baillie's distemper. He manifestly had been offended because we had not asked him for an Article, which, Heaven knows, proceeded from no distrust of his literary talents, but from a notion that he would prefer making his sagacious remarks on the articles of other men, to any exhibition of his own. We were now undeceived, and on reiterating our request, honest Jarvie said, that he would recite a song, not sing it,—but that first of all, he must say a word or two by way of preface:

"Though I was," said he, "in my youth, a little addicted to poetical phantasies, yet have I, for a long while, been justly considered, in the Salt-market, as a mere proser. Some years ago, in my first wife's time, when that good woman was sorely afflicted with an "*income*," * I was advised by Dr Ninian Hill of Glasgow, to carry her to the country for a *change of air*, as he called it, or as I have been informed, it is termed by Dr Gregory, *mutatio cæli*. With this view, I took a lease for a summer, at £27 of rent, from the late Mr Robert Robison, of the villa and garden of *Leddrie Green*, in the parish of *Strablane*, a sweet spot, and of which parish the present learned and worthy minister of St Andrews church in Glasgow, also now professor † of Hebrew in our university, was then pastor. I accordingly went thither with my spouse for the time being, and my little niece *Nicky*, that is to say, *Nicolina Jarvie*, at that time a little *skelpy* ‡, but now *Mrs Mecklehose*, and who paid the most assiduous attention to her aunt in her last illness, reading to her at night Mrs M'Iver's Cookery, and the Rev. Ralph Erskine's Sermons. It was on a Saturday evening after tea, as I recollect, and when a little fatigued by my ride from Glasgow in a very warm day, and my wife rather worse, that, in order to recreate myself, I sat down in a little arbour in the garden—the church and manse, and a jug of whisky toddy, full in my view—and composed a trifling ballad, which, with the permission of this company (and if Captain Odoherty would be pleased to give over swearing), I shall now read (though as I find I have lost my spectacles this morning in

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* See Dr Jamieson.

† We have been given to understand, by a most intelligent correspondent in Leicestershire, that our method of printing Hebrew without points has displeased some of the Hebraists of the South. He says, "that he is quite feasted with a page of well-printed Hebrew where the points run bristling along each line, and that he would as soon see a picture of Aaron without his beard as a single word of the sacred language shorn of its beams." We had ourselves discovered the errors which he has been so good as to point out to us, but scarcely knew if it were worth while to correct them. Since our correspondent wishes it, we do now correct them. First, in the Motto to Canto 1st of the Mad Banker of Amsterdam, instead of ומצש, read וְמָצָא; instead of לבכצלת, read לֵב בַּעֲלַת. Again, in the Motto to "BILLY ROUTING," No XXVIII, July, 1819, instead of קיל, read קוֹל; instead of ראמר, read וְאָמַר; instead of א, read מַה, after which supply רֶקֶרָא כָּל; for הסדו, read הַסַּדּוֹ.

These mistakes are more important than numerous; and we shall take care that the next Hebrew motto that may grace any of Wastle's potent Satires will be immaculate. Our correspondent concludes his note with these words:—"Proceed, worthy Sir, in your undertaking, and whatever Billy Routing may be disposed to think or say, קְרָא בְגָרוֹן וְאַל־תַּחְמִיתוֹ אַלְתְּשָׁא נַפְשֶׁךָ:"

‡ Dr Jamieson again.

ıill in chasing Mr Constable's bitch, who was worrying a lamb, I wish I be able), but—" Here the Bailie was interrupted rather improperly by Tickler, who briskly offered to read the ballad *without spectacles.* "Deil ne," quoth Mr Hogg, "if I think ye're able." Instantly *Mr Wastle,* to ın end to all contention, proposed to read it himself, and this being agreed *acclamation,* Buller of Brazennose insisted, with rather an undue vehe-ɛe, on a liminary bumper; and this also being instantly agreed to, and in-ly swallowed, Mr Wastle rose, and in his usual graceful and impressive ıer, read with much pathos,

LEDDRIE GREEN,

An excellent new Song,

Written by BAILIE JARVIE, *a good many Years ago.*

that be not a bull," cried Odoherty.—"Silence, Mr Odoherty," and Mr le proceeded.

1

ho on rural pleasures bent,
idly round in summer sheen,
John o'Groat's to southern Kent,
ot you'll find like Leddrie Green.

2

not to me of Brighton's joys,
ay parade and glittering steyne;
ave its crowds and endless noise,
ıe sweet woods of Leddrie Green.

3

ınbridge ye who sip the springs,
the Sussex Pad' are seen;
if you heard the rill that rings,
nial close to Leddrie Green,

4

ye at Harrowgate impure,
shudder o'er your drafts unclean,
ıld be a shorter ride, I'm sure,
weeter far, to Leddrie Green.

5

arket Muse! now deftly tell
rocks basaltic rise and screen
windings of the upland fell,
skirts the strath at Leddrie Green.

6

Bold crags romantic thence ye view,
Loch Lomond and its woods I ween;
And Morven's summits ting'd with blue,
Break the far sky at Leddrie Green.

7

Thy spout, Ballagan, thundering down
Like Niagara foams between
The darksome pines and shrubs, that own
The neighbourhood of Leddrie Green.

8

And ye who, vex'd with city noise,
Retire to breathe the air so keen;
Ah! think of eating Nicky's pyes,
And turkey pouts at Leddrie Green.

9

Or you who lonely wish to sigh
O'er life's short course and winter's e'en,
Go view the mausoleum nigh,
The parish-kirk at Leddrie Green.

10

A gentle swain here rests inurn'd,
The only spot where rest is given;
Between two wives, each duly mourn'd,
And married still 'tis hop'd in heaven.

ıis poem was applauded to "the very echo" by all but Mrs Magnus, who oo polite to say any thing derogatory to Bailie Jarvie's genius. Indeed o doubt admired that genius, but the subject did not seem to interest her. r dear Mr Odoherty (for they treated each other with infinite respect), will ɡive us something amatory?"—"I gives my vice, too, for something ha-ry," pertly enough whiffled Mr Tims;—when the Standard-bearer, after ning a few notes, and taking the altitude from the pitch-key of Tickler ch he carries about with him as certainly as a parson carries a corkscrew), off in noble style with the following song, his eyes all the while turned ds Mrs Magnus Oglethorpe, whose twinklers emanated still but elo-responses not to be misunderstood.

INCONSTANCY; A SONG TO MRS M'WHIRTER.

By MR ODOHERTY.

1.

"YE fleeces of gold amidst crimson enroll'd
"That sleep in the calm western sky,
"Lovely relics of day float—ah! float not away!
"Are ye gone? then, ye beauties, good-bye!"

It was thus the fair maid I had loved would have staid
The last gleamings of passion in me;
But the orb's fiery glow in the soft wave below
Had been cooled—and the thing could not be.

2.

While thro' deserts you rove, if you find a green grove
Where the dark branches overhead meet,
There repose you a while from the heat and the toil,
And be thankful the shade is so sweet;
But if long you remain it is odds but the rain
Or the wind 'mong the leaves may be stirring,
They will strip the boughs bare—you're a fool to stay there—
Change the scene without further demurring.

3.

If a rich-laden tree in your wanderings you see
With the ripe fruit all glowing and swelling,
Take your fill as you pass—if you don't you're an ass,
But I daresay you don't need my telling.
'Twould be just as great fooling to come back for more pulling,
When a week or two more shall have gone,
These firm plums very rapidly, they will taste very vapidly,
—By good luck we'll have pears coming on!

4.

All around Nature's range is from changes to changes,
And in change all her charming is centered—
When you step from the stream where you've bathed, 'twere a dream
To suppose't the same stream that you entered;
Each clear chrystal wave just a passing kiss gave,
And kept rolling away to the sea—
So the love stricken slave for a moment may rave,
But ere long oh! how distant he'll be?

5.

Why—'tis only in name, you, e'en you, are the same
With the SHE that inspired my devotion,
Every bit of the lip that I lov'd so to sip
Has been changed in the general commotion—
Even these soft gleaming eyes that awaked my young sighs
Have been altered a thousand times over;
Why? Oh! why then complain that so short was your reign?
Must all Nature go round but your lover?

The tears flowed in torrents, from the blue eyes of Mrs Magnus, during the whole of this song; and when Mr Tims, who was now extremely inebriated, (he has since apologised to us for his behaviour, and assured us, that when tipsey on tea he is always quite beyond himself,) vehemently cried, "Hangcore! hangcore!" the gross impropriety of such unfeeling conduct was felt by Mr Seward, who offered, if agreeable to us, to turn him out of the Tent; but Tims became more reasonable upon this, and asked permission to go to bed; which being granted, his friend Price assisted the small cit to *lay* down, and in a few minutes, we think, unless we were deceived, that we faintly heard something like his own thin tiny little snore. Mrs Magnus soon recovered her cheerfulness; for being, with all her vivacity, subject to frequent but short fits of absence, she every now and then, no doubt without knowing what she was about, filled up her tea-cup, not from the silver tea-pot, but from a magisterial-looking bottle of whisky, which then, and indeed at all times, stood on our table. She now volunteered a song of her own composition; and after fingering away in the most rapid style of manipulation on the edge of the table, as if upon her own spinnet in Philadelphia, she too took the key from Tickler's ready instrument, and chanted in recitativo what follows—an anomolous kind of poetry.

CHAUNT.—BY MRS M'WHIRTER.

Tune—*The Powldoodies of Burran.**

1

I WONDER what the mischief was in me when a bit of my music I proffered ye!
How could any woman sing a good song when she's just parting with Morgan Odoherty?
A poor body, I think, would have more occasion for a comfortable quiet can,
To keep up her spirits in taking lave of so nate a young man—
Besides, as for me, I'm not an orator like Bush, Plunkett, Grattan, or Curran,
So I can only hum a few words to the old chaunt of the Powldoodies of Burran.
Chorus—Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran,
The green green Powldoodies of Burran,
The green Powldoodies, the clean Powldoodies,
The gaping Powldoodies of Burran!

2

I remember a saying of my Lord Norbury, that excellent Judge,
Says he, never believe what a man says to ye Molly, for believe me 'tis all fudge;
He said it sitting on the Bench before the whole Grand Jury of Tipperary,
If I had minded it, I had been the better on't, as sure as my name's Mary;
I would have paid not the smallest attention, ye good-for-nothing elf ye,
To the fine speeches that took me off my feet in the swate city of Philadelphy.
Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran, &c. &c.

3

By the same rule, says my dear Mr Bush one night when I was sitting beside Mausey,
"Molly, love," says he, "if you go on at this rate, you've no idea what bad luck it will cause ye;
You may go on very merrily for a while, but you'll see what will come on't,
When to answer for all your misdeeds, at the last you are summoned;
Do you fancy a young woman can proceed in this sad lightheaded way,
And not suffer in the long run, tho' manetime she may merrily say,
Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran, &c. &c.

4

But I'm sure there's plenty of other people that's very near as bad's me,
Yes, and I will make bould to affirm it in the very tiptopsomest degree;
Only they're rather more cunning concealing on't, tho' they meet with their fops
Every now and then by the mass, about four o'clock in their Milliner's shops;
In our own pretty Dame Street I've seen it—the fine Lady comes commonly first,
And then comes her beau on pretence of a watch-ribbon, or the like I purtest.
Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran, &c. &c.

5

But as for me, I could not withstand him, 'tis the beautiful dear Ensign I mean,
When he came into the Shining Daisy† with his milkwhite smallclothes so clean,
With his epaulette shining on his shoulder, and his golden gorget at his breast,
And his long silken sash so genteely twisted many times round about his neat waist;
His black gaiters that were so tight, and reached up to a little below his knee,
And shewed so well the prettiest calf e'er an Irish lass had the good luck to see.
Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran, &c. &c.

6

His eyes were like a flaming coal-fire, all so black and yet so bright,
Or like a star shining clearly in the middle of the dark heaven at night,
And the white of them was not white, but a charming sort of hue,
Like a morning sky, or skimmed milk, of a delicate sweet blue;
But when he whispered sweetly, then his eyes were so soft and dim,
That it would have been a heart of brass not to have pity upon him.
Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran, &c. &c.

7

And yet now you see he's left me like a pair of old boots or shoes,
And makes love to all the handsome ladies, for ne'er a one of them can refuse;

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* The POWLDOODIES of BURRAN are oysters, of which more will be said and sung in future Numbers of this Work.

† The *Shining Daisy* was the sign of Mrs M'Whirter's chop-house at Philadelphia.—Sir Daniel Donelly hoisted the same sign over his booth the other day at Donnybrook fair.—EDITOR.

Through America and sweet Ireland and Bath and London City,
For he must always be running after something that's new and pretty,
Playing the devil's own delights in Holland, Spain, Portugal, and France,
And here too in the cold Scotch mountains, where I've met with him by very chance.
Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran, &c. &c.

8

When he first ran off and deserted me, I thought my heart was plucked away,
Such a tugging in my breast, I did not sleep a wink till peep of day—
May I be a sinner if I ever bowed but for a moment my eye-lid,
Tossing round about from side to side in the middle of my bid.
One minute kicking off all the three blankets, the sheets, and the counterpane,
And then stuffing them up over my head like a body beside myself again.
Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran, &c. &c.

9

Says I to myself, I'll repeat over the whole of the Pater Noster, Ave-Maria, and creed,
If I don't fall over into a doze e'er I'm done with them 'twill be a very uncommon thing indeed;
But, would you believe it? I was quite lively when I came down to the Amen,
And it was always just as bad tho' I repeated them twenty times over and over again;
I also tried counting of a thousand, but still found myself broad awake,
With a cursed pain in the fore part of my head, all for my dear sweet Ensign Odoherty's sake.
Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran, &c. &c.

10

But, to cut a long story short, I was in a high fever when I woke in the morning,
Whereby all women in my situation should take profit and warning;
And Doctor Oglethorpe he was sent for, and he ordered me on no account to rise,
But to lie still and have the whole of my back covered over with Spanish flies;
He also gave me leeches and salts, castor oil and the balsam capivi,
Till I was brought down to a mare shadow, and so pale that the sight would have grieved ye.
Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran, &c. &c.

11

But in the course of a few days more I began to stump a little about,
And by the blessing of air and exercise, I grew every day more and more stout;
And in a week or two I recovered my twist, and could play a capital knife and fork,
Being not in the least particular whether it was beef, veal, lamb, mutton, or pork;
But of all the things in the world, for I was always my father's own true daughter,
I liked best to dine on fried tripes, and wash it down with a little hot brandy and water.
Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran, &c. &c.

12

If I had the least bit of genius for poems, I could make some very nice songs
On the cruelties of some people's sweetheart's, and some people's sufferings and wrongs;
For he was master, I'm sure, of my house, and there was nothing at all at all
In the whole of the Shining Daisy for which he could not just ring the bell and call;
We kept always a good larder of pidgeon pyes, hung beef, ham, and cowheel,
And we would have got any thing to please him that we could either beg, borrow, or steal.
Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran, &c. &c.

13

And at night when we might be taking our noggin in the little back room,
I thought myself as sure of my charmer as if he had gone to church my bridegroom;
But I need not keep harping on that string and ripping up of the same old sore,
He went off in the twinkling of a bed-post, and I never heard tell of him no more,
So I married the great Doctor Oglethorpe, who had been my admirer all along,
And we had some scolloped Powldoodies for supper; and every crature joined in the old song.
Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran, &c. &c.

14

Some people eats their Powldoodies quite neat just as they came out of the sea,
But with a little black pepper and vinegar some other people's stomachs better agree;
Young ladies are very fond of oyster pates, and young gentlemen of oyster broth,
But I think I know a bit of pasture that is far better than them both:
For whenever we want to be comfortable, says I to the Doctor—my dear man,
Let's have a few scolloped Powldoodies, and a bit of tripe fried in the pan.
Chorus—Oh! the Powldoodies of Burran,
The green green Powldoodies of Burran,
The green Powldoodies, the clean Powldoodies,
The gaping Powldoodies of Burran.

After Mrs Magnus had received those plaudits from the Tent due to this exhibition of native genius, the learned Doctor somewhat anxiously asked us what sort of accommodation we had for him and his lady during the night? We told him that the Tent slept twenty easily, and that a few more could be stowed away between the interstices. "But give yourself no uneasiness, Dr Magnus, on that score; we are aware of the awkwardness of a lady passing the night with so many Contributors, and of the censoriousness of the world, many people in which seem determined, Doctor, to put an unfavourable construction on every thing we do or say. Besides, your excellent lady might find our Tent like the Black Bull Inn of Edinburgh, as it was twenty years ago, when Dr Morris first visited it, 'crowded, noisy, shabby, and uncomfortable.' Now the inn at Braemar is a most capital one, where the young ladies of the family will pay every attention to Mrs Magnus. We have already despatched a special messenger for Dr Morris' shandrydan, and as it is a fine moonlight night, you can trundle yourselves down to bed in a jiffey." The sound of the shandryan confirmed our words, and we all attended Mrs Magnus and her husband to the road, to see them safely mounted. Our readers have all seen Peter's shandrydan—a smart, snug, safe, smooth, roomy, easy-going concern, that carries you over the stones as if you were on turf; and where, may we ask, will you see a more compact nimble little horse than Peter's horse, Scrub—with feet as steady as clock-work, and a mouth that carries his bit with a singular union of force and tenderness?—"I fear that I cannot guide this vehicle along Highland roads," said Dr Magnus; "and I suspect that steed is given to starting, from the manner in which he keeps rearing his head about, and pawing the ground like a mad bull. My dear, it would be flying in the face of Providence to ascend the steps of that shandrydan." While the orator was thus expressing his trepidation, the Standard-bearer handed Mrs Magnus forward, who, with her nodding plumes, leapt lightly up beneath the giant strength of his warlike arm, and took her seat with an air of perfect composure and dignity; while Odoherty, adjusting the reins with the skill of a Lade or Buxton, and elevating his dexter hand that held them and the whip in it's gnostic grasp, caught hold of the rail of the shandrydan with his left, and flung himself, as it were, to the fair side of her who had once been the mistress of his youthful heart, but for whom he now retained only the most respectful affection. "Mount up behind, Dr Magnus," cried the Adjutant, somewhat impatiently; "your feet will not be more than six inches from the ground, so that in case of any disaster, you can drop off like a ripe pease-cod—mount, I say, Doctor, mount." The Doctor did so; and the Standard-bearer, giving a blast on Wastle's bugle, and cutting the thin air with his thong several yards beyond Scrub's nose, away went the shandrydan, while the mountains of the Dee echoed again to the rattling of its wheels.

The Tent had lost its chief charm—so "the dull and dowie" Contributors prepared for repose. In the uncertain light of Luna, we saw the tall, white, ghostlike shirt of Tickler towering over the lower statures; but in a few minutes, the principal Contributors to this Magazine were, like Mr Constable's authors, sound asleep, all but the Editor. What with the rheumatism, which always gets worse in the warmth of bed; and what with the cares of our profession, our mind was absolutely like a sea full of waves, we will not say running mountains high, far from it, but a vast multitude of active smallish rippling waves, like those that keep chasing each other to the shore, for several hours at a time, till it is high water at Leith. As we lay in this condition, in the midst of the snore of the Tent, a footstep came to our bed-side, and a soft voice whispered, "Maister, Maister! are you wauken?" We sat up and saw the face of our incomparable caddy, John M'Kay. "Here's a letter frae Lord Fife, as braid's a bannock. Black Hamish, that procht it, says there's an awfu' steer doon at the ludge." We went into the moonlight, where, by-the-by, we saw Kempferhausen very absurdly sitting on a stone, staring at the sky, as if he had just then seen it for the first time in his life, and read the Thane's letter. We then returned to bed to revolve its contents in our mind, and to make fitting *arrangements* for the morning. The letter was short, for his Lordship *uses but few words*, and these always the very best,—

My Dear Sir,—To-morrow Prince Leopold will visit the Tent-
Yours truly, Fife

The Last Day of the Tent.

Having been thus kindly prepared by the letter of our friend the Thane, we ordered a reveillé to be blown about six o'clock in the morning, and hinted to the more active members of our assembly, that it would be proper for them to start in order to replenish our larder with a quantity of game sufficient for the entertainment of these most honoured guests. Nor did our suggestion require to be enforced by many words: Morris, Wastle, Tickler, Odoherty, Ballantyne, Hogg, &c. &c., had all started from their couches long before we (fatigued as we had been with our manifold exertions) thought proper to be awake—and when at last we aroused ourselves, the interior of the tabernacle was quite deserted around us. Wrapping ourselves in a blanket, we were stepping forth with the view of bathing (as had been our wont) in the sweet waters of the Dee—but on emerging from the Tent, a very unexpected phenomenon met our eyes.—Within a few yards of our pavilion, a very remarkable, and certainly a very reverend looking old gentleman, bearing no resemblance whatever either in outline or habiliments to any of the present members of our fraternity, was seated in a large chair, with a long clay pipe of the genuine Dutch fashion in his mouth. He was arrayed in a full suit of dignified black, with the black silk apron, now worn by few except the Bishops and Deans of the English church, suspended in ample folds from his capacious middle. On his head was a large shovel hat, garnished with a black rose in front—and so low and loosely did this hat sit upon the cranium, that it was evident there was no wig below. On the right of this surprising personage the Ettrick Shepherd sat squat on the earth—his nether parts protected from the cold soil, yet wet with the morning dew, only by the intervention of his gray maud. He also had a pipe in his mouth—not a long white pipe like the dignitary—but a short little stump of some two inches in length, and all over japanned as darkly and as brightly as if it had been dipt in a pot of Day and Martin's imperial blacking. Slow, solemn, and voluminous were the puffs that issued from the lengthier tube—quick, vehement and lusty were those of the Shepherd—never did a piece of hogg's flesh seem to be in a fairer way of being cured, in the true Suabian method, than his nose, were the process to be continued much longer. Opposite to these stood Seward and Buller, each with his gun in his hand—the whole groupe had the appearance of being earnestly occupied in some conversation—and for a moment we almost scrupled to interrupt them.

Seward was the first who observed us, and he immediately beckoned us to join the party. "Here," cried he, "comes the illustrious Editor of the first and last of Magazines;—and here—pointing to the stranger—is the most illustrious of all the visitors that have yet intruded upon the encampment of Braemar—here, Mr Editor, is the great Dr Parr!" But for the want of his wig, we could have been in no need of this information—but it was really with some difficulty that, after the fact was announced to us, we could bring our eyes to recognize in the features before us those of the Facile Princeps of English Scholars;—and yet it was wonderful, surely, that it should have been so, for many a pipe had we smoked together in the days of old at Charles Burney's. But nothing, the fact is certain, produces so great a change on a man's aspect as the addition or subtraction of a periwig. Who could recognize in the cropped and whiskered Lord of Session as he jostles his way down the High Street—or in the spencered and gaitered Lord of Session as he ambles on a shelty along Leith Sands—the same being, whose physiognomy had but a few minutes before appeared to him amidst all the imposing amplifications of curl and frizz, lowering in more than marble abstraction over the whole living farrago of the side-bar? A petty woman also becomes very *dissimilis sibi* when any whiff of the wind, or the dance, or the chandelier, snatches from her the luxurious masterpiece of Urquhart or Gianetti, and exposes to the gaze of her admirers nothing but a pair of red ears projecting from a little tight cap of yellow flannel, or a bare cranium, with here and there a

few short ragged hairs, red or grey, in form and disposition resembling the scanty covering of some discarded tooth brush. These are both sad metamorphoses in their way. But neither of them so complete as those of the Bellendenian Parr. The change had scarcely been more appalling, though Circe herself had been there to change the Man into a Hogg.

"All hail!" said we, "and right welcome! This is indeed a most unexpected honour—what can have been the means of bringing Dr Parr to the valley of the Dee?" "Mr Editor," returned the Doctor, bowing ἀρισκωπατως (for no English word can do justice to the placid courtesy of that classical reverence)—"You do injustice to your own fame when you meet your visitors with such an interrogation as this. Why did I come to the valley of the Dee?

Ὦ κλεινοτάτην ἀιθέριον οἰκίσας πόλιν,
Ὅστις θ' ὅσην τιμὴν παρ' ἀνθρώποις φέρει,
Ὅσις τ' ἐρασὰς τῆσδ' της χώρας ἴσχις.

Why should you think it so wonderful that one man should have some curiosity in regard to things for which all men have so great admiration? Of a surety, you are the most modest of Editors. And then consider, man," added he, in a light tone, and turning the bowl of his pipe towards the Ettrick Shepherd, "you have many loadstones. Here am I that would not have grudged an inch of my journey although its sole recompense had been this Sicilian vision." The allusion was, no doubt, in chief, at least, to him whom Dr Morris has called "the Bucolie Jamie"—but surely that vision must have been rendered a thousandfold more interesting to the illustrious Grecian, by finding with what affectionate admiration it was already regarded by the youthful but still kindred spirits of Seward of Christ Church, and Buller of Brazennoze. Seldom, we speak for ourselves, have we been more unaffectedly delighted than by the contemplation of this hearty homage paid by these pure and classical spirits of the South to the wild and romantic genius of the Nomadic North. But Hogg was made to unite all men. In him Cam and Isis are found to worship the inspiration of the haunted Yarrow.

We were very happy at this moment; and accepting Seward's offer of a segar, sat down to enjoy more at leisure the society of this interesting groupe. But sad was the surprise, and sudden the shock, when looking round, we beheld, stiff and gory upon the sod beside us, Hector—even the faithful Hector—the peerless colley of the Shepherd!—"Ah! Editor," sobbed the Bard, "weel may your look be owrecast, when ye see that waefu' sight—waes me! that Hector should have deed; and waesomest of a', that he should have deed by mine ain hand." "Truly 'tis a most unfortunate accident that has occurred," said Seward, "our friend here was up with the earliest, and had got so far as those black firs yonder, on his way to the ground; but his piece went off as he was leaping a cut in the heath—and you see the consequences." "You're very good to put that face on't, Maister Sieward," murmured the poet, "but I'm no heedin aboot thae trifles the noo—it was na in lowping a flow, nor naething o' that kind—I ken na hoo it fell out, but I had taen just as good an aim, as I thought, as could be, and a' wheen bonny birds were just whirring afore mine een, but somegait my haund shook—I'll never lippen til't nae mair an' beena with a pen or a keelavine—and I ludgit the hail of my barrel in honest Hector—Puir man! little did ye think when ye stood there, with your tail like a ramrod—puir fallow!—oh! I'll never see the like o' you." Here the Shepherd's agitation increased to such a height, that he ceased to be intelligible. "Cheer up, my dear fellow," quoth Dr Parr, "cheer up—humanum est errare—Θεων το παντα κατορθουν. It is of no use to indulge in these regrets, now the unfortunate occurrence has happened; it cannot be undone—ὁ Χρονος ὁ παντων πατηρ.—Resign yourself—do not prolong your suffering by keeping your departed favourite in your view; let us bury Hector, and then your feelings may be more gentle, μηδεπι παθεσιν πορσιον—It is done—it is done—let us dig the grave." "Most willingly," cried Buller and Seward both together; and in a few minutes the corpse of the lamented colley was hid from the eyes of his master, by the replaced sod of the wilderness. "And now," says Parr, "must Hector lie there without an epitaph; such ingratitude would be abominable, ἀποπτυστον τι—I for c

would willingly furnish a modest inscription in Greek—the only language which admits a perfect propriety of epitaphs in verse; but *Juniores ad labores*, I shall leave that to my friend Buller. For vernacular ἐπιταφια, we may certainly trust the muse of Mr Hogg himself, when he comes a little more to his recollection." "I can mak nae epitaphs the noo," said the Shepherd, in a low trembling key, "I'se leave that to them that has met wi' nae loss—puir Hector!" so saying he resumed his pipe, and retired to some distance from our company. "Let him go," said the doctor, "let him go in silence—as Plato remarks, solitude is ever the best soother of affliction, in its first birth; it is best, says he, to walk apart πεδον κατασπιψαι, and so indeed has the poet represented Achilles, after the slaughter of his friend—but to your epitaph." Having furnished them with tablets and black lead pencils, we left the three Greeks to themselves; and returning in about half an hour, to announce that breakfast would soon be in readiness, we found Mr Buller putting the last touches to the elegant composition, which we now insert. We wish the reader had been there, to see Dr Parr's face when the modest Bachelor of Brazennose put the paper into his hands. Hogg returned just as the doctor was preparing to read, and resuming his old posture, apparently a good deal more composed, listened to the

IN HECTORA,
PASTORIS ETTRICENSIS SIVE CHALDÆI CANEM,
FATO PRÆPROPERO (DUM σκοπῳ τοξον ουκ ετιχεν* DOMINUS) ABREPTUM,
CARMINA Επιταφια.

Ὡς ὁιγ' αμφιπτον ταφον Ἑκτορος—
Hom. Il. ω. 804.
——*quantum mutatus ab illo*
Hectore, qui, &c. Virg. Æn. ii. 275.

I.

Ἑκτορος† εἰμ' ποινις, τον δη κατεπεφνεν, αηθη
Ὁπλα λαῶν ὁ Νόμευς, αφελ' ἀ μηδ' ετ' εην·
Οὐδε τι μοι χραισμησεν, ανουτατος‡ ων γε, Νεπηρου
Βακων· ου γαρ εγω στηθεσιν αμφ' εφορουν.

II.

Ω ξειν', αγγειλον Καλεδ-(αι')-ονιοις,§ ὁτι τηδε
Κειμαι, τον κτεινεν πηκτονομευς|| ανομως.

NOTÆ.

I.

Cum mos dudum apud omnes hujuscemodi in rebus versatos invaluerit, poematiis—sive suis, sive aliorum—notas versibus plus nimio longiores attexendi, mihi quoque eorum exemplis obsecuto aliquantillum in commentando excurrere visum est. Versus nempe ipsi, utpote minoris pretii, ceu paxilli tantùm deinceps sunt reputandi, quibus annotationes (livoris nonnunquam, sæpius eruditionis ostentandæ gratiâ) *omni scibili* refertæ appendantur.

* Pind. Ol. ii. 160. Accuratius scilicet Pastor ille, et *cantare et respondere paratus*,

—τινα βαλλει
Εκ μαλθακας αυτι φρε—
νος ευκλειας οιστους
ἑιεις.

Sclopporum quippe glande et pulvere nitrato (ut cum lexicographis loquar) oneratorum imperitus sinistram libri, ad quem collineabatur, paginam ne vel unico plumbi grano penetravit. Videsis non semel laudand. Blackw. Magaz. xxix. 600. Dextra ejusdem libri pagina ne ab ullo jaculantium læderetur, in causâ fuit Neperi Dissertatio, de quâ infra copiosius. De Nepero ipso, quicquid contra oblatrent cynici, sermone proverbiali tutò est pronunciandum, "*he has saved his Bacon.*"

† Hæc appellatio quam probè cani Scotico conveniat, documento sit *Swiftii* S. T. P. et S. P. D. apud Hibernos' perjucunda illa de Vocabulis Veterum Disquisitio; in quâ Hectoris conjugem Andromachen Caledonii cujusdam nobilis, *Andrew Mackay*, certo certiùs filiam fuisse contendit. Quidni ergo et viri nomen ejusdem quoque patriæ sit? Gaudent quippe Scotigenæ Trojanorum nominibus. Vixit haud ita pridem Hector Monro: vivit hodie, ut ex Actis Diurnis conjicere licet, Leopoldi Principis Illustrissimi hospes, Æneas

Mackintosh ; synonymique plures ανδρωτι in Scotiâ reperiri possunt. Pace vero tanti viri dixerim, nonnihil me in etymo, *hack'd and tore*, ubi copula *and* υπερσυλλαβως redundet, solitæ ejus subtilitatis desiderare. Meliùs forsan, quia ad linguæ Scoticæ genium accommodatius, "*Heck ! tore !*" lacerum quippe heroïs corpus contemplantis cujusdam exclamatio, rationem nominis redderet. Exemplis item (ut hoc obiter moneam) à *Swiftiô* allatis, plurima quivis citò addiderit : e. g. CHARON, qu. *carry-on ;* CERBERUS, "*Sir, bear* (i. e. endure) *us*," Æneâ sic monstrum illud τρικαρηνον inter transeundum blandiùs compellante, &c. &c.

Συνικδοχικως quoque, cum Hectora sæpius Mæonides vocaverit ποιμενα λαων, pastoris canis præclaro illo nomine ornari posset.

‡ Neperi de Bacone τῳ 'ανυστατῳ dissertationem cum ipse, quæ mea est infelicitas ! non perlegerim, valde dubito utrum *non vulneratum* (vulcaniis quippe armis contectum) an *non penetratum* interpretari debeam. Lucem forsan voci affundet quod de eo Christophorus Noster, in *Blackw. Mag.* ib., posteris prodidit ; *such* impenetrable *stuff it proved to be.* Quicquid verò de eo sit statuendum, mali propulsatorem Baconem non adfuisse jure miretur aliquis, cum inter ejus Pastorisque Ettricensis nomen (HOGG) necessitudo arctior intercedet ; quod tamen clarissimum illud philosophiæ decus pernegâsse, Hoggio quodam per collum mox suspendendo ad miserationem movendam strenuè affirmante, cel. Josephus Millerus lepidâ sane (ut saepe) narratiunculâ scriptis consignavit : "*A Hog, till it is hung, is not Bacon.*"

Verbosiorem esse de quâ agitur dissertationem, nec tutò vigilare cupientibus sub noctem in manus sumendam queruntur multi ; quod profectò vel nominis ejus prænominisque syllabæ primæ fatali quâdam conspiratione prænotare videntur, cum MAC à μακος Dor. pro μηκος derivetur, et NAP Anglicè *somnum* sonet, ne Mazeppæ quidem ipsius (utpote longioris) auditoribus, si poetæ testi credamus, evitandum. *The king had been an hour asleep.*

Lectorem non fugerit, quibus verbis Hectora ab Ajace percussum Homerus Il. ξ'. 417, &c. designaverit, quercui illum ὑπαι ρίπης πατρος Διος cadenti assimilans, vernaculâque planè (quod nulli non suboluerit) figurâ addens,——διινη δε θειειν γινεται οδμη.

II.

§ Olim legebatur,

Ὦ ξειν', αγγειλον Λακεδαιμονιοις, ὁτι τηδε
Κειμεθα, τοις κεινων πειθομενοι νομιμοις.

Hoc, quoad ductum literarum cæteraque in conjecturis criticis observari sueta, quam prope quod in textu dedimus Epigramma contingit !

En artem, quâ ad doloris acriùs urgentis vim plenè exprimendam tmesi factâ, atque plorantis syllabâ AI in medio vocabulo insertâ, poeta tantùm non in fletum secum legentes abripiat ! Decantatum istud de Matildâ Pottinger poema, in quo, nullo ad affectum respectu habito, ομοιοτελευτα (Anglicè, *Rhyme*) efficiendi causâ verba quædam intercisa sunt : e. g.

Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
tor, Law Professor at the U-
niversity, &c. (ROVERS.)

quanto hoc nostrum exsuperat ! Vehementioris scilicàt est luctûs voculam quàm sententiam discindere ; ideoque, me judice, AI istud patheticum omnibus veterum Tragicorum ejulatibus, ι, ι, ι, οτοτοτοι, οτατοτοι, &c. narrationis cursum impedientibus meritò est anteponendum.

Primæ vocum partes, Λακις et Καλις facillimè inter se permutari posse quis non videt ? neu mihi vitio verterit quisquam (Buchanano Junioque auctoribus fretus, quorum hic Καληδονις ἡ χαριεσσα, ille *Nympha Calcdonias*, &c. scriptum reliquit) me non per η secundum syllabam in Καλεδονιοις extulisse. Nullus enim dubito quin id metri necessitati, eodem quo in αθανατος cæterisque ejusdem farinæ verbis modo prima syllaba producitur, acceptum referri debeat. Id si non satis placeat, legat, per me licet, αγγειλον συ Καληδονιοις, Veneresque omnes in voculâ illâ simplice AI delitescentes uno quasi ictu Caligula alter sustulerit.

‖ Vocem πηκτονομενος non aliàs occurrere si quis objecerit, is velim secum reputet, quot veterum libri in quibus forsan erat reperienda omnino perierint ; nec fistulâ canentem pastorem verbo ad sensum aptiori describi potuisse. Πηκτιδα quippe musicorum instrumentum pecten esse vel tyronibus notum est.

Cum verò pastoribus septentrionalibus oves non solùm pascere sed etiam tondere moris sit, legant fortassis alii (vulgatæ lectioni, ut mihi quidem videtur, nimis arctè insistentes) πεκονομενος.

Hæc dum αυτοσχεδιαζοντος more effunderem, distichon quoddam mihi in mentem venit, pace tuâ, lector, leviter emendandum :

Μηδεν αμαρτειν τει Θεων, και παντα κατορθουν
Εν βιοτη, μοιρην δ' ουτι φυγειν υπερεν.

Hæc ita correxeris :

Μηδὲ Μαραθῶνι ἐστὶ θεωντῶν πάντα κατορθοῦν
Ἐμβατεύειν. Μοῖραν γ' οὐτι φυγεῖν ἐπορεῖν.

Quis hic poetam de rebus nuperrimè in India gestis vaticinantem non deprehenderit? nomen ipsum habes Marchionis illius, quem ducem Scotia nostra paucos abhinc annos suspexit, equitatûs jam nunc Mahrattici hâc illâc discurrentis victorem Britannia omnis suaque ipsius Ierne demiratur.

Aliud item, ne diutiùs te teneam, poetæ è longinquo quid esset futurum prospicientis exemplum accipe; Drydeni nenpe versus binos, in quibus homunculos vulgò dictos SPA-FIELDS REFORMERS, ductoremque eorum famosum, quasi nominatim designat:

Better to *hunt* in *fields* for *health unbought*,
Than fee *the doctor* for a nauseous *draught*.

ubi τῳ *corruption* opponitur vox *health*, eodem planè sensu quo *salus* populi suprema lex esse dicitur; το *unbought* venum exposita suffragia tangit; *the doctor* procerem quemdam, ut ita dicam, *with cunning* (Qu? Canning) *finger* indigitat; το *draught* denique (sono quidem atque Metaphorâ juxtâ neglectis) res ærarii forsan subobscure respicit, nisi—quod vix tamen crediderim—Huntii cerevisiam fallacibus olim veneni herbis concoctam vates innuat. Videant Angli annon eundem quem antea potum plebi propinandum ὁ πανυ offerat.*

Neque si etymis nonnunquam primo viso tantùm non ridendis usus esse videar, succensebunt mihi qui Bryantii του μακαριτου, aliorumque è sectatoribus ejus tomos pervolverint; qualia sunt, e. g., quæ sequuntur.

Idem valere adagia, ἐπι των δυσχερεσι και βλαβεροις ἐπιχειρουντων dicta,

1. Αξῃ την μαχαιραν,
2. Κορωνη του σκορπιον,
3. Αναγυρον κινειν,
4. *Ignes suppositi cineri doloso*,
5. Τεφρη τυρ ὑποθαλπομενον, et
6. Λεοντα νυσσειν,

apud Parœmiographum quemdam olim legisse me memini. Hoc ita esse, vide, lector, quomodo ipse paucis levitèr immutatis, viâ (ni multùm fallor) haud antè tritâ probatum iverim.

1. Lege itaque, *leni in asperum verso*, Αλτ την μαχαιραν (HAY sc. J. P.) et habes nuperum, de in Com. Lancastr. tumultum luce ipsâ clariùs descriptum. Nimis forsan esset verbum premere, si in τῳ Μαχαιραν *Manc. Iron* delitescere me suspicari affirmarem; semi-græcisset licèt lingua anglicana, et vox ἐπιχειρουντων sic tandem propriâ suâ significatione gavisura esse videatur—Militum quippe Mancuniensium enses, qui quàm fuerint δυσχερεις και βλαβεροι omnibus ferè, à quâcunque demùm parte stent, in ore versatur.

2. Κορωνη του σκορπιον quid sibi velit, jure quis dubitare possit. Addito ῥ solùm omnis statim difficultas è medio tollitur. Κορωνηρ *(Batty, the Coroner)* του σκορπιον, quem noxium quoddam animal esse (Qu? Angl. *a Harmer*) quis non videt?

3. Αναγυρον κινειν, quod in Aristophane occurrit, vix ipse ænigmatum hujusmodi apud recentiores Ædipus, Erasmus expediverit; cùm anagyrum genium quoddam fuisse harioletur, qui propter violatum ejus sacellum vicinos omnes funditùs evertit! apage: non placet. Ego πανηγυρειν lego, sc. *to disperse a Manchester mob*—utium ευ κειμενον (i. e. *well-disposed*) anon, penes alios judicium est futurum.

4. Vice *Cineri* substituas "fineri," pro Finerty (hoc enim, quod aiunt nostrates, *fits to a T*;) et planum fit omne, in quo anteà ob tenebras circumfusas offendebatur.

5. Τεφρη interpreteris, penè ad literam, The Free.

6. Denique Λεοντα νυσσειν quid propriè sit, non satis liquet; nisi per aphæresin pro Ναπολεοντα fuerit dictum, quem inter prospera quidem pupugisse non temerè quivis ausus esset. Hujus ceram quâ, dum fortuna fuit, inimici damnabatur, verè notavit Ovidius; utpote quam

——de longæ collectam flore cicutæ
*Melle sub infami Corsica misit apis.**

Nonne jam vides, ut hæc omnia inter se concinant?

* Anne hic ad Apin, Deum, sc. Ægyptiorum, qualem se Dux iste Gallorum impie professus est alluditur?

SED MANUM QUOD AIUNT DE TABULA.

* * * * * *

* If Mr Buller had passed from the Brewer to the Sportsman, he would have found the arch demagogue in one of his late letters complaining of his Lancaster treatment—expressing himself thus, "a week's shooting at Middleton cottage will set all to rights." In the meantime, we find him about to pass through London on his way prepared, we suppose, in illustration of this expression, like another Xerxes with his myriads—τηνδε την πολιν θηρασαι (Æschyl. Pers. 238) not, however, it may be feared, (as we have already hinted in our talk with Mr John Ballantyne,) with the view of rendering it βασιλεως κυνηγος. (Ibid.)

The word θηρασαι, besides its obvious allusion, furnishes one of those deep and hidden senses which escape the vulgar eye. We may take its meaning from Herodotus, σαγηνευσαι τους ανθρωπους ἡντιν τον τροπον. αυηρ ανδρος ἁψαμενος της χειρος (could there be a more distinct enunciation of what took place on the advent of THE GREAT KNOWN at Manchester?) δια πασης της νησου διελθουσι ἐκθηρευοντες τους ανθρωπους (vi. 31.) But we are becoming quite a Buller.

EDITOR.

These lucubrations seemed to produce the happiest effect in the wounded spirit of the Shepherd. The grand solemn note in which the Doctor recited the beautiful Greek lines themselves, rivetted his attention, and delighted (how could it be otherwise) his ear. But whether it was the physiognomy of the Doctor, or his voice, or his gesture, or altogether, we know not. This much is certain, that the Shepherd seemed to be amused, at least, as much as any of us with the *Notae*. The two or three vernacular vocables introduced, afforded perhaps some little clue of the purport of the annotations—at all events, he laughed considerably every time that Greek proper name Νεωγος was repeated in any of its cases. At the end he withdrew arm in arm with Seward, probably in hopes of obtaining from him a more accurate account of what had been said by Mr Buller about himself—his dog—and the transactions of the Royal Society. We overheard him saying, after a few minutes of colloquy with his oracle, and after three or four portentous cackles of returning merriment, "Od man, the warst o't is that the creature would never understand a line o't, even it was put intill the Magazine.—Lord safe ye! he kens nae mair about Greek than mysel. There's some o' thae kind o' literary chiels about Edinburgh, that writes themselves esquires, and editors, and a' the lave o't, and yet kens very little mair, to ca' kenning really—than a puir herd like what I was mysel—they're blathering skytes a wheen o' them; neither genius nor learning—it's nae meikle wonder they mak but a puir hand o't." "Pooh!" said Seward, "he'll get somebody to translate it for him."—"Oo' aye," quoth Hogg, "gie Gray or Dunbar a dictionary, and a day or twa to consider o't, and I daursay they'll be able to gie him some inkling—but I was clean forgetting mysel, he has naething to do, but to gang oureby and speer at Professor Christisin—*that* Professor, they say, is a real scholar; he'll interpret it as glegg as ye like.—But Losh keep us a', there's Tims coming haim aw by his lain, and what's that he has gotten on the end o' his gun?"

Looking round in the direction indicated by Theocritus, we descried the Cockney at the distance of about 100 yards, advancing in a slow and dignified pace; his piece carried high over his shoulders, and on the summit thereof, a something the genius and species of which were at this distance alike mysterious. "What the deel's that ye've gotten, callan?" cried the Shepherd (who by the way had all along treated Tims and Price with unsufferable indelicacy) "My man ye've had a fine morning's sport—Is that a dead cat or a dirty sark ye're bringing haim wi' ye?" "God knows what it is," said the Londoner, "or rather whose it is, for I believe, upon my honour, 'tis a parson's wig—but I thought it was a ptarmigan, sitting on the bough of that there tree by the river side; and I brought it down, but demme if it be'nt a wig."—"You good for nothing little pert jackanapes," vociferates Parr—"You believe it to be a wig! and you took it to be a ptarmigan."....."Come, come, now Doctor," interrupted the Shepherd, "ye manna be owre hard on an inexperienced callant—Preserve us a'! that beats all the wigs that ever I saw! Lord! what a gruzzle!".... Here the burst of laughter was such, that Dr Parr found himself compelled to join in the roar; and after the first peal was over, he begged pardon of the Cockney for the harsh terms he had employed in the most good-tempered style in the world. He of Ludgate Hill was sorely crestfallen, but he harboured no resentment, and all was soon peace and harmony. "This beats old Rouths' quite to nothing, Buller," said Seward—"Egad Seward," cries Buller, "there might be a blackbird's nest in every curl, and a rookery in the top-frizzle. Burton's is but a bagatelle to this"—"Enough, enough, my young friends," quoth the Doctor, "my wig was pilloried long ago in the Edinburgh Review by Sidney Smith: it has now been shot through, and that by Mr Tims, on the banks of the Dee; surely it is high time to give up its persecution.—Leave it, leave it, to repose." "But hoo, in the name of wonder," cried Hogg, "did ye come to leave your wig in the bough o' a fir tree—what in a daft like doing was that?"—"Why Mr Hogg," answered the Bellendenian with wonderful suavity, "when you're as old a man as I am, your faculties will not perhaps be quite so alert on all occasions; you will perhaps learn to make blunders then as well as your neighbours. Be merciful, most

illustrious Shepherd, I stripped myself about two hours ago, to bathe in this beautiful river of yours: and hung my wig on the tree that was nearest me; I forgot to take it down when my bath was over, and you see the consequence. Let's say no more about the matter, κακον ἰν κειμενον Mr Seward"—"Yes, yes," cried Buller, "μη κινει—μη κινει" Dr Morris's servant was at hand; at our suggestion the periwig was intrusted to his care, and in a few minutes it made its appearance on the sinister hand of that accomplished valet, in full puff and fuzz, apparently blooming only the more vigorously from the loppings it had sustained.

Fifteen years ago, when James Hogg was tending sheep on the hills of Ettrick, what would a judicious person have thought of the man? who should have predicted, that the Shepherd was destined in the book of fate, or some future day, to replace "the μεγα θαυμα of the literary world" on the head of the eulogistof the "Tria lumina Anglorum?" Yet, with our own eyes have we beheld this thing. Dr Parr "stooped his anointed head" to the author of the Queen's Wake, and that genuine bucolic, taking the wig from the hand of Tims, placed it with all the native dexterity of a man of genius, on the brows of Philopatris Varvicensis. "Μα Δια," cries the Prebendary, "the old reproach, πολυθρυλλητον illud; the Βοιωτιος ὑς has been nobly wiped away by this unlearned Theban. To speak with the immortal Casaubon, "Talia quis non amisisse vellet, per te denique, vir egregie, recuperaturus." This weighty matter having been adjusted, we bowed the illustrious scholar into our Tent, and sat down at the head of the breakfast-table, with Dr Parr on our right, and James Hogg on our left hand. Buller supported the preacher of the Spittal sermon, and Seward was still the "fidus Achates" of the bard of Yarrow. At some distance sat Tims eying the reinstated wig, and mentally calculating the number of grains of shot which it now contained; for, unlike a certain paper in the transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, it was not made of impenetrable stuff. We are rusty in our Greek now-a-days, and could not help wishing that Dr Search, that truly attic wit, had been present to whisper into our willing ear a little of his profound erudition. But we soon found, that at breakfast a great Scholar, like ὁ πανσοφος, rightly deemed that he had something else before him than Greek roots; and that the pleasantest of all tongues is that of the rein-deer. The Doctor is evidently not a man to pick a quarrel with his bread and butter; and though we, Buller, and Hogg, run him hard, he at last gained the plate. A Highland breakfast is sometimes too heavy a meal; and the board is inelegantly crowded. But on the present occasion, we took for our guidance the old adage,

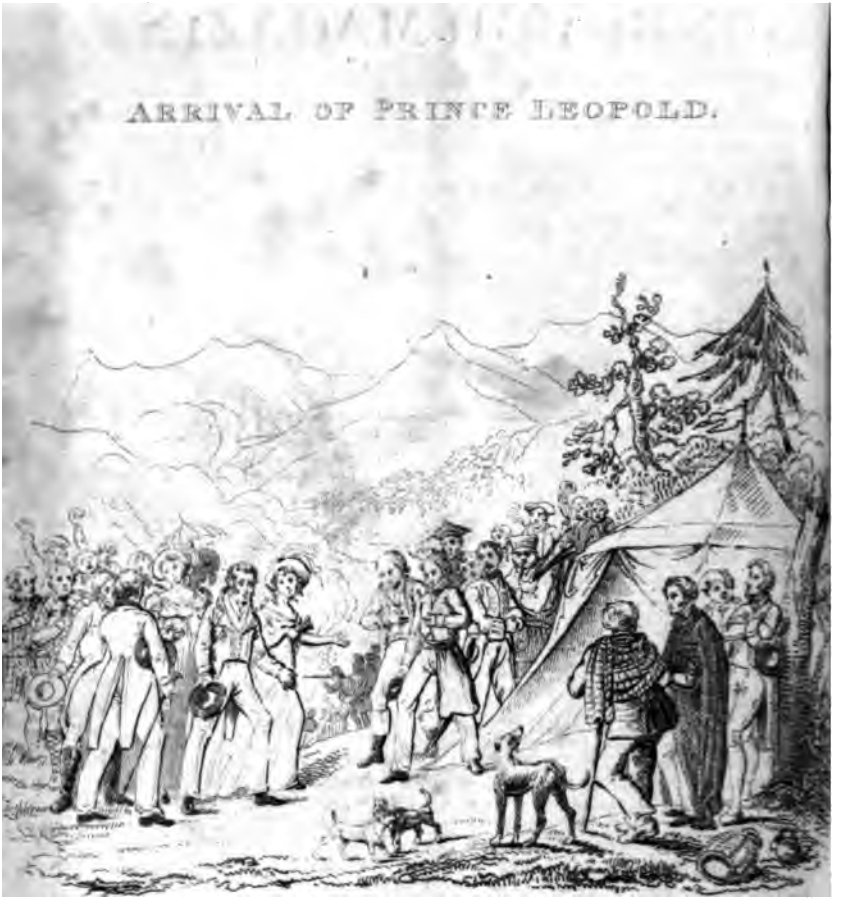
Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,

and ordered John Mackay on no account whatever to put on the table any thing more than a couple of dozen of eggs, a mutton ham, a tongue, a cut of cold salmon, a small venison pasty, some fresh herrings, a few Finnan haddies, a quartern loaf, oatmeal cakes, pease scones, barley bannocks, honey, jelly, jam and marmalade; so that one's attention was not likely to be distracted by a multiplicity of objects, and we all knew at once where to lay our hand on something comfortable. "Hah! Buller, you dog," said the Doctor, between two enormous mouthfuls of broiled herring superbly seasoned under the guidance of our master Celt, with Harvey sauce and Cayenne, "*jentaculum mehercule ipso Montano ipso Crispo invidendum.*" "What say you, you dog?

' Such food is fit for disembodied spirits.'

Good eating is not confined as of old *intra centesimum lapidem!*" A long and animated discussion ensued concerning the comparative merits of Rutupian and Kentish, or Gauran Mullets—a favourite breakfast dish it seems with the Emperor Vitellius. When this was beginning to wax a little less vehement, and Parr had at last put his tea-spoon into his seventh cup to shew that he had given in; a loud noise was heard of shouting voices, and echoing bugles; so, running hastily into the open air, we beheld a sight worthy of the mountains. The Thane, with his usual fine taste, had, by sunrise, escorted PRINCE LEO-

* See the Preface to Bellendanus.



To **James Duff. Earl of Fife:** *Viscount Macduff. Baron Braco. Knight of San Fernando. and Lord Lieutenant of Banffshire:—*
THIS PLATE is Dedicated, in testimony of respect and gratitude.
by His Lordships very obedient humble Servant.

Wm Blackwood.

POLD to the forest, that he might partake of the

Wild mirth of the desart, fit pastime for kings.

And now many a hill-side was gleaming with his Celtic tenantry

"All plaided and plumed in their tartan array,"

when a magnificent stag came bounding along, close by the Tent, pressed hard by those enormous hounds whose race is not yet extinct in the Highlands, and whose fierce and savage career in the chace carries back the mind to remote ages.

"When the hunter of deer and the warrior trod
O'er his hills that encircle the sea."

As the "desert-boon" went by,

"Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head,"

The heather was stained with his blood, for had he not been wounded he would soon have distanced his pursuers. It was delightful to observe the enthusiasm of the fine old man, when all the wild pomp of this mountain-chace hurried tumultuously by—and to hear with what energy he repeated some of those majestic lines of Virgil, descriptive of that hunt where Dido and Æneas shone.

The feelings of Seward found quite a different form of expression. A fine animal by Diana—"demme, Buller, if the scoundrel has not the horns of an Alderman." Tims startled at this simile, but said nothing, and probably relapsed into a dream of the Epping-Hunt, at which the stag is very conveniently made to jump out of the hinder parts of a waggon. Price joined the rout in his Surrey cap, and gave the whoop-holla with the lungs of a stentor, while Seward continued. "The Duke of Beaufort's hounds used to run down old Reynard, breast-high all the time, in twenty minutes—and Parson Simmons' pack were not so much amiss, though the field indeed was rather raffish—but the Grand Signor yonder would leave them all behind—poor devil, he is never again to revisit his seraglio."

All the world has read the Lady of the Lake, and he who has forgotten the description of the Stag-chace in that poem, may be assured, that had he been born when mankind were in the hunter-state, he must have died of hunger. It may be just as well not to do over again any thing that it has pleased Walter Scott to do; and therefore, should any of our readers be tired of us, let them turn to Fitz-James and his gallant Grey. Now, as of old, A PRINCE was on the mountain-side, and while the wild cries of the Highlanders echoed far and wide, from rock to rock over that sublime solitude, as every glen sent pouring down its torrents of shouting hunters, LEOPOLD must have felt the free spirit of ancient days brooding over the desert, and what true glory it is to be loved and honoured by the unconquered people of the mountains of Caledonia.

The tumult at length faded away far up among the blue mists that hung over the solitary glen of the Linn of Dee. We found ourselves deserted in our Tent. Even Dr Parr had strayed away among the rocks in search of some watch-tower, from which he might yet catch a glimpse of the skirts of the vanished array. But the noble Thane had not been neglectful of us. A strong band of the finest Highlanders that could be selected from the population of his immense estates, with many too of the Grants and Gordons, came, bonnets waving, plaids flying, and pipes sounding, to the Tent, to form a guard of honour to receive THE PRINCE, not unworthy the flower of the House of Saxony. They immediately disposed themselves in the most picturesque positions among the wild scenery round the Tent—one band cresting a rocky eminence with a gorgeous diadem of scarf and plume—another seen indistinctly lying as in ambush among the high bloom of the heather—and a third, drawn up as in order of battle, to salute LEOPOLD on his arrival with a discharge of musquetry. Meanwhile pipes challenged pipes, and pibrochs and gatherings resounded like subterraneous music from a hundred echoing hills.

By the munificence of the THANE our table had been furnished up with a splendour fit for the reception of a PRINCE—and just as all the arrangements were finished, we saw the noble party descending a steep, and advancing straightway to the Tent. To our delight and astonishment a bevy of fair ladies joined the train e'er it reached the banks of the Dee; and, as if suddenly built by magic, a little pleasure-boat, beautifully painted, rose floating on that transparent river, into which Prince, Lord and Lady, lightly

stepped, and in a few minutes they stood on the green sward before our Tent.

John of Sky—Lord Fife's own piper—and several others, blew up that well-known pibroahd (Phailt Phrase) or Prince's welcome that made the welkin ring, while 200 Highlanders, in the garb of old Gaul, with bonnets waving in the air, gave

"That thrice-repeated cry,
In which old Alpin's heart and tongue unite,
Whene'er her soul is up, and pulse beats high,
Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,
And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be light."

A discharge of musketry from the guard of honour followed well those proud huzzas, and when the din ceased, nothing was heard but the wild cry of the eagle wheeling in disturbed circles far up in the sky.

The Standard-bearer advanced to receive PRINCE LEOPOLD, who, in the most gracious manner declared what "high satisfaction it gave him thus to visit our Tent, and that he would have the pleasure of staying dinner." Nothing could exceed the graceful affability of the Marchioness of Huntly and her fair friends, who, after expressing their delight with our characteristic reception of the Prince, and their admiration of our Tent and all its arrangements, withdrew under the protection of the Thane, who soon however returned again to the scene of festivity. Every moment stragglers kept coming in, till the whole party was complete, and we sat down in the Tent to a feast which it would be endless to describe, consisting of every delicacy from air flood and field, and enriched with all generous and mighty wines in cup and goblet, from the ancient catacombs of Mar-Lodge.

The presence of our ILLUSTRIOUS GUEST, so justly dear to the "soul of this wide land," shed a calm and dignified tranquillity throughout the Tent—and the feelings then awakened in the hearts of us all will cease only when those hearts shall beat no more. During dinner PRINCE LEOPOLD sat on our right hand, and Lord Huntly on our left, while Wastle, who acted as croupier, had the honour of being supported by Baron Adden broke and the Thane. The Prince, the moment he recognised Dr Parr, requested him, with the most affectionate respect, to sit by him; and Lord Huntly, remarking that the highest of all rank was that conferred by genius, took the Ettrick Shepherd by the hand, and kindly seated him between himself and Mr Seward. Every one, in short, being proud and happy, was placed to his mind—and time flew so swiftly by, that the cloth was removed before we had found leisure to revolve in our mind a few words of address on rising to propose the

HEALTH OF THE PRINCE REGENT.

"Little would it coincide with our ideas of propriety to enlarge at any considerable length upon topics not immediately suggested by the proper object of our meeting, far less upon any, concerning which it might be possible that any difference of opinion, or of sentiment, should be found among those who have this day the honour of being assembled in this distinguished presence. It is not possible, however, that we should proceed, in these circumstances, to propose the health of the actual sovereign of these islands—the Prince Regent of England—without prefacing a few words concerning those rumours of disturbance and disaffection, of mad and rancorous outrage against the peace of this great empire, and of elaborate insult against all those institutions by which the prosperity of that empire has hitherto been maintained and balanced—rumours which reach our ears with an effect of so much strange and portentous mystery here among these regions of lonely magnificence, where the primitive loyalty of the Scottish mountaineer is still as pure as the air which he inhales. Throughout by far the greater part of these rich and mighty realms we nothing question the loyal affection and reverence of our fellow-subjects are as deep and as secure—but the tidings of these things cannot fail to be heard with emotions of new wonder and new disgust, amidst scenes, where the happiness and repose of a virtuous, high-spirited, and noble race, have never yet been disturbed, even by the thought or the suspicion of any of those wild and vicious theories, which, in most of the other districts of the empire, have now, we fear, some profligate advocates and some miserable dupes.——My Lords and Gentlemen,—It is indeed high time that these things should cease to be spoken of, with any difference of

language, by any conscientious adherents of either of those great political parties, whose existence as such is perhaps a necessary consequence of the nature of our constitution, and a necessary mean of its preservation. It is high time that they whose education enables them to look at the troubles of the present, through the clear, steady, and impartial medium of the past, should see the necessity of combining, with head, heart, and hand, to repress, with a decision in which there must be at least as much of compassion as of justice, the encroachments of this phrenzied spirit, which has its only existence and support in the desperate depravity of a few pestilent demagogues —men alike bankrupts in fortune, principle, and character—and in the rashness with which the ignorant and the weak listen to the audacious brutality of their treason and their blasphemy.

"Ours, Gentlemen, is not the only country wherein ages of happiness and loyalty have been suddenly disturbed by the plebeian preachers of anarchy and confusion. The Woolers, the Watsons, the Harrisons, the Wolseleys, the Burdetts, the Hobhouses—all have had their prototypes, both in ancient and in modern times—and the characters of all of them have been described, even to their minutest shadings, by writers, with whom some of themselves must be not imperfectly acquainted. Of all these, however, the importance seems now to be on the wane—and the shout of vulgar acclamation waits only, in its utmost violence, upon one, whom, but a few short months ago, the greater part even of these would have regarded with any feelings rather than those of serious jealousy and anxious emulation. Yet it is well that the choice of the rabble has at last fallen upon one for whom even the rabble cannot long remain without contempt. In their present demi-god these misnamed patriots have found a leader, who answers, in all things, to the prophetic minuteness of the Roman historian's description,—*Summæ audaciæ—egens—factiosus: quem ad perturbandam Rempublicam Inopia simul atque Mali Mores stimulaverunt.* There wants not one iota to complete the resemblance, except only some tincture of that noble blood which was never so debased and degraded as in the person of the *Roman Cataline*—the total absence of which, however, and of all that it implies, lends even a more odious air of abomination to the rough and unvarnished ferocity of his English Rival.

"When the poor are in distress, God forbid that they should not share the pity, and feel the helping hand of their superiors. When the poor and the ignorant are led astray, God forbid that compassion should not be the first and last feeling on the minds of men who have enjoyed opportunities for reflection very different from those which can be afforded to their weak and untrained spirits, amidst their only leisure, the idleness of calamity. But God forbid, also, and the prayer we would fear is more a necessary than a frequent one—that we should suffer ourselves, from any mistaken or misdirected sympathies, to learn the lesson of regarding, without a just and unswerving feeling of abhorrence, the characters of those who make their sport of the poverty, and their prey of the ignorance of the vulgar. The worst of all the bad symptoms which meet our eyes, in the narratives of the late melancholy transactions, is the daily increasing urbanity of the terms in which the authors of all this evil are spoken of by the compilers of these narratives. It is a sad thing indeed, when the souls of those that are or ought to be enlightened, betray, on such momentous crises as these, any stains of that darkness which it is of right their vocation to dispel, and of which, above all things, it behoved them to have rejected and scorned the contamination. Let there be no foolish gentleness toward those who fight against all that is good—no mad courtesy for those who would destroy all that is noble. Let all that have any claim to the name of gentleman be anxious to keep their spirits pure from the very vestige of this degradation. In this hour of darkness let all stand together. In this hour of battle—for the word is not too strong in itself, nor the less applicable, because the contest to which it refers is more one of principles than of men——In this hour of battle let us all rally around those old banners, which have for so many ages been our guides to victory, and our ornaments in repose——

THE PRINCE REGENT."

We ought perhaps to beg our readers' pardon for the seeming vanity of

recording this little address; but we feel assured that no such apology will be necessary for inserting the words of a song, with which our friend Mr Wastle was good enough to preface the next toast on our list. It is needless to add, that this was the health and prosperity of our Royal Guest.

SONG, BY MR WASTLE,

On Proposing the Health of H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

I.

Look, oh! look from the Bower—'tis the beautiful hour
When the sunbeams are broad ere they sink in the sea;
Look, oh! look from the Bower—for an amethyst shower
Of grandeur and glory is gemming the Dee;
While the mountains arise more sublime in the skies,
'Mid that lustre of mildness, majestic and clear,
And the face of the land seems in smiles to expand—
Surely Nature proclaims that a Festival's here.

II.

Let your goblets be crowned like the sky and the ground,
With a light that as bright as their purple may be;
Let your goblets be crowned, like all Nature around,
To welcome our Prince in the vale of the Dee.
Fill, fill ye with wine, fill your goblets like mine,
Till the rich foam be ready to gush o'er the brim,
And let thoughts sad and high, 'mid your raptures be by,
While the stream of devotion flows radiant for Him.

III.

What though rarely the sod of Green Albyn be trod
By the feet of a Prince—Nay, though ages have sped
Since the eye of a King has adventured to fling
One beam on these hills where his fathers were bred;
Like the flower of the North, which, when winter comes forth,
Blooms secure and unseen, 'neath her garment of snow—
So our Faith, undefiled, is still fresh in the wild,
Amidst chillness to bud, and in darkness to blow.

IV.

Oh! glad was the day when her snow fell away,
And the softness of spring again mantled her sky;
And her beauty shone out with the old Scottish shout,
That proclaimed to our mountains the Saxon was nigh.
Not the less we adore the Red Lion of yore
That alone on the Scutcheon of Albyn was seen,
Because England and Erin are mixed in the bearing,
And the shield where the dark bend is wreathed with the green.

V.

With our loyalty's gladness, some breathings of sadness
Have been heard—and our smiles have been mixed with a tear;
But perhaps the warm heart but ennobles its part,
When in Sympathy's guise it bids Homage appear.
Take our hearts as they are mid the heaths of Braemar,
And remember, when deep flows the dark purple wine,
That the Hill and the Glen would be proud once again
To pour for their Princes the blood of their line.

We must not repeat the handsome terms in which thanks were returned for our own speech and the song of our friend—suffice it to say, that after a most animated conversation of a political cast had been sustained for some time by several ingenious and ardent interlocutors, the Thane of Fife rose (the occasion was on his own health being proposed from the chair) and hinted,

in his usual elegance of style and manner, that the illustrious Prince who had condescended to become our visitor, would be fully more gratified should we thenceforth dismiss these topics—which, however treated, could not fail to have something of a formal air and effect—and resume in full and entire freedom our own usual strain of amusement. In short, his Lordship as well as the Prince wished to see the doings of the Tent in their own simple and unsophisticated essence.

We lost no time in obeying this hint—and by way of breaking the ice for a descent into the regions of perfect mirth and jollity, we called on the Ettrick Shepherd to sing, with the accompaniment of the bagpipe, one of those wild and pathetic ballads of which his genius has been so creative. Those who have had the pleasure of being in company with the Shepherd, know full well what deep and gentle pathos, and, at the same time, what light and playful gracefulness, are to be found in the notes of his unrivalled voice, and will not need to be told what effect he produced upon the whole company, by the following exquisite strain!

I PITY YOU, YE STARS SO BRIGHT, &c.

I PITY you, ye stars so bright,
That shine so sweetly all the night,
Beaming ever coldly down
On rock and river, tower and town,
Shining so lonely.

I pity you, ye stars so bright,
That shine so sweetly all the night,
With your rays of endless glee
On the wide and silent sea
Shining so lonely.

I pity you, ye stars so bright—
While I'm with Anna all the night,
Thro' the cold blue sky ye rove,
Strangers to repose and love,
Shining so lonely.

I pity you, ye stars so bright,
And Anna pities you to-night,
What a weary way you've been
Since yon first balmy kiss yestreen,
Shining so lonely!

This song was succeeded by a round of toasts, of which our memory has preserved only the following, viz—

1. The Author of Waverley—by Prince Leopold.
2. Mr Alison—by Mr Wastle.
3. The Bishop of St Davids, the unwearied and enlightened friend of Wales—by Dr Morris.
4. Professor John Young of Glasgow, the great Grecian of Scotland—by Dr Parr.
5. The Right Hon. Robert Peel, the Member for Oxford—by Mr Seward.
6. Charley Bush, the most admirable Judge, the most eloquent speaker—and the most delightful companion in Ireland—by Mr Odoherty.
7. Mr Davison of Oriel, the star of Isis—by Mr Buller.
8. The Rev. Francis Wrangham, the star of Cam.—by the Editor.
9. The young Duke of Buccleugh—and may he live to be as great a blessing to Ettrick as his father—by the Shepherd.
10. Counseller Ellis—by Mr Tickler.
11. Lord Byron—by Dr Scott.
12. Dr Chalmers—by Bailie Jarvie.
13. Mr John Kemble—by Mr John Ballantyne.
14. The Earl of Fife (to whose turn the toast by some accident was long of coming round) paid us the elegant and classical compliment of proposing the health of our excellent Publishers, Messrs Blackwood, Cadell, and Davies—three times three—to which (need we add ?) the whole of the company gladly assented.

Dr Parr was the first to hint his wish for another song—and called loudly upon Buller of Brazennose, who, after a little hesitation, took courage, and told the Doctor if he had no objection he would give him an old Oxford strain. "By all means, you dog," quoth the Bellendenian—"I remember the day when I could sing half the Sausage myself."

THE FRIAR'S FAREWELL TO OXFORD.

To the Tune of "Green Sleeves."

1.

T'OTHER night as I passed by old Anthony-wood,
I saw Friar Green in a sorrowful mood—
Astride on a stone beside Magdalene gate,
He lamented o'er Oxford's degenerate state;

The beer he had swallowed had opened his heart,
And 'twas thus to the winds he his woes did impart
With a heigh ho! &c.

2.

" Oh, Oxford! I leave thee—and can it be true?
I accept of a living? I bid thee adieu?
Thou scene of my rapture, in life's early morn,
Ere one pile of soft lambskin my back did adorn—
When sorrows came rarely and pleasures came thick,
And my utmost distress was a long-standing tick.
With a heigh ho! &c.

3.

" Oh! the joys of the moderns are empty and vain,
When compared with our mornings in Logical-lane;
There seated securely, no Dun did we fear,
Tommy Horseman hopped round with his flaggons of beer:
With cowheel and tripe we our bellies did cram,
And for Proctors and Beadles we cared not a damn.
With a heigh ho! &c.

4.

" In the alehouse at evening these joys we renewed—
When our pockets were empty our credit was good;
Tho' scrawlings of chalk spread each smokified wall,
Not a fear for the future our souls could appal.
What tho' Sanctified Hall at our doctrines may scoff?
Yet enough for the day is the evil thereof.
With a heigh ho! &c.

5.

" All encircled with fumes of the mild curling shag,
We derided the toils of the book-plodding fag;
For careless was then every puff we did suck in,
And unknown in the schools were the terrors of plucking.
No Examiners, then, thought of working us harm,
A beef-steak and a bottle their wrath could disarm.
With a heigh ho! &c.

6.

" Good beer is discarded for claret and port,
Logic-lane is no longer the Muse's resort—
The cold hand of Chronos has reft Dinah's bloom,
And tobacco is banished from each common-room,
And the days I have seen they shall ne'er come again—
So adieu to old Oxford"—I answered, amen!
With a heigh ho! &c.

The pleasure we all testified on hearing this genuine academical strain, which, as Dr Parr observed, was " enough to transport one to the very pinnacle of Maudlin," (we suppose he meant one of the Oxford Colleges which goes by the name of Magdalen College, orally corrupted as above), encouraged Mr Seward to comply with Buller's request, who tost the ball to his friend on this occasion with a plain insinuation, that the former story of his not being able to sing was all mere fudge. The Christ-Church man, whose proper designation we understand (for he has not yet taken his bachelor's degree) is that of a *sophista generalis*, said, that he was the more inclined to sing a particular set of verses, because the present company would be able at once to appreciate their merit, they being a parody on one of the songs in the Lady of the Lake, composed by an eminent university wit, in honour of a late occurrence, which he declined explaining at greater length.

SONG—*Sung by* GENERAL SOPHIST SEWARD *of Christ-Church.*

To the Tune of "Rhoderick Dhu."

HAIL to the maiden that graceful advances!
'Tis the Helen of Isis if right I divine.
Eros! thou classical god of soft glances,
Teach me to ogle and make the nymph mine.
Look on a tutor true,
Ellen! for love of you
Just metamorphosed from blacksmith to beau.
Hair combed, and breeches new,
Grace your trim Roderick Dhu—
While every gownsman cries, wondering, "Ho! ho!"

In Greek I believe I must utter my passion,
For Greek's more familiar than English to me;
Besides, Byron of late has brought Greek into fashion—
There's some in his "*Fair Maid of Athens*,"—Let's see—
Psha! this vile modern Greek
Won't do for me to speak——
Let me try—Ζωη μου σας αγαπω!
Zooks! I don't like its tone:
Now let me try my own—
ΚΑΤΘΙ ΜΕΤ ΕΛΕΝΗ ΣΟΤ ΓΑΡ ΕΡΩ!

But, ha! there's a young Christ-church prig that I plucked once!
I fear he'll make love to her out of mere spite;
Ha! twirl thy cap, and look proud of thy luck, dunce,
But *Greek* will prevail over *grins*, if I'm right.
By Dis! the infernal God!
See, see! they grin! they nod!
Ω μοι δυστηνω! Ω ταλας εγω!
Zounds! should my faithless flame
Love this young Malcom Greme,
Ὀτατυ! τοτατυ! φευ! πεπτω! Ω!

But come! there's one rival I don't see about her,
I mean the spruce tutor, her townsman Fitzjames;
For though of the two I believe I'm the stouter,
His legs are much neater, much older his claims.
Yet every Christ-church blade
Swears I have won the maid;
Every one, Dean and Don, swears it is so.
Honest Lloyd blunt and bluff,
Levett, and Goodenough—
All clap my back and cry, "Rhoderick's her beau!"

Come, then, your influence propitious be shedding,
Gnomes of Greek metre! since crowned are my hopes;
Waltz in Trochaic time, waltz at my wedding,
Nymphs who preside over accents and tropes!
Scourge of false quantities,
Ghost of Hephæstion rise,
Haply to thee my success I may owe.
Sound then the Doric string,
All, all in chorus sing,
Joy to Hephæstion, black Rhoderick & Co.

By this time the Shepherd began to get very weary of the claret, and insisted upon being allowed to make a little whisky toddy in a noggin for himself. We always humour, as far as prudence will permit, the whims of our Contributors, however they may be at variance with our own private taste and judgment, so we at once granted our permission to Mr Hogg, and a proud man was he, when, after his toddy was fairly made, the Prince and the Thane both requested a tasting of it. "Od," cried he, "I wad gie your Royal Highness and Lordship every drap o't, an' it were melted diamonds—but I'm sure you'll no like it—we maun hae a sang frae the Captain, and that will gar ony thing gang down." Odoherty could not withstand this flattery, and at once favoured us with the following, of which both words and music are his own.

SONG—"*That I love thee, charming Maid,*" *to its own Tune.*

By MORGAN ODOHERTY, ESQ.

THAT I love thee, charming maid, I a thousand times have said,
And a thousand times more I have sworn it,
But 'tis easy to be seen in the coldness of your mien
That you doubt my affection—or scorn it.
Ah me!

Not a single pile of sense is in the whole of these pretenses
For rejecting your lover's petitions;
Had I windows in my bosom, Oh! how gladly I'd expose 'em
To undo your phantastic suspicions.
Ah me!

You repeat I've known you long, and you hint I do you wrong
In beginning *so late* to pursue ye,
But 'tis folly to look glum because people did not come
Up the stairs of your nursery to woo ye.
Ah me!

In a grapery one walks without looking at the stalks,
While the bunches are green that they're bearing—
All the pretty little leaves that are dangling at the eaves
Scarce attract even a moment of staring.
Ah me!

But when time has swell'd the grapes to a richer style of shapes,
And the sun has lent warmth to their blushes,
Then to cheer us and to gladden, to enchant us and to maddden,
Is the ripe ruddy glory that rushes.
Ah me!

Oh 'tis then that mortals pant, while they gaze on Bacchus' plant—
Oh! 'tis then—will my simile serve ye?
Should a damsel fair repine, tho' neglected like a vine?
Both ere long sh urn heads topsy-turvy.
Ah me!

We had scarcely finished the speech, in which we proposed the health of the Standard-bearer, when our eye dropt upon the physiognomy of the Bishop of Bristol, evidently in a fit of deep abstraction. His broad forehead was drawn down into his face with a complexity of deep indented furrows; his under lip was lifted close to his nostrils; and his eyes were dilated like those of Parasina in the Judgment Hall, resting with the gaze of a Newton upon some invisible point in the vacant air around him. From what delightful or dreadful dream our laugh (for we could not suppress it) withdrew the wandering phantasy of the

illustrious Bishop, we cannot pretend to offer any conjecture. "I'm not absent, nae mair nor yoursel, Mr Chairman," were the first words he uttered. "I was only just casting about for a verse or two that I cannot remember, of a sang that I was thinking to offer you—I canno bring them up, however—but no matter, there's a gay twa-three as it is." The Bishop's volunteer was greeted with tumultuous acclamation; and—having hummed the air for about a minute, and ordered us all to join the chorus—in a low plaintive voice, broken, without doubt, by the intensity of many painful recollections, he thus began,

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CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.

By JAMES SCOTT, *Esq.*

1.

TOUCH once more a sober measure, | and let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows, | that, alack a-day! is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows, | and a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket | in sorrow, grief, and wo.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

2.

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches, | were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour, | or a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking | round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the Cambric fine | they were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

3.

His hair was curled in order, | at the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart | that about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupeé | that some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue | that did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

4

And whenever we foregathered, he took off his wee three-cockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box, which he drew from his side pocket,
And on Burdett or Bonaparte, he would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

5.

In dirty days he picked well | his footsteps with his rattan,
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck | on the shoes of Captain Paton;
And on entering the Coffee-room | about *two*, all men did know,
They would see him with his Courier | in the middle of the row.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

6.

Now and then upon a Sunday | he invited me to dine,
On a herring and a mutton-chop | which his maid dressed very fine;
There was also a little Malmsey, and a bottle of Bourdeaux,
Which between me and the Captain passed nimbly to and fro.
Oh! I ne'er shall take pot-luck with Captain Paton no mo!

7.

Or if a bowl was mentioned, the Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the West-port, and a stoup of water bring;
Then would he mix the genuine stuff, as they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property in Trinidad did grow.
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's punch no mo!

8.

And then all the time he would discourse | so sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon | he had heard from Dr Porteous,
Or some little bit of scandal | about Mrs so and so,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard | the *con* but not the *pro.*
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

9.

Or when the candles were brought forth, and the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories about Minden-field or Dettingen—
How he fought with a French major, and despatched him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water on the soft grass below.
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

10.

But at last the Captain sickened | and grew worse from day to day,
And all missed him in the Coffee-room | from which now he stayed away;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wee Kirk | made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence | of our venerable beau.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

11.

And in spite of all that Cleghorn | and Corkindale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms | that death was in his view;
So the Captain made his test'ment, and submitted to his foe,
And we layed him by the Rams-horn-kirk—'tis the way we all must go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

12.

Join all in chorus, jolly boys, and let punch and tears be shed,
For this prince of good old fellows, that, alack a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows, and a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket in sorrow, grief, and wo!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

At the conclusion of this song, which, to those who know the voice, taste, and execution of the gentleman who sung it, we need not say gave general delight, Prince Leopold, who had attentively listened to it with the most gracious smile, arose, and saying "that it was wise for friends to part at a mirthful moment," with the utmost benignity bade us all farewell. At this very moment, Mr Tims (who was long ere now as bowsy as a fly in a plate of "quassia,") jumped upon his chair in order to attract our notice, and insisted upon singing "SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED;" but the Shepherd frowned with such a deadly darkness at the suggestion, that the Cockney lost not a moment in resuming his former posture.—"Aye, aye, that's richt," said the Shepherd, "saufus only to think o' ROBERT THE BRUCE acted by —— TIMS!" As our Illustrious Visitor and his Noble Friends withdrew, the pipes slowly and solemnly played "Farewell to Lochaber;" and our Tent seemed, at their departure, quite melancholy and forlorn. We soon retired to repose, but not to sleep; for all night long the Highland host kept playing their martial or mournful tunes, and the voices of distant ages seemed, in the solitary silence of the midnight desert, restored to the world of life. We felt, that with such a glorious day our reign in the Highlands nobly terminated, and we gave orders by sunrise to strike the Tent, exclaiming, in the words of Milton,—

"TO-MORROW FOR FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Skeleton of a Whale found in Clackmannanshire.—While some workmen were employed in making improvements upon the estate of Airthry, the property of Sir Robert Abercromby, bart. about 300 yards south from the east porter's lodge which leads to Airthry castle, they came upon a hard substance, which proved to be that of a large sized whale, dimensions nearly as follow:

	Ft.	in.
The head, or crown bone, in breadth	8	5
Ditto, in length, - -	5	0
There are nine vertebræ, some of which are in diameter, independently of the side processes,	1	8
Breadth, including the processes,	3	6
Two bones of the swimming paws:		
One of these is in length -	5	4
The other (broken) - -	3	8
Circumference of these bones -	3	8
Six broken pieces of bone from one foot in length to - -	4	0
Thirteen ribs of these: - -		
One is in length - -	10	0
Ditto in circumference -	1	1
And one in length - - -	9	3
Ditto in circumference - -	1	2
Besides these large bones, a very entire oval and hollow bone was found similar to a shell:		
In length - - - -	0	5
In diameter - - - -	0	3
Along with the bones, a fragment of the lower part of a stag's horn was also found, measuring in length	1	2
Circumference where a branch had been broken off - - - -	0	8

What is most singular regarding this horn is, that at nine inches from the root a hole of about an inch diameter has been perforated, evidently previous to the horn being deposited in the place where it was dug up.

All these bones were found at a depth of from eighteen inches to three feet from the surface of the ground, in what is termed recent alluvial earth, formed by the river Forth, and composed of a blue-coloured sludge, with a covering of peat earth a few inches thick.

The situation where the bones were dug up naturally refers to a very remote period of time, of which we have no record, when the river Forth was here a great arm of the sea extending from the Ochill mountains on the north, to the rising ground in the Falkirk district on the south; and when the very interesting and picturesque greenstone rocks of Abbey Craig, Stirling Castle, and Craigforth formed islands in the midst of deep water.

The skeleton was found lying in a diagonal direction across the line of march betwixt the estates of Airthry and Powis; and it is very probable that the bones adjoining the tail will be found upon digging into the estate of Powis, the property of Edward Alexander, Esq.

The lovers of natural history are under very great obligations to Sir Robert Abercromby, for the particular care and attention he has paid in preserving these very singular and interesting relics of the animal kingdom.

Sir Robert Abercromby, having caused his workmen to proceed in search of the remaining bones, has found no less than thirty additional vertebræ, and one shoulder-bone of a fan shape; this bone measures in breadth 4 feet; in length, 3 feet 1 inch.

This skeleton is now deposited in the Museum of the University of Edinburgh.

Evolution of Carburetted Hydrogen Gas from Coal.—Mr Longmire ascribes the formation of carburetted hydrogen in mines to the high pressure under which coal was formed; and Sir H. Davy reiterates the same opinion. This assumption, however, is evidently hypothetical. Mr Hodgson has clearly proved that when coal is *broken* under water, carburetted hydrogen is disengaged. Now it is a well known fact, that this gas obtains in greatest abundance in the vicinity of *dykes which abrupt the coal.* It appears therefore, very evident, that these dykes by dislocation of the strata and crumbling the coal, for we know that this is palpably the fact in coal connected with *faults*, are the effective cause of disengaging the fire-damp.

Larch Tree (*Pinus Larix*).—The first larch trees ever seen in Scotland were sent to the Duke of Athol at Dunkeld, in the year 1738, in two garden-pots. They came from Switzerland, and were at first put into the green-house. By degrees, it was discovered that they could bear the winter in Scotland without injury. They were, therefore, planted in the Duke of Athol's park at Dunkeld, very near his house. There they may be still seen, having grown in the course of 81 years, which have elapsed since they were planted, to the size of very large trees. Their circumference, about a foot above the ground, is nearly 18 feet; and at the height of eight feet, the circumference is nearly 14 feet. Thus in 81 years they have produced as much wood as an oak would in the course of several centuries. From these two parent trees have sprung all the larches which abound so much in Scotland.

The larch tree is now almost every where

preferred to the Scotch fir, which it has in a great measure superseded. It is a much more beautiful tree; it vegetates much more rapidly; is not so difficult to please in a soil; and is at least as hardy, if not more so. The larch wood is not inferior to that of the fir, and the bark is purchased by the tanner for about half the price that he pays for oak-bark. Trials have been made of it for ship-building, which have answered very well. At present, there is a cutter building of it at Perth.

Wood in Scotland.—The reproaches which Dr Johnson in his journey to the Hebrides threw out against Scotland for its want of wood, though perhaps a little exaggerated, were probably not very far from the truth. That country, about a century before, had been covered with old wood; which, being considered by the proprietors as of no value, was allowed to fall into decay without any effort to preserve it; while the introduction of sheep effectually prevented the growth of young wood. Accordingly when the old trees fell down from age, the country became quite bare. But the reproaches of Dr Johnson turned the attention of the Scottish landlords to planting; and in many parts of Scotland, particularly in Perthshire, the defect of which Dr Johnson complained has been completely removed. The two greatest planters of trees in that county, and perhaps in Scotland, are the Duke of Athol and the Earl of Breadalbane. Each of these noblemen, we are informed, has planted at least 60,000,000 of trees.

Sweden.—"According to certain researches just made in Sweden, on the different kinds of wood indigenous to the country, it is ascertained that the birch reaches the farthest north, growing beyond the 70th degree; the pine reaches to the 69th; the fir-tree to the 68th; the osier, willow, aspin, and quince, to the 66th; the cherry and apple-tree to the 63d; the oak to the 60th; and the beech to the 57th: while the lime-tree, ash, elm, poplar, and walnut, are only to be found in Scania."

American Scientific Expedition.—A steamboat is to be launched at Pittsburgh, to be employed in an expedition to the Yellow Stone river; the object of which is to obtain a history of the inhabitants, soil, minerals, and curiosities. Major Long, of New Hampshire, topographical engineer; Mr Graham, of Virginia; Mr W. H. Swift, of Massachusetts, from the Military Academy; Major Biddle, of the Artillery; Dr Jessop, mineralogist; Dr Say, botanist and geologist; Dr Baldwin, zoologist and physician; Mr Peale, of Philadelphia, landscape-painter and ornithologist; Mr Seymour, ditto; and Major Fallow, of the Indian Department, form the expedition. The boat is seventy-five feet long, thirteen beam, draws nineteen inches of water, and is well armed: she carries on her flag a white man and an Indian shaking hands, the calumet of peace, and the sword. Her machinery is fixed, to avoid the snags and sawyers of the rivers. The expedition departs with the best wishes of the friends of science.

Chrome Yellow.—We have to point out to the attention of our readers, a new and beautiful yellow pigment called *Chrome Yellow*, or chromate of lead, which has been lately brought into use in this country. It was first found in its natural state in Siberia, but its use remained confined to portrait-painters, &c. on account of its high price and great scarcity. M. Vanquelin, of Paris, first analysed this substance, and shewed it to consist of a peculiar acid, in combination with lead, and he pointed out that this peculiar acid, which he called the chronic acid, might be obtained from a species of iron ore called the chromate of iron, and then combined with lead, so as to produce the *Chrome Yellow* artificially. Besides the extreme richness and beauty of the colour, this pigment has the following qualities: It has so much body, that one pound of it in use will go as far as four to five pounds of patent yellow. It is so fine, that it requires no laborious grinding, but will spread readily under the brush, and may be laid on with varnish. It is not poisonous, like king's yellow. It will stand better than most of the other yellow pigments in use, only sulphurated hydrogen gas impairing its beauty,—an agent not very abundant in the atmosphere, and against the injurious effects of which it may be protected by varnish. It also makes a beautiful green, with Prussian blue. Those who use it should take care to purchase the pure pigment, and not what is adulterated with white lead, or patent yellow.

Thibet Goats.—The royal fold at Perpignan possesses, since the 8th of July, a flock of 150 Thibet goats, selected from that lately imported into France by Messrs Amedee, Joubert, and Ternaux. The climate of Perpignan appears to agree with them. These animals are very lively, and eat with an appetite. Six of them only inspire any apprehension for their safety; all the rest are completely recovered from the effect of their long voyage.

Curious Meteorological Facts.—The increase of temperature in coal mines is a fact familiar to every person who has had occasion to frequent them. The instant a dip-pit is connected with a rise-pit by a mine, a strong circulation of air, like wind, commences. If the air at the surface is at the freezing point, it descends the dip or deepest pit, freezes all the water upon the sides of the pit, and even formes icicles upon the roof of the coal within the mine; but, the same air, in its passage through the mines to the rise-pit, which is generally of less depth, has its temperature greatly increased, and issues from the pit mouth in the form of a dense misty cloud, formed by the con-

densation of the natural vapour of the mine in the freezing atmosphere.

Iron Rail-roads. We have received a report from Munich, which, if it be not exaggerated, well deserves the attention of our countrymen. A model, on a large scale, of an iron rail-road, invented and completed by the chief counsellor of the mines, Joseph Von Baader, has been received at the Royal Repository for Mechanical Inventions, which is said to surpass in utility whatever has been seen in England; some say by a proportion of two-thirds, although it costs less by half. On a space perfectly level, laid with this invention, a woman or a child may draw with ease a cart laden with fifteen or sixteen cwt. And if no greater inclination than six inches and a half on a hundred feet in length be allowed, the carts will move of themselves, without any external impulse. A single horse may be the means of conveying a greater weight than twenty-two horses of the same strength on the best of common roads.

The Comet.—The conjecture lately made, that the earth was, on the 26th of June, in the direction of the tail of the comet now visible, is fully confirmed, since its orbit has become better known. The sun, the comet, and the earth, were, on the 28th of June, in the morning, so nearly on a right line, that the comet was to be seen in the sun's disk. According to the calculation, the nucleus of the comet entered the sun's southern limb at 5h. 22m. A. M. true Bremen time. It was nearest to the centre of the sun, 1′ 27″ west, about 7h. 13m. and issued from the sun's northern limb about 9h. 22m. How greatly it is to be wished, that some astronomer, or lover of astronomy may, by a happy chance, have been observing the disk of the sun and its spots at this time, with a telescope, and be able accurately to remember what he observed, and give us an account of it! The comet, during this most remarkable transit, was in distance something more than seven millions of (German) miles from the sun, and about fourteen millions of miles from the earth. W. OLBERS.

Bremen, July 28th.

GREECE.

An university has been established at Corfu, by Lord Guildford, who was charged by government with its organization; his lordship has appointed to the several chairs Greeks of the first merit; and his intentions have been seconded with much effect by Count Capo-d'Istria, who is a native of Corfu. Being apprized that M. Politi, a young Leucadian, possessed of knowledge and talents, desired to profess chemistry in the Ionian islands, he remitted to him the funds sufficient to purchase all the instruments and furniture proper for a chemical laboratory.

Mechanics.—*A new and curious application of the mechanical powers has been* exhibited by the natives of Porto Novo, on the coast of Coromandel, in weighing the best bower anchor of his Majesty's ship Minden, on the Coleroon shoal after the ship had struck and got off again, and when the ordinary process, by a purchase with the launch, was found to be ineffectual.

The Indians formed all the spare spars, topmasts, booms, &c. into a compact body of three or four feet in diameter, which they made fast to the buoy rope, when sixty of them, by means of slew ropes, turned the bundle of spars until the slack of the buoy rope was wound round it, when by the judicious management of their feet, and the well distributed weight of their bodies, they turned the spars round until the anchor was weighed, keeping it in that position whilst it was towed under the bows of the Minden, and hove up in the usual way. This anchor weighed three tons.

Singular Optical Illusion.—Among the remarkable illusions which arise from local variations in the density, and consequently in the refractive powers of the atmosphere, we are not acquainted with any more interesting than one which was more than once observed by the officers on the expedition to Baffin's Bay. Upon looking at the summits of distant mountains, they were surprised to observe a huge opening in them, as if they had been perforated, or an arch thrown from one to another. This effect arose from the apparent junction of the tops of the mountains, produced by a variation of density in some part of the atmosphere between the observer and the tops of the mountains, but which did not exist at a lower level, so as to affect the inferior parts of the mountains.

Barometer.—A new improved instrument or *sympiesometer*, has been invented by Mr Adie, for the purpose of indicating any of those minute changes in the weight of the atmosphere which might be supposed to arise from the action of the sun and moon. Its principle depends upon measuring the pressure of the atmosphere by its effect in compressing a column of common air. For this purpose are employed an elastic fluid or gas, different from air (hydrogen gas is best) and any liquid, except quicksilver, not liable to be acted on by the gas which it confines, nor by the air, to a contact with which it is in some measure exposed. This liquid, as used, is an unctuous oil—almond oil coloured with anchusa root. The whole is enclosed in a tube with double bulbs, and fitted to a common thermometer.

New Hygrometer.—An instrument of extremely susceptible powers has recently been invented by Mr Adie, composed of a small bag made of the internal membrane of the *arundo phragmites*, and fitted like a bulb to the lower end of a thermometer tube. It is then filled with quicksilver, which rises and falls in the tube agreeable to the rapid and very sensible changes that take place in

the contraction and dilatation of the membrane from the humidity or dryness of the atmosphere. The inventor proposes to form convenient portable hygrometers, by employing a slip of this membrane, and attaching its extremities to the end of a lever, something like the small pocket thermometers. Mr Adie says, that in point of sensibility, this membrane exceeds any thing he ever met with.

Paper.—Messrs T. Gilpin and Co. of Delaware, have made some improvements, by which a sheet of paper is delivered of greater breadth than any made in America, and of any length, in one continued unbroken succession, of fine or coarse materials, regulated at pleasure to a greater or less thickness. The paper, when made, is collected from the machine on reels, in succession, as they are filled; and these are removed to the further progress of the manufacture. The paper, in its texture, is perfectly smooth and even, and is not excelled by any made by hand, in the usual mode of workmanship, as it possesses all the beauty, regularity, and strength, of what is called well-closed and well-shut sheets. The mills and engines now prepared are calculated to do the daily work of ten paper vats, and will employ a water-power equal to about twelve to fifteen pair of mill-stones of the usual size.

Antiquity: Thermæ of Julian.—The French government has lately purchased the only, or the most considerable, remains of antiquity at Paris, the Arcade known as the baths of Julian, situated in the Rue de la Harpe. Orders are issued for the reparation of this edifice; and for fitting it up as a museum for the reception of such articles of antiquity as are yet remaining at the Petits-Augustins.

GERMANY.

The university at Vienna contains 955 students; that of Berlin 942; Leipsic 911; Prague 850; Gottingen 770; Tubingen 698; Landshut 640; Jena 634; Halle 503; Breslaw 366; Heidelberg 363; Giessen 241; Marburg 197; Rostock 180; Kiel 107; and Greifswald 55.

New Journals.—More than forty new journals have been published, or announced for publication, in Germany, since the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle; and the number increases daily. The major part of the journals have studied singular titles, in order to excite the public curiosity. At Nuremberg, for instance, M. Schulz has projected a journal under the appellation of *The Genius of the Defects of the Germanic Confederation.* A new journal is also announced for Bavaria: it reports the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies, and not seldom indulges in free remarks on what passes. The editor, Baron E. d'Aretin, has been concerned in a former work, in which the principles of representative government were roughly treated.

A Literary Journal has also appeared at Leipsic since the first of January: it comprises the usual information in arts, &c.

Books and Booksellers.—The catalogue of the Leipsic Fair for 1819, announces the numbers of literary works, already published, or on the point of publication, and ready for delivery, as follows:

Works in German, Greek, or Latin	2460
Collections of Maps and Atlasses	89
Novels, mostly new	128
Theatrical Pieces	54
Musical Works	303
Works in Foreign Languages	269

The universities of Sweden are in the most flourishing state. In the first quarter of the present year the number of students at Upsal amounted to 1197; and those of Lund to 600. The whole of the establishments of the kingdom, professing to communicate classical education, contained 3,485 scholars. These establishments cost the state annually about £60,000, of which £4000 is employed in the maintenance of youth during the course of their studies, in cases where such assistance is wanted for that purpose.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Shortly will be published, the Elementary Drawing-Book; by Pestalozzi.

Shortly will be published, Elements of Gymnastics, or Bodily Exercises and Sports; as adopted by Pestalozzi.

Preparing for publication, Picturesque Promenade of a Young Family in the Environs of Paris, with many Engravings.

Dr Robert Anderson (Biographer of the British Poets) has in the press an edition of the collected Works of the late Dr John Moore; to be printed upon the plan of the edition of Smollett's Miscellaneous Works, edited by Dr Anderson.

In the press, "A Sicilian Tale, and other Poems;" by Barry Cornwall.

*** This is a volume which the lovers of poetry look forward to with high hopes.

Shortly will be published, the National Reader, or Exercises adapted to the National Spelling-Book; by T. Tabart.

In the press, the Wandering Jew, or Ha-

reach the Prolonged; being an authentic Account of the Manners and Customs of the most distinguished nations: interspersed with Anecdotes of celebrated men, of different periods, since the last Destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, in a Narrative supposed to have been written by that Mysterious Character: illustrated by numerous Engravings and Maps; collected and arranged by the Rev. T. Clark.

In the press, by the same author, an Abridgment of the most Popular Voyages and Travels: illustrated with Maps and numerous Engravings, in one thick volume 12mo.

Shortly will be published, "Gleanings in Africa;" by G. A. Robertson, Esq. from information collected during a long residence in, and many trading voyages to that country, particularly those parts which are situated between Cape Verd and the River Congo, a distance of two thousand miles, during the years 1799 to 1811. It will contain sketches of the geographical situations, the manners and customs, the trade, commerce, and manufactures, the government and policy, of the various nations in this extensive track, and an account of their capabilities of civilization, with hints for the amelioration of the whole African population.

A History of Religious Liberty; by the Rev. P. Brook, will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be procured.

The Rev. George Croly, A. M. author of Paris, a Poem, is preparing for publication, Specimens of the Living British Poets, with biographical notices and critical remarks.

The fifth and sixth volumes in octavo of Franklin's Memoirs, containing his posthumous works, will appear towards the latter end of the present month.

In November next will be published with the Almanacks, Time's Telescope for the year 1820, with a new introduction, and a variety of novel and interesting matter, relative to natural history, astronomy, biography, &c. &c. &c.

A limited edition in octavo, on demy and royal paper, will soon be re-published, of a rare work, the History of the County of Cambridge; by Edmund Carter.

A cabinet edition of the Poets of Scotland, with Original Memoirs and Criticisms, by eminent literary individuals, and embellishments by first rate artists, is in progress for publication, and will soon commence with the works of Allan Ramsay.

Mr Muloch has in the press, Strictures on Atheism.

In the press, the "Saviour of the World," a Poem; by Joseph Higgins, a Layman of the Church of England.

Shortly will be published, the fourth edition, corrected and much improved, of a Treatise on Febrile Diseases, including the various species of fever, and all diseases attended with fever.

An Epistle in Verse, written from America in 1810; by Charles Leffsley the younger.

Robert Southey, Esq. will speedily publish in foolsc. 8vo, the Fall of Paraguay, a Poem.

Mr Amphlett has in the press, the Emigrant's Directory to the Western States of North America.

The second part of Mr Morrison's Chinese Dictionary, now printing at Canton, will, it is expected, be completed towards the close of the present year.

A work on the Theory of Elocution; by Mr Smart.

Homilies for the young, and more especially for the children of the National Schools; by the Rev. H. Marriott.

The Family Mansion, a Tale; by Mrs Taylor of Ongar.

An Encyclopedia of Antiquities; by the Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke.

A Practical Treatise on the art of Brewing; by E. N. Hayman.

Speedily will be published, an Original History of the City of Glocester; by the Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke, M.A.

A Narrative of the late Proceedings at Manchester.

Sir James Bland Burges will soon publish, Reasons in favour of a New Translation of the Holy Scriptures.

The Happiness of States will be republished in the course of the autumn, with an additional book, which gives a connected view of the new or productive system of Statistics in all its extent, with respect to the principles of circulation, price, capital, wealth, money, population, and employment.

Dr Carey is about to publish a new edition of his Latin Prosody, so materially improved and enlarged, that it may be considered as a new and original work.

A new edition of Homer's Iliad, from the text of Heyne, with English Notes; by Mr Valpy.

Scarpa on Aneurism, with a treatise on Ligature of Arteries; translated by J. H. Wishart, Esq.

Poems, Songs, and Sonnets; by John Clare, a Northamptonshire peasant.

Mr John Scott, author of a Visit to Paris, &c. is just returned from the Continent, after an absence of upwards of two years, with abundant stores of information, which he is preparing for publication under the title of Italy in 1818 and 1819, comprising Remarks, Critical and Descriptive, on its Manners, National Character, Political Condition, Literature, and Fine Arts.

Letters from Persia, giving a Description of the Manners and Customs of that interesting country.

A Political and Commercial Account of Venezuela, Trinidad, and some of the ad-

jacent Islands, from the French of Mr Lavaysse, with Notes and Illustrations.

La Beaume's Observations on the Properties of the Air-Pump, Vapour Bath, pointing out their efficacy in the cure of gout, rheumatism, palsy, &c. with cursory remarks on Factitious Airs, and on the improved state of Medical Electricity in all its branches, particularly in that of Galvanism. A new edition.

An Address to Mothers on the Education of their Children; by Miss Whitwell of Russell-square.

A Picture of Yarmouth, with numerous engravings; by Mr John Preston.

The Complete London Tradesman, a familiar Treatise on the rationale of trade and commerce, as now carried on in the metropolis.

In the press, and will be published during the ensuing autumn, an elegant and ornamental work, entitled, "The Sportsman's Mirror," reflecting the history and delineations of the horse and dog throughout all their varieties. The work will be elegantly printed in quarto on superfine paper. The engravings, representing every species of the horse and dog, will be executed by Mr John Scott, in the line manner, from original paintings by Marshall, Reinagle, Gilpin, and Stubbs, accompanied with engravings on wood, illustrative of the subjects, as head and tail-pieces, by Bewick and Clennel, &c.

Shortly will be published, in one volume octavo, Letters from Buenos Ayres and Chili; with an original history of the latter country, illustrated with Engravings; by the author of Letters from Paraguay.

EDINBURGH.

Preparing for publication, Memoirs of the Life of Christopher North, Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, in three volumes 8vo; with numerous Engravings of Men and Things.

During the race-week will be published, respectfully dedicated to the Highland Society of Scotland, the Ancient Martial Music of Caledonia, called Piobaireachd; by Donald M'Donald, pipe-maker, Edinburgh.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANATOMY.

A Series of Engravings, representing the bones of the Human Skeleton; by John Barclay, 4to. £1, 1s. or royal 4to. £1, 16s. Part I.

ASTRONOMY.

A new and complete Dictionary of Astrology, wherein every technical term is minutely and correctly explained; by James Wilson, 8vo. 12s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Part IV. of a Catalogue; by Lackington and Co. 1s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Authentic Memoirs, Biographical, Critical, and Literary, of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of the British Empire, 8vo. 16s.

Franklin's Memoirs; the third or concluding volume in 4to. illustrated with plates; by William Temple Franklin.

Caulfield's Remarkable persons, royal 8vo. £1, 16s.; royal 4to. £3, 3s. proofs on India paper, £4, 4s.

Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, 2 vols 8vo. with a fine portrait. 18s.

The Lives of Dr Edward Pocock, the celebrated Orientalist; by Dr Twells—of Dr Zachary Pearce and Dr Newton, by themselves—and of the Rev. P. Shelton; by Mr Burdy. £1.

CHEMISTRY.

The Theory and Practice of Gas-lighting; by T. S. Peckston, illustrated with numerous engravings. £1, 1s.

An Essay on Chemical Analysis; by J. G. Children, 8vo. 16s.

CONCHOLOGY.

A Conchological Dictionary of the British Islands; by Dr Turson, with 100 specimens, 9s. plain—14s. coloured.

DRAMA.

Ladies at Home; or, Gentlemen, we can do without you. 1s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Letters on French History; by J. Bigland, 12mo. 1s. 6d.

Letters from a Father to his Son; by the Rev. H. G. White. 6s. 6d.

The Eton Latin Prosody; by Dr Carey, 12mo. 1s. 6d.

Conversations on Algebra; by W. Cole, 12mo. 7s.

A Sequel to the French Exercises of Chambaud, Hamil, Perrin, &c.; by G. H. Poppleton, 12mo. 3s.

The Rambles of a Butterfly; by Mary Belson. 2s.

An Italian Grammar; by M. Guazzaroni, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Key to the above, being a translation of the Exercises contained in that Book, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

French Conversations; by Maurois, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

An Epitome of Scripture History, or a brief Narration of the Principles, Facts, and Events recorded in the Scriptures of the Old Testament, with Observations. To which are added, Historical Questions, designed as exercises for young persons. By Joseph Ward, 12mo. 4s.

The Instructive Pocket Companion; by Joseph Taylor, fc. 8vo. 4s.

A Series of Questions, adapted to Valpy's Greek Grammar; by S. R. Aldhouse. 2s.

A Manual of directions for forming and conducting a School according to the Madras System; by the Rev. G. J. Bevan, A. M. 12mo. 2s.

A Practical Introduction to the Science of Short Hand, upon the general principles of the late Dr Byrom; by William Gawlress, 8vo.

GEOLOGY.

A Geological Map of the great Mining District of Cornwall, between Cawborne and Chasewater; by Richard Thomas. £1, 12s.

HISTORY.

Conversations on General History; by A. Jamieson, 12mo. 6s.

Letters on History, in two parts, 12mo. 5s.

Systematic Analysis of Universal History; by —— Aspin, part XV.

HORTICULTURE.

On Succulent Plants; by H. Haworth. 10s.

The Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London. Part III. of Vol. III. with engravings, 4to. £1, 16s.

LAW.

An Essay upon Marine Evidence in the Courts of Law and Equity; with a glossary of sea-terms; by F. M. Van Heythuysen, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Justice Law for the last Five Years; by W. Dickenson, 8vo. £1, 5s.

Observations on Penal Jurisprudence, and the Reformation of Criminals; by W. Roscoe, 8vo. 9s.

The Trial of John Kinnear, Lewis Levy, and Moseley Woolf, indicted with John Meyer and others for a conspiracy; by Mr Fraser, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Letter to Sir Charles Abbott, upon a late decision in the Court of King's Bench; by James Mills.

The several Points of Sessions Law, alphabetically arranged, contained in Burn, and the other authorities; by the Rev. S. Clapham, 2 vols 8vo. £1. 8s.

The Trials at large of Joseph Merceron, Esq. for Fraud, 8vo. 7s.

A Treatise on Crimes and Misdemeanours; by W. O. Russell, 2 vols royal 8vo. £3, 3s.

MEDICINE.

Pathological and Surgical Observations on Diseases of the Joints; by C. B. Brodie. 8vo. with plates, 16s.

Observations on the Symptoms and Treatment of the Diseased Spine, previous to the Period of Incurvation: with some remarks on the consequent Palsy; by Thomas Copeland. 6s.

Cases of Hydrophobia; by George Pinckard, M.D.

A Treatise on Syphilis; by Swediaur. 2 vols 8vo. 24s.

A short Account of some of the principal Hospitals of France, Italy, Switzerland, and the Netherlands; by H. W. Carter, M. D. 8vo. 8vo.

Reports on the Diseases of London, and the State of the Weather from 1804 to 1816; by T. Bateman. 8vo. 9s.

Clinical and Pathological Reports; by S. Black. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Inquiry into Dr Gall's System concerning Innate Dispositions, the Physiology of the Brain, Materialism, &c.; by J. P. Tupper. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

A History of the High Operation for the Stone, by Incision above the Pubis, with Observations on the advantages attending it, and an account of the various methods of Lithotomy, from the earliest periods to the present time; by J. C. Carpue, F.R.S. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Properties of Blood, as existent in Health and Disease; by T. C. Thackrah. 8vo. 5s.

MILITARY.

A Treatise on Light Infantry, and on Practice at the Target; with a new mode of Platoon Exercise; by Capt. George Black of the 54th reg. 12mo. 4s.

An Historical Memoir relating to the Battle of Maida, fought in Calabria, 4th July 1806. 12mo. 2s.

Observations on the tendency of Mr Carnot's Treatise on the Defence of places by Vertical Fire; by Col. Sir Howard Douglas, Bart. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

MINERALOGY.

An Introduction to Mineralogy; by R. Bakewell, with plates, exhibiting 153 figures of minerals. £1, 1s.

MISCELLANIES.

Letters on the Recent Conduct of the Metropolitan Water Companies; by James Weale. 2s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, vol. 3, New Series.

The Churchwarden's and Overseer's Guide and Director, for the use of parish-officers. 8vo. 7s.

Poor Girl's Help; by Appleton. 18mo. 2s.

Hints on Emigration to the Cape of Good Hope; by W. J. Burchell. 2s. 6d.

The Sportsman's Directory, or Park and Gamekeeper's Companion: containing Instructions for breeding, feeding, and breaking Dogs: hunting and coursing; shooting; fishing; preserving game; decoys; breeding pheasants, partridges, pigeons, rabbits, &c. &c.; by John Mayer, Gamekeeper. Third edition, enlarged and improved.

An Abridgment of Mathiæ's Greek Grammar, for the use of schools.

The Sufferings of the Clergy disclosed, in a Dialogue between a Rector and a Vicar. 8vo.

A Letter to Lord Sidmouth on the recent Disturbances at Manchester.

The Naval Chronology of Great Britain; by J. Ralfe. Part IX. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A complete Set of Tables of Foreign Exchanges; by W. Tate. royal 8vo. £2.

Game Book for 1819. From 7s. to £2, 2s. according to the number of the leaves.

Mental Wanderings, or Fragments in Priestcraft and Superstition. 12mo. 3s.

Cape of Good Hope Calendar and Guide; giving an account of all the public offices, military forces, and other establishments there; together with a brief account of its soil, climate, and agriculture. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

A Series of Dialogues on Important Subjects; by J. H. Evans. 8vo. 6s.

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It is with regret that we must continue to mention in this publication the general and unfavourable aspect of affairs in all the commercial interests and concerns of this country. The small appearance of revival anticipated in our last, from the advance in the cotton market, has as yet produced no visible effect. The same languor and want of confidence, and we may add, fear for the future, pervades every branch of business, without any immediate prospect of permanent relief. The accounts from the chief foreign markets continue disastrous and unfavourable, particularly from the United States, and all Spanish South America. The former is in a most deplorable state. Her supplies, which formerly enabled her to carry on her foreign trade with so much advantage and vigour, are now almost entirely cut off. The loss of the supplies of specie the United States derived from their lucrative trade with our West India colonies, is the severest blow American commerce ever received, and one which it will be very difficult for these States to recover. It strikes at once, and at the root of their former great and beneficial East India and Chinese trade, which cannot be carried on without specie, and which specie cannot now be obtained without draining the country so completely of cash as to leave all agricultural and other internal improvements in a state of the utmost languor and depression. Their bank schemes are come to nought. The bubble is burst, and brought ruin on thousands, and the United States will find they are as yet too young and unsettled a state to carry on their trade and improvements by a banking system or a paper currency. They want both the property—and what is still a greater want—they want the confidence in each other which can alone render such a system permanent or useful. Foreign nations must not therefore look for a most extensive flourishing trade with the United States under the present circumstances of these States and the world, or they will be sadly deceived.

The trade to Spanish South America is, from the events going on, and the swarm of daring adventurers which are gone there to light the torch of war and discord, that they may try to catch something in the scramble, completely cut up from being either secure or advantageous to any engaged in it. The shores of the Pacific Ocean are now one scene of confusion and alarm—peaceful commerce must fly from these distracted abodes, and even if the independents were immediately and completely successful, it will be found to be of little, if any, advantage to our trade. We are amongst the number of those who think the reverse will be the case, and the hopes and reasons which may induce others to adopt a different course, will be found to be the *ignis fatuus* which will lead them on to ruin. Let not this nation deceive itself with any such delusive ideas—we must look to other quarters and places of the globe than Spanish South America for a permanent and advantageous extension of our trade. A secure and permanent trade with these countries will no doubt be to our advantage; but were they independent to-morrow, it never can be to the extent which thousands contemplate. It will be greatly less before it is much more than it at present is. Our merchants feel the pressure without trade now, but they must yet feel it more.

Under these circumstances, it affords us particular satisfaction to see the attention of Government and the country turned to the Cape of Good Hope. There a field for British enterprise, capital, skill, industry, policy, and humanity is opened up, such as she can no where else find, and such as she can never find again. Canada and its adjoining States will one day disown our sceptre, but with them, as with the United States, we shall, even under these circumstances, retain the most beneficial part of the trade with them, because our productions and their wants call for it. The East Indies will ere long throw off our yoke, but what we have there done will leave our knowledge, our industry, commercial enterprise, and skill so strongly fixed behind us, as will call for a constant communication with us. Possessed of the Cape of Good Hope, a strong and flourishing British colony, we command the European intercourse with India at all times, and under all circumstances. We do more. Whoever casts his eye over the map of this globe will see, that securely settled at the Cape, equally distant from the powerful and rich States of Southern Asia, as from the increasing States of South America, we command the intercourse with both—and completely all that is or can be between the former and the latter. The trade now carried on from the eastern parts and isles of Asia to the western coasts of South America must fall into our hands, and by our exertions double Cape Horn. In a climate congenial to European constitutions, with a good soil and an unlimited extent of country, a colony supported and encouraged by the enterprising and mighty power of Britain, will soon increase to such a pitch of strength, as from its own exertions, be enabled to baffle every effort of foreign foes. The nearest are ten thousand miles from it, without a spot or post where they could rendezvous, to obtain supplies or arrange their operations. The British flag once fixed firmly there, as we fondly anticipate it now is, will laugh at all efforts to

dislodge it, and extend its benign influence and protection—its enterprise and research over continents at present almost unknown, and over nations barbarous and rude beyond example. From no part of the continent of Africa can we dread the establishment of any power can give us any serious molestation. To any distance northward, the tropical climates will render all such attempts vain and futile. From the barbarous nations of Southern Africa we can receive no material obstruction in carrying our plans into execution. These, even if not overawed and crushed by British power, will soon be vanquished by civilized life. From the Cape of Good Hope, the British merchant will be enabled to carry on, without any successful competitor, an immense trade with all the eastern shores of Africa, extending from Caffraria to the bottom of the Red Sea, and embracing both shores of that sea—countries famous in the annals of ancient commerce, and with which every nation in the eastern world, from the Phenicians downwards till the Cape was doubled by Europeans, carried on such a great and a lucrative trade. From the Cape of Good Hope we accelerate our communications with our rising colony in New Holland, and possessing the former, we shall long secure the subjection of the latter. The British nation ought to spare nothing to render the Cape of Good Hope prosperous and powerful. Whatever she expends there at present will in future, and at no distant day, be repaid tenfold. What a field for the British merchant—what immortal honour to the British statesman—and what lasting glory to the British sovereign and the British nation does the adoption of, and following out, such a plan promise. The light of true religion diffused over the darkest corners of the earth—the British name, laws, industry, and language spread over all Southern Africa—over all the mighty continent of New Holland, and there fixed and perpetuated to the latest periods of time, forms an enterprise of such magnitude, glory, and honour, that before it all the conquests of the once formidable Napoleon sink into insignificance.

It would be unfair and unjust to attribute the present commercial difficulties of this country to causes within these kingdoms alone. This is not the case. Our difficulties arise chiefly, if not wholly, from the situation of foreign nations, and the condition to which these were reduced in all their establishments. The evil is returning upon us through them. It is the last sad consequences of French tyranny and usurpation, the wars arising from it, and of the efforts which the nations of the world made in that dreadful struggle, which enabled them to free themselves, and beat that power to pieces which covered them with ruin and misery. Let not the commercial public of Britain be alarmed or dismayed. Let the past teach them wisdom and moderation. Let experience be their guide, and our commercial interests will rebound from the blow they have received, and quickly resume their prosperity and vigour. But to accomplish and to secure this, it is absolutely necessary that the arm of the law, and the voice of an indignant and insulted nation should arise, and put down at once and for ever all those turbulent and seditious demagogues who, whether by the efforts of body or mind—tongue or pen, lay hold of commercial distress as a weapon to irritate, inflame, or mislead the people, and to goad them on to revolution, and ruin. Let us not deceive ourselves, or be deceived by others. The efforts, the plans, and the objects of such men will never relieve our commercial difficulties, nor meliorate nor mend our political establishments. No, these will obliterate our national glory, cover with infamy our national character, and overwhelm with irretrievable ruin and complete destruction all our commercial, agricultural, religious, and political establishments. From the efforts of folly, ignorance, and wickedness, misery and destruction must ensue. Trade and commerce cannot live or be carried on in the midst of alarm and uncertainty. The abominable system pursued at present by factious men in all manufacturing districts, is diametrically opposite to the interests of the people and the country. It is engendering (were it doing nothing else) habits of idleness and discontent which, if not attacked, must be productive of the most serious consequences. The head or the heart that is so weak or so wicked as openly or secretly to advocate the cause, or excuse the folly, of "Universal Suffrage," is a traitor to his country, or in the hour of danger would be found such. "Universal Suffrage" is universal destruction. It is to turn the foundation of the social edifice uppermost, with the force of an earthquake—to raise it to a place it was never formed for, and to a height where it cannot stand, and from which, in its fall, it will crush the inmates to pieces, and grind itself to powder in the general ruin. Why is the nation deceived? or will it longer suffer the columns of a prostituted, wicked, and inflammatory periodical press to deceive, corrupt, and mislead it? Why should we wonder at what sort of a spirit that is which now stalks abroad in this country! It is the spirit of the goddess of Reason, which the demon of Discord scattered over Europe, but which the better feelings and good principles of this nation has as yet prevented its delirious votaries amongst us from learning, from practical illustration, the sad and deplorable consequences of her doctrines, her principles, and her precepts. It is this spirit which once more alarms and threatens us and all our establishments—this spirit, embittered and strengthened by a long course of deception, misrepresentation, and false accusation, levelled by the hand of an irritated, ambitious, and disappointed party in this country, in all cases, under all circumstances, and in every instance against the government of these kingdoms, while contending for their own existence, and the independence of Europe. It is the brain of this

spirit, and those efforts, which has for thirty years invariably taught the people of this country that her governors and legislators were wrong, corrupt, and oppressors, which now alarms and threatens all that is good and venerable with one common ruin. The arrogance and ambition of this party blinded their reason and misled their judgment. They fondly and foolishly imagined that they could raise the storm of popular fury against the government of their country to such a pitch as would overthrow the present rulers, who have guided the vessel of the state through the perils which assailed her, and then, having performed this mighty feat, they were one and all to leap upwards, "ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm."—Such were their calculations—such their efforts—such their intentions. How sadly they are deceived, let the events now passing in this country testify, and the facts daily disclosing themselves bear witness. They now find that they would be the first, and the most despised, victims to that person's spirit, which their efforts and their labours has aroused from its slumber, and told it that it may and ought to walk abroad and insult the government with impunity.—Not only must this spirit be put down, but its advocates and defenders must be silenced, either by the arm of the law, or the voice of general contempt and reprobation. Without this is done little is effected. As long as the spirit in question can find palliators or defenders, from whatever motives these may act, it will exert itself, and exerting itself, it will gain proselytes amongst the wicked, the idle, the ignorant, and the unwary. It is an imperious duty to the country, and mercy to the individuals themselves, that such a spirit, and such projects as are stalking abroad, should be broken up and subdued, and all who defend and excuse its proceedings, or who palliate and cover its enormities, and endeavour to throw these on the head of the constituted authorities, be brought forward and punished as the enemies of their country—as the people's worst foes. Without this we can never enjoy repose, and trade and industry must first languish and then fly to more tranquil and secure abodes. Trade and commerce can only thrive under the wings of unanimity and peace. The workman's hand must not be raised against his employer, nor the doctrine be any longer taught, that the interests of the one are different from, and injurious to, the other. Our government and our legislators must be supported and obeyed; the constituted authorities in every degree must be respected and attended to. In the execution of their arduous and unpleasant duty, they must no longer be allowed to be browbeat, defied, and insulted by ignorance and insolence—by mischievous leaders, seditious orators, or a shameless, inflammatory, seditious, and guilty press. To secret machinations the nation must oppose firm and prudent counsels, to dark accusations the light of truth, and to open contempt and daring threats the terrors of justice and the arm of defiance. Those evil-minded and dangerous men who attempt to load the characters of government and its supporters with their own infamous and diabolical plans and designs, must be dragged forward to the public eye, and to merited odium and disgrace. This system ought not to be tolerated for a moment. It was one of the most formidable weapons used in the French Revolution to madden the people against their rulers. The charge, that it was the agents of government who began every tumult, and who instigated every scene of confusion and riot, was the secret dagger of every revolutionary and sanguinary party which covered France with scaffolds, blood, misery, and ruin. Here the same system is audaciously pursued, and, if not checked, will end in similar results. Let the population of the country, on whose firmness and unanimity the existence of the country depends, awake from their state of apathy and indifference. Let the executive government rouse itself from its inactivity and false security, and direct their proceedings and councils with firmness and vigour—we require it all. The spirit of Universal Suffrage is a deceiving, dangerous, and destructive spirit—it is the more dangerous as it is the more ignorant. Examine its votaries well, and its leaders—What are they? Individuals who have thrown off all regard for every thing that is sacred here, and treat with derision all idea of retribution hereafter. These are the principles of the hatchers and promoters of this delirious, but delusive and destructive scheme. What is their objects? Is it not only secretly, but boldly, openly, and unblushingly avowed, that these are to overthrow the present government, and overturn the present constitution of our country—that these are to tarnish our national glory, and destroy our national character—that these are, by the power of numbers, by the arm of physical force, to take property of all kinds from whoever has it, and divide it, as the arm of strength may for the moment be able, Is there no danger from such principles, objects, and ideas being instilled into, learned and adopted as sacred truths and sacred rights, by a million of men? Let us not be mistaken. We may correct, but never convince, such a spirit as this. Are the events of the last thirty years obliterated from the page of history, and blotted out from the memories of the population of Britain? Perhaps a tenth part of the numbers here mentioned, left unchecked, or like our Universal Suffrage votaries, defended in their principles and enormities by the secret machinations of party spirit, and left to work their way, covered France with misery and destruction, unexampled in the annals of history, and left her character a reproach to human nature. Let Britain, by timely measures, vigour, and energy, avert such fearful calamities and awful catastrophes. Let her not be deterred by the calumnies of faction, the yells of sedition, or the threatenings of treason. The louder these cry out, the more convincing it is that their schemes are blown, and their objects

thwarted by the vigour employed against them, and the sooner will those discordant note which terrify and alarm this nation, be silenced, and remain hushed for ever.—Trade wil then revive, and commerce flourish upon a sure foundation—but otherwise, we only build cultivate, and labour above a volcano preparing to burst forth and cover all our operation with destruction. Trade and commerce can never flourish where the labourer is animate by the spirit we have described—neither could exist for a moment under an Universa Suffrage government.

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Single ditto, . .	115 118	— —	114 118	103 113	
Small Lumps . .	102 108	— —	114 120	96 101	
Large ditto, . .	98 108	— —	100 110	104 112	
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Ord. good, and fine ord.	102 115	100 113	103 110	108 120	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	116 140	114 138	111 126	11[illegible] 150	
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	85 96	— —	7[illegible] 103	8[illegible] 108	per lb.
Ord. good, and fine ord.	102 114	[illegible]0 110	105 117	115 120	0 0
Mid. good, and fine mid.	116 128	[illegible]16 126	118 128	1[illegible] 142	
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Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 10d 4s 0d	3s 5d 3s 6d	3 2 3 7	2s 9d 4s 0d	0 8
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Geneva, . . .	2 10 3 2	— —	— —	2 8 2 10	{F.S.} 0 17
Aqua, ...	7 6 7 8	— —	— —	1[illegible] 6 —	
WINES,					
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 64	[illegible] —	— —	£35 65 0	{B.S.} tun. 143 18
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					{F.S.} 99 16
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Honduras, . .	9 —	7 10 7 15	6 10 6 15	6 15 7 0	0 2
Campeachy, . . .	9 —	8 10 9 0	7 0 7 5	8 0 8 5	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	9 10	— —	7 10 8 5	9 9 10 0	
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Ditto Oak, . .	4 0 4 6	— —	— —	— —	0 3
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 3 2 4	— —	— —	— —	
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	0 10 1 8	1 2½ 1 6	1 1 1 2	ton. 3 16
St Domingo, ditto .	— —	1 2 3 0	1 5½ 2 0	1 6 1 10	8 14
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PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 —	— —	— —	10 6 —	{B.S.} 1 8
					{F.S.} 1 10
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	60 62	— —	63 —	59 0 —	0 3
Home Melted, . .	62 —	— —	— —	— —	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	48 49	— —	— —	£48 0 —	{B.S.} cwt. 0 2
Petersburgh Clean, .	44 45	— —	44 45	44 0 45 0	{F.S.} 0 10
FLAX,					
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	65 68	— —	— —	72 0 —	
Dutch, ...	60 120	— —	— —	70 80	{B.S.} cwt. 0 0
Irish, ...	50 58	— —	— —	— —	{F.S.} 0 0
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	— 80	— —	— —	£4 5 4 10	{B.S.} 1 3
					{F.S.} 1 4
BRISTLES,					{B.S.} 0 3
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 0 16 0	— —	— —	15 10 —	{F.S.} 0 3
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	35 —	— —	— —	38 —	{B.S.} 0 4
					{F.S.} 0 6
Montreal ditto, . .	46 47	38 40	37 —	44 46	
Pot, . .	35 36	34 35	32 35	34 36	0 1
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	— —	— —	36 —	40 41	
Cod, . . .	87 (p. brl.)	— —	38 —	38 —	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	9 9¼	9 9¼	0 5½ 0 7	0s 7d 0 0	
Middling, . . .	8 8¾	6¾ 7¾	0 4¼ 0 5¾	0 6 —	0
Inferior, . . .	7 8	5¾ 6	0 3 0 3¾	0 5 —	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	1 1 1 3	1 1 1 3	1 0 1 3	
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	2 4 2 8	2 5 2 8	2 0 2 8	
Good, . .	— —	2 2 2 3	2 2 2 4	— —	per 100 lbs.
Middling, .	— —	1 12 2 0	1 2 1 10	— —	B.S. 0 8
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 4 1 7	1 2 1 7	1 2 1 6	F.S. 0 17
West India, . . .	— —	1 1½ 1 2	— —	1 2 1 5	
Pernambuco, . . .	— —	1 7 1 8	1 6 1 8	1 7 1 8½	
Maranham, . .	— —	1 5 1 6	1 4 1 7	1 6 1 7	

Course of Exchange, Sept. 3.——Amsterdam, 11 : 18 : 2 U. Antwerp, 12 : 2. Ex. Hamburgh, 36 : 2 : 2½ U. Frankfort, 150 Ex. Paris, 25 : 40 : 2 U. Bourdeaux, 25 : 40. Madrid, 36 effect. Cadiz, 36½ effect. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 48½. Genoa, 44½. Malta, 48. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 117, 50 per oz. Oporto, 54. Rio Janeiro, 58. Dublin, 12½. Cork, 12½.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £0 : 0 : 0. New doubloons, £3 : 14 : 6. New dollars, 5s. 0½d. Silver, in bars, 5s. 2d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 3d to 31st Aug. 1819.

	3d.	10th.	17th.	24th.	31st.
Bank stock,	232 233	232 ½	231½ 232	——	——
3 per cent. reduced,	72 71⅜	72¼ ⅜	72⅜ ⅝	——	——
3 per cent. consols,	71⅜ ½	71⅜ 72¼	72⅛ 71⅝	——	——
4 per cent. consols,	90½ ¾	90¾ 91⅜	91¼ ½	——	——
5 per cent. navy ann.	104⅛ ¼	105⅜ 105	105⅜ 104¾	——	——
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	——	71	——	——	——
India stock,	220½ 221½	222	220¼	——	——
—— bonds,	10 11 pr.	11 13 pr.	14 15 pr.	——	——
Exchequer bills, 2d. p.d.	4 2 pr.	1 3 pr.	1 2 pr.	——	——
Consols for acc.	71¾ 72	72½ 72	71¾ ½	——	——
American 3 per cent.	——	——	——	——	——
—— new loan, 6 p. c.	——	——	——	——	——
French 5 per cents.	——	——	——	——	——

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of July and the 23d of August, 1819, extracted from the London Gazette.

Anderson, M. Southampton, poulterer
Annely, J. Kingsdown, grocer
Appleton, J. Sunderland, ship-owner
Archbell, R. York, corn-factor
Ashby, H. R. Budge-row, printer
Barnard, J. Mile-end, flour-factor
Barnes, W. & W. Alfreton, sadlers
Bathe, J. Piccadilly, wine-merchant
Bierley, J. Manchester, dyer
Bilborough, J. Gildersome, cloth-merchant
Birch, J. jun. Manchester, cotton-spinner
Birkinhead, J. Manchester, dealer
Birkinshaw, G. Howden, currier
Bithell, R. Llanypwll, cheese-factor
Blandford, J. B. Poole, innkeeper
Broomfield, W. sen. & W. jun. Walworth, bricklayers
Brumfit, T. Bradford, grocer
Collinson, T. Bridlington, brewer
Daplyn & Swayne, Limehouse, coal-merchants
Dawson, J. Windsor, cheese-factor
Downes, J. Brewer-street, sadler
Easton, J. York-street, baker
Eginton, J. Handsworth, wine-merchant
Evans, G. Aberdare, grocer
Ewans, M. Gloucester, baker
Flowers, J. G. Leadenhall-street, tailor
Forster, G. Berwick, merchant
Foster, L. Farningham, miller
Gooden & Gray, Wood-street, hosiers
Graham, J. Birmingham, draper
Greenway, J. Plymouth, brewer
Hartley, J. Minories, merchant
Heiffor, J. Manchester, umbrella-maker
Holker, T. Moncton-green, manufacturer
Homfrey, T. Hyde, ironmaster
Hopwood, W. T. J. jun. & J. Horwick, bleachers
Hunt, T. Sheffield, scissor-manufacturer
Hyde, W. Howford's-buildings
Innes, W. Hatton-garden, tailor
Jewell, W. Henrietta-street, carver and gilder
Johnson, J. Stamford, coach-maker
Jones & Borrow, Bristol, coal-merchants
Ladley, jun. F. Norwich, dealer
Leitch, J. F. Fenchurch-street, merchant
Linfoot, M. Leeds, tea-dealer
Little, A. Mealsgate, woodmonger
Little, E. Mealsgate, smith
Little, T. Bodham
Little, W. Mealsgate, slater
Macnair, A. Abchurch-lane, merchant
Maltby, W. Huddersfield, merchant
Martin, C. Great Yarmouth, draper
May, W. Spital-square, silk-manufacturer
Meek, J. Vine-street, victualler
Miller, S. Emsworth, sailmaker
Mills, W. Westmoreland, white-lead-manufacturer
Moore, H. Lucas-street, builder
Moore, S. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, milliner
Newcomb, W. Coventry, silk-mercer
Park, H. Tadcaster, butcher
Payne, C. Bermondsey, bleacher
Pearce, J. Newent, grocer
Pewters, R. Bristol, shoemaker
Pollock, jun. J. Newcastle, cooper
Porter, J. Bristol, barge-owner
Pratt, W. Birmingham, druggist
Prentice, J. Whitechapel, grocer
Prichard, E. Llanrwst, shopkeeper
Reid, sen. W. Rosomond's-street, watchmaker
Ridge, G. Reading, millwright
Roberts, T. & J. Kingston, merchants
Robinson, J. Liverpool, builder
Ross, M. & G. J. Dowgate-hill, merchants
Sale, J. Woolstanton, factor
Sandford, J. Shrewsbury, bookseller
Sarl, J. Bedford, grocer
Sawkins, W. Southampton, watchmaker
Schlesinger, M. B. Clement's-lane, indigo-merchant
Shout, B. Holborn, oilman
Simmons, B. Southward, stationer
Stanley, G. Cartworth, clothier
Taylor, J. Pershore, joiner
Taylor, J. Marshfield, mealman
Tennent, B. J. Liverpool, merchants
Thomas, D. Glass Mills, Gloucester

Thomas, W. Bristol, scrivener
Walley, G. Tunstall, earthenware-manufacturer
Wallis, C. Cheltenham, builder
Waterhouse, T. Ledgeley, nail-factor
Wedgwood, J. Stafford, merchant
Wingate, T. Plymouth, boot-maker
Wittingham, R. Exeter-street, victualler
Wright, M. Bristol. soap-maker
Young, J. Carlisle, spirit-merchant

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between 1st and 31st Aug. 1819, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Barr, P. A. & Co. grocers in Edinburgh, and Peter Allan Barr, commonly called Allan Barr, as an individual
Brown, George, distiller at Rutherglen Bridge, near Glasgow, and Arch. Notman, distiller there, one of the partners
Christie, James Peddie, tobacconist, Edinburgh
Crichton, John, merchant, Glasgow
Chalmers, Thomas, jun. & Co. merchants and manufacturers, Auchtermuchty
Chalmers, Thomas, sen. & Thomas Chalmers, jun. individual partners of Thomas Chalmers, jun. & Co. merchants and manufacturers, Auchtermuchty
Duncan, Robert, jeweller, Glasgow
Donaldson, Robert, mason, wood merchant and builder, at Westmuir, near Glasgow
Herbertson, Thomas & James, wrights and builders in Laurieston of Glasgow
Hamilton & Nisbet, wrights and builders there
Hamilton, George, merchant and commission-agent, Glasgow
Kent, Robert, furrier and banker, Kilmarnock
Morrison, William Maxwell, publisher and printer, Edinburgh
M'Lure, Andrew, plasterer and builder, Glasgow
M'Hendrie, Robert, merchant and grocer there
Morrison, John, jun. manufacturer, Paisley
Monteath, John, hardware-merchant, Stirling
Moncrief, Colin, grocer, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh
Montgomery, John, horse-dealer, Auchentiber, Kilwinning
Macfarlane, Robert, merchant and spirit-dealer, Leith
Montgomery, Alex. in Tidholes of Auchentiber
Peacock, Charles, merchant, Paisley
Puller, George, & Co. bleachers, Galeside, and Allan Pollock, bleacher there
Paterson, James, merchant, Glasgow
Ross, Donald, trader in slates, Glasgow
Reid, John, grocer, Duntocher
Robertson & Bell, merchants and agents, Glasgow
Sorley, James, jun. merchant there
Steel, William, merchant there
Scott, Robert, jun. & Co. manufacturers there, and Robert Scott, jun. and John Park as individuals
Sword, James, jun. of West-thorn, coal-merchant, grain-dealer, ship-owner, and merchant there
Thomson, John, woollen-draper, Edinburgh
Templeton, James, cloth-merchant and merchant-tailor, Kilmaur
White, Thomas, merchant, Royal Exchange, Edinburgh

DIVIDENDS.

Hendry, John, & Co. muslin-manufacturers, Glasgow; by the trustee
Hume, William, baker, Dumfries; by David Ralton, trustee
Jamieson, James, carter and coal-dealer, Glasgow; a final one, by James Kerr, accountant there
Mitchell, Andrew, in Whiteness of Slains; by David Hutchen, advocate, Aberdeen.
Niccol, George, tenant at Nevay, county of Forfar; a final one of 6d. per pound, by James Miller, writer, Cupar Angus
Scott, John, late merchant, Stonehaven; by Gabriel Russel, merchant, Dundee
Stephen, Alex. late haberdasher, Glasgow; by Wm Fergusson, merchant there, on 20th September

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London, Corn Exchange, Sept. 1.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, Red	50 to	58	Boilers	46 to	48
Fine	63 to	65	Small Beans	42 to	48
Superfine	66 to	72	Old	0 to	0
Es. White, new	58 to	63	Tick	40 to	43
Fine	68 to	72	Foreign	25 to	32
Superfine	73 to	75	Feed Oats	19 to	21
Rye	50 to	56	Fine	23 to	25
Fine	0 to	0	Poland do	24 to	26
Barley	24 to	30	Fine	28 to	30
Fine	32 to	34	Potato do.	27 to	29
Superfine	35 to	36	Fine	30 to	32
Malt,	60 to	65	Flour, p. sack	60 to	65
Fine	66 to	70	Seconds	55 to	60
Hog Pease	44 to	48	North Country	0 to	0
Maple	46 to	48	Pollard	16 to	18
White, new	40 to	43	Bran	9 to	10

Seeds, &c.—Sept. 3.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Must. Brown,	14 to	0	Hempseed	50 to	—
—White	10 to	0	Linseed, crush.	56 to	65
Tares	15 to	16	New, for Seed	— to	—
Turnips	0 to	0	Ryegrass,	36 to	—
—New	10 to	16	Clover, Red,	100 to	105
—Yellow	0 to	0	— White	105 to	—
Carraway	56 to	0	Coriander	21 to	30
Canary	115 to	0	Trefoil	70 to	—

New Rapeseed, £41 to £—.

Liverpool, Sept. 4.

	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.			Pease, for.	40 0 to	50 0
English	10 6 to	11 9	Rice, p. cwt.	19 0 to	21 0
Scotch	10 3 to	11 6	Flour, English,		
Irish, new	10 0 to	10 6	p. 280lb. fine	60 0 to	62 0
Dantzic	10 9 to	11 9	—Seconds	53 0 to	56 0
Weimar	10 3 to	11 6	Irishp. 240lb.	50 0 to	52 0
American	8 6 to	9 6	Ameri. p. bl.	38 0 to	40 0
Quebec	9 0 to	9 6	—Sour do.	32 0 to	34 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.			Clover-seed, p. bush.		
English, grind.	4 0 to	4 6	— White	0 to	0
Malting	5 0 to	5 3	— Red	0 to	0
Irish	4 0 to	4 3	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.		
Scotch	4 3 to	4 9	English	50 0 to	56 0
Foreign	4 3 to	4 9	Scotch	28 0 to	32 0
Malt p. 9gls.	10 6 to	10 8	Irish	26 0 to	30 0
Rye, for.	31 0 to	36 0	*Butter, Beef, &c.*		
Oats, per 45 lb.			Butter, per cwt.	s.	s.
English	5 6 to	5 9	Belfast	100 to	102
Scotch pota.	5 6 to	5 9	Newry	98 to	100
Welsh	5 6 to	5 9	Waterford, new	94 to	0
Irish, new	4 0 to	0 0	Cork, 3d	86 to	88
—— old	5 5 to	5 6	Pickled,	90 to	0
Common	5 2 to	5 5	Beef, p. tierce	85 to	95
Foreign	5 0 to	0 0	—— p. barrel	55 to	65
Beans, pr qr.			Pork, p. bri.	90 to	98
English	44 0 to	48 0	Hams, dry,	64 to	66
Irish	40 0 to	42 0	Bacon,		
Pease, per quar.			Short middles	0 to	0
— Boiling	40 0 to	50 0	Long ——	0 to	0

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 21st Aug 1819.

Wheat, 74s. 5d.—Rye, 42s. 11d.—Barley, 40s. 7d.—Oats, 28s. 1d.—Beans, 49s. 7d.—Pease, 48s. 7d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 28s. 9d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 *lbs. Scots Troy, or* 140 *lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the* 15*th Aug.* 1819.

Wheat, 69s. 1d.—Rye, 43s. 1d.—Barley, 38s. 10d.—Oats, 25s. 7d.—Beans, 42s. 1d.—Pease, 42s. 0d.—Beer or Big, 35s. 7d.—Oatmeal, 21s. 5d.

EDINBURGH.—SEPT. 1.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....41s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.	1st,.....23s. 0d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.
2d,.....36s. 0d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....23s. 0d.
3d,.....32s. 0d.	3d,.....21s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....21s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 17 : 10½d.

Tuesday, Sept. 7.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.		Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 8d. to 1s. 0d.	
Mutton	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.		Potatoes (28 lb.) . .	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.	
Lamb, per quarter .	1s. 6d. to 4s. 0d.		Butter, per lb. . .	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.	
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.		New Salt ditto, . .	1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d.	
Pork	0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.		Ditto, per stone .	20s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	
Tallow, per stone .	10s. 0d. to 15s. 0d.		Eggs, per dozen . .	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.	

HADDINGTON.—SEPT. 3.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....41s. 0d.	1st,.....31s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.	1st, ...21s. 0d.
2d,.....38s. 0d.	2d,.....28s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d, ...18s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.
3d,.....36s. 0d.	3d,.....26s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d, ...16s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 13 : 6 : 6-12ths.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THERE are several circumstances connected with the meteorological history of August particularly deserving of notice. The mean temperature, contrary to what usually happens, exceeds that of the preceding month, by 3.3 degrees, and is nearly 6 degrees higher than that of August last year. There has been no month indeed during the last seven years, whose mean temperature, at the place of our observations, has exceeded 60, which is 2.3 degrees lower than that of August. The temperature on particular days has sometimes been higher than on any day of last month, but so long a period of uniformly warm weather has seldom been experienced in this climate. In the course of the month, the thermometer stood seventeen times at 70 and upwards, and only sunk twice below 50. During the first eighteen days of the month, the barometer fluctuated at the rate of about one-tenth in twenty-four hours, but was, upon the whole, rising. After the 18th, on which day it stood at 30.335, it began to sink slowly till the 27th, after which the depression became more rapid, being at the rate of three-tenths and a half in twenty-four hours, and on the 31st it reached its lowest, 28.740. The rain that fell in the course of these four days amounted only to half an inch, and the wind was scarcely a moderate breeze. The disturbance in the equilibrium of the atmosphere must therefore have happened at a considerable distance from the place of observation; and the following singular phenomenon, as related in the Perth Courier, seems to afford a satisfactory explanation of the fact. On the forenoon of Tuesday last, about half-past eleven o'clock, (a short time after the barometer had reached its lowest point of depression) the tide in the Tay, after having receded about five inches below high water mark, changed its direction, and again began to flow up the river, until it reached its former height. The writer of the article ascribes this second tide to a strong gale in the Atlantic, forcing the water above its usual height, through the English Channel and the Pentland Frith, and the explanation is confirmed by the contemporaneous depression of the barometer. The state of the hygrometer during the month indicated a considerable degree of humidity in the atmosphere. The point of deposition at ten in the evening, coincides exactly with the mean minimum temperature, but the average of morning and evening is higher, obviously occasioned by the deposition of dew at night, and evaporation in the morning. We found, from observations made every hour during some of the finest days, that after the dew had been evaporated, the absolute quantity of moisture in the atmosphere received little addition, owing to the unusually dry state of the ground.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25′, Elevation 185 feet.*

AUGUST 1819.

Means.		*Extremes.*	
THERMOMETER.	Degrees.	THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	69.9	Maximum, 17th day,	79.0
..... cold,	55.4	Minimum, 25th	47.0
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	64.6	Lowest maximum, 31st	63.0
..... 10 P. M.	59.2	Highest minimum, 17th	61.5
..... of daily extremes,	62.6	Highest, 10 A. M. 17th	72.5
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	61.9	Lowest ditto, 25th	59.0
..... 4 daily observatons,	62.3	Highest, 10 P. M. 16th	65.5
Whole range of thermometer,	451.0	Lowest ditto 31st	54.0
Mean daily ditto,	14.5	Greatest range in 24 hours, 23d	19.0
..... temperature of spring water,	60.7	Least ditto, 14th	8.0
BAROMETER.	Inches.	BAROMETER.	Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 67)	29.911	Highest, 10 A. M. 18th	30.335
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 67)	29.899	Lowest ditto, 31st	28.740
..... both, (temp. of mer. 67)	29.905	Highest, 10 P. M. 17th	30.325
Whole range of barometer,	3.980	Lowest ditto, 31st	28.785
Mean ditto, during the day,	.070	Greatest range in 24 hours, 30th	.375
..... night,	.058	Least ditto, 23d	.015
..... in 24 hours,	.128		
HYGROMETER.	Degrees.	HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Rain in inches,	1.308	Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M. 7th	51.0
Evaporation in ditto,	2.365	..... Lowest ditto, 6th	7.0
Mean daily Evaporation,	.076	..... Highest, 10 P. M. 7th	25.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	24.5	..... Lowest ditto, 24th	3.0
..... 10 P. M.	11.2	Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A. M. 20th	64.6
..... both,	17.8	..... Lowest ditto, 7th	43.0
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A. M.	57.3	..... Highest, 10 P. M. 27th	59.2
..... 10 P. M.	55.4	..... Lowest ditto, 7th	45.0
..... both,	56.4	..... Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A. M. 6th	94.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A. M.	79.8	..... Least ditto, 7th	53.4
..... 10 P. M.	88.5	..... Greatest, 10 P. M. 24th	97.0
..... both,	84.1	..... Least ditto, 7th	70.0
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A. M.	.510	..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A. M. 20th	.386
..... 10 P. M.	.292	..... Least ditto, 7th	.194
..... both,	.301	..... Greatest, 10 P. M. 16th	.345
		..... Least ditto, 7th	.194

Fair days, 20; rainy days, 11. Wind west of meridian, 15; east of meridian, 16.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Aug. 1	M.61	29.921	M.66	E.	Clear.	Aug. 17	M.67	29.999	M.70	S.W.	Clear.
	A. 52	.893	A. 65				A. 57½	30.211	A. 70		
2	M.57	.853	M.63	E.	Cloudy.	18	M.70	.189	M.72	E.	Clear.
	A. 52½	.792	A. 61				A. 54½	.116	A. 72		
3	M.57	.747	M.65	E.	Cloudy.	19	M.64	29.999	M.72	E.	Clear.
	A. 52	.731	A. 61				A. 55	.998	A. 72		
4	M.66	.731	M.66	Cble.	Clear.	20	M.64	.998	M.71	E.	Clear.
	A. 52	.766	A. 66				A. 50½	.998	A. 69		
5	M.61	.766	M.67	E.	Clear.	21	M.63	.999	M.69	E.	Clear.
	A. 52	.740	A. 64				A. 50½	.999	A. 69		
6	M.59	.592	M.65	S.W.	Thund. fore. fair aftern.	22	M.63	.999	M.68	E.	Clear.
	A. 55	.590	A. 64				A. 50½	.979	A. 69		
7	M.58	.655	M.64	S.W.	Clear.	23	M.62	.954	M.68	E.	Clear.
	A. 55	.756	A. 64				A. 49	.970	A. 69		
8	M.58	.810	M.64	N. W.	Clear, showers after	24	M.59	.951	M.67	E.	Clear.
	A. 48	.810	A. 64				A. 52	.901	A. 66		
9	M.65	.920	M.68	S.W.	Clear.	25	M.51	.925	M.60	E.	Clear.
	A. 56	.920	A. 70				A. 38	.920	A. 61		
10	M.59	.860	M.64	S.W.	Clear.	26	M.38	.847	M.63	N.W.	Clear.
	A. 53	.795	A. 71				A. 36½	.824	A. 66		
11	M.68	.719	M.72	S.W.	Clear.	27	M.65	.836	M.66	W.	Cloudy.
	A. 67	.616	A. 72				A. 56½	.818	A. 66		
12	M.67	.580	M.72	S.W.	Cloudy.	28	M.66	.707	M.67	S.W.	Cloudy.
	A. 58½	.560	A. 69				A. 56	.554	A. 67		
13	M.63	.554	M.69	Cble.	Clear.	29	M.65	.353	M.65	S.W.	Clear foren. rain aftern.
	A. 57	.632	A. 64				A. 53	.135	A. 59		
14	M.60	.684	M.64	N.W.	Clear.	30	M.58	.143	M.62	Cble.	Clear.
	A. 51½	.695	A. 65				A. 54	28.852	A. 65		
15	M.64	.756	M.67	N.W.	Clear.	31	M.59	.617	M.62	Cble.	Clear.
	A. 55½	.844	A. 64				A. 49	.653	A. 60		
16	M.64	.897	M.67	E.	Clear.						
	A. 51	.965	A. 67								

Average of Rain, 1·9 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

MILITARY.

Army — Major Jos. Vallack of R. Mar. to be Lieut. Col. 16 Sept. 1816
Captain Jos. Wright of do. to be Major do.
Captain C. F. Burton of do. do. do.
6 Dr. G. — Captain Carmichael to be Major by purch. vice Irwine, ret. 5 Aug. 1819
Lieut. Hay to be Captain by purch. do.
Cornet Walker to be Lieut. by purch. do.
H. Richards to be Cornet by purch. do.
7 Dr. — Bt. Lieut.-Col. Thornhill to be Lieut.-Col. 12 do.
——— Robarts, from hp. 9 Dr. to be Major do.
12 — ——— Howard, from hp. 23 Dr. to be Major do.
14 — J. W. Willes to be Cornet by purch. vice Trent, ret. 29 July
15 — Bt. Major Hancox to be Major by purch. vice Cochrane, ret. 12 Aug.
19 — Lieut. Wakefield to be Captain by purch. vice Major, ret. 29 July
Cornet Cumberlege to be Lieut. by purch. do.
G. Johnstone to be Cornet by purch. 5 Aug.
21 — F. G. Ganning to be Cornet by purch. vice Smoke, ret. 12 do.
24 — Cornet Roeke to be Lieut. by purch. vice Deane, prom. 24 June
4 Foot — Lieut. W. B. C. Edgell to be Captain, vice C. J. Edgell, dead 5 Aug.
——— Clarke, from hp. to be Lieut. do.
17 — ——— Gale to be Captain by purch. vice Merrick, ret. do.
Ensign P. N. Ansley to be Lieut. by purch. vice Gale, prom. 19 do.
Bt. Lieut.-Col. W. T. Edwards, from hp. 75 F. to be Lieut.-Col. 12 do.
19 — Gent. Cadet E. C. Mathias, from Military College, to be Ensign, vice Lewis, 2 Ceylon Regt. 22 July
20 — Lieut. White to be Captain by purch. vice Smith, ret. do.
Ensign Wallace to be Lieut. by purch. do.
W. Vivian to be Ensign by purch. do.
22 — E. Gordon to be Ensign, vice Maclean, dead 12 Aug.
Bt. Col. Sir H. Gough, from hp. 87 F. to be Lieut. Col. do.
27 — Lieut. Duhigg to be Captain, vice Stafford, dead 5 Aug.
Ensign Smith to be Lieut. do.
W. L. Stafford to be Ensign do.
Lieut. Col. Henry, from hp. 3 Gar. Bn. to be Lieut.-Col. 12 do.
29 — ——— W. Gilbert, from hp. 66 F. to be Adj. vice Vesey, res. Adj. only 22 July
30 — H. H. Lewis to be Ensign, vice Frizell, prom. 1 March 1817
35 — Ensign H. W. S. Nixon to be Lieut. vice Eustace, dead 22 July 1819
——— Macdonnell, from 85 F. to be Ensign 29 do.
38 — Bt. Col. J. T. F. Lord Muskerry to be Lt. Col. 12 Aug.
Bt. Lieut.-Col. O'Malley, from hp. 44 F. to be Major do.
44 — Bt. Col. Hon. H. King, from hp. 5 F. to be Lieut.-Col. do.
47 — Gent. Cadet G. Rooke, from Military College, to be Ensign, vice Luttrell 22 July
50 — Hosp. Assist. D. Williams to be Assist. Sur. vice Brown, prom. on Staff. 12 Aug.
53 — Lieut.-Col. Brereton, from hp. R. African Corps, to be Lieut.-Col. do.
55 — B. Cumberland to be Ensign by purch. vice Ralston, retires 19 do.
60 — Lieut.-Col. Anderson from hp. to be Lieut. Col. 12 do.
65 — Gent. Cadet W. S. Wood, from Mill. Coll. to be Ensign, vice Newhouse 22 July
——— ——— G. M. Bowen, from Mil. Coll. to be Ensign, vice Lynd do.
Lieut.-Col. Torrens, from hp. 3 W. I. R. to be Lieut.-Col. 12 Aug.
70 — Bt. Col. Ottley, from hp. 91 F. to be Lt.-Col. do.
71 F. — Bt. Col. Sir T. Arbuthnot, K.C.B. from hp. 57 F. to be Lieut.-Col. do.
73 — Lieut. Wright to be Captain vice Glenholme, dead 3 Nov. 1818
Ensign W. H. Butler to be Lieut. vice Wright do.
J. Coane to be Ensign, vice Butler 21 July 1819
Gent. Cadet. P. O'Brien, from Mil. Coll. to be Ensign, vice Trydell, dead 22 do.
77 — Lieut. Pigott to be Captain by purch. vice Queade, ret. 5 Aug.
Ensign Corfield to be Lieut. by purch. do.
J. England to be Ensign by purch. do.
78 — Lieut.-Col. Lindsay, from hp. to be Lieut.-Col. 12 do.
81 — ——— Milling, from hp. to be Lieut. Col. do.
83 — Ensign E. Nihell, to be Lieut. vice Trydell, prom. 2 Ceylon Reg. 17 Nov. 1818
Gent. Cadet F. Smith, from Mil. Coll. to be Lieut. vice Nihell 22 July 1819
84 — Captain Nichol to be Major by purch. vice Schuyler, ret. do.
Lieut. Cruise to be Captain by purch. vice Nichol do.
Ensign Frederick to be Lieut. by purch. vice Cruise do.
Hon. C. Boyle to be Ensign by purch. vice Frederick do.
85 — Gent. Cadet. A. Butler, from Mil. Coll. to be Ensign, vice Macdonnell 29 do.
86 — ——— J. M'Intyre, from Mil. Coll. to be Ensign, vice Holland 22 do.
Lieut.-Col. Johnson, from hp. to be Lieut. Col. 12 Aug.
88 — ——— Fergusson, from hp. 3 F. to be Lieut.-Col. do.
89 — ——— Miles, from hp. 38 F. to be Lt. Col. do.
90 — ——— Austen, from hp. 59 F. to be Lieut.-Col. do.
Rifle Br. — ——— Duffy, from hp. to be Lt.-Col. do.
Staff Cor. — Bt. Col. Marlay, from hp. 3 W. I. R. to be Lieut.-Col. do.
2 W. I. R. — Captain Chisholm, from African Corps, to be Captain, vice Armstrong, ret. on hp. African Corps do.
1 Cey. R. — Ensign Lewis, from 19 F. to be 2d Lieut. vice Henderson, dead 4 Dec. 1818
J. Page to be 2d Lieut. vice Newman, dead 22 July 1819
2 — Lieut. Trydell, from 83 F. to be Captain, vice Smith, dead 17 Nov. 1818
2d Lieut. Smith to be 1st Lieut. vice Gill, dead 30 do.
Gent. Cadet C. Warburton to be 2d Lieut. vice Smith 22 July 1819
Lieut.-Col. Fleming, from hp. 3 W. I. R. to be Lieut.-Col. 12 Aug.

Garrisons.

Maj. Gen. Sir J. Kempt, G. C. B. to be Lieut. Gov. of Portsmouth, vice Lord Howard 12 Aug. 1819
Maj. Gen. Sir D. Pack, K. C. B. to be Lieut. Gov. of Plymouth, vice Maj. Gen. Browne do.
Lt. Gen. Hon. Sir A. Hope, G. C. B. to be Lt. Gov. of Edinburgh Castle 19 do.
Maj. Gen. Sir Geo. Murray, G. C. B. to be Gov. of Royal Military College do.

Staff.

Col. B. Travers, from 10 F. to be Inspecting Field Officer of Militia in Ionian Islands, vice Maitland, hp. 103 F. 22 July
Col. J. Ross, hp. 66 F. (Dep. Adj. Gen. Ireland.) to be Commandant Isle of Wight, vice Mainwaring. 12 Aug.
Col. W. Thornton, 85 F. to be Dep. Adj. Gen. in Ireland, vice Ross do.

Medical Department.

Dep. Insp. J. Strachan, from hp. to be Dep. Insp. of Hosp. vice Bigger, hp. 25 July

Dep. Insp. T. Higgins, M. D. from hp. to be Dep. Insp. of Hosp. vice Buchan, hp. do.
Staff Surg. J. Weir, M. D. to be Physician to the Forces, vice Mackenzie, dead 12 Aug.
Assist. Surg. J. Brown, from 50 F. to be Surg. do.
——— J. Johnston, from hp. 2 W. I. R. to be Assist. Surg. vice Anderson do.
——— J. Chambers to be Hosp. Assist. 2 July

Barrack Department.

——— Metcalf to be Barrack Master, vice Ralston, dead 25 June

Chaplains' Department.

Rev. M. James, from hp. to be Chaplain to the Forces, vice Winnocke, hp. 21 July

War Office, 23d August, 1819.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been pleased, in the Name and on the Behalf of His Majesty, to appoint the undermentioned Officers of the East India Company's Forces, to take Rank, by Brevet, in His Majesty's Army, in the East Indies only, as follows—the Commissions to be dated 12th Aug. 1819.

To be Lieut. Generals.
Maj. Gen. Sir R. Blair, K. C. B.
A. Kyd
R. Bell

To be Major Generals.
Colonel J. Dighton
R. Haldane
T. Munro
W. Toone
L. Loveday
L. Thomas
T. Hardwicke
W. Macleod
W. Webber
G. Bowness
J. Simmons
S. W. Ogg
R. Gregory
J. Doveton
Sir J. Malcolm, K.C.B.
J. H. Symons
N. Forbes
R. Frith
J. G. Graham
S. Wilson
H. Grace
J. Arnold

To be Colonels.
Lt. Col. G. Hamilton
Lt. Col. J. Rice
T. Boles
J. W. Freese
A. Knox.
J. W. Adams
C. Mackenzie
H. Worsley
H. Fraser
T. Nuthall
H. S. Scott
Sir J. Sinclair
J. Lindsay
J. Vanrenen
R. Scott

To be Lieut. Colonels.
Major J. Mouatt
C. Browne
W. Hopper
T. Anburey
T. Wood
W. Farquhar
W. Elliott
J. Doveton

To be Majors.
Captain J. J. M'Intosh
J. C. Hurdis
D. Mackay
W. Jolly
T. Wilson
Captain A. Balmain
H. W. Sale
G. Swiney
R. B. Otto
G. Pollock
T. A. Cowper
T. Hall
J. H. Collett
J. R. Cleghorn
R. Parminter
S. Goodfellow
A. Lindsay
J. J. F. Leith
T. Smith
J. D. Crompton
W. M. Burton
H. L. Harrington
T. King
R. Davis
E. L. Smythe
T. Smithwaite
H. Huthwaite
J. F. Dundas
T. Douglas
S. Fraser
W. C. Faithfull
W. Hawkins
J. A. Biggs
J. M. Coombs

Exchanges.

Major Bailey, from 80 F. rec. diff. with Major C. D. Pitt, hp. 1st Prov. Bn. of Mil.
Captain Blackett, from 18 Dr. with Captain O'Grady, hp. 7 Dr.
——— Gallwey, from 16 F. rec. diff. with Captain Clements, hp. 71 F.
——— Secluno, from 1 Ceylon regt. with Captain Stace, hp. 4 Ceylon Regt.
——— Kidd, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Captain Van Batenburg, hp. 60 F.
——— Pinckney, from 5 F. with Captain Kish, 68 Foot
——— M'Kenzie, from 78 F. with Captain O'Keefe, hp. 6 F.
——— Seymour, from 56 F. with Capt. Cairnes, hp.
Lieut. Matthews, from 4 F. with Lieut. Robinson, 98 F.
——— O'Flynn, from 18 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. T. Moore, hp. 87 F.
——— Lalor, from 43 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Finlay, hp.
——— Adams, from 55 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Ralston, hp. 64 F.
——— Alcock, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Beverhoudt, hp. 60 F.
——— Mountain, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lacy, hp. 82 F.
——— Dick, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Forbes, hp. 4 W. I. R.
——— Campbell, from 91 F. with Lieut. Berkeley, hp. 2 F.
——— Llewellyn, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Lieut. Felix, hp.
——— Penefather, from 53 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Barlow, hp. 85 F.
——— Lloyd, from 16 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Nugent, hp.
——— Grant, from 16 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Clancy, hp. 1 F.
——— Williams, from 61 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Sayer, hp.
Cornet and Sub-Lt. Walsh, from 1 L. G. rec. diff. with Cornet Bayard, hp. 3 Dr. G.
Cornet Stevenson, from 1 Dr. G. with Cornet Hunter, hp. 6 Dr.
Ensign Wood, from 6 F. rec. diff. with Ens. Grey, hp. 53 F.
——— Skinner, from 92 F. with Ensign Bayly, hp. 43 F.
——— Losack, from 16 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Smith, hp. 84 F.
Ensign Mitchell, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Ince, hp.
Surgeon Walker, from 73 F. with Surgeon Owen, hp. 4 W. I. R.
Paymaster Bell, from 31 F. with Paymaster A. M. Dawe, hp. 56 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Schuyler, 84 Foot
——— Irvine, 6 Dragoon Guards
——— Hon. W. Cochrane, 15 Dragoons
Captain Major, 19 Dragoons
——— Merrick, 17 Foot
——— Smith, 20 Foot
——— Queade, 77 Foot
Lieut. Gill, 1 Ceylon Regiment
Cornet Trent, 14 Dragoons
——— Smoke, 21 Dragoons
——— Romilly, 22 Dragoons
Commissariat De Reden, Dep. As. Com. Gen.

Killed in Action in the East Indies.

Brevet Lt. Col. T. Fraser, R. Scots 19 Mar. 1819.

Wounded in Action in the East Indies.

Lieut. Dowdall, 89 F. 13 Feb. 1819
——— Naylor, do. do.
——— Bland, Royal Scots 19 March

Deaths.

Major Rothwell, hp. 6 Gar. Bn. in Ireland
Captain Stafford, 27 F. killed by a fall from the heights of Gibraltar 30 June 1819
——— Munro, R. Art. at Jamaica 6 do.
——— Hadfield, late 8 Vet. Bn.
——— Wilson, hp. 60 F. at Quebec 9 March
——— Cooke, hp. 84 F. in India 4 Nov. 1818
——— P. Craufurd, hp. Cape Reg. at Paris 28 July 1819
Lieut. Gamble, 14 F. on his passage from India on board the Ganges 27 May
——— Maxwell, late 3 Vet. Bn.
——— Price, late 4 do
——— Herron (Adj.), late 5 do.
——— Cartwright, hp. 52 F. in France 16 July
——— Caldow, hp. 60 F. 8 Aug.
Ensign Bartram, late 4 Vet. Bn.
Paymaster Rowan, late 7 Vet. Bn.
Commissariat Hardy, D. A. C. Gen. at Jamaica
Medical, Mackenzie, M.D. Physician at Jamaica 31 May
Hosp. Assist. Jas Cumming, hp. 4 June

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 18. At Florence, Lady Burghersh, wife of his Excellency the British Plenipotentiary at that court, a son.

July 18. At Stockholm, Viscountess Strangford, a daughter.

21. At Lausanne, Lady Harriet Hoste, a son.

26. At Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut.-Col. James Irvine, a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Johnstone, No 1, George-street, a son.

27. In Arlington-street, London, Lady Arabella M'Leod, wife of Lieut.-Col. M'Leod, of the Royal Scots, a son.

28. Mrs Cleghorn, Dundas-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

29. At Yester, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, a daughter.

— Viscountess Normanby, a son and heir.

— Lady Rendlesham, a daughter.

30. At Houston, Linlithgowshire, Mrs N. Shairp, a son.

31. At Knockrioch, near Campbeltown, the lady of Captain Laing of the Argyle militia, a son.

August 2. In Dorset-street, London, the lady of T. W. Ramsay, Esq. a son.

— At General Sir Hew Dalrymple's, Bart. Upper Wimpole-street, London, the lady of Captain Dacres, a daughter.

— At Stuart-hall, county of Tyrone, the Countess of Castlestuart, a daughter.

— At Prince's-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Nicoll of Mains and Strathmartin, a daughter.

2. At Edinburgh, Mrs Bishop, West Bow, a son.

4. At Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Irvine, a daughter.

— The Countess of Euston, a son.

5. At Pouloulis, the lady of James Bruce, Esq. a son.

6. At Sundrum, the Lady of John Hamilton, jun. Esq. a son.

7. Mrs Walter Dickson, Duke-street, Edinburgh, a son.

8. At Edinburgh, the lady of George Fairholme, Esq. a son and heir.

— At Bernard-street, Russel-square, London, the lady of William Young, Esq. a son.

— In Upper Cadogan-place, London, the lady of Charles Grant, Esq. a daughter.

10. In Surgeons'-square, Edinburgh, Mrs Lockhart, a daughter.

11. At Abercromby-place, Mrs Trotter, a daughter.

— At Leith, Mrs Dr Macaulay, a daughter.

— At East Richmond-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Andrew Hamilton, a son.

13. At London-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Macknight, a son.

— At Camis Eskan, Mrs Dennistoun of Colgrain, a daughter.

— At Balbirnie, Fifeshire, the lady of Major-General Balfour, a daughter.

14. At Inverkeithing, Mrs Dr Turner, a daughter.

— At Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Corsar, a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs John Alexander Graham, a son.

16. At Boulogne, France, the lady of Major Macdougall, 85th regiment, a son.

— At Thrushgrove, Mrs Turner, a son, being her eleventh child and ninth son.

— At Greenridge, parish of Lesmahagow, Mrs John Semple, a son, being her eighteenth child.

20. At Edinburgh, the lady of Robert Montgomery, Esq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

June 6. At Edinburgh, Alexander Fergusson, Esq. son of the late Dr Fergusson, Aldrorie, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Fergusson, Esq. of Balledmund.

July 4. At March-hill, Francis Maxwell of Liverpool, Esq. to Margaret, eldest daughter of William Boyd of March-hill, Esq.

15. At Coldstone, James Black, Esq. to Mar Ann, third daughter of the Rev. Robert Farquharson, minister there.

17. At Liverpool, James Wallace Monteath, Esq. of Greenock, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Alex. Anderson, Esq. of Liverpool.

19. At Kilmarnock, the Rev. Robert Stirling, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr William Rankin, wine-merchant and postmaster there.

20. At Almess, the Rev. J. Welsh, A.M. to Isabella, daughter of Mr D. Munro.

22. At Aberdeen, Dr Williamson, physician, to Mary, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Craigie, Old Deer.

24. At Hadly-church, John Aitken, Esq. to Miss Harriet Beaslee.

26. At Leith, Lieutenant William Riddock, of the 4th, or King's own regiment, to Isabella Telfer Taylor, daughter of the late Mr Alexander Taylor, of the Customs, Leith.

— At London, Captain the Hon. Robert Rodney, royal navy, brother to Lord Rodney, to Ann, youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late Thomas Dennet, Esq. of Lock Ashurst.

29. At Crookstone, Peebles-shire, Mr Watson, Broughton-place, Edinburgh, to Jean, eldest daughter of Mr Anderson, Cramilt.

August 2. At Stobs-mills, Mr Robert Leef, to Miss Jane Miller, daughter of George Miller, Esq. Hope Park.

3. At Warriston-crescent, Robert Dryborough Menzies, Esq. to Agnes, second daughter of the late Rev. David Pyper, minister of Pencaitland.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Galletti, Glasgow, to Miss Bucknall, daughter of the late Mr Bucknall, Cobridge, Staffordshire.

— At Corsbie, Adam Walker, Esq. younger of Muirhouselaw, to Catherine, third daughter of John Murray, Esq. of Uplaw.

— At Killermont, Walter Long, Esq. of Rood Ashton, Wiltshire, to Miss Mary Anne Colquhoun, daughter of the Right Hon. Archibald Colquhoun, Lord Register of Scotland.

— At Few-house, Alexander Scot, Esq. of Trinity Mains, W.S. to Helen Sutherland, only daughter of the late Ebenezer Marshall Gardiner, Esq. of Hillcairney.

5. At Altyre, the residence of Sir W. G. G. Cumming, Bart. the Earl of Uxbridge, son of the Marquis of Anglesea, to Miss E. Campbell, second daughter of the late John Campbell, Esq. of Shawfield, and niece to the Duke of Argyle.

9. At her father's house, John Flint, Esq. son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Flint of the 25th regiment, to Jane, second daughter of John Ewart, Esq. Newington, Edinburgh.

— At Kingston-place, Glasgow, David Rankine, Esq. rifle brigade, to Barbara, daughter of the late Archibald Grahame, Esq. banker in Glasgow.

9. At St George's chapel, York-place, William Henry Murray, Esq. to Miss Dyke, both of the Theatre-royal, Edinburgh.

— At Clifton-hall, William Logan White of Howden, Esq. advocate, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Alexander Charles Maitland Gibson, Esq. of Clifton-hall.

9. At Byth, John Murray, Esq. surgeon to the forces, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late Captain William Urquhart.

10. At Threepland, Mr William Ferguson, merchant, Glasgow, to Margaret, second daughter of William Somerville, of Windales, Esq.

— At Tunbridge, Lieut.-Col. Steele of the Coldstream Guards, to Lady Elizabeth Montagu, daughter of the Duke of Manchester.

— At Quidenham, Norfolk, James Macdonald, Esq. M. P. only son of the Right Hon. Sir Archibald Macdonald, Bart. to the Right Hon. Lady Sophia Keppel, eldest daughter of the Earl of Albemarle.

— At St George's Hanover-square, Lieut-Colonel the Hon. James Henry Keith Stewart, M. P. brother of the Earl of Galloway, to Henrietta, Anne, second daughter of the Rev. Spencer Madan, D. D.

12. At the chapel at Holkham, the Earl of Rosebery to the Hon. Miss Anson, sister of Lord Vis-

count Anson, and grand-daughter of T. W. Coke, Esq. of Holkham-hall, M. P.

16. At St Gregory's church, London, Alexander Harley, Esq. of Clunie, Dumfries-shire, late of the Hon. East India Company's medical establishment, Bengal, to Sarah, eldest daughter of John Hyslop, Esq. surgeon, Doctors' Commons.

— At Dirlington-manse, Mr John Stewart, merchant, Leith, to Euphemia, only daughter of Mr John Brown, shipmaster there.

17. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Young of the Customhouse, Edinburgh, to Jane, daughter of Alexander Kincaid, Esq.

19. At Jedburgh, Mr William Rutherford, jun. writer there, to Miss Martha Somerville, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr Somerville.

Lately—At St Mary's Nottingham, Mr Hawkins, aged 40, to Mrs Bowman, aged 60, being the lady's seventh husband! A great concourse of people waited to greet the happy pair on their return from church.

At Brigham, near Cockermouth, the Rev. George Coventry, M.A. eldest son of Dr Coventry, Professor of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Dr Head of High-cross, county of Cumberland.

At Edinburgh, John Richardson, Esq. to Lewis Hatby, fifth daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Hay, royal engineers.

DEATHS.

Aug. 18. At his house, Queen-street, Edinburgh, Adam Rolland of Gask, Esq. advocate, and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of Scotland. The death of Mr Rolland makes one of those blanks which cannot easily be supplied—an accomplished gentleman, an elegant scholar, an eminent lawyer, a truly sincere and pious Christian, a man of unsullied probity and honour, of liberal and beneficent habits, and an ardent lover of his country.

He received the first rudiments of his education at Dunfermline, near which lies his paternal estate of Gask. He went through a regular course of study at the University of Edinburgh, and early gave promise of that character which he afterwards so eminently maintained. The study of the law, he used to say, had never been to his liking, and he followed it in deference to the opinion of his friends. He passed advocate in 1758, the same year with Sir Ilay Campbell, Bart. and the late Mr Andrew Crosbie, and though he did not fall so immediately into general practice as those two great lawyers and celebrated pleaders, yet his worth and talents were at length duly appreciated; and for many years before he retired from the bar, he stood in the very foremost rank of those lines of practice to which he confined himself. No lawyer was more resorted to for written pleadings and for opinions—particularly in feudal questions and in arbitrations of importance and intricacy.

The leading features of his mind were strength of judgment, a correct and delicate taste, a strong sense of propriety, a high feeling for, and constant attention to, personal dignity, honour, and independence. His understanding was clear and exact, and his memory retentive. In few minds was treasured up more various and useful knowledge, better arranged, and more at command. An acute observer of men and manners, he had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, which was never introduced but with point and effect. He had an exact and critical knowledge of the Latin language. The classical epitaph on his father's monument in the Dunfermline cemetry will now be perused with peculiar interest from the affecting circumstance, that there, *mutatis mutandis*, is drawn with a master's hand, his own character. The English language, though in his youth it had not been much attended to in this country, he, from the very first, made it his particular study to speak, as well as write, with purity and elegance. The habit became quite natural to him. In conversation, he spoke with ease and fluency, in the most appropriate and significant words, the most elegant turn of expression, the justest pronunciation and emphasis; and he read and recited with a taste and feeling, that gave the author a force and effect not perceived when read by another.

He did not, however, speak in public when he had to stretch his voice beyond the tone of conversation, but early confined himself exclusively to written pleadings and giving opinions—a division of professional labour, in which he had no example, and has had no successor.

He intermeddled little with politics. But in the years 1790 and 1791, when he apprehended danger to the country, from the spreading of the democratical principles, engendered by the French Revolution, he thought it his duty to depart from his usual habits, and give the weight and sanction of his name to the measures which appeared to him necessary for repelling the danger.

He was always an admirer of Mr Pitt, and a personal friend of the late Lord Melville, to whom he was much attached, and, from the purest motives, a steady and decided approver of their public measures. It does not indeed appear that he ever regarded any thing in the power of ministers as an object of ambition. He was repeatedly asked to accept a seat on the Bench as a Judge of the Court of Session prior to 1796; when he was strongly solicited by Lord Chief Baron Dundas, then Lord Advocate, no longer "to resist the general wish of the court, and indeed of the country;" and he declined a similar offer after the division of the court into two chambers.

He had, for some time before been abridging his business, and he soon after withdrew from practice altogether—when his health and faculties were still entire, his line of practice most enviable, and his consideration at the bar as high as ever. This he did, from no disgust or discontent, but from the conviction that, with the competence he had acquired, he could pass his remaining years in a manner more suited to his inclination and time of life.

He had, some time before, been appointed one of the Directors of the Bank of Scotland, and he continued for several years to devote a good deal of attention to its affairs. On the death of Patrick Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton, he was appointed Deputy Governor.

He delighted to relax occasionally in the society of a few select friends. His conversation was instructive, lively, and fascinating. His knowledge and good taste were not confined to philology and polite literature, but extended through the whole circle of the liberal arts.

A threatening of an attack of apoplexy a few years after his retirement, and his increasing deafness, made him afterwards seclude himself, in a great measure, from general company. But he continued to the last to keep up with the increasing knowledge of the age, took a warm interest in the public and private occurrences of the day, and was always ready to countenance by his name, and aid by munificent donations, every charitable plan that appeared to him to be recommended by its utility. His charities, both of a public and private kind, were liberal and extensive, and many who were relieved by his bounty will lament his death.

He was a zealous Presbyterian, and regularly attended public worship until his deafness rendered him incapable of hearing. The Sunday he carefully kept sacred both from business and company. Amid the unceasing round of engagements, great, he said, was the benefit he had derived from that rule which gave him the command of a portion of time to himself.

From this state of dignified and useful retirement, and in the enjoyment of general respect and esteem, Mr Rolland was removed by the attack of his last illness, in the 85th year of his age.

Polite, cheerful, affable, benevolent, regular, orderly, and dignified—his character was strikingly pourtrayed by his personal appearance—a little above the middle size; erect, without any tendency to stoop, even in his declining years; his features as well as person elegantly formed, with a graceful demeanour and fine expression of countenance; exact in his dress without any approach to frivolity—a finished gentleman of the former age; but without any of that peevish nonconformity with the present time, which is often the weakness of age, but which lessens that usefulness, which men so respectable as Mr Rolland have always in their power, and which he never failed to exercise to his friends, his neighbours, and the public.

Legacies to the following amount have been left by this distinguished person to the undermentioned charitable institutions:

Society for propagating Christian Knowledge £1000
Lunatic Asylum.....1000
Society for relief of the Destitute Sick.....1000

Senior Female Society	1000
Junior Female Society	1000
Magdalen Asylum	1000
Edinburgh Bible Society	1000
Royal Infirmary	500
Charity Work-house	500
Orphan Hospital	500
Asylum for Industrious Blind	500
House of Industry	500
Edinburgh Education Society	500
Parochial Institution for the Education of the Poor	500
Society for promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor	500
Society for the Suppression of Begging	500
Society for the Sons of the Clergy	500
For a Free School in Dunfermline	1000
In all,	£13,000

25. At his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, in the 84th year of his age, James Watt, Esq. the great improver of the steam engine.—By the death of this truly great man our country is deprived of one of its most illustrious ornaments. Mr Watt may justly be placed at the very head of those philosophers who have improved the condition of mankind by the application of science to the practical purposes of life.

It was by the inventions of this great and extraordinary man, that the action of the steam-engine was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become stupendous alike for its force and inflexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and duetility, with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or rend an oak is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble into the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors—cut steel into ribbands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon the country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousand-fold the amount of its productions. It is our improved steam-engine that has fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged, with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of Mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man too that all this is mainly owing; and certainly no man ever before bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

His manners were marked by the simplicity which generally characterises exalted merit; he was perfectly free from parade and affectation; and though he could not be unconscious either of the eminent rank he held among men of science, or of those powers of mind by which he had attained it, yet his character was not debased by the slightest taint of vanity or pride.

His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years; and he preserved, up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit, and the social gayety which had illuminated his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation—never more delightful or more instructive than in his last visit to Scotland in autumn 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary,—and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his 83d year.

This happy and useful life came at last to a gentle close. He had suffered some inconvenience through the summer; but was not seriously indisposed till within a few weeks from his death. He then became perfectly aware of the event which was approaching; and, with his usual tranquillity and benevolence of nature, seemed only anxious to point out to the friends around him, the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place. He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age, as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul without pang or struggle—and passed from the bosom of his family to that of his God!

He was twice married, but has left no issue but one son, long associated with him in his business and studies, and two grandchildren by a daughter who predeceased him. He was a Fellow of the Royal Societies both of London and Edinburgh, and one of the few Englishmen who were elected members of the National Institute of France. All men of learning and science were his cordial friends; and such was the influence of his mild character and perfect fairness and liberality, even upon the pretenders to these accomplishments, that he lived to disarm even envy itself, and died in the 84th year of his age, without a single enemy.

Lately.—At Gibraltar, Captain Stafford of the 27th regiment. This gallant officer was descending a very narrow and dangerous passage from Windmill hill to Europe Flats, when he fell down a precipice, and was killed on the spot. A rope was used for descending this passage by the officers, which was chaffed by rubbing a sharp point of the rock. When Captain Stafford laid hold of the rope it gave way, and he was precipitated more than forty feet; the rope was found in his hand clenched. He has left a widow and six children to deplore his loss.

At Penang, Mr Adam Gordon, seventh son of the late Rev. Dr Gordon, one of the ministers of Aberdeen.

In Granby-row, in the 90th year of his age, the Hon. Ponsonby Moore, brother to the most noble the Marquis of Drogheda.

A few days ago, John Lachlan, shoemaker in Ayr, known as an intelligent, lively, and facetious companion. He was better known by the epithet of *Sutor Johnnie*, by which title he is immortalized by Burns in his exquisite poem of "Tam o' Shanter."

At Irvine, Captaim William Douglas, residing at Springbank.

On his passage from Greenland to Peterhead, Mr Alexander Geary, master of the Dexterity.

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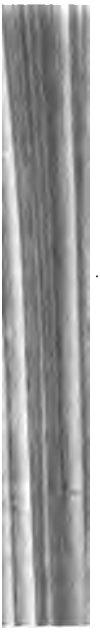

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